Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER XXX—CONTINUED.

So on this auspicious morning the little log building was filled with a noisy crowd in high good humor. Winslow sat on the platform in company with a few leading men who were busy making speeches. For now that the schoolhouse was a success—a practical something in logs and mortar, everybody was enthusiastic; each striving to prove that his had been the support which promised to make of St. Charles an educational center.

And for this recognition Winslow was grateful. What though doubts were at first expressed and, fearful of failure, the villagers gave sly indorsement and grudging aid! "I am not the first," he thought, "for whose venture the public waited with hands behind its back; in one the crown of thorns—the laurel wreath in the other."

Unconsciously his shoulders were lifted disdainfully; his lips took a cynical curve at thought of how little his venture—a log schoolhouse in the wilderness—was worthy either reward. Compared with the hopes he had built on the southern project how puerile it seemed! He had reckoned upon the success of the expedition less from its own possibilities than because of his belief in the integrity and statecraft of Aaron Burr. From him—from his reflected glory, he had expected great things. There was much of the dreamer in Winslow—the disciple rather than the leader.

And this, not from weakness, but because of a habitual plane of thought where energetic leadership seemed scarcely worth while. To live and dream in an artistic, a poetic world to which others had given practical shape—this was his idea of the best in life. The failure of Burr's plans had roused him to action, and action which, so far as it led, had been successful; it was only that he despised the end.

But there had suddenly come a new turn of affairs, and his horizon had dawned broader—bright with new possibilities. It was this recent hope which lifted the tenor of his thought, made less hard the light in his eyes, this—and something else.

For there was a stir at the door, and some newcomers pushed through the crowd. Winslow saw Rev. Luke Ballinger rise from his chair near the pulpit, and go down the aisle to greet him. His heart gave an expectant throb. On the threshold appeared the white head of Mr. Creighton. Tall, placid-eyed, he stood on his arm the invalid wife. She was pale and very thin, with the look of one to whom has been granted, in fleeting, a glimpse of the unseen. Winslow's eyes lingered upon her as if to drink in a bit of the divinity which he fancied must be clinging to her. Then his gazed sought and held the other daintiest, more earthly bit of loveliness that hovered near her in the doorway. Lavender had seen in one quick glance that Winslow was there, had noted his eager attention upon their entrance. Summoning all her artful artlessness, she responded to the preacher's greeting with serenity and an easy indifference which belied her beating heart. He found seats for her parents, then asked her to lead the singing. "Nobody can play; we have been waiting for you," he said.

"And I would not have minded coming; you see, sir, we were determined to get in."

The reverend man replied with mock gravity: "I see, but were you not afraid of being smitten with blindness, that, like the men of Sodom, you came near to break the door?"

She gave him a searching glance as they went down the aisle together, opening her eyes wide with a pretty blush of defiance.

The minister shook his head. "The eyes are there, no doubt; see that they do no mischief," and shaking his finger at her with a warning smile, he escorted her to the splint which occupied one end of the platform.

And Winslow's attention wandered from the service to watch her as she presided over the squeaky little instrument. In her best mulberry-colored gown, with sarsenet sash, she sat demure, her head bent over the keyboard, all her mind apparently intent upon a copy of Watt's hymns—all her strength expended in energetic pressure of the stiff old pedals. But that her thoughts, too, were wandering, was apparent from an occasional glance, stealing, in his direction; then a blush would redden her cheek, and creep down into the neck which the soft gauze kerchief only pretended to conceal. To-day she was to give Winslow his answer; the answer to his question: "May its fulfillment be mine?"

All the way into the village she had been rehearsing what she should say, how meet him.

Yet how vain to think she would have need for words. For words—when as she passed him where he sat on the platform, very glance of the humidly tender eyes, each curve of the winsome lips, the rise and fall of linen crossed on the happy bosom—all made plain what words could only weaken.

