

# TWO OF A KIND

BY ELEANOR ARNOLD.  
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DAILY STORY PUB. CO.

THERE is no reason why I should not go and stay a year with Marion, but I have been my own mistress so long that somehow I dislike to shut up the old house. Sometimes when I think how free I am to come and go, how there are no ties to bind me and no one to miss me, I almost wish—Yes, I will go to Marion's; I'll go tomorrow. To-morrow? To-morrow is Saturday, and—Tom McNair usually calls on Sunday. No, I'll wait till Monday. O, yes, I had much better wait till Monday. It would hurry me to go Saturday. O, yes, decidedly, Monday would be a much better day for me to go.

And I will not tell Tom that I am going away for a year, because he would want me to write to him, and I never could do it. Somehow one shows oneself plainer in letters than in talk, and if I were to write to him, I know I would say lots of things that I never could say with those serious gray eyes on me. I might show him—he might think that I cared—

I have been two months at Marion's, and I am beginning to wish that I had promised to write to Tom. Poor fellow! He looked so kind of forlorn when I told him I was going and never said a word about letters; but I suppose it was merely that there would be one less place for him to call and spend Sunday afternoon. What a cranky old bachelor he is, anyway. I don't believe he cares for anything



A LETTER FROM HIRAM WIGHT.

on earth but his creature comforts, but what do I care what he cares or whether he cares—I don't care one little bit, of course not, but I would just like to know—I am going in to sit with Grandma Gordon for awhile.

"Yes, my dear, that is my dearest friend. Is she not a beautiful woman? I hardly think any picture can do her justice, but you can get some idea of the high ideals, the sentiment and the romance, of her nature. That's a very old-fashioned word, my dear, but I am an old-fashioned woman, and I love it, and it is not altogether, an inappropriate word to apply to Caroline, for she has a rather romantic little history.

"Tell it to you? Are you really so interested in an old lady's friends? Well, Caroline Richings and I were schoolmates—but first, dear, put another log on the fire and pull up that low rocker for yourself. Do! You would rather sit on that stool? Well, then, lean against my knee. It is a dreadful day, isn't it? Such a snow-storm! There, that blaze is quite cheery.

"Well, we were girls together, as I said, and never were two girls better friends. I don't believe that even had a lover chanced to come between us, he could have changed the friendship that we felt for one another. But that never happened, and when we got to the time for lovers, I married my first one. I was very young, but sometimes the first is the right one, my dear, and it happened to be so in my case." And grandma reverently raised her eyes to the portrait hanging above the mantel, and the painted eyes of her first and last love looked back at her with something of the tenderness with which they had rested on her in life.

"But it was not so with Caroline, for though she had many lovers, she did not marry. The years slipped by, and she became what the world calls an old maid, leading a busy, useful life, taking care of her old father and

mother till they were both laid side by side upon the hill, and then doing for her brothers and sisters and all the rest of her family, and when there was no longer anything she could do for them, she died for the poor and unfortunate of the city, until her name came to stand for all that was good to them.

A busy life she led, and I supposed, a happy one, but a nature like Caroline's could hardly be happy in single life. She was so essentially a womanly woman and, with all her helpfulness, a dependent one in some ways; in those ways, I mean, in which a true woman is meant to be dependent.

"And so it was that when my husband went to England for his company, to be gone a whole year, and my Henry, being only a few months old, I could not go with him, that it was arranged that Caroline should come and spend that year with me.

"Well, she came, and we settled down to a good visit, and Caroline devoted herself to my babies with such good results that in a short time Aunt Carrie was fairly fought for by them. And how she loved those children! All her motherly traits blossomed most beautifully, and the half sad, heart-hungry look that her lovely face wore when she first came to us began to disappear from it, and she seemed again, to me, my schoolmate, Carrie.

"When she had been with me about six months, there came to her one day a letter from Hiram Wight, one of the old schoolboys. We used to think, when we were boys and girls together, that she and Hiram thought a good deal of each other, but the years had gone by and nothing had come of it, and I had very nearly forgotten all about it when this letter came to her. I could see that the contents disturbed her not a little, although she said nothing, but when only a few hours following his letter, Hiram walked in upon us and announced that he had come to take Carrie back with him, she told me all.

