

### "SINCE I CAME OVER."

"Since I came over—"  
Off she stood,  
Her red, rough hands in straining clasp  
As though in some strange way she  
would  
Find some rare treasure in her grasp;  
Find something tangible to clutch  
And hold, and know it for her own—  
Out of the things she had loved much,  
Out of the days that she had known.  
"Since I came over—"  
And she smiled:  
A light surged in her listless eyes—  
And, like a joyous, care-free child,  
In whose heart naught of sorrow lies,  
She told us of the paths she knew,  
And sang small fragments of a song—  
Some little strain of "eyes of blue"  
That in her mind had lingered long.  
"Since I came over—"  
She would tell  
Of days that were before she came;  
Of broad fields that she loved so well;  
Of roses bursting into flame;  
Of sunny days and starry night—  
Then, as a song in silence dies,  
The gleaming of the happy light  
Went swiftly from her wistful eyes.  
Since she "came over—"  
And you  
And I, and all of us have known  
The heartache in the farewell view  
Of some land that we called our own.  
We know how many isles there be  
Of which for eye we are bereft.  
Across the sea of memory  
What happy lands we all have left!  
—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

### The Lady Speaks.

Miss Sybil Tells a Secret to the Parson.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

PARSON JOYCE had been ill throughout the greater part of a hard winter, and when he went abroad again for the first time, there were many signs in the garden of his vicarage that winter was already changing to spring. These signs were apparent to the most indifferent that early February morning; to the man lately risen from a sick-bed they came with an overwhelming sense of joy and gratitude.

Moving slowly about the graveled walks in his thickest cassock and warmest cloak—both grown to a somewhat rusty black by reason of much wearing, and one at least tattered at the hem by constant fretting against its wearer's heels—Parson Joyce felt the last frosts of the winter bring a warmer glow to his cheeks, and a livelier motion to the blood, which of late had run but sluggishly through his veins. And being a devout man, though yet 30 years of age, he lifted his shovel hat as he looked about him and thanked God that he was still alive, and in likelihood to be so for many a year.

Folk of the worlding class would have said that Parson Joyce must be easily content with his lot—there seemed to be so little in it to their eyes for which one could be thankful. He had his vicarage and a little glebe; £60 a year in money, and a little more from his dues; 'twas enough to exist on, but only that, and in such an out-of-the-way parish what chance had he of promotion? It had never occurred to him, however, that he was sought but a fortunate man—his tastes were few and very simple, and easily supplied by the old woman who served him.

He was one of those men who never look twice at whatever meat is set before them, and cannot tell you the difference 'twixt beef and mutton. He had the bad habit of reading while he ate. And very often, instead of eating his dinner when it was set before him, he would wait until the old woman had left the room, and would then bolt through the window with a heaped-up dish to some old man or woman whose wants—in his opinion—were greater than his own.

As he wandered around his garden, pottering about him with his stick, Parson Joyce heard the click of the gate and looked in its direction. There, framed by the evergreen arch which showed dark against the faintly frosted silver of the meadows beyond, stood as dainty a piece of womanhood as a man might wish to see—Miss Sybil Luttrell, lady of the manor, rich, beautiful, scarce out of her teens, an imperious young woman who ruled the countryside, and was ardently desired by every young gentleman, and a good many old ones, of the neighborhood. Since the death of her father, old Squire Anthony, her will had been law, and the law had been pleasant, so long as it was obeyed. For Miss Luttrell, girl though she was, had a will of her own and a temper of her own, and had yet to learn that no one in this world can have all his own way.

But there was no trace of imperious bearing in her manner as she moved with the grace of a pretty woman to where Parson Joyce stood watching her, and held out a little hand to him. "Mr. Joyce," she said, "I am glad that you are able to be about your garden again. Your strength—?" The parson took off his shovel hat as he bent over her hand. "I thank you, madam," he answered. "I thank Heaven, my strength is rapidly returning. I hope to go about the parish in a few days. It has been much neglected."

"But they were all cared for—all!" she said, with emphasis. "Surely you knew that I would see to that, Mr. Joyce?" "Madam," he said, "I have always known that you were all that is charitable and good."

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "Don't hold too high an opinion of me, I pray you. But—her voice, took a lower tone—"I try to be good. It is sometimes hard."

She spoke the last word in a little more than a whisper, and a man better acquainted with her than Parson Joyce was would have seen that she was somewhat agitated. But the parson saw naught, for the sufficient reason that he was shy in the presence of women, and especially of this one woman, and rarely dared to face the artillery of her eyes.

"Not sometimes, madam," he said, correcting her gently. "Always."

"Always, then," she said. "I would not contradict you. And yet I have found it easy to be very good sometimes," she added, with a certain air of humor and a sly glance.

Parson Joyce said naught to this heretical assertion. The lady smiled and spoke again and this time she did not look at her companion, but at the top of the elms on the farther side of the garden.