The exercises would have bored any but such an audience. The people, mentally starved, were pleased with anything that even parodied thought, and speeches, dialogues and songs were applauded with an impartiality which made up in fervor what it lacked in discrimination. The last speaker chose patriotism for his theme, and waved an imaginary banner of stars and stripes for the edification of his hearers. To most of these, however, patriotism was but a name; national pride a dead letter. For love of country could have no firm hold upon a people when the very name of that country, was for months a matter of doubt; when much of the time, it was a moot question to what flag they owed allegiance. The standard raised, and as often lowered to give place to another, cheapened each until, through rapid changes, the pioneers managed well enough without a common hail, relying each upon his own sturdy settlement.

However, this was more especially true of the French and Spanish in the new territory; there were stalwart sons of the new republic east of the Mississippi, to whom the sight of the standard of freedom was inspiring; who felt yet a glow of patriot fervor at the faintest flap of eagle wings. To one of this kind was allotted the closing speech. He was a tall, loose-jointed individual whose hair might be charitably described as sandy, but whose whiskers were undeniably red. The arms which he waved seemed borrowed for the occasion—so little their gestures savored of familiar use. He raised his voice to a patriotic shriek at the peroration: "My friends, I have said all this to prove that there yet live patriots about us. Because we have journeyed far, let us not forget that we have a country; let us not forget, either, that our country has enemies. Indeed, we have had recent news of the activity of one such. His machinations are even now being discussed in a court of law at Richmond where, let us hope, justice and truth will be vindicated, and by its orders may Aaron Burr suffer the doom of traitor to his flag."

He waved his arms again, and with a jerky bow took his seat. The applause that followed was intended less in praise of the oratory than gratitude for the relief of tired muscles.

When it had died away, Winslow, pale, but with eyes glowing, came to the center of the platform. There was an expectant hush, and he began:

"It is not my purpose to speak in justification of the distinguished prisoner at the bar to which our friend has just alluded, but my personal acquaintance with Aaron Burr makes it hard to keep silent. Even so great a soul as he may reach depths where the faith of the humblest is prized. You will forgive me, therefore, if I add a molety of favor in the balance which threatens to weigh against him. My own connection with his expedition I am prepared to explain fully to all in whose minds there may lurk a doubt of my honesty (in the half-defiant pause which followed nobody spoke nor moved), but for Aaron Burr's cause I am not here to ask for your sympathy; the verdict of the court must decide for us. I have only to suggest that in the meantime all criticism be withheld. The country at large is the jury which will later sit in deliberation upon the result. Indeed, it is more than likely that the whole truth will not be known until the judgment. On that day let us see that we bring to that Greater Bar unprejudiced minds and hearts all free from bias that we may escape peremptory dismissal at the hands of the Great Challenger."

There was a pause, while his hearers were undecided whether to applaud or not. Winslow settled the point for them by a sudden change of tone and manner. Coming forward and insensibly edging closer to where—a little to the right—stat Lavender, he began anew lightly:

"I have an announcement to make which may come as a surprise to many here."

The audience craned their necks, and those at the windows stood a tiptoe to hear. "I am going back east as soon as—" involuntarily his head swerved to the right—"as soon as possible." There are urgent reasons calling me away now. I fear that all of you who remain here to work in the vineyard will liken me to the spies of Canaan who only carry home bunches of grapes to show the fatness of the land. But, indeed, I go with grateful regrets which must ever follow such kindnesses as I have met here—here, in this garden spot of the new land of our new country."

And he bowed amid loud cheers. Then: "But in order that the work here be not lost, but carried on better than my feeble powers would admit, the committee and I have decided to present the name of another for the place of teacher in this school. The gentleman whom we have the honor to name is Mr. Gerald Creighton."

At this arose an audible murmur of excitement; none expressed open displeasure but all felt more or less disappointment. Winslow was not only a personal favorite—he was regarded by all as one having authority, and competent to lead the school to success. That his mantle would sit well upon the restless shoulders of the easy-going Gerald all felt much doubt. But to the pioneer mind it was of small consequence, and there was no dissent. Since the new Elisha was nowhere to be found, his acceptance was taken for granted.

As Winslow took his seat there was a commotion in the crowd that filled the aisle, and Susan Judson lurched forward. Stepping to the platform with a tread that threatened partition of the oaken flooring, he began to speak.

"If there were a member of the community whose word carried more weight than Andrew Jackson, I'd mind Tobias—as he was familiarly known. His was an ambition to be known as one having authority and, though self-appointed to the office, the country folk were glad to recognize him as arbiter in common affairs. Hence his great hand raised was as a scepter. His first word was followed by instant silence.

