

THE SEA

Come down with me to the moon-lit sea,
Where the long waves ebb and flow
And the moonbeams are all
As the lunar impulse will?

May, rather this is the heart of God,
Naked under the sky,
And he shines in a way with wonder—
The shore, and the clouds, and I!

Unearthly, awful, unclouded,
Gleams the radiant
Throne of a thousand passions
Looking beneath the gray!

It is the blood of the universe
Through which
With the throes of its great pulses
And feeds the veins of the world!

And the lands are wrinkled and gray
And scored with a thousand scars,
But in the heart of the sea,
Swinging beneath the stars
The great sea
To the mountains in New
England Magazine.

LEONARD THORNES HIS RECONCILING

BY FRED J. COX

As Leonard Cawthorn walked down the narrow lane under the shade of the overarching hedges, he glanced about him with an air of sober delight. The surrounding landscape was precisely that which had always formed the background of his dreams when at night in his room, the Canadian ranch current of his blood had involuntarily set homeward. As he remembered that his eyes as he had dreamed of it as a man, so the picture remained, true down to the smallest of its details, even to the wings of straw caught by the projecting forks in the hedges when the corn-laden wind had passed.

"Here's the money," shouted Leonard, laying a bundle of bank notes on the table.

Just then the click of a latch at the back of the farm was heard. Both men started. The door leading from the farm kitchen into the parlor now opened and a woman entered, bearing a lamp which at once gave a cheerier aspect to the room.

It was in such a setting that he had always thought of her. Indeed, the landscape without her would for Leonard Cawthorn's eyes at least be least more than half its charm.

Presently the corn lands ceased, and the lane broadening out ran by the side of undulating meadows to the village of Netherlands lying in the valley below.

Nethercole farm lay back from the meadow, just at the edge of the village. As Leonard walked on the path which led to the house, a troop of early memories crowded in upon him. He had a clear right to a share of the property after their father's death, but Mark seized everything with that grasping nature of his and soon made it plain to Leonard that his room in Nethercole would be preferable to his company. Feeling this, like a sensitive man he had rented the farm parlor, a large room meagerly furnished, for the illumination of which the glimmer of the little lamp was absurdly inadequate. Leonard took a chair facing his brother and leaned his arm on a round table, ridiculously small to serve as the centerpiece of so large an apartment.

"Why, 'Thira, I'm back again," said Leonard. "I wanted to see the old villa."

"Why, 'Thira," she said in a voice which trembled with excitement. "How well you look and how glad I am to see you back in Netherlands again."

"Yes, 'Thira, I'm back again," said Leonard. "I wanted to see the old villa."

He knocked at the door, which was presently opened by a round-shouldered figure of a man, who with one hand held aloft a small metal lamp and with the other shaded his eyes and peered at the stranger.

"Well, Mark! You'll hardly know me, I guess!"

"Oh, it's you, is it? You'd best come in," answered the other.

"She only nestled closer to him. She was faintly tall, apparently a little over 30 years of age and dressed becomingly in black. Dark brown curls clustered about her forehead, and her eyes as they glanced intently at Leonard Cawthorn had a rare sweetness of expression.

He rose quickly as she approached and held out his hand. "Thira," he cried.

"Don't judge by appearance, I suppose you've made your fortune," answered Mark.

"Not exactly that," Leonard replied, "but I've nothing much to complain about." Married, yet the wrinkles deepened on the forehead of the older man as he replied, "Are you?"

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"What business?" asked Mark.

"Look here," exclaimed Leonard quickly, "I'm going to get married. I've come to pay back your money, for I wouldn't be beholden to you for a farthing."

"I have not married him," she said quietly.

"Thank God," he cried fervently. "But why were you in his house to-night? You came as though you belonged up to the place."

"A nice, brotherly welcome!" cried Leonard, bitterly.

"She is your wife?" said Leonard hoarsely.

"Can't you answer a plain question, man?" asked Leonard.

"I have not married him," she said quietly.

"Thank God," he cried fervently. "But why were you in his house to-night? You came as though you belonged up to the place."

