

LONGING FOR YOU.
The warm shadows blend o'er the road
That we took,
And the path winds around by the side of
the brook,
And the wide water smiles back the
heaven's own blue;
But my heart knows it not; it is longing
for you!

Where the aycamore bends, where the bubbles
float down,
Where the trout seems asleep in the pool's
umber brown,
And the gold of the sunlight is filtering
through,
There was joy ere I knew this wild longing
for you!

Night falls like a benison on the old vale;
There's a tinkle of cowbells along the old
trail;
But far, far wend my ways, and all border
with dew,
And no promise of peace lights my longing
for you!

— M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

An International Episode

By EDWARD B. CLARK

BETTY RAWLINS had a bank account, and a huge one at that. But Betty had a greater fortune in her face, for she was as pretty as a spring beauty, and though she was perverse and pouty when she wanted to be, she was ordinarily as sweet as a violet.

Betty lived in the summer time at Lowland Glen, not many miles removed from Fort Sherman, a big garrison with enough young officers on duty to fill the ranks of a company, had they been forced to drop the sword and shoulder the Krag-Jorgensen. Betty loved the military—what girl doesn't?—and if truth be told Betty's heart was set on marrying into the soldiery, but she had made up her mind secretly that she couldn't think of looking at anything less than a colonel, and when she thought of it she sighed, for the colonels in Uncle Sam's regulars were all so dreadfully old, and Betty was only 19, mind you.

There was young Roy Lanyard stationed at Fort Sherman. He was mighty good looking. Betty admitted this to herself, and it wouldn't be a bit hard to love him, but Roy was only a captain, and nothing but a colonel would do. Capt. Lanyard, to get into the middle of things at once, was just as desperately in love with Betty as a young soldier just old enough to know his own mind can be. He didn't care a rap about Betty's bank account; in fact, he never gave it a thought. It was just pretty Betty herself that he wanted, but he didn't dare say so.

Now, Betty had another falling, not uncommon among American girls, not enough thoroughly to understand that Yankee husbands are the best in the world, and that was a firm belief that the ideal condition in married life would be that which would come from a husband who was a combination of Englishman and English army officer. "The colonels are younger over there," said Betty to herself, "and they are all of aristocratic family, and, oh, well, Englishmen are just too lovely for anything."

The summer colony at Lowland Glen was unusually large that season. There were bunches of swell doings, as the slangy Yale cousin of Betty would put it. The army officers from Fort Sherman were much in evidence, and one young captain in particular was very much in evidence in the vicinity of Miss Betty Rawlins. Betty saw the evidence clearly, and how she did wish that the president would retire some few hundreds of superior officers so that Roy Lanyard could tack the abbreviation "Col." to the front part of his name.

One day there was excitement at Lowland Glen. Mrs. Calumet had invited two Englishmen, one of them an army officer, to spend the month with them at their summer home. The news reached Betty the morning after the arrival of the Calumets' two guests. Twenty young women had told her about it. Let the girls alone for spreading news of this kind. "And Betty," said one of her informants, "one of the Englishmen is a colonel in his majesty's service, and young and good looking at that."

Betty's heart gave a thump. "At last," she murmured to herself.

The next afternoon Betty met the Englishman at the Dexter Country club. Her heart fluttered a little as the younger of the two men—the other was old and out of the running—was introduced to her. Col. Reginald Southcote was his name. It fairly rang of aristocracy and militarism. Betty knew that he was a simon-pure Englishman all right enough, because of his name, his accent and his clothes—which didn't fit.

For the next week Col. Reginald Southcote was Betty Rawlins' shadow. Capt. Roy Lanyard looked on and was miserable. Betty gave him two dances and about three words during the entire week.

"No show for one of Uncle Sam's poor artillerymen when there's one of King Edward's men with a draw and a monocle about," sighed poor Capt. Roy.

Col. Reginald Southcote was not long in finding out that Betty Rawlins had a lot of money, and that she adored

the military. Betty asked him one day what his regiment was, and he replied promptly: "I am the colonel of the royal Yorkshshire regiment," he said.