"The dear old girl had loved that ridiculous boy all those years, and he had never come to his senses till now. I do believe that he never would have come to them if it were not that when Carrie went away for so long he suddenly found out what made life worth living, and without losing any time in berating himself for being such a 'jaggard in love,' he very wisely decided to ask Carrie to come and help him try to gather up those lost years, and let him carry her burdens, as he used to her lunch basket, 'and perhaps,' he said, 'I may yet live to show the world that there is one worse fool than an old fool, and that is a young fool.' And so, my dear, they were married. Yes, right then and there, at my house, and—What is it, May? A visitor? Dear me! it can't be anyone to see me, is it?"

"No, ma'am, it's Miss Amy, and he would come right up—"

A large, snowy overcoat brushed by her, and two big, cold hands grasped mine. "Mr. McNair, this is Grandma Gordon," but no it isn't, for grandma went out with little Mary—but I must say something, for those gray eyes are full of laugh at sight of my discomfiture.

"Come up by the fire, it—it is a terrible day—let me take that coat. You should have let the maid brush the snow off for you." And I pile on the wood and draw up a large chair before the blaze.

Not a word yet, only those dreadful eyes following every move I make. Why don't he—"Amy, won't you look round and see if you can find a fool's cap for me, or couldn't you fasten a long pair of ears on me, or do something that will serve to label me as the most assinine of asses.

"However, I have let you slip through my fingers these five years or more without finding out that you were the only person I could ever love—hang it—I did know it, but some people never can appreciate a blessing till they lose it, and that's my particular idiocy, but if you will come back to be my blessing forever—O, the presumption of me to ask it—I'll tell you, you just marry me, and you will have the best chance in the world to punish me for being such a swine as not to know pearls when they were cast before him. Will you?"

For love a sheer imperishable beauty bright,  
And hear with happy hearts, as we hear now,  
The angelus at falling of the light.  
—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, in Chambers' Journal.

The French have found a reason for the popularity of the cakewalk in Paris. The thing is French! One of the negroes at the Nouveau Cirque, interviewed by a Paris paper, says that the origin of the dance was French. According to this latest account, some of the French refugees from the court of Marie Antoinette introduced the minuet into New Orleans about the time of the revolution, and it was the native imitation of the most fashionable dance in Europe, that was afterwards developed into the cakewalk.

Torquato Tasso was famous throughout Italy before he was nine years old, as an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar, and the author of clever and polished verses; and at 13 he was the intellectual center of the brilliant court at Urbino.

The alphabet shrieked when Alexander fell. At least, it would have shrieked if it had foreseen the new Serbian cabinet list.

## A LIPAN BRAVE.



Find the Companion for Whom He is Looking.

The Lipan tribe is a part of the Apache family of which but little is known in this country. Until within comparatively recent years they made their home in Mexico, and gave the Mexican authorities considerable trouble. They were finally driven out of Mexico and crossed into Texas, and the remnants of the tribe now make their home along the Rio Grande, but are not kept upon a reservation, nor provided for in any way by our government. They have always been expert horsemen, being trained to ride almost as soon as they can sit up. They are also great gamblers.

## PRIDE AND THE FALL.

Gaudily Attired Youth Put to Rout by the Prattle of Innocent Children.

The young man who occupied a seat on the bench in the corner drug store seemed well satisfied with himself, relates the St. Louis Republic. He had pulled his trouser legs well up to preserve their careful crease and was displaying a generous section of gaudy stockings above his low-cut patent-leather shoes.

His hat was pushed to the back of his head to give full effect to a parted bang that looped on each side over his forehead.

His turnover collar pressed well against his chin and was decorated in the center by a diminutive plaid bow. His cuffs were large and glossy and he seemed conscious of everyone of these details and to approve of them perfectly.

He had just lighted a cigar at the swinging gas jet over the counter and its smoke seemed to annoy the woman who was also seated on the bench, waiting for her car.

Perhaps it was the smoke and perhaps it was the general effect of the young man.

A puff of smoke floated over to the woman and she coughed—but the serene composure of the young man was in no wise disturbed.

He turned around a little—stiffly, because of the collar—and the indignant look that he received ought to have been enough for him. It was not, however, and the woman rose and walked to the other side of the store.

