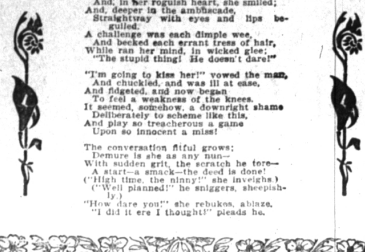
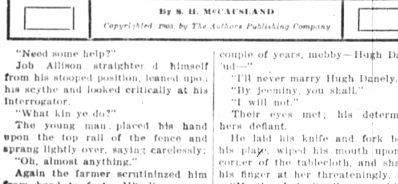
THE KISS.



"He's going to kiss me," wist the maid,
And, in her roguish heart, she smiled;
And, deeper in the ambhscade,
Straightway with eyes and lips beguiled,
A challenge was each dimple wee,
And backed each errant tress of hair,
While ran her mind, in wicked glee,
"The stupid thing! He doesn't dare!"

"I'm going to kiss her!" vowed the man,
And chuckled, and was ill at ease,
And fidgeted, and now began
To feel a weakness of the knees.
It seemed, somehow, a downright shame
Deliberately to scheme like this,
And play so treacherous a game
Upon so innocent a miss!

The conversation pitiful grows:
Demure is she as any nun—
With sudden grit, the scratch he fore—
A start—a smack—the deed is done!
("High time, the ninny!" she inveighs)
("Well planned!" he snigger, sheepishly.)
"How dare you!" she rebukes, abhsz,
"I did it ere I thought!" pleads he.



"JOHN"

By S. H. MCCAUSLAND

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"Need some help?"

Job Allison straightened himself from his stooped position, leaned upon his scythe and looked critically at his interrogator.

"What kin ye do?"

The young man placed his hand upon the top rail of the fence and sprang lightly over, saying carelessly:

"Oh, almost anything."

Again the farmer scrutinized him from head to foot. His lip gave a slightly disdainful curl as he said, sarcastically:

"Ye'll find a scythe hangin' in thet tree yander; git it an' see of ye kin keep outen my way."

The young man soon returned, and taking the proffered scythe-stone from Job's hand, drew it along the edge of the blade with a regularity, rapidity, and recklessness that made Job's eyes open. Then, swinging into position, he asked: "Ready?"

Farmer Allison nodded, rolled his sleeves a bit higher, spat upon his hands, and ordered: "Lead out."

The stranger "led out" with a pace Job Allison had not tackled in twenty years. For a dozen rods their scythes swung with perfect rhythm. Then the young man's athletic training came into play and in a few moments Allison's pantings sounded in his ears like the puffs of a receding locomotive and, finally ceased.

As he threw his scythe out, at the end, Allison turned and looked at the swath, straight as a line; the path smooth, clean and regular, then again critically eyed the stranger.

"What mout yer name be?"

"John."

Job had always prided himself on not being "one of them fellers whose tongues wag twice to their brains once." He was not quite satisfied with the answer, yet there was that mysterious something about this man that checked further inquiry.

"Well, John, ye kin stay."

Three years later he had learned these facts about that hired man:

He was an indefatigable worker, an expert farmer, honest, reliable, and his name was "John."

Up to ten years before the coming of John, Job had been a prosperous farmer. A few bad moves on the market chess-board, a few scourgings in Solomon's school, learning that "He that is a surety for a stranger shall smart for it," and his fine three-hundred acre farm had dwindled to sixty.

"I tell you, Marier, I'm agin it—everlastingly and eternally agin' it—and why? Because I'm getting old and can't work the farm many years longer, and I'm opposed to Marthy marryin' any pig-headed, highferiutin', patent-farmer as don't know the difference atween a post-hole and a pig-track. And him a-settin' up on a high stool, with four walls around him, and a little winder on top, a-writin things tellin' us fellers how to farm. Why, Marier, she's that ashamed of him she won't even tell his name."

Mrs. Allison seldom argued with Job on knotty points. It didn't pay. Besides, she knew that Martha usually had her way.

"They hain't no use talkin'," he continued. "I've worked nigh on to fifty year a-gittin' this farm, an' I purpose fer leave it to Martha ef—understan', Marier—I say ef—"

"If what, papa?"