"Feller citizens, I want ter say a word about this schoolhouse. I'm proud of it; it's the first, but you kin jest bet yer life it ain't a-goin' to be the last. And I want ter say—speakin' fer the committee and the hull of yer, that we're all obleeged to the schoolmaster."

His wave of the hand toward Winslow was the signal for cheers; the oration continued: "You all will be glad to hear, too, that he's struck it rich—or that's how it promises. They've found coal on his land, and it's a valoonable piece of property. When he goes back east he kin brag to his friends about the strike he made here, and I hope he'll do it."

Another emphatic nod followed by loud applause. "If he does, it'll probably take the curse off'n that Burr dodge that fizzled out—and with all due respect to the schoolmaster I'm right glad it did. A coal mine in this blessed country is better any day than promises of gold and diamonds in a land which none of us ain't sartin about, and can't locate any closeter 'n a day's journey of Gulgecher."

There was loud applause and the scuffling of anxious feet. To the latter disconcerting accompaniment Rev. Luke offered prayer. Then he gave out the hymn, and Winslow stepped to the spinet to turn the leaves for the player. As Lavender chord after chord their eyes met; though her own were instantly lowered again, to the keys, Winslow had read his answer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When the time for dinner had come, the merry-makers devoted themselves with keen appetites and spirits boisterous to this—the grand event of the day. To Winslow it seemed odd that these simple pioneer folk who served all meals in such rude and homely fashion should find sport in slight deviation from the ordinary habit. "But evidently there are degrees in rustic simplicity," he said to himself, as with a smile half cynical, half envious he surveyed the crowd. Two or three small fires were built, and above these hung kettles for the making of that rare luxury—tea. Over the embers game was toasted, and "roastin' ears" slowly baked in their jackets of yellow and green. Cloths were sometimes spread on the ground, but more often lap-robes served as napery.

Here and there, from their teams detached, were wagons in which whole families perched making hungry dives into a common hamper. One table graced the grove. It was put together—a few boards on stakes—for the use of the committee and its favored guests. Chief of these was Winslow, who occupied his post of honor with secret dissatisfaction. For in the few words she had found time to say, Mrs. Creighton had made company with them. He declined ruefully. "A lamb led to the slaughter I go to play the role of hero in—extraordinary. But save a little strength to visit with me," and he bowed low over her hand.

With divided mind he performed the honors of the table; secretly intent upon watching Lavender. One or two of the more daring among the village beaux assisted with awkward gallantry while she unfilled the small hickory crates and put the food in tempting array on a white cloth—dropped like a cloud upon the green sward.

When Winslow's gaze would catch and hold hers a rare smile filled her eyes with iridescent sparkle or by a low, blush or wave of the hand she would reward the glances which, however they roved, came always back to her. For the lover's fond vision saw but another setting for her beauty in this brilliant scene; the forest—all green save for the scarlet of berry and gold of blossom which blazoned the last glory of summer-time. The sky seemed to hold for her the softest bridal veil of mist, and in the background a low fire smouldered—against which her head shone in cameo relief.

He was roused from these poetic fancies by a touch on the shoulder and turning saw Gerald Creighton, his handsome face a-blush. With an embarrassed smile he said: "May I see you when dinner is over? At the grove by the road there; I'll be waiting under the maple trees." Winslow murmured a surprised assent, but before he could speak further Gerald had slipped away. In a moment he hear: "I am going back east as soon as—" involuntarily his head swerved to the right—"as soon as possible." There are urgent reasons calling me away now. I fear that all of you who remain here to work in the vineyard will liken me to the spies of Canaan who only carry home bunches of grapes to show the fatness of the land. But, indeed, I go with grateful regrets which must ever follow such kindnesses as I have met here—here, in this garden spot of the new land of our new country."

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[To Be Continued.]

STEVE'S INVESTMENT

By William Hamilton Osborne

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Young Lorimer stepped down the narrow lane and entered upon the box-wood path. The house was dark save for one room. Lorimer entered this lighted parlor, extending his hand toward a girl, who rose cordially, but a bit indifferently, to meet him.