At that moment the door opened and a stout elderly lady with several bundles and three children entered and made for the bench.

The young man did not move at first, but one of the children kicked against him with her swinging feet, and he shifted a little, readjusting his trousers. The action drew the child's attention to the stockings, and she pointed to them. "See, mamma!" she cried.

"Yes," said the matron, in loud, cheerful tones. "They're pretty, ain't they? Look at them little red flowers in 'em. Ain't they sweet? Like Sister Maggie's fancy bag, ain't they?"

The other children slid off their seats to obtain a better view of the gorgeous hose.

The young man turned a little red, but continued to smoke. The woman who had left the bench seemed pleased and interested.

"And see the pretty, shiny shoes," continued the stout woman.

The children drew a little closer to the shoes and gazed at them in open-mouthed admiration.

It was too much. The young man rose, and, evading the eye of the grinning drug clerk, left the store.

As for the woman who had left the bench, she bought a half-pound box of chocolates and gave them to the children.

Echoes of the Coal Strike.

An interesting aftermath of the coal famine last winter has recently come to light in the civil courts. Much of the business of these courts consists of what are known as landlord and tenant cases. In most of the disputes arising from broken leases the tenants have sought to justify themselves for moving out by claiming that there was a lack of steam heat during the cold weather. The landlords invariably combated this testimony by claiming that there was no coal to be obtained at the time. Some of the landlords of the high grade apartment houses, where the leases represent a good deal of money, made the mistake of calling their engineers to corroborate them. The engineers when cornered testified that they used only sufficient coal to keep the cold storage plants in the houses from freezing. These plants are very costly, and had they frozen up and the pipes burst the damage would have been about \$25,000. It was due to this fact alone that many of the best apartment houses in the city were left without any heat at all.—N. Y. Times.

## THE FUTURE OF FARM LOANS.

As a Form of Investment Growing in Popularity Because of Increasing Security.

The trend of the stock markets during the past six months has not been favorable to the class of investment that was so eagerly sought in 1901 and 1902. The "undigested securities" have had their effect on the condition of the market, and there is a growing sentiment in favor of some other sort of undertaking than the floating of mergers and combines. It is in this situation that is bringing the farm loan out of the semi-eclipse into which it was plunged for a time while the stocks were absorbing the interest of the investing public. The element of security is now being sought, rather than high interest rate, and the tide of money is turning in the direction of securities based on substantialities, says Chicago Bonds and Mortgages.

Among these the farm loan stands first. There is no one thing so solid as the soil. While the rain falls and the sun shines it will produce, and it is always there. The security in these times of emigration to the west, while values are increasing and unsettled sections becoming rarer, is certain to be better, the income sure to be more unvarying. Millions of dollars have been loaned even in the risky parts of Kansas and Nebraska in the past without the loss of a dollar. Those who loaned in the boom times in the semi-arid belt, if they had held on until to-day, would have recouped their losses to a large degree. The land was there, and it has increased marvelously in value. If this be so, what shall be said of the loans in the rich northwest, the rapidly developing Pacific coast, the eagerly sought Oklahoma lands—and indeed throughout the west where agriculture has its center and prosperity is making wonderful records?

The day of high interest on farm loans is past. People do not have to pay eight and ten per cent. for money, with rich farm land as security. In general there are net proceeds for the investor on the average farm loan of five per cent. But it is secure. It will come as certainly, if the local agent understands his business when he places it, as the seasons revolve. Indeed, in many parts of the west so well are the farmers making their incomes match their needs that often the mortgage is lifted before it is due. Where else is there a more certain basis for such a loan than the farm on which is a hard-working family trying to make for itself a home?

The indications are that the farm loan is growing in favor as the investment in land is increasing in attractiveness for the investor. The element of certainty is one that has in these days become important, and is one that occupies more of the investor's thoughts than at any time in the past. The surety portion of savings, the positive possession of one's belongings—they appeal more strongly to-day than at any time in the business history of the nation. The farm loan has these elements in its favor. It is one form of investment that with the conditions of to-day is not likely to deteriorate. We predict that the coming decade will see it yet more popular, and the fact that so long as the new lands of the west are to be developed it will exist and furnish a market for investment adds to its strength and makes it more deserving of confidence.

