THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

The little red schoolhouse is open again; The door stands ajar and the shutters The windows thro' many a newly-washed

pane, Like the spectacled master, gaze up the long lane,
And with much the same stern scholastical frown

The little red schoolhouse is open, 'tis clear By the newly-trod path from the stiles by the two little paths leading round to

the rear. Where truant feet scamper when "books" time draws near To snatch from grim duty just one minute more.

'Tis clear by the paper that litters the lawn—
All, perhaps, that's immortal of states-Strewn recklessly, ruthlessly hither and

By the footprints in mud the worn doorsill upon,
And the ball-bats and playhouses cumb'ring the yard.

The little red schoolhouse is open, I say, But the faces that wistfully peer thro So weary of work and so hungry for play.

And the voices that lisp the old lessons

Are never the faces and voices of yore. The little red schoolhouse is open; but where,
O brother of mine, are our comrades of

old; The stout-hearted lads and the maidens so fair, We fought with and played with and idolized there, With valor and ardor and love all un-

The boy who could never just learn how

O, what was his name? and what habeen his fate? The good boy, the bad boy, the boy who would tell, The boy who could mimic the master so

And the boy who could wondrously And the girl whose initials were carved

on the beech
In the yard, and so deeply engraved in my heartWho could write so, and sing so and say

such a speech,
And no tongue could relate and no teacher could teach—
O Time and Change, where have you

The little red schoolhouse is open-alas, We may not return to our desks, as of Up the rough path ad astra no longer

may pass— All their lessons forgot, our mates sleep neath the grass And their names, unremembered, o stones are enrolled. -E. O. Laughlin, in Indianapolis Jour-

By A. R. Brownlee. 

TATHEN Helen Stockwell had YY fused to marry Winfield Baryoung man had said: "Why, Helen, you don't know my father. He always refuses everything at first. It's his way. It isn't because it's you. If we were once married, he wouldn't care anything more about it."

To which she replied: "It seems to me, Win, that if you approached him rightly, and told him that we didn't wish to marry without his consent and blessing, and that we would patiently wait, it would not be long before he would yield. It seems dreadful to marry with father or mother against us. The memory of it would last forever. It never could be made right."

He had angrily replied, in his wounded vanity, that he guessed she didn't care much about him, or she would proudly marry him if all the world objected. And when he found her still unyielding, had left her and never gone back, getting consolation, in due time, from the companionship of pretty Retta Lowe, whom he married. His father had objected, but when it was over, forgave him, as Win had said he would. Helen often met Win and his pretty, stylishlydressed wife, riding in their fine

It was not long after Win's marriage when Helen was left a legacy of \$2,000 by a great uncle on her father's side, whom she had not heard from for a long time. It seemed at first as if fate had meant this good fortune as a kind of salve to ease her sore heart, and she was as joyful as a poor girl can be who supports herself and her mother by her own hands.

When, however, Helen Stockwell looked more closely in the matter of her inheritance, she had a long struggle with herself, then refused to accept it. She would have resented the idea of being called a goody-goody girl. She prided herself on her broadmindedness and her tolerance of differed widely from her own. She didn't say to herself that her uncle had obtained his money in, morally, a questionable manner. She would not have criticised anyone else for accepting such money. She could only judge what was right for her own self. And she was quite sure that, so far as she herself was concerned, it was not right for her to accept the money, in spite of her mather's quite different way of look-

ing at the subject. "Mamma," said Helen, sadly, "I want the best that life can give me, but if I accept this money, I would

She thought she would be more lonely and sad than ever when she be at the depot in time for the 6:50 gave the money up. But she was sur-prised to find that she wasn't so lone-mission personally, so you could unly and unhappy as she had thought she would be. When you give up something of your own accord, you doubts." feel a sense of power, as Helen did, while the sky seemed to look bluer, the birds sing sweeter, and people's faces to look more kind. Still there were moments of despair and discouragement, when everything seemed to be going wrong—when the household debts would never get quite paid up, and her health never be quite what she had hoped. How nice it would be to be taken care of, as Win's wife was! Or how nice it would be to have that \$2,000 and be relieved of petty responsibilities! Those weak moods

quickly passed, however. She was cashier and clerk at Mr. Burt's "combination store," which was really a city department store on a small scale.

laughingly called them, a slender, white-faced old man entered the store. Helen was at her cashier's desk making out bills. It was quite late, and no one else happened to be in at the time. Helen glanced up occasiontomer came in, or if she herself were quite intently.

