"SINCE I CAME OVER."

"Since I came over"-Oft she stood.

Her red, rough hands in straining clasp is 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-nd, 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 fiame; Of sunny day and starry night-Then, as a song in silence dies, The gleaming of the happy light Wont swiftly from her wintful of Went swiftly from her wistful eyes.

Since she "came over!"

Ah-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 aye we are bereft. Across the sea of memory What happy lands we all have left! -W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

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|--|---|
| The Lady Speaks. | 1 |
| § | 1 |
| Miss Sybil Tells a Secret to the Parson. | 1 |
| 88888 | |
| S BY J. S. FLETCHER. | t |
| 5000000000000000000000000000 | |

DARSON 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 but 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 worldling 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 outof-the-way parish what chance had he of promotion? It had never occurred

"But they were all cared for-all!" she said, with emphasis. "Surely you sel me to marry for-love!" knew that I would see to that. Mr. Joyse?

"Madam," he said, "I have always Joyce. 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 | thing." 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 of tears in them, on him for a second. 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 arch 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

"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 | the parson, and he sighed. 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

talk to me, Mr. Joyce?" "I am. madam," he answered.

"But shall we not go into the vicarage?" she asked. "'Tis not good for you to remain out so long."

Parson Joyce led the way to his lit. tle study. Something told him that he was about to hear news that would change all the current of his quiet life, and as he walked he prayed for strength to bear the communication which he believed the lady of the manor was about to make to him, as her official guide and pastor. For, simple man as Parson Joyce was, he was still a man, and for two long years he had been in love with the girl who now walked behind him so closely that she could have touched the worn-out cloak, but who, in his eyes, was as far

out of his reach as any star in the heavens. There was a bright fire of wood in the little room where the parson kept his treasured books and wrote his sermons. It was a poor enough room,

"Heart? Ah!-then you would coun-

"It should be the basis of every marriage, madam," answered Parson

"May I tell you something?" she whispered. "I-I am in love! Oh! I never, never thought it could beanything like it is. I suppose no womment or the sovereign to people deservan ever was so much, so happily in ing recognition for distinguished serlove as I, and it has made me-1 do not know what it has made me, except civil life are protected by law from imthat I love all the world because of itation. It is a penal offense in Engit-man, the trees and flowers, everyland, for instance, for an individual

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

She flashed swift eyes, with a glint "But I do!" she cried. "All day

long, and whenever I wake in the night. And yet-" she paused as a veil of sadness spread itself across her face.

"Yes, madam?" said the parson. "I do not know if my love is re turned," she whispered.

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 on the part of army and navy men. you.' The insignia of the Grand Army of the

The parson bowed his head. Human Republic are almost precisely the same 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."

Again she laughed merrily. "Now I cannot tell you." she said. 'A moment ago I thought I could, and now-Well, he is good, and he is most lovable, and he is-and I love him!'

"He must be worthy indeed, madam, who is worthy of your love," answered

"Ah, but am I worthy of his?" she said with sudden deep feeling. "I do not know him," answered Par-

son Joyce. "No," she said. "I-do not think you do. But-tell me, what must I do?

Indeed, indeed, there is no other man in all the world that I will marry. 1 will die a maid if I cannot marry the man I love!"

"Will he not speak?"

"He has not spoken."

"I have heard," said Parson Joyce, "that there are ways by which a man in these cases may be made to speak." The girl shrugged her shoulders and made a little grimace.

"I wish I knew them!" she said. "The gentleman is, perhaps, poor? "In the eyes of the world, yes." "And possibly, proud?"

"With the pride of a true man." "It might seem pretentious on his part to seek your hand. madam?" "I believe, upon my soul, it is some such nonsense as that which fills his

head!" she exclaimed, tapping her toe against the fender. "But, madam!" Parson Joyce in his agitation rose and stood before her

with clasped hands. "Consider the

MEDALS OF HONOR COPIED. SELF-PROPELLING VEHICLES.

States Government.