Giants in These Days.

"He has been a giant in the literary world."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he has seen the time when he could keep five historical novels running serially, at the same time, blindfolded and with one hand tied behind him."—Puck.

Lacked Her Assurance.

Mrs. Wildman—I can tell you this, Mr. Wildman; if you continue in your present life of extravagance you'll surely pay for it some day.

Mr. Wildman—I wish, my dear, that my creditors had the same faith in my good intentions.—Stray Stories.

## Get Tired of the Gun.

A Clay county man, says the Plattburg Democrat, took his pastor out hunting one day. They had but one gun between them and the preacher carried it. After they had been out half an hour the man felt something poking him in the side. Turning around quickly he found the preacher poking him with the muzzle of the gun and fumbling over the hammers. "Say, brother," asked the minister, "how do you get these things down?" The man has sworn off taking preachers hunting.—Kansas City Star.

A woman gains weight might fast when she has a habit of sitting on her husband's lap.—N. Y. Press.

How the short haired women dislike the long haired men!—Chicago Tribune.

## Modern Conveniences.

The Abilene Democrat tells of a man who stopped over night in a small town near there and registered at the hotel pointed out to him by the conductor as the best in town. In the morning he wanted to take a bath and consulted the proprietor about it. The proprietor shouted back to the rear: "Here, Tom, this here guest wants to take a bath. Being the fixin's." Tom soon appeared, carrying a cake of yellow soap, a towel and a pick. "What's the pick for?" asked the guest. "Why," said the proprietor; "you'll have to dam up the creek."—Kansas City Star.

It is much easier to come down from the heights than to climb out of the depths.—Town Topics.

Worry is a bad bedfellow. Kick it out.—Chicago Daily News.



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Overshadowing indeed is the success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—compared with it, all other medicines for women are experiments. Why has it the greatest record for absolute cures of any female medicine in the world? Why has it lived and thrived and done its glorious work among women for a quarter of a century? Simply because of its sterling worth. The reason that no other medicine has ever reached its success is because there is no other medicine so successful in curing woman's ills. Remember these important facts when a druggist tries to sell you something which he says is just as good.

## A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse.

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."

Women should not fail to profit by Miss Adelaide Prahl's experiences; just as surely as she was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure others who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. Address is Lynn, Mass.; her advice is free and always helpful.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

**Bromo-Seltzer**  
Promptly cures all  
**Headaches**

**U.M.C.**  
**CARTRIDGES AND SHOT SHELLS**  
represent the experience of 35 years of ammunition making. U.M.C. on the head of a cartridge is a guarantee of quality. Sure fire—accurate—reliable.  
Ask your dealer.  
Catalog and upon request.  
**THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.**  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

**AITS**  
If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sick, St. Vitus's Dance, or Vertigo, have children, relatives, friends or neighbors that do so, or know people that are afflicted, my New Treatment will immediately relieve and PERMANENTLY CURE them, and all you are asked to do is to send for my FREE TREATMENT and try it. It has CURED thousands where everything else failed. Will be sent in plain packages absolutely free, express prepaid. My Illustrated Book, "Epilepsy Explained," FREE by mail. Please give name, AGE and full address. All correspondence professionally confidential.  
**W. H. MAY, M. D.,**  
94 Pino Street, New York City.  
READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.  
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

**THE ANGELUS.**  
The day draws to an end; the evening light  
Turns all the carven images to gold;  
While round the spires, in interweaving flight,  
The swallows wing as though they were  
wrought, ere night,  
To weave a sheer invisible fabric bright  
Of sun and blue, to shroud the dying day.  
Ere she be laid in shadows dark and cold,  
Ere all her beauty, withering, pass away.  
From the high tower the angelus of rest  
Rings out at last day-labor's passing bell;  
While in the fields of harvest east and west  
And north and south the reapers, head on breast,  
Breathe their last prayer, and turn from tollsome quest,  
Wherein since dawn they have labored in the sun;  
Full glad to see the clear sky promise well  
For ending of their reaping well begun.  
O Love! may we, when life draws near to eve,  
And bright the sunset glow upon the brow,  
Of all the world of toiling take our leave,  
Forgetting all the woes that fret and grieve,  
Remembering only flashing joys that weave