Martha's gray eyes, brimming over with laughter, completely upset her

Scrutinized him from head to foot.

father's equilibrium as she seated herself at the breakfast table.

"Why, I was jest a-tellin' yer ma—that is, I was jest a-sayin'—or, reether, I was juest a-goin' to say, ef you warn't too dead set about thet feller, as how, mebby, it 'ud be better fer you to wait a little while afore you git married. Of course, I want to see you do well. If you would wait, say a couple of years, mebby—Hugh Danely 'ud—"

"I'll never marry Hugh Danely."

"By jeeminy, you shall."

"I will not."

Their eyes met; his determined, hers defiant.

He laid his knife and fork beside his plate, wiped his mouth upon the corner of the tablecloth, and shaking his finger at her threateningly, said:

"Martha, I don't allow no child of mine to disobey me. Ef you don't want to mind, you kin go. You under stan'?"

She did understand; there was no mistaking his meaning now; he was desperately in earnest. She arose from her seat, pale and trembling. It

Strode up and down in a torrent of passion.

was the last day of her annual six weeks' vacation.

For five years she had held a position in the Pension department at Washington, and during this period her father, through mercenary motives, had persistently used his influence to bring about a union between his daughter and Hugh Danely, a wealthy, but profligate young man, who held a lien upon his remaining property.

To Danely's wooings and her father's importunities she had turned a deaf ear, pleading time in which to decide this momentous question.

An hour later, as she stood waiting for a conveyance to take her to the station, her father said: "Marthy, I'd like to know what you've done with all yer wages in these five years. I reckon ye ain't got no objections to tellin'?"

"Oh! certainly not," she replied; "I have loaned the money to that 'pig-headed farmer,' who is spending it on his education."

"The devil you did! Then it's my opinion—"

The slam of the carriage door and the rattle of wheels, caused that valuable opinion to "lose its sweetness on the desert air."

Fifteen years before, he had stood on those steps watching the receding form of a young boy, an adopted child, until it was lost in the gloom of gathering darkness. For some trivial offense he had driven this youth from him to battle alone with the world.

A few minutes later a little girl hurried down the road, and throwing her arms around the boy's neck, begged him to return.

But no, John Allen Wilberton would make his own way through life, and some day—ah, how young and old delight to feast upon those delicious, though deceptive, promises of "some day."

* * * * *

"Going! Going! Going!"

Job Allison realized that the little home, for which he had given the best years of his life, was surely slipping from him. He had written Martha, asking her pardon for his nasty words, and begging her to reconsider her decision, and, by marrying Hugh Danely, save her aged parents from the humiliation of the "poor farm."

With his ear open to every sound of the auctioneer's voice, he paced nervously up and down the room. Would, his letter reach her in time? And would she answer favorably? For the hundredth time he stopped and looked anxiously down the road.

"Gone!"

Job's head sank upon his breast as he exclaimed, in the bitterness of despair, "I will laugh at your calamity." He felt that this was a just retribution for his heartless cruelty toward little "Al" and Martha.

Great was his surprise to learn that, through a purchasing agency, the property had fallen to John, who had left his service a few days previous.

Sitting on his front porch, with head bowed in abject, hopeless despondency, Martha's belated reply was handed him. With reviving hope and trembling fingers, he tore it open. Its first sentence caused his heart to sink. It read:

"Dear Papa—I freely forgive you, but cannot accommodate you by marry Hugh."

He threw the inoffensive bit of paper down and set his foot upon it as if to crush it out of existence. He strode up and down in a torrent of passion, muttering vengeance on the whole human race.

As his anger subsided his mood changed. His mind went back to the time when there was no happier home than that of Job Allison's. His mind wandered to the village churchyard, where lay four of his loved ones. Martha was the only child left to him, and he had tried to barter away her honor and her happiness. A choking sensation came into his throat and the hot tears coursed down his aged cheeks as he remembered that he had no longer a home to which he could ever again welcome her.

His eyes rested upon the unfinished letter; he picked it up and read:

"Will be home to-morrow; to stay. Have just married the 'pig-headed farmer,' the boy whom you drove from home fifteen years ago. He calls himself 'John.'"

HIS SMOOTH TALK WASTED.