Betty had heard tales about Englishmen pretending to be what they were not, but the colonel looked honest enough, and the girl was half ashamed of herself when she went to a library in the city and took down a British military gazette from the shelf and looked for Royal Yorkshshire regiment. She found it all right, and with the name of Reginald Southcote set down as colonel thereof.

From that time Betty was very cordial to the colonel. She turned the conversation occasionally on the Boer war, expecting to hear some deeds of daring modestly told, but the colonel was strangely silent on the subject of field service, and Betty put it down to a brave man's reticence when it came to speaking of his own acts on the field of battle. Betty might not have liked it had she known that when she was looking up the colonel's regiment he was making inquiries in certain financial circles about the extent of her bank account. The report seemed to please him, and he proceeded to make hay while the sun shone, and it was a particularly cloudless month at Lowland Glen.

Betty knew with a girl's intuition that an offer was not far away. She felt a pang, however, every time she saw Capt. Lanyard, and saw how miserable he looked, though he tried to put a brave face on the matter. If the truth be told, Betty cried a little in the privacy of her room when she looked at the glorious old flag floating in the sunshine at the flagstaff peak in the fort beyond, and sighed, and sighed again.

One day Lawyer Coke, who looked after Betty Rawlins' estate, heard from a close friend that a certain Englishman had been inquiring about Betty's financial standing. "Fortune hunter if not a fraud," said old Coke to himself, and then, as luck would have it, he happened to pick up a copy of the Broad Arrow, the journal of the united services of Great Britain. Lawyer Coke looked at it. His eye fell on a paragraph and he chuckled. He folded the paper up, put it in his pocket and took the first train for Lowland Glen. He marked the paragraph in the paper and put it where he knew Betty would be sure to pick it up, and from the nature of the publication he knew that she would be sure to read it from start to finish.

Betty Rawlins felt that the hour was coming when she would have to answer a question put to her by Col. Reginald Southcote. She was thinking of this when she picked up the Broad Arrow. She knew what the paper was for, she had heard of it. She read it eagerly. The date of the paper was three months back. The marked paragraph caught her eye. She read this: "Gen. Powell-Baker inspected the Royal Yorkshshire regiment last Thursday. It was the first training day of this militia organization for a year. The men were in poor trim, and Col. Reginald Southcote, who has seen no foreign service and very little at home, had hard work to give commands and to sit his horse properly. The regiment will need overhauling to bring it up to even militia standards."

The paper dropped from Betty's fingers. "Millitiaman! never saw a day's real service; couldn't sit on his horse," and then Betty gasped. Her thoughts turned to another paragraph that she had read in an American journal. It told how one Capt. Roy Lanyard had received the congressional medal of honor for personal gallantry in the saving of the life of a comrade under fierce fire in the Philippine Islands.

Betty knew that night at the ball at the hotel that Col. Reginald Southcote was seeking her out, but she avoided him. Capt. Roy Lanyard met her and she smiled on him, and there was a look in her eyes that made the young soldier's heart leap. "Won't you go for a walk with me?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, softly.

As they passed down the hotel steps the moonlight fell full upon them; and Lawyer Coke, who was standing on the veranda, smiled, and, being a bit of a wag, he turned to a friend who had been watching the course of events for a month past and said:

"Alas! Poor Yorkshshire."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Odd Corporation.
One of the corporations lately organized under the laws of Maine is known as the Conscience Law corporation, and its purpose is to provide a transportation medium for conscience money or conscience property, real or personal. Its letter-head bears the balance scale of justice, with "conscience law" in the lower balance and "Legal Law" in the upper. Along the side of the sheet are these mottoes: "The foundation of true success in life is revealed in the Holy Bible and in no other book." "Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you." and "As you sow, so shall you also reap."

