

QUIT KICKING.

Quit kicking just because you think The old world's going wrong; There's always something somewhere Of happiness and song. Besides, you never made the world; Life's scheme is not your own; Quit kicking: take what happens, and Just reap what you have sown.

Quit kicking. When the play is bad Remember what you've lost Some other fellow's gained, and so In summing up the cost We find that in the end we know What other men have known— Results? We take them as they come We reap what we have sown.

Quit kicking, man. The world's not bad; At least, it could be worse. We live and dream; that's worth the

We ponder themes and verse; We sing and love; we hate and feel; We laugh: sometimes we weep-So all the pulsing passions are Compassed in the sweep

Of what we are and what we feel— Quit kicking, man! The blame, If, in this whirligig of Chance And Time you lose the game, Is with the man who whiles his life Complainingly away.

Just laugh, old man; just dream, and

Just live—and live To-day!

-N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Soprano of Newton Church

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IFE seemed very dull and colorless when the girl longed with all the passionate impatience of her 18 years for some change. "If something would happen!" she would mentally exclaim.

She had been wishing this one mornforgotten her.

Jessie read the letter a second and a third time. Then she turned to her aunt. "It is from Anna, Aunt Martha, and just listen what she says," she exclaimed. 'I'll skip the first part-Oh, here it is:

"'And we shall be in our new church next month. It is so beautiful! And quartet choir. That is why I am writing you in such a hurry. I want you to come here and set the position of leading soprano. Mother thinks you can have it without any trouble. There is no one in view for it except a young girl of the place who is in Boston taking a course of singing lessons. I have heard her sing. Her voice is quite sweet, but cannot be compared with your full, beautiful tones. The salary will be \$350 a year. That with the pupils you can radily get will be better | began to knit. than anything you could do in Wasset.

"'Besides, think how delightful it will be for us to have you here, for of course you will live with us! You ought to come on next week to meet the music committee. Let me know by what train you will come and I shall meet you. Come you must."

Mrs. Sinclair's cold face did not change in expression during the reading, and she made no remark when it was finished. Her whole attention seemed given to the stocking which she was darning.

"Don't you think that a splendid chance, Aunt Martha?" asked the girl, after a prolonged wait for some comment. "And don't you think that I ought to go?'

·The thin line of Mrs. Sinclair's lips scarcely parted as she said: "It makes no difference what I think, for, of course, you'll do as you please."

"O Aunt Martha!"

"I've nothing to say about it," she pause, in contemptuous tone: "You know my opinion of those fly-away Holmses.'

An angry light darkened Jessie's blue eyes. To hear kind, gentle Mrs. Holmes and dear Anna spoken of in that way! She bit her lips to keep back the angry words that sprang to them. When she could control herself she said, quietly:

"You know, Aunt Martha, that there is no chance for me to do anything with my voice here-I mean to earn money. It is too small a place. Of course, if you feel that you need me, I'll stay; otherwise-"

Mrs. Sinclair interrupted her to ask, icily: "How do I need you? You are free to do as you please."

"Very well," returned Jessie. "then can easily be ready to go next Mon-

pressed her lips more closely together ing the days which followed Mrs. Sinclair's attitude of cold indifference did not relax. She manifested no interest in Jessie's preparations for departure.

These last were simple enough. "But with \$350 a year I shall be able like Mrs. Holmes buys for Anna."

other girls. She had lost her parents at too early an age to remember them; sweet." her aunt had never made any show of affection for her, but had ever been quickly.

The four years that Anna Holmes that you were going there? Are you wine."

had been the one bright spot in her hear Etta sing! I'mlife. How good they had been to her! Mrs. Holmes, who was an accom-plished musician, had given her vocal and piano lessons and taught her many things which had not been included in the course of the Wasset academy. Anna had shared every pleasure with

Mrs. Sinclair had regarded their intimacy with unconcealed disapprobation. She had no understanding or appreciation of a way of life different from her own narrow one. When Mrs. Holmes found it necessary to remove to a distant town, Mrs. Sinclair made no secret of her satisfaction. To Jessie their going seemed the end of all things worth living for.

"You can now settle down to some useful work," her aunt had said, when the girl had proposed buying a piano with the few hundred dollars which had been left to her by her father. of the position. She had been used to go every day to practice to Anna's plano.

"But I shall lose all that they taught me, if I have no instrument for practice," she urged.