TOPIC OF THE DAY

Dry and Liquid Bordeaux Mixtures

There is no doubt now for the use of both liquid and dry Bordeaux mixture. It is far easier in most of our sections to use the liquid form and apply the liquid form, but we must recognize the fact that in some of our sections water is a scarce article, and conditions are such that a dust spray will do the work when a liquid spray would not. Even in the more humid states where water is abundant, the dust might be used with more satisfaction than the liquid spray. There has been a sharp conflict between the men that favor the liquid spray and the ones that favor the dry dust spray. There has also been a conflict between the makers of implements for the throwing of these sprays. This would naturally be the case. But we must acknowledge the fact that each form of the mixture has certain advantages at certain times. Thus, in a very wet time, the leaves do not hold the spray that comes to them in liquid form, as they are already covered with moisture. If the liquid spray is used a great deal is wasted in trying to get it on the leaves. At such a time the dust spray would stick readily to the wet leaves, and it would be applied to the leaf and the leaves would be so wet that the dust would be held. This of course it is impossible to do with the liquid spray on a wet day. The dust spray may be put on early in the morning, while the dew is still on the leaves, and it sticks to the leaves as the dew evaporates. The dust spray has an advantage over the liquid spray in the rather dry localities, where there are extensive orchards on hillsides. Many of the new orchards are being put on on hillside slopes, over which it is very difficult to drive a heavy wagon carrying a great tank of water. Where the weather is not only dry but hot, in many cases it would be very expensive, as the water would have to be hauled a long distance. Yet in those same localities the dew on the trees is sometimes very heavy, and this helps out matters immensely.

"The Boy Was Doing His Best." Mayor Weaver, who was the principal speaker at the silver anniversary of the Rev. J. B. G. Pidge, who celebrated his twenty-fifth year as pastor of the Fourth Baptist church on Tuesday night, told a story about a clergyman who possessed the unhappy faculty of preaching a long and weary sermon.

"During one of these tiresome sermons," said the mayor, "the minister suddenly looked up and saw a little boy in the gallery throwing chestnuts at the worshippers in the audience. He at once called to the boy to stop. The boy, however, who was a very young man, said: 'I'm sorry, but I'm just doing my best.'"

ANOTHER OF THE CASES

First Romanoff Mounted Russian Throne in 1818.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, a child of the name of Luitprand was killed from his own country for holding fast to paganism and refusing Christianity. Floeing to Moscow, he established as a warlike prince was combed by the Czar Ivan I. So promising a career preceded before him that Luitprand renounced the name of Luitprand for which he had endured exile and was baptized into the church under the name of Andrew. In course of events his family became known as the Romanoffs, and in 1547 Ivan IV took Anastasia Romanoff to wife. The Romanoffs thus became a notable party in the court of the czar.

With the death of Ivan the Terrible's son Feodor and the assassination of the rightful successor, Dimitri, in 1591, the house of Romanoff came to the throne and reigned over Russia for 220 years. Anarchy then reared Russia under Poles, Swedes and Muscovite nobles struggled for and successively usurped the throne. By virtue of his relationship with the late czar, Feodor Romanoff was one of the claimants. His claim was supported by the nobles and burghers were summoned to Moscow to elect a czar. The assembly met in 1613. After stormy debates, Michael Romanoff was elected king. He was a youth of 17, and the sole reason of his election was that he was the son of his father Feodor. Thus began the reign of the Romanoffs.

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Characteristic Rockefeller Trait. When John D. Rockefeller Jr. at his Ponce de Leon Hotel, he called Tom, a New York broker who lives a mile or so distant. "Three or four evenings ago," Mr. Rockefeller sends his chauffeur down for the youngster, "he plays games with them, such as parchees and dominoes, at which Mr. Rockefeller invariably loses."

The eldest of the boys—he is about 15—was asked by his father not long ago why he still wore his boy's clothes. "Well, I'll tell you, father," said the diplomatic youth, "Mr. Rockefeller feels that if he beats him, we so just let him win."—New York Press.

Not Wholly Reformed. In Venango county, Pa., is a quack doctor who is called Tom. He drinks and stutters and stutters and drinks. He has a brother Jim, who is full of quackery and was a great liar—but was this much thought to have reform. Tom was captured to become a good man, and was seized in the river. It was a bitter cold day in winter, and the ice had to be cut to make a place for the ferry. Tom was in attendance, and as Jim came up out of the river he said to him:

"Hi! Co-co-co!"

"No!" replied Jim, "not at all!"

"D-d-d-d-d! My ar-minister!" cried Tom. "Hi-hi-hi!"