The Lost Continent Again.
It is reported from London that Mr. Scharff, of the Royal Irish academy, has revived the hypothesis of a lost continent in the Atlantic, which at one time joined America to Europe. He believes that Portugal was connected to the Azores and Madeira until the Miocene age of geology. Morocco was then united to South America, through the Canaries, by a land link which took in St. Helena. According to Mr. Scharff it was only at the beginning of the tertiary epoch that Europe was encroached upon by the sea.

King Edward is the only English monarch who has visited St. Paul's publicly for any purpose but that of thanksgiving. Only one sovereign has exceeded the number of visits made by Edward VII. to the present structure, Queen Anne paying no fewer than seven to commemorate victories over France and Spain.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE EMPTY CASK.



Find the Woman's Companion.
An old woman found an Empty Cask, from which some choice old wine had lately been drawn off.
She applied her nose to the bung-hole, and sniffed long and eagerly at the delicious aroma which lingered in the dark interior of the Empty Cask.
"Oh, how good must this wine have been!" she exclaimed, "when the very dregs are so delicious."
MORAL—It is no difficult matter to form a just notion of what the prime of anyone's life was from the spirit and flavor which remain even in the last dregs.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

So Thought This Victim of the Frights and Flogs of Outrageous Fortune.
"Tom," said Jack, as they lighted their cigars after the class reunion dinner, relates the New York Times, "tell me something about yourself. What have you been doing all these years since you left college?"
"Well, Jack, I've had my ups and downs. I was just about to start in business in New York when my physician ordered me to go west for my health."
"Oh! Too bad! I'm sorry to hear that, old man."
"Well, it wasn't so bad, either. I started a ranch in Arizona and made a good deal of money."
"I'm glad to hear that, Tom. That was fine."
"Well, I don't know about that; it wasn't so good, either, for after I'd been running the ranch awhile a murrain came along and killed off most of my stock."
"Too bad, too bad!"
"Well, it wasn't so bad, after all, for it drove me from ranching to Denver, and in Denver I met the girl who was fated to become my wife."
"Congratulations, old boy; that was fine."
"Well, I don't know; it wasn't so fine, either, for she turned out to have quite a temper, and she didn't make me very happy."
"Awfully sorry to hear it, old chap. That must have been a blow. That was bad, bad."
"Well, it wasn't so bad, either. We were scratching along, living on next to nothing, when my wife's uncle died and left her a lot of money. We built a nice home of our own and moved in."
"That was good luck, old man, now, wasn't it?"
"Well, it wasn't so good as it sounds; it didn't last long. We hadn't been in the house six months before it took fire one night and was burned to the ground."
"Wasn't that hard luck! Too bad, too bad!"
"Well, I don't know; it wasn't so bad, either."
"How so?"
"My wife was burned up with the house."
ECONOMICAL MUSIC.
Pomp was an old South Carolina dandy who loved to talk about times "befo' de wah" to any one who would listen.
"Talk 'bout 'conomy an' saving," he said one day. "I reckon de souf's haying 'nough ob it nowadays, but de norf is p'intedly ahead ob it in dose days, ya-as, sah. W'y, dere's a rich man—rich as mud—dat's come down from de norf an' build a house here for to lib in part ob de year; an' he's got two beautiful daughters—cold-looking, ya-as, sah, but beautiful. An' w'at you s'pose my gran'daughter Sall dat waxes dishes for dose folks tote me? She say dat it's a truf fact, dat she's seen dose two beautiful young ladies practicing on one pianer, at de same time! Ya-as, sah. Dat's a ting neber happened in Souf Ca'lina befo' de wah!"—Youth's Companion.

LARGEST BOTTLE BLOWN.

One in New York City That Holds Sixty-Five Gallons, Five Feet High.
The largest blown glass bottle in the United States, or in the world, so far as the makers know, is on exhibition in a window in Barclay street, just above Greenwich. It holds 65 gallons and is shaped something like a baby's nursing bottle—narrow at the bottom, bulging at the middle, with a small neck and mouth. The bottle is a trifle less than five feet high, and is about four feet in circumference at its widest part, reports the New York Times.