"It will be no loss if you do," returned her aunt, contemptuously. "That money is not going to be wasted in any such way as long as I have anything to say about it."

And as until Jessie was 21 she could not touch the money without her aunt's permission, there was nothing in that? And how could she give up more to be said. The day of Jessie's departure came at last. To the girl, in her eagerness to be with her friends, the days had seemed to drag interminably. She did not notice her aunt looked paler each day and that she scarcely touched food.

Jessie came down early, as was her habit, and assisted Mrs. Sinclair in the preparation of breakfast. The train left at nine o'clock. At eight the carter came for her baggage and at half-past eight she started for the station after a formal leave-taking with her aunt. The latter was even more cold and to Jessie Dale. There were days grim than usual. The walk to the station was not long and led through the prettiest part of Wasset. Everything was fresh and bright with the beauty of early summer.

Jessie's spirits, which had fallen uning when the postman brought her a der her aunt's parting coldness, rose letter. She recognized the writing of again as she walked along. By the the superscription, and opened it in a time the train arrived, shricking and little glow of excitement, for she had whistling, and she was seated in it, come to think that Anna Holmes had speeding toward Mrs. Holmes and Anna and the new life with them, they were at fever heat.

At half-past nine the train stopped at Hacksett. Here there was a change of cars for Newton, the town in which the Holmses lived. Jessie alighted and found that the train for Newton was not due for three-quarters of an hour. She went to the shady side of we are to have a new organ and a paid the station and sat down on a bench to wait. A little old lady dressed in black was seated there. She looked up at Jessie and spoke pleasantly.

"It's nice here in the shade," she said.

"Yes." returned Jessie.

"Are you going to Boston?" "No," said Jessie, "I am going the other way-to Newton."

The old lady carried a leather satchel of good size. She opened it and took out an unfinished woollen stocking and

"It seems a pity to waste so much time," she said, simply. "You see I have to wait a half-hour for my train."

Jessie watched her curiously. She was a very sweet-looking old lady. Her eyes were very blue behind her steel-rimmed spectacles. Little waves of her thin gray hair had escaped from beneath her shabby black bonnet and were moving to and fro in the breeze. Jessie thought vaguely that she might have been quite pretty before time or care had traced all those fine lines around her eyes and mouth. She knitted away briskly, accompanying the clicking of her needles with remarks on the weather, the beauty of the coun-

try around and kindred subjects.

Presently she said: "You remind me of my daughter." and she laid her knitting in her lap and looked thoughtfully at Jessie.

"Yes?" said the girl, politely.

The old lady went on reflectively: "Yes, you remind me of Etta. She is went on, coldly; then added after a tall. I guess you make me think of her because you are both of about the same age. She is very pretty, is Etta."

"Yes?" said Jessie, politely, again. "And you ought to near her sing! She has a voice like a thrush." The old lady spoke proudly. She placed her hand on Jessie's in an impressive way. "She's been studying in Boston for the last three months, at the conservatory there."

"How nice!" said Jessie, looking in-

"I am going to Beston to bring her home." 'The old lady moved nearer to the girl and continued in a tone of mingled importance and pride. "You see, our church has decided to have a quartet choir when we get into our new edifice next month, and a lot of I'll write to Anna that I shall go. I folks want Etta to have the position of leading soprano. There is no girl in the place who can sing so well. So Her aunt made no reply. She I am going to bring her home to see the music committee. She must do and elaborately folded the stockings that, though she is sure of the place. which she had finished darning. Dur- Won't she be surprised to see me! and so glad to get that place at home! She was counting some on getting a place to sing in Boston. But, of course, that would not be so nice as having her at home with me. They are going to pay a right smart of a to have some pretty clothes," said the salary, too. We'll get on nicely now. girl to herself, as she packed her It has been rather hard to pay for Etscanty belongings, "some nice things ta's lessons. You see everything is so dear in Boston. But I am not sorry I She had had so little in her life like sent her there. Her voice is worth it. It is not very strong, but it is so

"Where do you live?" asked Jessie,

and her mother had spent in Wasset going to stop a spell? Then you'll

But here the train for Boston came thundering along. The old lady hastened to put away her knitting and get together various of her belongings which were lying on the bench. Jessie walked over to the train with her, and saw her safely in the car. There was no time for words, but the old lady waved a smiling good-by to the girl from the car window as the train sped

Jessle returned to her seat on the bench. It was plain, she thought, that this old lady's daughter was the girl of whom Anna Holmes had written in her letter, whose voice could not be compared with her own. How strange it was that she should have met her! She was going to Boston to tell her the good news that she was to be chief soprano in the new church choir. But Anna said that she would be sure

How the old lady's eye had shone as she told of her daughter's voice! How proud she was that she was to have this position! What a cruel disappointment it would be for them both to return and find a stranger had come and secured it! That poor old lady! She had doubtless had many disappointments in her life. How cruel it would be to take it from her! Still, why should not she look out for her own interests? What was there wrong the chance of living with Mrs. Holmes and Anna?