Lorimer was a fine looking chap, with a good nose, a good chin and straight eyebrows—perhaps a bit too serious in appearance. Nervously seizing both of the girl's hands, he drew her gently toward him, releasing her as he did so.

"Kitty!" he exclaimed, with a queer catch in his voice, "I—I—I have something to say to you." He stopped and laughed in an embarrassed sort of way. Then he went on, faster than before.

"Kitty, my—house, the little house upon the hill—you know about it! It will be finished in the fall. I—I want you to come and be its mistress, Kitty. I went to look at it to-night. The work is progressing. We—we can live there, you and I, Kitty, and be so happy!"

He stopped and fumbled for an instant in a pocket, from whence he drew forth a small, white packet.

"See what I've brought you, sweetheart," he whispered. "I dared, because I felt so sure—I know that—" The girl toyed with the ring for a moment; then, with a faint cry, sprang to her feet.

"No, no, no!" she said, excitedly. "I can't take it. Steve—you—say you didn't mean it. I can't marry you. I fear I don't love you enough. I—no, I don't ask me why! I can't do it, that's all. I thought you understood—I can't do it, that's all!"

Stephen Lorimer stood stupidly erect, twirling on the smallest finger of his hand the ring which she had rejected of him.

"Do you really mean this, Kitty?" he asked, at length. "Is it all over?"

"You've been a good friend to me, Steve," she answered simply, and not unpleasantly. "I've thought it over. I can't change it."

Lorimer looked keenly at her. He was satisfied that she meant what she said. He was well assured of it, in fact.

Ten minutes later he walked out into the darkness, knowing not whither he was going and caring less.

Next day Lorimer met a selectman of the town.

"Steve Lorimer," said the man, with some clumsy attempt at playfulness, "if either you or J. T. O. Underwood don't marry Judge Pollard's girl, there will be a law made to blame! I don't step in and cut you both out—so get a move on you!"

"J. T. O. Underwood," muttered Lorimer to himself, as he went along, "so that's it, is it? I didn't know—I didn't know!"

A few months later Underwood, newly married, addressed his young wife.

"Kitty," he said, "Steve Lorimer's going to leave town. They've made him superintendent at Monroe, a hundred miles down the road. I saw him this morning."

Men who go away as Lorimer went, and who at the new scene of operations find their constant presence very necessary, go back but seldom to the old place. Lorimer had no family—he had himself, Stephen Lorimer, that was all.

In the course of three or four years he made a visit to the old place. He had had but little word from there in the meantime. It was many months since he had received a check for rent. He wanted to know, to see with his own eyes, how things were going. He went there.

Underwood, who met him, was not quite so dashing in appearance as formerly, although he was still neat. He had grown far bolder with his tongue, too, it seemed. A slight boom had started at one end of the little town, and some new houses had gone up. Underwood claimed the credit for this boom. But the boom had stopped at Underwood's door. With all his bragsadcio he was poor—almost as poor as a man can be. And Kitty—she was more beautiful than ever, in spite of the two little lines that appeared in her youthful forehead.

After dinner, Underwood, man of schemes, procured from some place, on credit, an old livery rig. He drove Lorimer about the place for an hour.

Underwood showed him a tract of land that was a bargain. It could be bought cheap; it was worth its weight in gold. Lorimer knew it—in fact it belonged to Kitty, and he knew every inch of it. But all through the recital he understood one thing, and that was that Underwood wanted $5,000. It began there, but it did not end there. He saw another thing—that was that Kitty was miserable. This was something he could not get out of his head. Kitty was poor, terribly poor. She needed money—$5,000. He knew well that Kitty didn't know the object of this livery excursion, but he knew too well the necessity for it.

He left Underwood at the station and boarded his train, promising the man that he would think the matter over. He did so coldly, but politely. Underwood saw it was no go; that he had not really convinced Stephen.

Stephen Lorimer had $5,000. He recalled what he had intended to do with it. He knew just where that five—all that he owned, except the little house—just where that five could be placed in order to multiply into twenty, forty, sixty, perhaps a hundred thousand dollars. He, and few besides him, knew the possibilities of the M. K. & P. R. R. Co.