The man who blew it at the factory in New Jersey is just about as tall as the bottle. If he could manage to squeeze through its neck, he could sleep very comfortably inside of it. If the surface area of the glass blown into the bottle were spun silk, it would make a gown for a moderately large sized woman. Although blowing by guesswork, tempered with long experience, the man exceeded by only half an ounce his instructions as to the size of the bottle—65 gallons.

The firm read in a western newspaper of a "hitherto unaccomplished feat," as alleged, of a blown bottle holding 40 gallons. The Barclay street makers sent one of their men to the Philadelphia Centennial, more than 25 years ago. Just to show that it was still in the ring, this 65-gallon bottle was made. The manager says that he could blow a hundred-gallon bottle if he had a place to put it in his window.

Pinned to a card at the base of the big bottle is the smallest bottle in the world, its appropriate running mate. It holds just four drops, and must be filled with a hypodermic syringe. It is so small that it has to be fastened against a jet-black background in order that persons looking in at the window can see it. More time was required to make the four-drop bottle than the 65-gallon one.

The substitution of machinery for human labor in glass bottle factories is not making much headway. For the finer grades of work machinery is no good at all. Skilled mechanics are at work improving it all the time, and they promise to succeed some day, just as they did with the typesetting machines. Meanwhile the efficient glass-blower has the call. There is a great deal of boy labor in the factories, which are scattered throughout New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana. Each blower requires from two to three boys to carry bottles from the molder to the annealing oven. In some factories the blowers are required to furnish their own boys.

People Eat Less Bread.
"Well, how's business?" asked a reporter of a wholesale flour agent. "You would be surprised," he replied, "to know that in this time of general prosperity we are selling less flour than in hard times. From 1893 to 1895 I sold more flour than ever before or since. Business is thriving in many lines, but the country is too prosperous for the flour men and the bakers. Why is it? Simply because the people have money enough to buy other things than bread. When the country is hard up people get along on bread as the staple of the table. Now they use the fancy cereals, breakfast foods, can use more meat and vegetables and generally expand their diet, which, of course, lessens the demand for bread."—Washington Star.

Village Life.
The average villager is better off than the average dweller in a town. His health is better, he is more content, he is not afraid to work, he is a righteous, God-fearing man, he is not mixed up in scandals, he rears a big family, he has a better time on ten dollars than the city man has on twenty; but he ought, for his own sake, to understand his advantages, to spare the woods and the waters, and the birds, to better his roads, to let the sun shine in at his windows, and not to take criticism so sorely to heart.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MEN WHO CAN'T GET WIVES.

Everything Seems to Be in Their Favor, But They Don't Find the Right Women.

Considering the number of surplus women there are, it seems strange that there are so many men who really want to marry, but cannot get a wife, no matter how they try. They are the men who have set their hearts on particular girls, but alas, the girls do not see eye to eye with them, says the Chicago American.

These men, however, won't marry other girls; their hearts are given to certain girls, whom they consider to be in a class by themselves, and no others will do.

These men may be called very unfortunate, and their case is almost hopeless. But there is a type of man who cannot get a wife, and he does not know why; he may be in a good position, may have a fairly decent income, yet, do as he likes, no girl will have him; no, even although he be good-looking.

Then there are the men who persistently choose wrong girls; they take a notion for this one, that one, and the next one.

A trifling incident may cause the notion—a dress, a hat, a look, anything—but they fall in love with the girl, and madly chase after a shadow, without, of course, any chance of capturing it.

These men fall in love with a "something," not with a girl, and, therefore, they are doomed to failure.

Many men err in the proposal. They make a mess of it. They either adopt too high and mighty a style, or too humble a one, and in the latter case a man is apt to be looked at with suspicion, for too humble a person is usually a perfect nuisance to get along with, being generally a hypocrite of the first water.