When he had gone, Mr. Burt sauntwinkle in his eyes, said, "Miss Stockwell, that old gentleman came to especially inquire about you. He said his name was Lawrence, from Hopedale. He didn't want to speak to you himself, he said, but just wanted to and came here on purpose to become know all about you. So I told him your general history. I shouldn't her. wonder at all if he were a detective in disguise, weaving a deadly chain of evidence around you."

The winter that followed was a particularly hard one for poor Helen. Her mother's health was very poor, and medicine and delicacies had to be bought. When spring came she grew no better, and the doctor said that if she could go to the seaside for a few weeks, he was sure she would be greatly benefited. But that was not to be thought of. Helen was wearing quit shabby clothes in order to pay the doctor's bill and the rent of their four rooms.

In the latter part of May, as Helen was about to start home one evening about six o'clock, a tall, pleasantfaced young man appeared hurriedly in the doorway and asked for Miss Stockwell.

"Oh," he said, after Mr. Burt had made her known, respectfully saluting her, "I see you are about to start for home. I would like to walk along with you if I may, as I have a commission for you, intrusted to me by my grandfather."

'Certainly," said Helen. Only a few commonplaces were

passed till they got off the main street, then the young man said: "Miss Stockwell, my grandfather

has recently died and has left me his sole executor and heir of his modest property, except two bequests. One, dently repeated these words, seem-\$2,000, to the 'drink cure' hospital and sanitarium at Lansingburg, and ton without his father's consent, the the other of \$1,000 left to yourself, check for which you will find in this envelope," handing her the same from his wallet.

Helen drew herself slightly away from the proffered gift and said earnestly: "I am sure there must be some mistake, sir. You have probably come to the wrong person. I am sure I did not know your grandfather."

He smiled. "There is no mistake, Miss Stockwell. My name is Gilbert Lawrence. My grandfather saw you last fall. He went to the store to see you, and Mr. Burt told him all about you."

"Oh," said Helen, "he was that old gentleman who asked about me! But I don't understand. There is no reason why he should have left me anything."

"You remember that legacy of \$2,000 which you refused some three years ago?" he asked, still smiling. "Of course I remember it!" said minutely. Helen, with sad humor. "I wish I could forget it."

"Well, my grandfather was the heir who profited by your surrender of that legacy. But that is the \$2,000 I mentioned as having been bequeathed to the drink cure hospital. Your present legacy is a part of my grandfather's savings on the dear home farm where my father and I were born. So you needn't fear to accept it," he urged, again holding out the envelope to her, which she took with trembling fingers.

"My grandfather, Miss Stockwell," continued the young man, "was the nearest relative when Mr. Rollins died, but he did not leave grandfather anything. He left you \$2,000 and the rest to another person not a relative. When you refused to take your share, it went to the nearest relative, who was my grandfather. You told the lawyer who wrote you why you could other people's beliefs, even when they not accept the money, and he told grandfather, who became greatly interested in you, and after a while went to see Mr. Burt and inquired about you. My grandfather" (with modest pride) "had great confidence in me, and made me the confidant of all his affairs."

"It-it doesn't seem as if this money could possibly belong to me," said

"It certainly does!" he cried joyfully. "You will find a copy of the will in your envelope with the check." They had now reached her home. "Won't you come in and see mamma?" asked Helen, still in her dream-

only be taking second or third best, like state.

for it will have no blessing with it." "I hope to have that pleasure at

some future time, but now I must

"Oh!" said Helen, "you can't possibly understand how happy you have made me!"

"I am simply the proud bearer of the happiness grandfather has presented to you," he said gently.
"So this money is a blessing?" said

Mrs. Stockwell, dryly, after hearing Helen's story. "It's a wonder you can't find some reason to refuse it."

Nobody could have been more enjoved over Helen's good fortune than Mr. Burt, when she told him how the mysterious old man had left her a legacy, she being a distant relative. (She did not explain about the other legacy, as it did not seem needful, and might produce useless argument, or at least draw undue attention to One day, about two days after the lerself.) And he said she could stay last of her "surrenders," as Helen away as long as she liked, and her place would be kept for her.