Reaching Monroe he went to the bank and drew his check for $5,000, leaving but a few dollars balance. He was a fool, and he knew it. But Kitty was starving, and they needed money.

Lorimer was a plodder; so he plodded and held his place. It was a fair position; he was a valuable man; but the concern was conservative, and it did not overpay him. By the time he accumulated a few thousand, M. K. & P., by reason of a favorable merger, went to its highest point. His friends sold out and one of them retired.

"If you'd only had five thousand a few years ago, Steve!" one exclaimed.

"If I only had," Steve nodded in assent.

One day, back in the little village, a man died. He did not die obscurely. He was a comparatively young man, and had been a very successful one. The name of this man was John T. Ogden Underwood. He was the richest man in the town. He left a fortune, most of it in stocks and bonds. His holdings in M. K. & P. were large. He left his young widow a handsome competence—his life had been a great success.

A long time after this, Stephen Lorimer, understanding but little of the truth, went back to the small village. He called on Mrs. Underwood.

"When you were last here," she said to him, "Ogden took you for a drive, I remember. I shall do so this time." In a far different equipage now they went, and alone, for Mrs. Underwood herself preferred to drive. Lorimer actually ruined his eyes. "Why, I hardly know the place," he said, "on account of the improvements. What a difference!"

"You see," said Mrs. Underwood, "the advance went all the other way. Your little house on the hill is the only one in that section, and it is tenantless. I had a few acres near it you know, which father left me. But they are not worth a cent more than they were ten years ago. Everything went the other way."

"You still own your acres?" Lorimer couldn't resist asking the question.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Ogden sold them years ago to some man. He was a foolish buyer."

Lorimer smiled, assenting. "Yes, indeed, he was. Mr. Underwood was very successful," he added.

They had just reached the little house—Lorimer's little house.

"It seems years since I built this place," said Lorimer. "Years!"

"It is years," Mrs. Underwood replied.

Suddenly Lorimer, still a strong young man despite his years of hard work and quiet life, looked Mrs. Underwood full in the face. "It is years!" his deep voice echoed.

"Kitty," said Lorimer, "I—I can't forget—no, please don't stop me yet—I can't forget just why I built this place. I can't forget the long, long time I worked for it and planned for it—I can't forget the happiness to which I looked forward. To think, Kitty, that you and I, and no one else, could have lived in this little house and been happy—yes, happy—"

Mrs. Underwood stepped toward him, with a little cry. "Steve, Steve!" she exclaimed, "don't, don't recall the past. Think of—"

Stephen Lorimer looked into the glowing eyes of this beautiful young woman, what he saw there filled him with hope, and made him grateful.

"Then you do—" he ventured, and paused.

She bowed her head. "I—love!—you—ever since—that night—but you never came again." Stephen Lorimer caught her in his arms. "Kitty, Kitty!" he exclaimed, "say that again—say it again—"

"It was I," the young woman confessed, "who made a mistake. I—I would rather have been poor with you during those years, than—"

Stephen Lorimer stooped and kissed her, not once or twice or thrice, but many times.

"Poor with me!" Then he thought of the $5,000 and the M. K. & P. investment that he intended.

"She shall never know," he whispered to himself.

"I—Loved—You—Ever—Since That Night."

AT THE MINSTRELS.

"Mr. Tambo," remarks the middleman, "I have a very important question to propound this evening. Can you tell me why a financially-embarrassed man resembles a canine?"

"No, Mr. Centerpiece; dat can't tell yo'," says Mr. Tambo. "Why am a financially-embarrassed man lak' a kaniine?"

"Because," replies the middleman, "he never has any money in his pants. I guess that will hold you while our charming tenor, Mr. Caruso Highsee, sings the beautiful and pathetic ballad, 'Her Raven Locks Have Turned to Gold.'"

Mr. Highsee rises majestically, puts one hand behind him, hangs his thumb over a vest-button, and begins: "The old farm house is waiting—"

"Look yere!" shouts Mr. Tambo. "Jes' suppose de financially-barrassed man wears pants wid checks in 'em?"—Judge.

Strike Seems Justified.

The municipal guards of Rome went on strike two weeks ago because the council wanted to reduce their pay of 16 cents a day to 8 cents.