Jessie sat a long time in deep thought. The whistle of an approaching train aroused her. A number of people were hurrying toward the station. It was the train for Newton. Jessie rose and walked to the front of the platform; then, seized with a sudden resolution, went to the ticket office and inquired the time at which the next train passed to Wasset. She bought a ticket for the latter place, and then sent a telegram to Mrs. Holmes, for they would be at the station at Newton to

Then she returned to her seat on the shady side of the station. Her eyes filled with tears as she watched the train for Newton disappear rapidly in the distance. She was going back to the old monotonous life, but that old lady's plans for her daughter would not lose their chance of fulfillment,

Wasset was quiet under the noonday sun when Jessie walked up the road from the station to her aunt's house. There were no signs of any preparation for the mid-day meal as the girl entered the rear entrance door and passed through the kitchen. Nor was there any sign of Mrs. Sinclair. Jessie passed on to the sitting-room. Her aunt was sitting at the open window, her hands lying listlessly in her lap. She looked up in a startled way at her niece's entrance.

about her eyes which would have been made only by tears. Jessie noticed them. She impulsively put her hand on her aunt's arm and said, "I hope you are not sorry that I have come back. Aunt Martha, I--"

But before she could say more Mrs. arms and was kissing her passionately. Surprise kept Jessie still. But she slipped one arm around her aunt's neck.

"Child, I couldn't bear it. You must stay with me. I am not so hard as I seemed. And I was jealous of those friends of yours.'

"I don't want to leave you, if you will let me love you," whispered Jessie. Her aunt held her closely. Presently she said: "We shall go to town tomorrow and buy you a piano, but I shall not touch your money for it. You will stay with me?"

"Oh, Aunt Martha!" "Have all the books and music you

wish. child." Jessie kissed her warmly. Then no ticing how worn she looked, she said: "I am going to make you a cup of tea. Go and lie down on the lounge until it is ready."

And Mrs. Sinclair, who had always declared it to be a sinful waste of time to lie down in the day, gladly obeyed.-The Classmate.

GLUTTONY OF ROMANS.

When People of Means Reclined at Table and Gorged Themselves to Death.

Peculiar details of gluttony in the days of ancient Rome appear in a recently published book. Emperor Severus is said to have deliberately died of indigestion, having gorged himself with rich viands as a mode of suicide worthy of the age. It was because Severus had that noble infirmity, gout, very badly that he took himself off in such a dramatic manner. At meals the Romans used to recline on couches, gracefully poised on the left elbow, an attitude unfavorable to digestive ease. Who among moderns could eat pigs "roasted whole, stuffed with sausage and bursting with black puddings?" As the writer of the book says, "the only way to pronounce intelligently upon the cookery of the ancients would be to try it." Who among presentday gourmets is capable of detecting "50 different flavors" in pork? Who could eat a sauce composed of aniseed, mint, asafetida, dates, vinegar, oil, red wine and garum, the last ingredient being a liquid drawn from putrid fish? The writer of the book thinks there may still be "young and vigorous stomachs" which could stand the Roman "dish of roses," which consisted of a "quantity of the most fragrant roses pounded in a mortar, with the boiled brains of birds and pigs, and also the yolks of eggs, and with them "At Newton. Why, didn't you say oil and pickle juice and pepper and

SOURCES.

Farming Very Successful.

By Western or Northwest Canada is usually meant the great agricultural country west-of Ontario, and north of Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana. Part of it is agricultural prairie, treeless in places, park like in others, part is genuine plains, well adapted to cattle ranches; part requires irrigation for successful tillage, most of it does not. The political divisions of this region are the Province of Manitoba and the territorial district of Assinibola, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabask. At present, however, the latter is too re-

mote for immediate practical purposes. The general character of the soil of Western Canada is a rich, black, clay loam with a clay subsoil. Such a soil is particularly rich in food for the wheat plant. The subsoil is a clay, which retains the winter frost until it is thawed out by the warm rays of the sun and drawn upward to stimulate the growth of the young wheat, so that even in dry seasons wheat is a good crop. The clay soil also retains the heat of the sun later in the summer, and assists in the early ripening of the grain. It is claimed that cultivation has the effect of increasing the temperature of the soil several degrees, as well as the air above it.