"And I know—some one," she said, "to whom it seems a very easy matter always to be—very, very good. But perhaps—"

Parson Joyce gave her a wondering look. "There is no one like that, madam," he said. "No one knows what lies in the human heart—it has its secrets."

"Ah!" she flashed out upon him. "That's true." She stroked her muff with trifling touches of her slender fingers for awhile, then, looking artlessly at him, she said: "Mr. Joyce, I came here for two reasons—to give you my congratulations and to speak to you about myself."

The parson felt something clutch at his heart, and he put his stick hard on the path and leaned upon it. The lady, stroking her muff and regarding it with great interest, did not notice his sudden change of manner. She spoke again, rather hesitatingly.

"Are—are you strong enough to talk to me, Mr. Joyce?" "I am, madam," he answered. "But shall we not go into the vicarage?" she asked. "This is not good for you to remain out so long."

"Heart? Ah!—then you would counsel me to marry for—love!" "It should be the basis of every marriage, madam," answered Parson Joyce.

"May I tell you something?" she whispered. "I—I am in love! Oh! I never, never thought it could be—anything like it. I suppose no woman ever was so much, so happy, in love as I, and it has made me—I do not know what it has made me, except that I love all the world because of it—man, the trees and flowers, everything."

"It is true love, madam, that works these changes," said the parson very quietly. "You should thank heaven for it."

She flashed swift eyes, with a glint of tears in them, on him for a second. "But I do!" she cried. "All day long, and whenever I wake in the night. And yet—"

"Always, then," she said. "I would not contradict you. And yet I have found it easy to be very good sometimes," she added, with a certain air of humor and a sly glance.

Parson Joyce drew a long breath. "The gentleman—" he stopped. Then he has not spoken to you?" he added lamely.

"Of love? Not one word!" she answered. "Sometimes I think—I think he cares for me, and sometimes I fear he does not. May I tell you about him?—It will be such a relief, because I have no one whom I may tell—but you."

The parson bowed his head. Human feeling was rapidly thawing the priest within the man; he felt now as if he were the brother of this radiant young creature.

"Yes," he said; "tell me."

"I do not know if my love is returned," she whispered.

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### MEDALS OF HONOR COPIED.

Pathless Piracy Practiced Upon Designs Adopted by the United States Government.

In nearly all the countries of Europe medals of honor issued by the government or the sovereign to people deserving recognition for distinguished services in the army, navy or pursuits of civil life are protected by law from imitation. It is a penal offense in England, for instance, for an individual or a society to issue a bronze bearing a resemblance to the Victoria cross. Although the genuine token is of trifling intrinsic value, to possess one is the highest ambition of the British soldier or sailor. In this country, however, says an exchange, there is no penalty attached to the wearing of imitations of the medals that may have been worn on the field of battle.

Because the Grand Army of the Republic and other societies have copied the original design of the medal of honor issued by the United States government it is proposed to call in all these emblems and adopt an entirely new design. A bill to accomplish this is now pending in the senate, having been favorably reported by the committee on military affairs. A great deal of complaint has been made over the custom of various patriotic organizations of copying the medal of honor given in recognition of deeds of valor on the part of army and navy men. The insignia of the Grand Army of the Republic are almost precisely the same and many others are so similar in general appearance that it is difficult to distinguish the medal or badge of honor, when on the wearer, from the insignia worn by members of military, fraternal, charitable and other associations.

Designs have been prepared which will furnish new medals and rosettes entirely different from those adopted for other purposes and which are more appropriate for the purpose in question. For instance, the present emblem worn in lieu of the medal is a double bow-knot of narrow red, white and blue ribbon, mounted on a button and designed for wear on the lapel of the coat. Sometimes the bow is in a horizontal position, sometimes vertical and sometimes slantwise, according to the position of the button. Because of these varying positions the badge is not a complete success as a tasteful, ornamental and durable decoration. On the button it is not stated that the emblem is an award of valor or a badge of honor. The only reading matter thereon is the imprint of the firm which has been given the monopoly of manufacturing the badges. Thus the emblem is declared to be an advertising card instead of a badge of honor.

When the present bill came from the war department it proposed to permit the award of medals of honor for "other soldierlike qualities." This provision created a suspicion that it was intended to authorize the issuance of medals for desk work and other duty out of sight of the enemy. It was quickly changed so as to restrict the award of medals for "gallantry in action."

And This Nonsense Was Heard in the Sedate and Sensible City of Philadelphia.

On a Walnut street car the other day, says the Philadelphia Record, two women who evidently knew each other but slightly struck up this conversation: "Why, Mrs. Brown! How d'ye do?" "How d'ye do, Mrs. Green? I wasn't sure it was you at first."

"Yes, it's me, all right. How's Mr. Brown?" "Oh, he's all right. How's the children?" "They're all right. How's yours?" "They're all right. How's yours?" "They're all right. How's yours?"