BLUE SCHOONERS HIS HOODOO.

Skipper Even Objected to Bringing Blue Slop-Chest Aboard.

When the weather is contrary and ugly and a fog blanket hangs closely over the water the old salts of this coast look around to see if there is a blue schooner in sight, says the Bangor (Me.) correspondent of the New York World. Should a vessel painted any shade of blue be in the harbor, then the old-timers grunt and remark that it is no wonder that the weather is bad. The blue schooner is considered a rank hoodoo and is cussed roundly every time she puts in an appearance.

The schooner Donna Ty Briggs is regarded as a sure enough herald of bad weather, for not only is she painted blue, but she is also a three-master, and when she appeared in Portland harbor recently, on passage from Bangor to New York, all hands in the fleet already anchored there concluded that they might as well turn in and have a good sleep. They knew what was to follow, and it came—easterly winds, cold, snow and fog. Said Capt. Baker, of the little schooner Wild Pigeon, when he made out the color of the Donna Ty Briggs:

"There's a blue schooner. That's what's making of this weather, and you won't see no change till she gets outer here.

"A blue schooner is a hoodoo anyway, and you won't find one ca'p'n in a hundred that'll paint a vessel that color. Once in a while you will see some blue hatch-combings or a little blue striping, but it ain't pop'lar. I 'member once that Cap'n Eben Lewis of Boothbay harbor was going to take a new schooner, built somewhere down east, and when he went down to her found they'd painted the hatches blue.

"'Here,' he says to the managing owner, 'you turn to and gain some other color on to them hatches, or you'll get another man to go in this vessel.'

"They painted them hatches a good Fourth o' July red, and the vessel allers had good luck. N'other cap'n was standin' on the poop of his vessel watchin' a crew come over the side. The last man to show his head over the rail had a blue chest, and when the cap'n see it he yelled:

"'Here! you leave that blue box on the wharf or get back there yourself; blue don't go on this vessel.' That man had to go ashore agin and shift his dunnage into a baz, and then he was all right."

A Trip of the Orange.

The Orange was the fourth locomotive owned by the Erie, and the first engine ever seen in Binghamton and Hornell, the first to cross the portage viaduct and the first to sound a whistle to the Genesee valley of Attica.

The feat that first brought her fame was made in January, 1842, when she was used to draw a special train from Goshen to Piedmont, carrying Gov. Steward's message to the New York Sun. This had been brought from Albany to Goshen by post riders in a race between the Sun and the Herald, to see which could first get the message into print. The Herald relied wholly on post riders. The Sun supplemented these post riders with the service of the railway, and so ran the first railway news service ever run. The Sun had typesetters on a steamer at Piedmont, and when the Orange arrived with the document had it put into type on the steamboat, and beat the Herald by several hours in having the message in the hands of its readers. The Orange had helped enable the Sun to have the message for sale on the streets a full hour before the Herald's post riders reached the Herald office.

Hysteria Contagious, Says Doctor.

Unless one agrees with a woman who says "Hysteria is not so bad, for madness is better than the commonplaceness of mediocrity and the insipidity that takes no flights," Dr. A. R. Mitchell of Lincoln, Neb., is likely to cause trepidation. At the meeting of the American Association of Railway Surgeons in Chicago he said that hysteria was as contagious as smallpox and unless there was a training in calmness much damage might be done. "Physicians should mix the spiritual with their treatment of hysteria," said Dr. Corwin, who started the discussion. "Everybody wants sensation. It has crept into our school board and into the lives of women." Dr. Mitchell said hysteria was looked upon by most persons as an outbreak of certain overtaxed, over-emotional women, but the educated physician knew it was a disease that might affect any man or woman. Dr. Janet's statement that we are all madmen and hysteria is only a popular phase of a universal mental derangement sounds more agreeable, since it brings all humanity to one level.

Pleads Ignorance.

Judge—How did you come to get drunk?

Defendant—Faith, yer honor, Oi'm not to blame. Oi didn't know what Oi was doin'.

Judge—You didn't. How was that?

Defendant—Well, ye see, sor, Oi was under th' influence of liquor when Oi started.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Progress.