Western Canada climate is good-cold in winter; hot in summer, but with cool nights. Violent storms of any kind are rare. The rainfall is not heavy. It varies with places, but averages about 17 inches. It fails usually at the time the growing crops need it.

The department of the interior, Ottawa, Canada, has agents established at different points throughout the United States who will be pleased to forward an Atlas of Western Canada, and give such other information as to railway rate, etc., as may be required.

That agriculture in Western Canada pays is shown by the number of testimonials given by farmers. The following is an extract made from a letter from a farmer near Moose Jaw:

"At the present time I own sixteen hundred acres of land, fifty horses, and a large pasture fenced containing a thousand acres. These horses run out all winter and come in in the spring quite fat. A man with money judiciously expended will make a competence very shortly. I consider in the last six years the increase in the value of my land has netted me forty thousand dollars"

"Name the bones of the skull." The can-"Name the bones of the skull." The candidate for his medical degree, hesitating, stammers: "Excuse me, sir, it must be my nervousness; but for the life of me I can't remember a single one—yet I have them all—in my head."—London Medical Press and Circular.

Salzer's Home Builder Corn.

So named because 50 acres produced so The latter did not wait for her to speak. She told her briefly why she had returned. Mrs. Sinclair's face was white and drawn, and there were marks WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE YIELDS PER ACRE?

120 bu. Beardless Barley per acre. 310 bu. Salzer's New National Oats per A.
30 bu. Salzer's New National Oats per A.
30 bu. Salzer Speltz and Macaroni Wheat.
1,000 bu. Pedigree Potatoes per acre.
14 tons of rich Billion Dollar Grass Hay.
60,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—per A.
160,000 lbs. Teosinte, the fodder wonder.
54,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn

54,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn—rich, juicy fodder, per A.

Now such yields you can have, Mr.

Farmer, in 1904, if you will plant Salzer's

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La cosse, Wis., and receive their great cataog and lots of farm seed samples. [K. L.]

Miss Gaussip—"I understand that you are as good as married to Miss Roxley."
Mr. Bacheller—"Just as good and even betterter. I'm not going to be married to terter. I'm not going to be anybody."—Philadelphia Press.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING

Humors, Ecsemas, Itchings, Inflam mations, Burnings, Scalings and Chaings Cured by Cuticura.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt by the testimony of the civilized world.

He—"Miss Brightley is quite stunning to-night. She has no idea how beautiful she looks." She—"Oh, yes she has! But it's an exaggerated one."—Philadelphia

Millions of Vegetables, Willions of Vegetables.

When the Editor read 10,000 Plants for 16c, he could hardly believe it, but upon second reading finds that the John A. Salzet Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., than whom there are no more reliable and extensive seed growers in the world, makes this offer. This great offer is made to get you to test Salzer's Warranted Vegetable Seeds.

They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed

1,000 fine, solid Cabbages, 2,000 delicious Carrots, 2,000 blanching, nutty Celery, 2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce, 1,000 splendid Onions, 1,000 rare, luscious Radishes, 1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers. ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE,

providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, the will add to the above a package of famous Berliner Cauliflower. [K. L.]

There is nothing new under the sun. Radium, for example, is merely the latest old thing that has been discovered.—Puch.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900. Foels never stop to count the cost until the bill collector calls.—Chicago News.

To Care a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. Where the spech is corrupted the mind

Economy is the road to wealth. Putnam Fadeless Dye is the road to economy.

WESTERN CANADA'S RE-DOCTORS FALL IN LINE.

Practicing Physicians recognize the unfailing reliability of Doan's Kidney Pills by Prescribing them for Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Disorders— a tribute won by no other Proprietary Medicine. Four cases cited from "Notes of His Practice," by Dr. Leland Williamson, of Yorktown, Ark.