Helen and her mother had not been at the Ocean house, in their quiet seaside resort, more than a week when on a cold, drizzly, fall afternoon, and Mr. Gilbert Lawrence made his appearance there. He said he had taken his vacation earlier than usual, ally, on the alert to see if a new cus- but Mr. Norton (in whose law office he was employed as assistant, and needed, and two or three times she where he hoped some day to be discovered the stranger watching her taken into partnership) had told him he could be better spared now than later, and had better take the opportered up to her, and with a merry tunity. He had heard of this nice quiet place from an acquaintance. and decided to come. It was strange that he did not seem more surprised to see Helen here! The fact is, he had inquired as to her whereabouts. more thoroughly acquainted with

> Never did the world seem more bright and beautiful to Helen than when she returned home, both her mother and herself greatly improved in health, and with the memory of the kind regard and esteem in Mr. Lawrence's honest eyes when he bade her good-by.

> At home one genuine grief touched her-for she was so happy and lighthearted herself that she didn't like anyone she had known to be unhappy. She learned that Winfield Barton and his father had had a serious quarrel. It seems that Win, being in temporary need of money to buy some fine stock at a bargain, had sold a piece of land that he and his father held jointly, without speaking to the latter about the matter, being so "sure that father wouldn't care when he knew about it." It happened, however, that this piece of land was particularly cherished by Mr. Lawrence, and that he would not have let it go under any consideration. He had never been so angry and bitter against his son in all his life, and among the passionate, reproachful words he spoke were these: "You were always doing things without caring what thought. You and your wife married without caring enough to try to win a father's consent and blessing." It was Win's own wife who had imprung to think they would create more sympathy for her. It may be said that he and Win became reconciled, but that he never again was known to trust Win in his business affairs.

"Do you know, Helen," said Mrs. Stockwell, one evening, "Mr. Lawrence said he didn't know what it was to have a mother. He said his died when he was too young to remember her. His aunt always took care of him and kept house for him and his father. And he said-that he wished-he had a mother like me."

Helen was apparently too much aborbed in her book to have heard. "Perhaps," went on Mrs. Stockwell, with a secret delight under her calm manner, "perhaps he may, some

"Perhaps so," said Helen, with apparent unconcern.-Farm and Home.

During a contested will case one of the witnesses in the course of giving his evidence described the testator

"Now, sir," said the counsel for the defense, "I suppose we may take it from the flattering description you have given of the testator, his good points ,and his personal appearance generally, that you were intimately acquainted with him?' "Him!" exclaimed the witness. "He

was no acquaintance of mine." "Indeed! Well, then you must have observed him very carefully when-ever you saw him?" pursued the ex-

amining counsel. "I never saw him in my life," was the reply.

prevarication, as counsel This thought it, was too much; and, adoptng a severe tone, he said:

"Now, sir, don't trifle with the court, please. How, I ask, could you, in the name of goodness, describe him so minutely if you never saw him and never knew him?"

"Well," replied the witness, and the smile which overspread his features eventually passed over the court, you see, I married his widow."-Cleveland Leader.

Reason for the Stop.

A train traveling on a small branch railway in the Highlands suddenly came to a standstill. One of the passengers poked his head out of the window to ascertain the cause, and just caught the guard as he passed under the window on his way to the

"Why are we stopping?" he inquired.

"Hoot, mon, ye maun jus' abide a wee; the watter's game aff the boil." -London Answers.

EPOCHS OF THE NEGROES.

Impressive Happenings by Whiel Southern Farm-Hands Date Their Family History.

"As white people frequently date noted happenings from some particular occurrence," said a man who was brought up on a plantation, according to a New York Sun writer, "so the negro dates events in his career froma happening that made a lasting impression. An old mammy in my family fixed the age of one of her children by saying she was born when the stars fell,' referring to a noted stellar ever happened.

"'I foun' mah Jesus,' said a good old woman, in relating her experience, 'when de Ohio ribber floated de cabins fum dar foundashuns in Kaintucky.'

wicked twell de cholry broke out a long time ago, and folks died in dar tracks, right wha dey stood. Dey

didden' hab time ter go ter dar beds.' "'I wus marred ter mah man de year ob de big comet,' said a former slave, in reply to a question, 'an' dat were de beginnin' ob mah troubles dat lasted twell de summah de grasshoppahs come an' eat up de watahmillions, when I see de great light dat fotch peace to mah hawt.'

