

THE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come, wife," said good old Farmer Gray.
"Put on your things, 'tis market day—
And we'll be off to the nearest town.
There and back ere the sun goes down.
Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind."
But Spot he barked, and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggie mind
To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
And Joy came into the farmer's face.
"Floor Spot," said he, "did want to come,
But I'm awful glad he's left at home;
He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot,
And keep the cattle out of the lot."
"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot,
The big dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold,
And got his pay in yellow gold.
Then started homeward after dark,
Home through the lonely forest. Hark!
A robber springs from behind a tree—
"Your money or else your life," says he;
The moon was up, but he didn't see
The big dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined,
But quickly caught the thief behind;
He dragged him down in the mire and dirt,
And tore his coat and tore his shirt.
Then held him fast on the mucky ground;
The robber uttered not a sound
While his hands and feet the farmer bound,
And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot, he saved the farmer's life,
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife;
And now the hero, grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears to-day.
Among his friends, among his foes,
And everywhere his master goes,
He follows on his horny toes,
The big dog under the wagon.
—N. O. Picaune.

A GAS BILL ROMANCE.

THE big black figure 2 on the calendar on Abbott's desk reminded that young man that it was the second of the month, and that he had a disagreeable duty to perform. He rang a bell.

"I want to get the delinquent notices out this morning, Samuel," he said to the youth who answered his summons. "Just write to those people to the effect that upon examining our books we find that their bills are over a month in arrears, and that unless they are paid in three days we shall be compelled to cut off their supply of gas. Sign my name, and get the notices into the mail as soon as you can."

His stenographer and general factotum disappeared, and Abbott's mind turned into another channel. He was a very capable young business man, having gradually risen to the position of secretary and general manager of the Evans City Consolidated Gas company through his close attention to the company's affairs. But it was not of business that he began to think when Samuel had gone back to his typewriter in the outer office. He saw in his mind's eye a sweet feminine face, with a clear complexion through which the red glowed delicately, a sensitive profile, and big eyes that were not as carefree as such eyes should have been.

"It's hard lines for that poor girl to have to struggle along as she does," said Abbott to himself. "She's not cut out for that sort of thing at all. She hasn't the strength for it. Almost every cent of the little they pay her for her school teaching, and almost every minute of her time outside of school hours, goes to the care of that father of hers. It's pretty hard lines, and she is a little heroine, that's what she is."

This was by no means a new train of thought for Abbott. For several months the image of the fluffy-haired little school-teacher with the big blue eyes had been engaging his attention in season and out. Whenever he dreamed a day dream this image would be the central figure of it, and often the dreams would go to considerable length. For example, he would picture a pretty house, with a pretty lawn around it, and the image acting with charming grace and dignity the role of hostess to their friends; or the image out in the front yard picking roses, or tacking up strings for the morning glory vines, with the breeze rippling her fluffy hair, perhaps.

He sometimes wondered what the girl herself would think if she knew he took such liberties with her image. His acquaintance with her was rather slight. He had called on her a few times, but had never been able to break through the reserve which was the result of her sensitiveness and her aloofness in her devotion to her invalid father, from the society of the young people of the town. The truth of the matter was that, in spite of Abbott's ability in affairs of the head, he was a bungler when it came to matters of the heart. Nobody knew this better than he did himself. Before every call he had made a resolution to be light and easy in manner, to joke with her, to tell her in an off-hand way about himself—he doubted if she even knew what his business was. But it was no use. In the interval between his ringing the doorbell and her descent into the parlor his resolutions would take flight like a flock of frightened sheep, and he would be more ill at ease than ever. So he had ruded up his mind to take the bull by the horns, as he expressed it to himself, to write her a letter telling

her plainly and simply of the state of his heart and asking her to take him into consideration as a future husband. With the click of Samuel's typewriter in his ears he composed the missive and instructed Samuel to have it mailed without delay. Then, with his mind much relieved, he turned again to prosaic business matters. After luncheon it occurred to him to glance over the names of those whose bills were in arrears.

"Bring me the list of delinquents, Samuel," he directed. He was running his eyes hastily down the column when he stopped suddenly. "Are—are those letters in the mail yet, Samuel?" he asked, with an effort at calmness.

"Why, yes, sir; got 'em in a couple of hours ago," answered Samuel briskly.

"And that other letter, I suppose you have mailed that, too," Abbott went on in the uncertain voice of a man who is afraid to hear the answer to his question. "Of course I did, sir. I saw it was going to the same address as one of the others, so I just slipped it into the big envelope with the notice, to save that much postage." Samuel was a zealous youth, who had the interests of the company at heart.

"Oh, you did, did you?" cried Abbott, rising to his feet. "What in the name of—?" He stopped, being accustomed to control himself. "Get back to your work now, Samuel, and hereafter when I tell you to mail a letter just do it in the usual way without any improvements of your own."

Abbott paced the floor. For Miss Hayden to receive from him a peremptory notice that he would shut off the supply of gas unless she paid the bill, and at the same time a declaration of love, was terrible, and also ridiculous. His vicious chewing of the end of his cigar was interrupted by short laughs of scorn at himself for permitting such a thing to happen. If he could only get that letter back!