Book Agent's Wiles Lost on the Strong Eyed Woman.

The sad-faced young man knocked timidly at the door of the house, and presently it was opened by a woman with a stony eye.

"I beg your pardon," said the sad-faced young man in confusion, "I see I have made a slight mistake. As a matter of fact, I have here a most remarkable work on 'How to Become Beautiful and Remain So.' It's price is $1, and——But I can see, madam, that such a work would be useless to you who have the secret already. Perhaps, however, there may be another of your sex in this house to whom the priceless book would be of value?"

"Yes," said she of the stony eye; "there is."

And she disappeared.

In a few moments she returned, and with her came a fifty-pound bulldog, with bay-window teeth.

The sad-eyer young man slid down those steps like a thunderbolt in strict training, and as he flew he heard the voice of the stony-faced woman:

"Tige, he is the only one in this house your book's any good to. Next time you come, talk to her, and don't try blatherskiting me. I'm too tough!"

BOUND TO HAVE HER WAY.

Woman Comes From the Grave to See Promise Is Kept.

A remarkable ghost story is told in the parish of Burton Agnes, England. There years ago lived three sisters of the name of Boynton. The youngest of the three exacted the promise from the others that on her death her head should be placed on a table in the hall. She met with an accident shortly after, which resulted in her death. Her sisters neglected their promise to her and she was buried, head and all. But on the night after the burial the hall was thrown into terrible confusion and the dead lady appeared to her sisters with her head under her arm. She upbraided them with their neglected promise and, placing the head on the table, disappeared. In the morning the head was still there and on the coffin being dug up the body was found to be headless. Any attempt to remove the head was followed by disturbances during the night. It was even buried at a distance from the house, but was restored by the ghost. Eventually the head disappeared, but the disturbances continue nightly in the hall.

The Meeting of the Ships.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
Where the lad stilled the tide.
A few bright days of summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth,
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Shone on a lovely fleet;
While dancing step and festive strain
Each dark hour in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone,
And tried and passing sympathies
Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way
The parting vessels bore,
Calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet—O, nevermore!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
Or bear the sad wreck round,
And thus bright spirits mingle here.
Such ties are formed below.
—Felicia Hemans.

Wahted Tact.

He saw a cute little purse for car fare and bought it for his wife.

"Guess what it is made of," said he as he presented it.

She took the little purse and said she could never guess, but wasn't it sweet, and dear, and so thoughtful of him to buy it. She thought it might be velvet, it was so soft and lovely.

"I knew you couldn't guess," he said triumphantly; "it's mouse skin."

When he had disentangled himself from the wreckage of the room he put that purse back in his pocket a wiser and a madder man.

A Menace to Society.

The colonel—Well, boys, this is my last night at the club. I've gotten to be a fearful menace to society, so there's nothing left for me to do but go away and be a hermit for the rest of my life.

The chorus—Why?

The colonel—Because I've lived here so long I know everybody's family history.

The chorus—What of that?

The colonel—And, confound it, I've got into the habit of thinking aloud.

Sing On.

Soon the shadows will be gone;
Soul, sing on!
Night is drifting to the dawn;
Soul, sing on!

Soon the vales, of morning bleat,
Tired, yet thankful, thou shalt rest
With God's roses on thy breast—
Soul, sing on!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY ENDORSES PE-RU-NA.

Pe-ru-na Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio:
Gentlemen:—"I can cheerfully say that Mrs. Schley has taken Pe-ru-na and I believe with good effect."—W. S. SCHLEY, Washington, D. C.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY, one of the foremost, notable heroes of the Nineteenth Century. A name that starts terror in the heart of every Spaniard. A man of steady nerve, clear head, undaunted courage and prompt decision.

Approached by a friend recently, his opinion was asked as to the efficacy of Peruna, the national catarrh remedy. Without the slightest hesitation his gave this remedy his endorsement. It appeared on later conversation that Peruna has been used in his family, where it is a favorite remedy.

Such endorsements serve to indicate the wonderful hold that Peruna has upon the minds of the American people. It is out of the question that so great and famous a man as Admiral Schley could have any other reason for giving his endorsement to Peruna than his positive conviction that the remedy is all that he says it is.