"'Does you reckumembah de yeah dat yoh pappy haid de measles?' asked an ahcient granny of her grandchild. 'Dat was de yeah yoh met Caleb Johnson and dat voh wer marred ter him. An' when yoh Caleb got de breakin's out laik yoh pappy, he gib his hawt ter de Lawd.'

"A negro mother who was telling a white lady in New York about the death of her daughter Lucretia said:

"'Yes, maim, Lucreeshy was tuken down sick de day dat de butcher man's dawg bit one of Miss Jackson's chillun, jest after Miss Jackson was baptized. Lucreeshy nebber left her bed arter dat succumstants, and dat wus de yeah dat I marred mah second man gwine on seben morths come Mawch.

"A Missouri negress was very certain of an event which had been in dispute, and carried her point when she said: 'I ain't nebber fohgot dat yeah. It was about de time dat de Ku-Klux kim ter ouah place an tuck mah son Tom an' hung 'im on a tree right in mah back yawd. Dat berry night dar was a pertracted meetin' begun in de Baptist chu'ch, an' putty nigh ebry niggah on ouah place foun' salva-

shun.' "'Doan you membah,' asked a pious old creature, to memory dear, 'de yeah dat Mistah Bawsley's mewl, dat he was plowin', struck a stum of yallah jackets in de fiel' an' dey swam up an'stingdatmewltwellhe died? Well. honey, dat wus de yeah dat Samanthy Puckins an' ole Doctah Holliway's young body suvant, Rastus, run away an' got married by Squire Holeumb. an' dat yeah a rebibal broke out in de naiberhood dat caused mo' shoutin' dan ebber was hearn ob befo'. Yais, indeedy, honey. It all come back ter me now."

LIZARDS IN SAMOA.

Tiny Reptiles That Are Capable of Some Surprising Performanecs.

A resident of Samoa writes in an entertaining way of the lizards-little fellows about two inches long, prettily colored in a light and a dark shade of brown. They can run up a window-pane quite as easily as can the flies on which they feed, says the Youth's Companion.

"When alarmed the lizards are off like a flash of light, and will take the most reckless leaps. I have seen them land safe at the end of a 20-foot jump. Yet when cornered they have no hesitation in snapping off the most of their

"That was a maddening puzzle to my small cat. The sight of a mo'o any where was an immediate challenge to the kitten. She would immediately start on the hunt, for the most part a fruitless chase, for the little lizard could skulk off faster than two cats could pursue. Yet when the kitten did succeed in landing on the lizard there followed a scene of bewilderment. The mo'o invariably snapped off its tail, which was left wriggling in one part of the veranda, while the lizard ran off a short distance and awaited developments.

"The kitten never knew whether to catch the lizard or the tail. If the mo'o moved, the kitten went for it; but she always stopped short to keep an eye on the wriggles of the tail. As soon as she turned back to take care of the tail the mo'o got in motion and had to be looked after. Hundreds of times I have watched the dilemma, and the ending was always the samethe lizard got away and the kitten had to be content with the bony tail. But there were lots of lizards about my house, sprouting new tails."

Our Venomous Snakes.

Of the 165 kinds of snakes found in the United States but 20 are venomous. They are the copperhead and water moccasin, which are closely related; the coral snakes of the southwest, the two species of Sistrurus and the 15 species of rattlesnake. The most dangerous of them-the water moccasin is not seen north of Tennessee .-Cleveland Leader.

Innocent Tommy. Mr. Callow-What a funny littlehole in the sofa! It looks like some one had been boring.

"Yes, I heard sister say you were a bore."-Chicago Daily News.

Tommy-Maybe you did it, Mr. Cel-

SECURE A FREE HOME IN THE FERTILE WHEAT FIELDS OF WESTERN CANADA.