He knew the postman would never give it up to him. He thought of waylaying him, and smiled grimly at the idea of the secretary of the Evans City Consolidated Gas company turning highwayman and robbing the mails. He glanced at his watch and made a hasty calculation. It was four minutes past three. There was a three o'clock delivery and the letter was probably in it. But Miss Hayden was not yet home from school. The session was over at three o'clock, to be sure, but what conscientious teacher had no unruly boys to keep in, nor other after-school duties to perform? Abbott decided that she would not be home before 3:30, at the earliest. It would take him about 15 minutes to reach her house. This would give him at least ten minutes' grace in which to bribe the maid, to obtain possession of that letter by hook or by crook, and get away unseen by the mistress of the house. The envelope was fortunately stamped with the company's name, which would be a help to him. He felt that his chances for success were good, after all, but there was that contingency, appalling to contemplate, that Miss Hayden might be at home with his two communications in her possession. He dismissed from his mind as hastily as possible the thought of meeting her under these circumstances.

"Yes, sir, she's just come home from school," said the Irish girl, cheerily, in reply to Abbott's anxious query. "Come right in and I'll tell her you're here."

From his seat on the edge of the parlor chair the young man gazed distractedly at the unresponsive bric-a-brac. If he could only get out of here some way? How could he face her? The clock ticked loudly, with no regard for his state of mind, and every tick was hurrying on the ordeal. He frowned at the clock, and as he did so its tick suddenly seemed to have become a voice of succor, for it had called his attention to a familiar-looking envelope lying beside the clock on the mantelpiece. In three strides he was across the room and was clutching that letter in an eager grip. He had just time to thrust it into his pocket before he heard her footstep on the stairs. Red and agitated he took her extended hand.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Hayden. I—I'm glad to see you. I thought I would drop in to see if you wouldn't—if you wouldn't take a walk, that is, a ride. I am feeling a little worn out, you know, and a trip to the park occurred to me as a bracer. Won't you come, too?"

Miss Hayden's blue eyes were fixed upon him wondering for an instant. It seemed to her a little odd that an active business man should be wanting to go to the park at this time. And then she couldn't understand his embarrassment. "Why, you see, my father—" she began, doubtfully. Then she remembered that her father had noticed the paleness of her cheeks, and had advised her several times to do this very thing—to take afternoon rides to the park. "Why, yes, I think it would be delightful," she exclaimed with a touch of enthusiasm in her voice. "It is such a beautiful afternoon. I am very glad to get away from the humdrum cares of life, now and then, and it's very good of you to ask me."

"Not at all," answered Abbott, earnestly. After Miss Hayden had adjusted her hat she went to the foot of the stairs and called out: "Katy, I thought you said there was a letter here for me. I don't see it."

"Drop me a line!" cried the excursionist, who had fallen overboard.

"What's the use!" calmly rejoined the alleged funny man of the party. "There isn't any post office where you are going."—Chicago Daily News.

"Well, look for it when I am gone, Katy. It will surely turn up, somewhere."

After the first half hour in the park Abbott forgot the letter, except now and then, and he forgot the self-consciousness that had heretofore overwhelmed him in all his efforts when in the company of this girl. They were getting along famously. She was in high spirits; the wall of reserve seemed to have been a mere phantom wall. They went rowing, and were remote from the landing, in a little inlet where the trees on either side mingled their branches overhead and made it seem like twilight.

Here was the time and place, he felt. He would be several varieties of a fool not to take advantage of this opportunity. He prepared to speak out, and felt the perspiration on his brow. This rowing was rather warm work, after all. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket. In its folds it brought the letter, which fluttered down at Miss Hayden's feet. The blood rushed to his face. He was afraid to look at the letter or at her.

"You've dropped a letter," she said, calmly. Like one who takes a plunge into icy water he glanced down. The blank side had fallen open. With an assumption of carelessness he picked it up, and then, to give vent to his feelings, began to row strenuously. In a moment they were in open water again; his mind was no longer in condition for a declaration, and a golden opportunity on a golden afternoon was gone.

"Just cross that Hayden bill off your list, Samuel, it's attended to," directed Abbott the next day in the office. He did not intend that Miss Hayden should be bothered by any more bills if he could help it, and he had formed a resolution, so intense that it was grim, to make an attempt to help it without further parley or delay.

It was about four in the afternoon when Samuel rose with alacrity from his typewriter, and stood grinning at the counter, as he always did at the approach of a feminine patron of the company. "I came to pay my bill," said Miss Hayden, opening her purse. "I am afraid it is a little overdue, but—"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted Samuel. "You don't owe us anything, your bill's paid."

"Paid? But that can't be. I don't understand."

"Well, our secretary knows all about it. You had better see him. Come right this way."

The zealous Samuel threw open the glass door of Abbott's office with a bow, and the young man and the young woman stood face to face. He was on his own ground here, and was wholly at his ease, while she was very much embarrassed. He took the hand that she almost unconsciously held out, and led her to a chair. "You may go now," he said to Samuel.