Then it was the other woman's turn to giggle. "Why, it's Millicent," she said. "Millicent? How do you spell it?" "Oh, it's easy name, M-I-L-L-I-C-E-N-T. Well, you can't never say you ain't got a cent to your name, can you?"

A scream of laughter followed this witticism, and they began to slap each on the wrist.

NOT SUPERLATIVELY POOR.

Land That a Poverty-Stricken Man Was Not Bad Enough Off to Want.

Bourke Cockran was condemning a certain popular novel, relates the New York Tribune. "This novel," he said, "is as poor and barren as Elmo county land."

"Elmo county land very poor and barren," asked one of Mr. Cockran's interlocutors. "Is it?" said he. "Well, I should say it is. Once two strangers rode on horseback through Elmo county, and the barrenness of the land amazed them. Nothing but weeds and rocks everywhere. As they passed a farmhouse they saw an old man sitting in the garden, and they said: 'Poor chap! Poor, poverty-stricken old fellow!'"

"The old man overheard them, and called out in a shrill voice: 'Gents, I ain't so poor as 'poverty-stricken' as ye think. I don't own none o' this land.'"

### SELF-PROPELLING VEHICLES.

Out of 250 automobiles in the annual exhibition in New York city, 50 are electrical and 175 gasoline.

The dowager empress of China recently placed an order for 50 motor cars to be "made in Germany."

Will the souvenir craze ever become so great at automobile shows as it once was at bicycle shows?—Motor Age.

The motorcycle in America as well as in France and England is beginning to vie with the automobile for public attention and adoption.

One jarring note in the symphony of automobile color in Chicago recently was that a team of horses furnished the power to haul the band around town to announce the fact that the automobile show was open.

New York is automobile mad! There is hardly a concern interested in the manufacture or sale of automobiles that does not anticipate some connection with the power craft business, either in building, selling or operating.

Enthusiastic motorcyclists of Chicago have lately organized. Burley B. Ayers, one of the most enthusiastic votaries of the spot in the United States, and who a few years ago did much to promote the growth of the League of American Wheelmen, is devoting his efforts to popularize the new sport. Ira H. Whipple, another prominent motorcyclist, has also been active in promoting interest in the new club.

ITEMS OF INDUSTRY.

After an exhaustive inspection of electric railways throughout Europe and the United States, a committee appointed by the Swedish government recommended that the state railways abandon steam for electricity as a motive power.

In spite of the heavy falling off of pig-iron production during the last three months, 1903 broke the pig iron record, the total output, according to the preliminary report of the Iron Age, having amounted to 17,949,008 tons, against 17,821,397 tons in 1902 and 15,378,354 tons in 1901.

The work of changing the gauge of the Mexican National railroad has been completed at a cost of \$12,000,000 gold, and the entire road, which was until a year ago the longest narrow-gauge railroad in the world, is now standard gauge from Laredo to the City of Mexico.

The Mexican railroad has erected a monument, with suitable inscription, marking the point where the globe is crossed by the Tropic of Cancer. The monument is of wood 12 feet high and 24 feet long. On the top there are two arms pointing out the two zones. It is situated on a desert ground a few miles south of Catoreas.

FUN ON A STREET CAR.

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### BALD HEADS COVERED

With Luxuriant Hair, and Scalp Seals Cleaned and Parfited by Cuticura Soap

Assisted by dressings of Cuticura, the great skin cure. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales and dandruff, destroys hair parasites, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, loosens the scalp skin, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp, when all else fails. Complete external and internal treatment for every humor, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, price \$1.00. A single set is often sufficient to cure.

With Interest. Magician—Why, here's a quarter in your eye, sir! How'd it get there, I wonder? Village Chump—Well, I swan! It must be that penny I swallowed 25 years ago.—Boston Post.

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Powder. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. B. Olinsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Why, of Course. "What's good for insomnia?" "Sleep."—Chicago Post.

### REACH THE SPOT.

To cure an aching back, The pains of rheumatism, The tired-out feelings, You must reach the spot—get at the cause. In most cases 'tis the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys. Charles Biebach, stone contractor, living at 2925 Chestnut St., Erie, Pa., says: "For two years I had kidney trouble and there was such a severe pain through my loins and limbs that I could not stoop or straighten up without great pain, had difficulty in getting about and was unable to rest at night, arising in the morning tired and worn out. The kidney secretions were irregular and deposited a heavy sediment. Doctors treated me for rheumatism but failed to help me. I lost all confidence in medicine and began to feel as if life were not worth living. Doan's Kidney Pills, however, relieved me so quickly and so thoroughly that I gladly made a statement to that effect for publication. This was in 1898, and during the six years which have elapsed I have never known Doan's Kidney Pills to fail. They cured my wife of a severe case of backache in the same thorough manner."

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

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He who thinks to deceive everybody deceives nobody but himself.—Ran's Horn.