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Never before in the annals of medicine has it happened that so many men of national and international reputation have been willing to give unqualified and public endorsements to a proprietary remedy. No amount of advertising could have accomplished such a result. Peruna has won on its own merits. Peruna cures catarrh of whatever phase or location in the human body. This is why it receives so many notable and unique endorsements.

Address The Peruna Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, Ohio, for free literature on catarrh.

WANTED ONE TO WABBLE.

Provincial Dandy Would Go Capital Swell One Better.

Chick was considered the dandy of Slocum-on-Mud, and when he came up to London always made a study of what he considered the latest fashions in order to introduce them into his native village. With this end in view, after watching closely the attire of the male habitues of Piccadilly, he went into a hosier's shop and asked for gloves. He was shown several pairs, but astonished the shopkeeper by saying:

"But I want three."

"Three gloves?" Dear me! Do you mean three pairs?"

"No, I want three gloves."

"Nobody can wear more than two."

"I know that; most on 'em ony wears one and wabbles the other; but I want three—two to wear and one to wabble."—London Telegraph.

Cathedral Project Not Popular.

Bishop Potter of New York is experiencing much difficulty in raising the great sums necessary for the construction of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Many clergymen and laymen of the diocese regard the project as medieval and a decided waste of money. So strong is this feeling that the bishop has been much disappointed at lack of contributions. Rich parishioners seem to have closed their pocketbooks for a time at least.

Still Another Case.

Franksville, Wis., Oct. 12th.—Many remarkable cures are being reported from all over the country but there is one right here in Franksville which is certainly worth publishing, and which has not as yet been given to the public.

Mrs. Louis Markison of this place had been a sick woman for quite a long time and could not find anything to give her any help. She suffered all the painful symptoms of what is generally known as female weakness. Every woman who reads her story will understand these distressing conditions which combine to make the lives of many women one long burden of weakness and suffering.

Mrs. Markison chanced one day to hear of a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, that was said to be a splendid medicine for women's weakness. She determined to try some and soon found herself getting better. She kept on with the pills and was cured. Speaking of her case, Mrs. Markison says:—

"I can and do praise Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy for female weakness. They are the best medicine I have ever known, and have done me a great deal of good."

Difference in the Eyes.

A great many, perhaps the majority of, otherwise well-informed people believe that they see the same with both eyes. That this is not the case one can easily convince himself by the following simple experiment: Cover one of the eyes with a hand or a bandage and let the experiment attempt to snuff out a candle suddenly placed within a few feet of him. He will almost invariably miss the flame, either over-reaching, underreaching or putting the fingers too far to the right or left of the flame. With both eyes normal and open the accommodation for distance and direction is instantaneous.

Injurious to the Eyes.

Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eye, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon dazzles the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal force of light. Those who wish to preserve their sight should preserve their general health by correct habits of living, and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

An Overblessed Father.

"There air two things," said Josh Billings, "for which a man is generally onprepared. They are—twins." Still less is a man prepared for twins born in two different years. In the house of one of the well-known inhabitants of Chicago a child was born shortly before 11 o'clock on the last night of the old year, and soon after midnight a second came into the world. The result is that though the children are twins they will have birthdays on different days, for the one will have to be celebrated on December 31 and the other on January 1 of the following year.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.
Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers. 5c. a package.

The man who fumps from a rapidly moving train usually travels on his cheek.

Fear of being an old maid induces many a girl to choose the wrong husband.

A woman's face is her fortune and some man's misfortune.—New York Press.

On a Limited Train to California.

Luxurious service between the East and California has come to stay. Each year the equipment on the leading trans-continental lines is a little better than the year before. The traveling public demand the best and are willing to pay for it.

The Santa Fe announces that daily service of its California Limited train for season of 1903-1904 will be resumed November 29; until then it is semi-weekly. The California Limited runs between Chicago on the East, and Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Francisco on the west—a straight-away flight of more than two thousand miles. The time to Los Angeles is less than three days from Chicago. The route is through New Mexico and Arizona, south of the region of heavy snows, and traversing a land of enchantment, where the traveler sees Indian pueblos, canyons a mile deep and peaks two miles high.