But Samuel did not go very far. He has ears that stand out from his head inquisitively, and was able to gather a very fair idea of what transpired on the other side of that glass door. Samuel won't tell. It is enough to say that in the near future Miss Hayden will not have to pay any more bills, nor even to teach school. The expression of care has given place to one of happiness in her big blue eyes.—N. Y. Times.

RUINED CITY OF COPAN.

Work of Excavation on It Stopped by Order of the Honduran Government.

All work on the ruins of the great prehistoric city of Copan, in Honduras, has been suspended by order of the Honduran government. Extensive excavations have been made at Copan by agents of the Peabody exploration fund and great palaces and temples, giant stairways and broad plazas have been unearthed. Enough was uncovered to show that Copan was the capital of a great empire which has entirely vanished, leaving no history, not even traditional history, behind it which man as yet can read.

The government of Honduras gave no valid reason for stopping the excavations and the custodians of the Peabody exploration fund hope to be able to get permission to resume work next year, as the prohibition seems to be only the result of a temporary freak on the part of the native officials. Meantime a wall has been built around a part of the excavated city and watchmen, living in huts amid the ruined palaces of forgotten kings, keep away natives who might deface and destroy the elaborate stone carvings and sculptures.

The history of Copan and its mighty warriors, wise statesmen and splendid kings is all written on numerous columns of stone and on the walls of the palaces and temples, but no man as yet can read the inscriptions. Archaeologists of the Peabody museum have, however, mastered the calendar of the vanished people, and, with this as a starting point, are gradually making progress toward the acquisition of a knowledge of the language of the mysterious people of the forgotten empire.

If work on the ruins of Copan can be resumed next year, says the New York Mail and Express, it is expected that many "finds" will be made which will be of the greatest importance to American archaeology.

QUEER WAYS OF THE TURK.

He Pries Into Your Mail and Pokes His Nose Into Your Private Affairs.

The Turk suspects everybody and everything and no private act, no seclusion, is safe from his intrusion. Every telegram sent from the public offices is at once reported to the authorities. No one can safely send a letter by the Turkish post unless he is willing to have it opened and read and take the chances of having it confiscated if the censor finds anything that can be twisted into an insult to Mohammedanism.

As a result of this condition and the inability of foreigners residing in Turkey to communicate with any certainty with their friends, some of the great European nations have established post offices of their own in Turkish cities, in which they employ only Europeans, use their own stamps and watch their mailbags until they pass beyond the prying eyes of the Turks. In Salonica there are no fewer than five post offices—British, Austrian, French, Servian and Turkish; in Constantinople six. If one wishes to be sure of his mail he must inquire at four of them at least, and if he really wants to have his letters reach their destination he must send them through some post office other than Turkish.

For the reason that the authorities cannot be sure of a complete knowledge of all the conversation that might pass the telephone has been excluded from the empire and no Turkish city is electrically lighted, because, it is said, officials discovered the word dynamo in applications for the necessary contracts, and dynamo suggesting dynamite, the official Turk was paralyzed with fear. So all Turkey is still candle-lighted, or at least lamp-lighted. Whatever is Turkish in Turkey, says a writer in the Outlook, is sure to be out of order, disorganized, dirty; whatever is foreign is, by contrast, well kept.

Long Distance Pianist.

In the newspapers of Padua a musician named Banca recently announced that on the following Sunday, at seven o'clock in the morning, he would begin to play the piano and would continue to play for 40 hours, or until 11 o'clock Monday evening. During this period he said that he would play 250 pieces of music from memory, and that he would rest for only 20 minutes—ten minutes at the close of the fourteenth hour and another ten minutes at the close of the twenty-ninth hour. He added that during his long performance he would take no nourishment, except a little water and some medicine of his own concoction, and that a committee of physicians would be present in order to see him accomplish his singular feat.—Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Use His Own Medicine.

Doctor—Take this medicine as directed, and your cold will be gone in two or three days.
Patient—You seem quite hoarse, doctor.
"Yes; I've had a bad cold for four weeks."—Chums.

Temptation.

Insurance Agent—Don't you want to take out a policy, Uncle Eben?
Uncle Eben—Go 'long, white man, an' stop tryin' ter lead de ole man astray. Ah done ain't played no policy sense Ah joined the church four y'ars ergo.—Chicago Daily News.

Only Explanation Handy.

Friend—I haven't seen you for some time.
Poet—No. Fact is, I have become a good deal of a recluse lately.
"I feared as much. How much do you owe?"—Stray Stories.



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—MRS. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.

A medicine that has restored so many women to health and can produce proof of the fact must be regarded with respect. This is the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which cannot be equalled by any other medicine the world has ever produced. Here is another case!—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For years I was troubled with falling of the womb, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, backache, headache, dizzy and fainting spells, and stomach trouble.

"I doctored for about five years but did not seem to improve. I began the use of your medicine, and have taken seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, three of Blood Purifier, and also used the Sensitive Wash and Liver Pills, and am now enjoying good health, and have gained in flesh. I thank you very much for what you have done for me, and heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering women."—MISS EMMA SANDER, 218 East Center St., Marion, Ohio.

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