In nearly all the countries of Europe

medals of honor issued by the govern-

of a society to issue a bronze bearing

Buthless Piracy Practiced Upon De-Out of 250 automobiles in the annual exhibition in New York city, 50 are elecsigns Adopted by the United trical 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. vices in the army, navy or pursuits of

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

a resemblance to the Victoria cross. One jarring note in the symphony of Although the genuine token is of triautomobile color in Chicago recently was fling intrinsic value, to possess one is that a team of horses furnished the the highest ambition of the British power to haul the band around town to soldier or sailor. In this country, howannounce the fact that the automobile show was open. ever, says an exchange, there

is no penalty attached to the wearing New York is automobile boat mad! of imitations of the medals that may There is hardly a concern interested in have been worn on the field of battle. the manufacture or sale of automobiles Because the Grand Army of the Rethat does not anticipate some connection public and other societies have copied with the power craft business, either in

building, selling or operating. the original design of the medal of Enthusiastic motorcyclists of Chicahonor issued by the United States govgo have lately organized. Burley B. ernment it is proposed to call in all these emblems and adopt an entirely Ayers, one of the most enthusiastic new design. "A bill to accomplish this votaries of the spot in the United States, is now pending in the senate, having and who a few years ago did much to been favorably reported by the compromote the growth of the League of mittee on military affairs. A great deal American Wheelmen, is devoting his of complaint has been made over the efforts to popularize the new sport. Ira H. Whipple, another prominent motorcustom of various patriotic organizacyclist, has also been active in promottions of copying the medal of honor given in recognition of deeds of valor ing interest in the new club.

ITEMS OF INDUSTRY.

After an exhaustive inspection of and many others are so similar in genelectric railways throughout Europe eral appearance that it is difficult to and the United States, a committee apdistinguish the medal or badge of honpointed by the Swedish government recor, when on the wearer, from the insigommended that the state railways abannia worn by members of military, fradon steam for electricity as a motive ternal, charitable and other associapower.

In spite of the heavy falling off of pig-Designs have been prepared which iron production during the last three will furnish new medals and rosettes months, 1903 broke the pig iron record. entirely different from those adopted the total output, according to the prefor other purposes and which are more liminary report of the Iron Age, having trouble and there was such a severe appropriate for the purpose in question. amounted to 17,949,008 tons, against For instance, the present emblem worn 17,821,307 tons in 1902 and 15,378,354 in lieu of the medal is a double bowtons in 1901. knot of narrow red, white and blue

The work of changing the gauge of ribbon, mounted on a button and dethe Mexican National railroad has been signed for wear on the lapel of the completed at a cost of \$13,000,000 gold, coat. Sometimes the bow is in a horiand the entire road, which was until a zontal position, sometimes vertical and year ago the longest narrow-gauge railsometimes slantwise, according to the road in the world, is now standard position of the button. Because of these varying positions the badge is 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 manufacturing the badges. Thus the arms pointing out the two zones. It is situated on a desert ground a few miles south of Catoree.

FUN ON A STREET CAR.

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 slight-ly 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 Mr. Green?"

BALD HEADS COVERED

With Lazariant Mair, and Staty Scalps Cleanood and Parified by Cutienra Seap

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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, stimu-lates 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 suf-ficent to cure. ficent to cure.

With Interest.

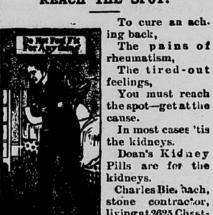
Magician-Why, here's a quarter in your eye, sir! How'd it get there, I wonder? Village Chump-Well, I swan! It must be that penny I swallowed 25 years ago.-Boston Post.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It curves painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Bold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, S. Y.

Why, of Course.-"What's good for in-omnia?" "Steep."-Chicago Post. omnia?

REACH THE SPOT.



Charles Bie, hach, stone contractor. living at 2625 Chestnut St., Eric, I'a., says: "For two years I had kidney 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 zight, 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 1893, 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.



No

hill too steep

for the rider with a

BICYCLE

CHAINLESS

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

tions.

"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

tion." feelings of a poor gentleman, who, may be, loves and adores you with all MYSTERY OF THE BREEZES at Mr

which has been given the monopoly of 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

award of medals for "gallantry in ac-

to him, however, that he was aught 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 opinionwere 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-Mistress 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 Mistress Luttrell, girl though she was, had a will of her own and a temper of her own, and had yet to learn 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 an-

swered. "I thank Heaven, my strength is rapidly returning. I hope to go about the parish in a few days. It has been much neglected."