But the man who proposes in a humble way may not be a hypocrite. He may be very sincere, but a girl won't, as a rule, have anything to do with the cringing lover, so he falls, and falls again, till he is elected a member of the Noble and Ancient Order of Bachelors.

Naturally, the high and mighty proposer has as little chance. No self-respecting girl will have him, and he does not see that he is standing in his own light. He marvels at his rejections perhaps, but it never strikes him that his conceit is at the bottom of it, so he also is elected to the above named order. The man who is anxious to marry but cannot find a suitable wife is ever to the fore. This woman is not good enough; that one would not have him, he thinks, and so on.

This sort of man is best unwed. He is half fool, half hypocrite. Half fool, because faint heart never won fair lady; half hypocrite, because any honest, genuine woman is good enough for a man.

Then there is the doubting man; he is certain that matrimony would be good for him, and he is sure that a man needs a wife, but he considers too much; he wants to peep into the future in order to find out if his matrimonial journey would be smooth.

He is, of course, no true man; he has not a trace of the sportsman in him. Would not the pleasure of matrimony be robbed of half its charm were there not a few risks?

Would the prospect of a married life be so delightful if we could see along the whole road to a smooth and comfortable ending?

The doubter hesitates; at times he feels that he must propose, get married and settle down, but he shrinks, the risks are too terrible, so he glides away into nothingness, namely a bachelor's existence.

We all know the man who wants too much; his idea of a wife is not so much a woman as an angel; he wants perfection in his wife, but he never gets it, for there is nothing perfect on earth, not even one single woman.

These are a few types of men who want to marry, but cannot, and, doubtless, you will be able to conjure up a number of others.

CURED BY THE SHOCK.

Topic Thought He Had Broken His Leg While in His Caps and Quit.

Jones, in spite of being a really kindly, honest fellow, with a loving wife, a cozy home and a flourishing young family, was rapidly becoming a slave to drink. Night after night he went home in a state which made his little wife heart sick, until she, with a woman's ready wit, devised a scheme, and with the aid of the family physician gave Jones such a shock that he probably never will drink again, says the New York Press.

Like all other men, Jones usually lost all recollection of his actions after he had reached a certain period of intoxication. When, five or six weeks ago, he arrived at his home in a fit state for the experiment his wife had him put to bed, As he lay there, dead to the world, the doctor put his right leg into a casing of plaster of paris and splints, taking care to bind them so tightly that when Jones recovered consciousness all sense of feeling would have left the limb.

It was a pathetic scene, mixed with grim humor, when Jones awoke the next day and was told that in trying to find the keyhole he had fallen down the area and broken his leg. His remorse was augmented by the pressure on his leg, which the doctor took pains to keep alive at each successive dressing, and by the time Jones had been in bed a month all desire for stimulants had left him.

It is not likely he will drink to excess again, but if he reads this story of his loving wife's new cure for the alcoholic habit he will surely drop that limp which he now affects during his daily walk down Broadway.

FEARED A SEPARATION.

The Dear Little Lamb Was Afraid Her Father Might Be Pled with the Goats.

Her father had read her the parable of the sheep and the goats at the day of judgment. She made no comment, but that night a sound of weeping came from her room. Her mother went as consoler, relates Brooklyn Life.

"Why are you crying, dear?"
"About the goats! Oh, I'm so afraid I'm a goat!"
"Why, no, dearie, you are a sweet little lamb, and if you should die to-night you would go straight to heaven." With this and like assurance she was finally pacified.

The next night the same performance was repeated, and again her mother inquired the reason.

"It's the goats! I'm afraid about the goats!"
"Didn't I tell you, dear, that you were a little lamb?"
"Oh," she sobbed, "I'm not crying about myself, but I'm afraid you may be a goat!"

A Boy's Victory.
Crossroads, Tenn., Sept. 14.—Orbra Young, the ten-year-old son of Lester Young, of this place, is a bright boy, and one who is very well liked by all who know him.

For some years Orbra has suffered a great deal with a form of Kidney Trouble which was very annoying, and which made him miserable all the time. He had to get up three or four times every night, almost all his life.