FOSTER-MILBURN Co., Buffalo, N. Y. YORKTOWN, ARK., Mar. 1, 1904 Gentlemen:—I have been engaged in the practice of medicine in this section for ten years. This is a very sickly climate, on the Bayou Bartholomew, near the Arkansas River. It is particularly malarious and miasmatic; we meet with many and various abnormal conditions of the human family, prominent among the cases in which I have been called upon to prescribe is kidney disease. Many of these disorders manifest themselves by pains in the back, often extending to other parts of the body; sometimes headache is present, caused by uræmic or chronic uric acid poisoning, soreness in region of kidneys, cloudy, thickened and foul-smelling urine, discharges of pus or corruption; inflammation of the kidneys, extending to the bladder, is caused by excess of uric acid and decomposition of urine. Hemorrhage is sometimes met with, caused by high state of inflammation or congestion.

There is no class of diseases a doctor is called oftener to treat than the variety of kidney diseases, in many of which the patient will have chills or rigors, followed by fever, a result of the kidneys failing to eliminate the uric acid poison from the system. Such cases require the kidneys restored to their natural functions, then the poison and foreign substances are removed-shock to the nervous system averted, and nat-

I have, for some time, been using Doan's Kidney Pills in these many manifestations and with uniform success, curing most cases. I can further say that even in hopeless cases where they have waited too long Doan's Kidney Pills afford much relief and prolong life. I can recommend the pills in conditions of excessive or deficient secretion of urine, as also in convalescence from swamp-fever and malarial attacks, as verified by the following cases in my practice.

ural health restored.

Thos. Orell, Bear Ark., age 60. Pain in back for several weeks, then chilis, irregular sometimes, severe rigors, followed by fever. Gave good purgative of calomel and padoph, and Doan's Kidney Pills. After taking four boxes of the pills, patient up and enjoying good health for one of his age.

CASE 2.

Mrs. SMITH, Tarry, Ark., age 29, mother of four children. Had female complaint and kidney trouble, manifest by pain in back and urine irregular; sometimes very clear, changing to cloudy, and with much sediment on standing in chamber. Gave local treatment for female complaint and pre-scribed Doan's Pills; after using six boxes she regards herself as cured.

BROWN EAKS, Wynne, Ark., age 21, had severe case of malarial hormataria, or swamp fever. Gave necessary liver medicine, calomel and padoph, and morph, sulph., to relieve pain, and ordered Doan's Pills for the high state of congestion and inflammation of the kidneys. Recovery resulted in two weeks. Prescribed Doan's Kidney Pills, to be continued until the kidney's were thoroughly strengthened and all pain in back subsided.

ELIJAH ELLIOTT, Tarry, Ark., age 34. Pain in back and legs and headache. Uric-acid poisoning, Prescribed Donn's Kidney Pills, After taking several boxes pain subsided — urine became normal, or natural, and patient able to resume his work.

These are a few of the typical cases in which I have used Doan's Kidney Pills. In a great many instances I use them alone with curative results, while with some others indicated remedies are associated. I believe that by the judicious use of Doan's Pills many serious

complications are arrested and many hopeless and incurable cases of Bright's disease prevented. I have often found that one box of the pills is all that is required to

effect a cure, but in some cases I continue their use until all symptoms are entirely absent and the cure effectual and permanent. Yours truly,

A free trial of this great Ridney and Bladder Specific can be obtained by addressing Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. The regular size is 50 cents per box. If not for sale by your druggist or dealer, will be sent by mail, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

YORKTOWN, ARK.

A Limit to the Division. During a recent session of the house of

representatives Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, arose in his place and intimated that the gentleman who had the floor was transgressing the limit of debate.

"I thought it was understood," said the "I thought it was understood, said the offending member "that the gentleman from Ohio divided his time with me."
"True," responded Mr. Grosvenor, simply, "but I did not divide eternity with you!"—N. Y. Tribune.

Her Idea of It.

Mrs. Newed-I'm afraid my husband has ceased to love me.

Mrs. Homer—What change do you find?

"None; that's just the trouble. He tas quit leaving any change in his pockets."—
Chicago Daily News.



For Infants and Children Bears The The Kind You Have Always Bought

NCHESTER

Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shells.

It's not sentiment — it's not the price — that makes the most intelligent and successful shots shoot Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells. It's the results they give. It's their entire reliability, evenness of pattern and uniform shooting. Winchester "Leader" shells, loaded with smokeless powder, are the best loaded shells on the market. Winchester "Repeater" shells loaded with smokeless powder are cheap in price but not in quality. Try either of these brands and you will be well pleased. Be sure to get Winchester Factory Loaded shells. THE SHELLS THE CHAMPIONS SHOOT



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