He kept his hat in his hand, like a schoolboy, until the lady impatiently motioned him to resume it.

"The parish!" she exclaimed. "Oh the parish has taken care of itself, Mr. Joyce! But they will all be glad to see you again-you are so good to them.

Parson Joyce poked about the walk men who cannot understand why their work should be praised.

"There were many sick and poor | "It was a sore thought--_"

air of homely comfort about it which made the lady of the manor sigh. She sank into the only easy chair which the room contained and for a full moment there was

silence. Then the girl looked up at the man, and if the man had looked at the girl he would have seen that her eyes were full of more than one emotion. But the man was half-turned from her, and his eyes were fastened on the sputtering pine-logs.

"Mr. Joyce," she began, and then paused as if in doubt. "I find it difficult to say what I want to say," she said at last.

"I am here to listen to whatever it pleases you to tell me, madam," he said.

"Still it is difficult to speak of some things-to a man," she murmured. "Have you no lady friends, madam?" "None that I could say this particular thing to," she answered. "Indeed. there is no one but you to whom I could say it."

Parson Joyce made no answer. He still sat in the attitude of a confessor; his eyes were firmly fixed on the glowing fire.

Suddenly the girl laughed-a merry. rippling laugh that sent a cold shiver all through the man's being. His brows drew together.

"Think!" said she. "As I came along the road I knew quite well all that I meant to say-every word. And known, highly favored man's wife, and now it has slipped my memory, and I can only make a lame tale of it. had spoken he began to pray some-But-" she paused and stole a sly that no one in this world can have glance at him, and something in his attitude made her lay her hand timidly

on his arm. "Won't you, please, look at me?" she asked. The parson turned in his chair and

looked her full in the eyes. And thereat her own averted themselves. and when she spoke again it was she who looked away and not the man. "I want to tell you something," she

said, hesitatingly. "I-has it ever struck you that I am placed in a position of great difficulty? I am very young, very rich, and-a woman. Ought not I to have some one upon

whom I could depend for guidance and help and-protection? I mean-ought

I not to marry?" "It is the apparent end of the conditions, madam."

"You think that a great heiress must marry? So everybody seems to think not very pushing in his business --and there are so many gentlemen methods. The methods of the Yankee, who wish to marry me, Mr. Joyce; | however, caused the older trader to you yourself know of several, do you

with his stick. He was one of those accept-for, indeed, they pester my life tice over his shop with the words, "Esout!"

"in a matter like that-in a matter to this with a notice over his store to when I was stricken," he said, pres- like that, I say, I cannot counsel. "Tis the effect: "Established yesterday. No known to be in gold. a matter for your own heart only." : old stock." -- Country Gentleman.

his heart, but who judges it presumptuous-"

"Presumptuous? Oh!" she said. "I have no patience with such silliness. The mere fact that I love him makes him far above me."

There was silence for- a while; the parson was wondering who the man might be who had so transformed this once imperious and coquettish young beauty. He ran them over in his mind, and could fix on none. And,

without knowing it, he sighed. "It seems to me, madam," said Parson Joyce. "that there is but one way taken simultaneously all over the counout of the difficulty." He faced her fair try and, in fact, all over two continents. and square, in the determined way in has enabled the expert to foresee just which he always stood in his pulpit, when wind and storm will arrive at cerand she looked up at him, and immeditain sections of the country. ately looked elsewhere. "If the gentle-

Of course, the physical topography of man cannot be brought to declare his any neighborhood has its influence on love, and his love is so necessary to the local storms, fogs and prevailing

winds. The "mountain" and "valley "Yes," she murmured. "It is-it has breezes" that are so eagerly sought durcome to be my life." ing the summer recreation or sojourn is

"And if you feel assured that he is an instance of the effect of mountains on keeping silent because he fears to be local climate and weather conditions. thought presumptuous-" As explained by W. S. Tower, assistant

"Yes, yes-I know it is so."

your happiness-"

in meteorology in Harvard university, "Then," said Parson Joyce, "you because of active radiation at night the must tell him of your love for him." He said the words solemnly and resignedly, knowing that she would do what he advised; knowing full well, too, that no man would resist her, and that ere long she would be this un-The tendency becomes, after a time, all would be changed. And after he sufficiently pronounced to produce a general downhill movement, eventually where far inside himself. Her voice resulting in a perceptible breeze. came to him as he stood over her-a soft, very feminine voice, That is what is commonly designated

"You think that I should tell him?" "It is the only way I can think of."

madam." he answered And then came the great surprise

Parson Joyce's life. For the girl slid down on her knees before him and seized his hands and laid her face against them.