To the Editor:

The emigration of well-to-do farmers from the United States to the Canadian Northwest has assumed such proportions that organized efforts are now being made by interested persons and corporations to stem the tide. The efforts are being initiated chiefly by railway and real estate interests in the States from which the bulk of the emigration takes place. The movement of popudisplay which put more negroes on lation has taken from numerous their knees than anything else that states thousands of persons whose presence along railways in these states made business for the transportation companies. The movement has also become so widely known that it has prevented the settlement of vacant lands along these lines, parties who might have located there, being attracted to the free and more fertile lands of Canada. The result of the movement has been that the railway companies not only see the vacant lands along their lines remain vacant, but they also see hundreds of substantial farmers who have helped provide business for these railways move away and so cease their contributions. The farmers have moved to Canada because they were convinced that it would be to their financial interest to do so. In moving they have been inconsiderate enough to place their own financial interests before those of the financial interests of the railway corporations. In addition to the railway corpora-

tions, real estate dealers are working to stem the flow of emigrants. Of course every emigrant who goes to Canada means the loss of commissions on land deals by real estate dealers. Now a person has but are trying to stop the flow to know what motive is influencing their course. The emigration means financial loss to railway corporations and have every confidence in Doan's Kidto real estate men. These interests ney Pills." therefore are not directing their opposition efforts out of any love for the departing emigrants or out of any high patriotic motives either. They are doing so purely from selfish interests. It is a matter of dollars and cents with them. They are so patriotic, they are so consumed by love for their fellow citizens that they want to prevent these fellow citizens going to Canada and getting free farms of the best wheat land in the world; and instead they want to make them stay on high priced farms in the United States where they will continue to pour money into the pockets of these railways and real estate men.

One of the methods employed by these interests to stem the tide is the distribution of matter to newspapers, painting Canada in the darkets to the colors. These articles emanate the colors. These articles emanate est colors. These articles emanate chiefly from a bureau in St. Louis.

They are sent out at frequent intervals for simultaneous publication. A where for \$4 and \$5.00.

pear chiefly in what purport to be letters from persons who are alleged to have gone to Canada and become disgusted with it. Only a few of such have been published and they contain statements that are absurd in their falsity. Whether the parties whose names appear in connection with these letters have ever been in Canada and if so, their history while there, is to be thoroughly looked into. The discovery of their motive, like the discovery of the motive of the interests who are engineering the opposition, may prove illumining. In the meantime, however, it may be pointed ou; that only a few of such letters have appeared but since 1897 over 87,000 American settlers have gone to the Canadian West. Can any reasonable person suppose for a moment that if Canada was one-quarter as bad as repre sented in these letters the 87,000 Americans now there would remain in the country; or, if the Canadian West had not proved the truth of all that was claimed for it, the papers of every State in the American Northwest would not be filled with letters saying so? Imagine 87,000 aggressive Americans deceived and not making short shift of their deceivers. The fact is the 87,000 are well satisfied and are encouraging their friends to

follow them. Anyone who sees any of these disparaging letters should remember tartar and whiten the tothat it is railway and real estate interests who have from purely selfish reasons organized a campaign to stem the flow to Canada. If Canada were half as bad as represented there would be no need of such an organization. The fact that such exists is of itself a magnificent tribute to Canada. Finally it should not be forgotten that the letters published are brimful of falsehoods and that 87,000 satisfied Americans in the Canadian West constitute a living proof that such is the case.

The Canadian Government Agent whose name appears in advertisement elsewhere in this paper, is authorized to give all information as to rates, and available lands in Western Canada.

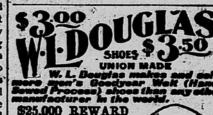
SOMETHING FOR SICK " Morth Chemical Co. PRORIA. ILLINOIS

TWO SIGNALS. There & two serious signals of kidney ills. The first signal comes from the back with numerous aches and pains. The second signal comes in the kidney secretions, the urine is thin and pale or

too highly colored and showing "brick-dust-like" deposit. Urination is infrequent, too frequent or excessive. You should heed these danger signals before chronic complications set in-Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's disease. Take Doan's Kidney Pills in time and the cure is simple.

J. F. Wainwright, of the firm of Bones & Wainwright, painters and contractors, Pulaski, Va., says: "Four or five times a year for the past few years I have suffered with severe attacks of pain in my back, caused from kidney trouble During these spells I was in such misery from the constant pain and aching that it was almost impossible for me to stoop or straighten, and it really seemed as if the whole small of my back had given away. At times I also had difficulty with the kidney secretions which were discolored, irregular and scalding, and I was also greatly distressed with headaches and dizziness. I used a number of recommended remedies but I never found anything so successful as Doan's Kidney Pills. When I heard of them I had an attack and procured a box of them. In to know what the interests are that a few days the pain and lameness disappeared, the trouble with the kidney secretions was corrected and my system was improved generally. I

> A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Wainwright will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.



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