His father heard of a remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and bought some for the little fellow with the result that he is now completely cured of the old trouble. He says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills soon gave me great relief, and now I can sleep all night without having to get up. We will always praise Dodd's Kidney Pills."

There are many children suffering from Kidney and Urinary troubles. These disorders should be promptly corrected. Dodd's Kidney Pills is a safe and sure remedy for all such derangements.

Master Orbra Young conquered his troubles and made a well boy of himself by using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and any one may do the same by the same means.

Parents should see to it that their children are given a fair chance in life, and there is nothing that can undermine the health of a growing child as much as Kidney and Urinary derangements.

An Ice Cream Idyl.

Gentle reader, didst thou ever order one plate of ice cream with two spoons? Honest, now, in the dear old days when you are young and there was only one girl in all the world, and she had a round face like the full moon and as full of freckles as the skin of a brook trout? Did you, now? Come, own up! It was down in the little ice cream shop, the only one in the village, and you were dreadfully angry when the lady who waited on you smiled, as you thought. You would have been glad to get along with one spoon and take turns in licking out your spoons so bashful for that. Still, you used to share licks when you thought the smiling lady was not looking, and love went with them, and the ice cream was twice as sweet and favorable. What! You never did? You really never did? Well, then, son, you have never known what Heaven on earth is. Your education has been neglected.—N. Y. News.

\$1.00 Big 500-Pound Steel Range Offer.
If you can use the best big 500-pound steel range made in the world, and are willing to have it placed in your own home on three months' free trial, here cut this notice out and send to Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, and you will receive free by return mail a big picture of the steel range and many other cooking and heating stoves, you will also receive the most wonderful \$100 steel range offer, an offer that places the best steel range or heating stove in the home of any family, an offer that no family in the land, no matter what their circumstances may be, or how small their income, need without the best cooking or heating stove made.

Sounded That Way.
We know that Richard Wagner was poet, philosopher and musician. A man of such varied genius must also have had humor. Jugend records one witticism of the great composer.

"Your son conducts with his baton in his left hand," said a friend to Wagner.
"Yes," he sadly answered, "I can hear it."
—Youth's Companion.

Radisson on the Chippewa.
A new town in Sawyer county, Wis., on the Omaha Road. Located on both the Chippewa and Coudery rivers, in center of a most fertile and promising hardwood district. Good muscalonge, bass and pike fishing in both rivers. Excellent opportunities for landseekers. If looking for a new location don't fail to see this new country. For map and full particulars write to Postmaster, Radisson Sawyer Co., Wis., or to T. W. Townsend, General Passenger Agent, C. St. P. M. & O. R'y. St. Paul.

Very Mean of Her.
Edna—Mrs. Case just complimented me. He said I reminded him of a swan. I said: "Really, he told me once that swans always died after they sang and he knew many people who ought to do the same thing."—Chicago Gazette.

Mrs. Patty.—"Do you really think Dr. Duckman is a skilled physician?" Mrs. Giblin (the patient)—"I don't know so much about that. But he has such a quieting ray with him. When I said I hoped I shouldn't be buried alive, he said he'd look out for that. Wasn't that thoughtful of him?"—Boston Transcript.

No matter how much some men hate bill collectors they are invited to call again.—Chicago Daily News.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Before accepting the inevitable we should be certain of its identity.—Puck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

They who turn their backs on the false face the true.—Ram's Horn.

Dyeing is as easy as washing when Putnam Fadesless Dyes are used.

The raw recruit is apt to be roasted by the drill sergeant.—Puck.

While there is love there's hope.—Ram's Horn.

SAWYER'S
EXCELSIOR BRAND
Pommel Slickers

Keep you dry in wet weather. Excelsior Brand Slickers have been famous as the best for so long. Insist on the genuine. Look for trade mark. If not at dealer write to E. L. Sawyer, 507, West 12th St., St. Paul, Minn.

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