"But I have been trying to tell him for the last ten minutes," she whisdency, creating the so-called valley pered. "And he doesn't see yet."-Pearson's

The Yankee in England. An enterprising Yankee came over to England and decided to open a shop in Birmingham. He obtained premises next door to a man who also kept a shop of the same description, but was wake up, and; with the spirit of originnot? Which would you advise me to ality strong upon him, he affixed a notablished 50 years," painted in large "Madam." said the parson, hurriedly, letters. Next day the Yankee replied

MYSTERY OF THE BREEZES
Problems Long a Puzzle Are Rapidly
Being Solved by the Men
of Science.at first." 'Yes, it's me, all right. How's
Mr. Brown?" ''He's all right. How's
Mr. Green?'' ''He's all right. How's
the children?'' ''They're all right. How's
th

NOT SUPERLATIVELY POOR.

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

Bourke Cockran was condemning a cer-tain popular novel, relates the New York Tribune. "This novel," he said, "is as poor and barren as Elmo county land." "Is Fimo county land very poor and barren?" asked one of Mr. Cockran's in-terlocutors.

terlocutors. "Is it?" said he. "Well, I should say it "Is it?" said he. "Well, I should say it is. Once two strangers rode on horse-back through Elmo county, and the bar-renness of the land amazed them. Noth-ing but weeds and rocks everywhere. As they passed a farmhouse they saw an old man sjiting 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 hain't so poor an' poverty stricken as ye think. I don't own nore o' this land."

In the Spring.

In the Spring. Lowndes, Mo., April 4th.-Mrs. H. C. Harty, of this place, says: "For years I was in very bad health. Every spring I would get so low that I was unable to do my own work. I seemed to be worse in the spring than any other time of the year. I was very weak and miserable and had much pain in my back and head. I saw Dodd's Kid-ney Pills advertised last spring and be-gan treatment of them and they have, certainly done me more good than any-thing I have ever used. locally as "the mountain breeze," and which, from its origin, is practically i one constant direction, though the in-

certainly done me more good than any-thing I have ever used. "I was all right last spring and felt bet-ter than I have for over ten years. I am fifty years of age and am stronger to-day than I have been for many years and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills credit for the wonderful improvement." The statement of Mrs. Harty is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kid-ney Pills have proven themselves to be the very best spring medicine. They are unsurpassed as a tonic and are the only medicine used in thousands of fam-ilies. breezes. In certain favorably situated ocalities the appearance of the mountain or the valley breeze is as regular as

Tess-"Well, their engagement is off." Jess-"The idea! It was only announced yesterday. What did they quarrel about?" Tess-"As to which was the more unwor-thy of the other."-Philadelphia Press.

just convalescing from his first!"-At

He who thinks to deceive everybody de-ceives nobody but himself.--Ram's Horn.



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clockwork, the transitional period being marked by a calm.

Tin in the Transvaal. It is reported from Johannesburg that new and unexpected source of wealth has been discovered in the territory of

the late Boer republic. Near the eastern border of the Transvaal, on the edge of

the lofty South African plateau, three

valuable lodes of tin ore have been found, and the deposits are apparently

"Read Brown's last novel yet?" "No; so extensive that predictions are heard that the new colony may prove to be as

rich in tin and copper as it is already

tervention of powerful storms may temporarily reverse the customary movement. Vice versa, during the day, the presence of warmer and therefore lighter air near the earth causes a movement of the atmosphere with an upward ten-

layers of air near the earth become cooled and as cool air is heavier than warm air, a law of physics that is generally appreciated theoretically, but usu-

ally overlooked practically, this heavy air tends to move down the hillside.