"Yes," said the old man, "my daughter is still studying French."

"But she can't speak the language at all, can she?" remarked the friend.

"She couldn't at first, but now she can speak it just enough to make herself unintelligible."

Wall of the Pessimist.

I have been young and beautiful; I have tasted many pleasures; I have been universally beloved. At a more advanced age I have passed years in the intercourse of talent and wit. Yet I solemnly protest to you that all conditions leave a frightful void.—Mme. De Maintenon.

Fame.

"Why don't you try to do something that will make your name go down in history?"

"Too much of a job," answered the inert man. "It's as much as I can manage to keep my name from being posted in my club."

Dyspepsia of Women

Caused by Female Disorders and Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary treatment. It is probable that this is due to a similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.

Mrs. M. Wright

Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by a derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes a disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has a peculiar tonic effect on the female organism.

As proof of this theory we call attention to the case of Mrs. Maggie Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after everything else had failed. She writes:

"For two years I suffered with dyspepsia which so degenerated the entire system that I was unable to attend to my daily duties. I felt weak and nervous, and nothing that I attested good and it caused a disturbance in my stomach. I tried different dyspepsia cures, but nothing seemed to help me. I was advised to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and was happily surprised to find that it acted like a fine tonic, and in a few days I began to enjoy and properly digest my food. My recovery was rapid, and in five weeks I was a well woman. I have recommended it to many suffering women."

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement or has such a record of cures of female troubles, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

Many a lonesome and expensive trip to Florida, California or the Adirondacks has been saved by the use of

Kemp's Balsam

the best cough cure. If this great remedy will not cure the cough, no medicine will, and then all hope rests in a change of climate—but try Kemp's Balsam first.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

Year's Tea Production.

The total exports of tea from India during the year ended April 26, 1906, amounted to 214,198,943 pounds, valued at $29,294,936. The shipments to the United Kingdom were 166,604,000 pounds; Canada, 15,019,000 pounds; Russia, 9,991,000 pounds; Australia, 7,746 pounds; Turkey and Asia, 3,464 pounds; the United States, 2,185,000 pounds; Persia, 1,091,000 pounds, and to all other countries, 8,084,000 pounds. All these countries, except the United States and Persia, increased their purchases over 1905. The trade with the United States decreased 9.7 per cent, and that with Persia 65.5 per cent.

Each to His Own Trade.

A story is told of a Scotch minister who gave the rural joiner an order to make a small wooden cupboard.

When the pastor received the account he complained to the joiner about the amount, and said he could have got a second-hand cupboard, which would have answered his purpose equally well, at much less cost.

"Yes," retorted the joiner; "and I could buy a gold bermon for threepence; but e'e wadna' care aboot preaching them at that price!"—Stray Stories.

Magazine For the Blind.

Through the munificence of the widow of a New York capitalist, the means has been supplied for the establishment of a magazine printed in blind point type.

HOW DEBILITY SHOWS

And Why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are a Cure for Dangerous Physical Decline.

The symptoms of general debility vary according to the cause but weakness is always present, a tendency to perspire and fatigue easily, ringing in the ears, sometimes black specks passing before the eyes, weak back, vertigo, wakefulness caused by inability to stop thinking, and unrefreshing sleep. The cause of the trouble may be some drain on the system or if may be mental or physical overwork, sometimes insufficient nutrition due to digestive disturbance. In the latter case there is generally a loss of appetite and a coated tongue as well as general languor and debility.

Miss Lola M. Metzger, a stenographer, living at 11 Hill street, Watertown, N.Y., suffered for over a year from general debility. "It was caused by overstudy," she says, "and I had no ambition, didn't want to go anywhere, my food didn't taste good, I was run down, lifeless and listless. I took medicines but they failed to help me. Finally friends recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to my mother and she got some for me. I took them for some time and was entirely cured and have had no return of the trouble."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure debility because they actually make new, red, rich blood, and as the blood carries nourishment to all the organs and tissues of the body, nerves as well as muscles, the new blood stimulates the organs to do the work that nature expects of them, and normal health follows. Not only is this treatment sufficient to cure debility but many severe nervous disorders as well.

The pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent post paid, on receipt of price 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Send for free dist book.