Mrs. Beecher's Birthplace. Many people are not aware that Henry Ward Beecher first met, and afterwards married, the woman who was his lifelong companion, in a hut, Mass. farmhouse. The Burdett homestead, at the west end of the town, was the birthplace of Mrs. Beecher and the house in which she was married. The house was built in 1767, and has been in the Bullard family since 1816. Mrs. Beecher was Miss Eunice W. Bullard, daughter of Dr. Amasa Bullard. She was born in this house Aug. 26, 1817, and was married to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the same house, Aug. 1, 1837.

The Three. One walked the way of other men. And another bent his knee and will worship at the shrine of the gods. Putting his conscience by and then, he was an accused high traitor.

Hailing him great.

One spent in ways of solitude. To the hills he hurried, to the sea he fled, and kept his spirit free. And he was a beautiful bird.

And one amid the bustling crowd. Keeping his independent thought. The world, with underlying shadow. In the world, with underlying shadow.

—I. M. Montgomery, in Sunday School Times.

Wine from Missouri. Missouri is not often thought of as a wine-producing state, yet recent statistics compiled by the State Board of Agriculture show that the state produces annually more than 100,000 gallons of wine, and that the amount of 18,000,000 pounds of grapes are raised each year. These figures apply to the products which are shipped out, and no record can be kept of the quantity of both grapes and wine that are produced for home use.

Eagle Fights Peasant. An eagle attacked a peasant who was driving to Boule, near the Swiss border. The fight lasted ten minutes and ended in the eagle being hit on the head with the butt of the man's whip.

CATARRH IS THE CAUSE OF MOST KIDNEY DISEASES.

PE-RU-NA CURES CATARRH.



SAMUEL R. SPEECHER

Captain James L. Dempsey, Captain and President of the Peoria Police Force, writes from 166 Perry St., Peoria, N. Y., as follows:

"From my personal experience with Pe-Ru-Na I am satisfied it is a very fine remedy for catarrhal affections, whether of the head, lungs, stomach or pelvic organs. It cures colds quickly, and a few doses taken after undue exposure prevents influenza. Some of the patients under my care have enjoyed great relief from Pe-Ru-Na. It has cured chronic cases of kidney and bladder troubles, restored men suffering from indigestion and rheumatism, and I can fully persuade that it is an honest, reliable medicine, hence I fully endorse and recommend it."

JAMES L. DEMPSEY
Office: A. C. Swanson, written from 607 Harrison St., Council Bluffs, Ia., as follows:

"As my duties compelled me to be out in all kinds of weather I contracted a severe cold from time to time, which settled in the kidneys, causing severe pains and trouble in the pelvic organs.

"I can now enjoy a splendid health, and give all praise to Pe-Ru-Na."

A. C. SWANSON

Samuel R. Sprecher, Junior, Beadle Court, Argenteia, 2421 C. O. E. 205 New High St., Los Angeles, Cal.

"I can't here a few years ago suffering with catarrh of the kidneys, in search of health, I thought the climate would cure me, but found I was mistaken. But what the climate could not do Pe-Ru-Na could and did. Seven weeks' trial convinced me that I had the right medicine, and I was well in a few days of at least twenty friends and members of the lodge to which I belong who have been cured of catarrh, bladder and kidney trouble through the use of Pe-Ru-Na, and it has a host of friends in this city."

SAMUEL R. SPEECHER.

Catarrh of the Kidneys a Common Disease. Catarrh of the Kidneys, often called Bright's Disease, is a common ailment, and is a very dangerous one. It is a disease which attacks the kidneys, and is the cause of many of the most serious diseases. It is a disease which attacks the kidneys, and is the cause of many of the most serious diseases. It is a disease which attacks the kidneys, and is the cause of many of the most serious diseases.



CAPTAIN JAMES L. DEMPSEY

Pe-Ru-Na Removes the Cause of the Kidney Trouble. Pe-Ru-Na strikes at the very center of the difficulty by eradicated the catarrh from the kidneys. Catarrh is the cause of kidney trouble. Remove the cause and you remove the effect. With utter accuracy Pe-Ru-Na goes right to the spot. The kidneys are soon doing their work with perfect regularity.



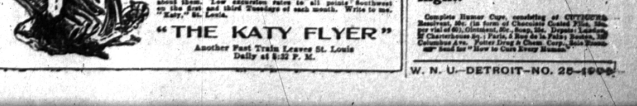
DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALMS THE BEST COUGH CURE



WESSIE STICK



CUTICURA



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THE KATY FAIR SPECIAL



THE KATY FLYER