The train itself comprises compartment, observation and drawing-room Pullmans, dining car and buffet-smoker. Equipment as fine as money can buy, and service absolutely highest class. Perhaps the meals, under management of Mr. Harvey, are the most notable feature of the California Limited. They have a national reputation and are faultless.

The fact that this is the eighth season for the Limited ought to mean something to travelers who seek the best way to reach California.

MAKING HER FEEL SMALL.

New Yorker's Tact That Comforted the Fat Woman.

A woman who looked to weigh about 400 pounds, but probably fell a little short of that figure, was descending from a Twenty-ninth street car the other day, when a man, who looked to weigh about seventy pounds, but might pull down a hundred, sought to ascend. They met. They bumped. They gazed at each other in a cold, glassy way. Neither would retreat for the moment. Then the man's natural gallantry asserted itself, and he said:

"Oh! I am in your way."

"I am in yours, rather," she replied.

"Oh, not at all. If I wasn't so fat I could move quicker. I often envy you people who move about so lively."

She looked into his face, imagined that he was serious; and her efforts to strike a girl's mincing gait as she moved to the curb provoked a platform passenger into saying:

"That didn't cost him a cent and it did her a thousand dollars' worth of good."—New York Press.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

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So long as there is meat at the table it is foolish to get down among the dogs and fight for bones.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS
Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

Society depends upon mutual honesty, beginning confidence between man and man.—Rev. A. J. Hitchcock.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A mud-slinger must be a mud-seeker.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

True religion is duty linked to the divine.—Ram's Horn.

For Rheumatism
Neuralgia Sprains
Lumbago Bruises
Backache Soreness
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Use the old reliable remedy
St. Jacobs Oil
Price, 25c. and 50c.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

SKELETONS BY THE SHIPLOAD.

American Fertilizing Plants Supplied From South America.

A steamship filled with bones arrived at New York last week, awaiting orders from owners before going to a fertilizing plant. The bones were the skeletons of cattle, gathered on the great plains of South America. They are shipped here to be ground into fertilizers. The longshoremen find in nearly every cargo a human bone—all that is left of some poor fellow who died on the plains. They are responsible for a queer little graveyard near the fertilizing plant. The workmen have strict orders never to grind up a human bone. It is taken out to a little fenced graveyard and buried. Many of the graves are not more than two feet long, but they are as carefully covered as though they contained entire skeletons.

When Reed Understood.

When Mr. Reed was speaker he acquired an intense dislike for a certain member of the House from one of the new states of the Northwest. This gentleman was somewhat uncouth in appearance and manners, and had a blundering way of doing things that while the offending member was making himself particularly offensive, Mr. Reed motioned Representative Dalzell to come to the desk. When the Pennsylvania member reached him he remarked: "Dalzell, I never realized what was meant in the Bible by the word 'wild asses' foal' until that man came into Congress."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

Perhaps it takes several larks to make a summer, but it doesn't take many swallows to bring a fall.—Cornell Widow.

Envy eats out its own heart.

New Food for English Cooks.

An effort is now being made to introduce sweet potatoes and yams from Barbadoes to the English cook. Great success has been achieved at Barbadoes in growing both of these vegetables, and a product of the very best quality can be raised there. A large commission firm of Portsmouth is importing regular supplies and sending about samples in great quantities, accompanied by various recipes for cooking them.

No hand can make the clock strike the hours that are past.—Byron.

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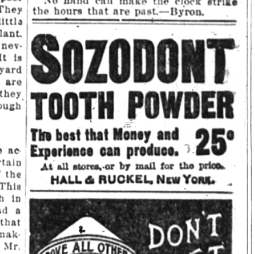
At all stores, or by mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.



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They equal those that have been costing you from $4.00 to $5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.
Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom.
That Douglas uses Corona Colt, gives there a fine value in Douglas shoes. Corona is the highest grade Pat. Leather made. Fast Color Eyelets used.
Our $4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price. Shoes by mail, 25c extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 35 cents and 50 cents.

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Delicate people can resist the changes of climatic conditions more easily if stomach and bowels are in good order.
Dr. Caldwell's (LAXATIVE)
Syrup Pepsin
Corrects Stomach Trouble and Cures Constipation
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FREE TO WOMEN!
To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with full directions absolutely free. This is not a 10c sample, but a large package, enough to convince any woman of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.
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