"JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT."

The world has many golden gifts 'tis eager to bestow enterprising mortals who are not too

step right up and win their share of But, ch! the world's too busy, quite, to seek the absent man.

And those who mean to do so much next week or month or year, Away off in some misty clime, instead

of now and here, May some day rouse themselves and find a score of them have not much true "get there" as has one brisk "Johnny-on-the-spot."

When shy Miles Standish sought to win the fair Priscilla's hand courting her by proxy, 't isn't hard to anderstand;

The comely Plymouth maiden said she really would prefer John Olden, who possessed the spunk to come and speak with her.

That old, oft-quoted piece of fudge which

The heart grow fonder" must be classed with those absurd mistakes Which blunt, slang-using folks would say

The men who framed our nation fought against tremendous odds;
They never could have won had they beer

slow, weak-hearted clods.

Bach mother's son of them seemed glad
to risk his precious neck;

Wherever duty called him, there it found him, right on deck.

Brave Washington was at the front, his

country's course to guide.

With Adams, Franklin, Jefferson and
Hancock at his side. Mo proxies could have done the work of that immortal lot Whose every man was what you'd call a "Johnny-on-the-spot."

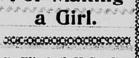
In love or war or politics, or whatso'er you will, wiscr man is not the one to send a boy to mill;
Oh, no! he takes the grist himself, and,

like a prudent man, He makes the miller give him back the best return he can. best return he can.
And "genius," properly defined, so sages
all declare.

Means being at the proper "when" just
at the proper "where;"
So, of the many varied gifts the gods to

The rarest ones are sure to fall to "Johnny-on-the-spot."
-Nixon Waterman, in Success.

For Making



By Elizabeth McCracken \$

CATHERINE rushed from the house, hurried down the steps and ran to the corner, gesticulating excitedly to an approaching car. She hurried into the car, and sank with a little sigh of relief into a corner seat.

When she had paid her fare, unfastened her fur collar, carefully re-adjusted her veil and arranged the red rosebuds a little more securely in the front of her jacket, she gave her attention to her surroundings. Catherine ays found in the street cars unfailing demands upon her interest and

A woman, shabbily attired, her face dull and weary, sat opposite, holding in her arms a pale little child. The child was asleep, and leaned heavily against her mother, who sat almost motionless, with heavy, unseeing eyes fixed on the car window. Catherine gazed intently at the child for a moment; then the crossed the car and sat down beside the woman.

"Is the little girl ill?" she asked. gently. Her cousin frequently com-plained that Catherine was continual-ly doing things of this kind, that she had absolutely no idea of social sci-

The woman stared at her, but Catherine smiled in a friendly manner. Catherine took many things for granted, among them was universal goodwill toward herself. She was gentle to everyone. She expected every one to be gentle to her, and almost every one was:

"Is she ill?" she repeated. "N-no. Her pa's in the drink a good

deal, and she don't get much as usual to eat those times. Her pa's all right when he's hisself; but when he's in the drink-he ain't so good." "It's too bad he does drink," said

Catherine. It was an inadequate remark, but she remembered that the man was the woman's husband. "Yes," said the woman, "tis, but

those things happen, miss." "Yes, I suppose they do, but it is a pity. How pretty your little girl is! Are her eyes dark? I've always longed for dark eyes."

The woman smiled with pleasure. "Yes, they're dark; but you've got no cause to be wantin' prettier eyes yer-

self, miss," she said. Catherine's eyes were quickly noting the child's shabby brown dress and

sofled little green/jacket "(n, but I have!" she said brightly. You see, I never can wear red, and man's hand. I'm so fond of red. Now your little girl would look sweet in red. Does

she ever wear it?" "She wears w'at she can get, miss: sometimes it ain't much," the woman said, so wearily that Catherine hastily turned her face away to hide the pitying tears that she feared might ofopinion that his niece had sufficient ter and excitement. She began to diplomatic ability to steer the ship of proud of hen shild. She had be considerate of the dignity and the sensibilities of those persons who had less "My livid to the man she looks pretty in

outgrown. Your little girl would look sweet in it. Won't you let her wear it? It is a shame to have it hanging fdly in the closet when she would look so dear in it. I wish she would wake up and let me see her eyes. They must be pretty. I have to get off soon. You see, I am going to church, because it is Thanksgiving day. Won't you give me your address, and let me send the cloak? Mama will be so glad that I've found some one that can wear it."

friendly smile. "You will—as a special favor to me, won't you?" she pleaded. And the smile became irresistible. The woman's face brightened. She had not known charming girls who had

She turned to the woman with her

asked her in that coaxing way to receive gifts as special concessions to

"Why, miss, if you don't need it, I'd be glad to have it for Seville-my girl's named Seville, after a girl in a book her pa gave me when he first knowed

"How interesting!" said Catherine. "It's such an unusual name, too. My name is Catherine, and so is mother's and my grandmother's and her moth-

"My name is Rose," said the womare all a bit of "rot;"

an: Her face was less dull and her the chap that wins the lady is the "Johnny-on-the-spot."

an: Her face was less dull and her voice less tired. It was so pleasant to "Johnny-on-the-spot." forget for a moment her sorrows, and discuss pretty names with a girl who seemed not to remember one's poverty. 'My ma named me for a rose she found. in an ash-barrel before I was born."

"That is like a story, too," said Catherine. She pulled the roses from her jacket. "I read a poem once about a 'Hose among roses." You take these home, and you will be another 'Rose among roses.'

The woman's cheek caught the red of the flowers. "What pretty things you know!" she said.

"Yes. I do." said Catherine, tender-When mama asked us this morning what we had to be thankful for to-day, I said, 'For all the lovely people I know and all the beautiful things I see. Of course, there are other things. too, but these are the nicest. What are you specially thankful for?"

"Well, I don't know as there's much, miss, for me to be thankful for to-day. I'm havin' hard times now, with the man in the drink and Seville ailin'," said the woman, bitterly.

Catherine knew little of social science, according to her cousin's verdict, and she said, "It certainly must be hard, but perhaps you could think of something special. Mama insists that every one can. You just try." "Well," said the woman, "but

ain't easy" "No it isn't. Dear me, I must get off at this next corner! What is your address? May I bring the cloak myself this afternoon, after church and dinner? Goodby!"

The woman watched her as she hur ried across the street. "She's a funny kind of a girl, but she's awful nice. she thought. She held the roses to her face, and remembered the pretty thing the girl had said about a "Rose among roses." The delicate flower of sentiment, the flower whose fragrance is the most subtle, the most exquisite in the world, had been crushed in the woman, but a faint new life quivered in it and stirred it.

of the woman and the child. As she came with her family out into the frosty air, she took possession of her mother. "Mama, there was a woman in the car with a little girl. The little girl didn't have half enough on. She really looked cold. May I give her Daisy's old red cloak and take her

one of grandma's pumpkin pies?" Her mother smiled fondly and patted her hand. She was accustomed to Catherine, and cheerfully encouraged her in her unscientific phianthropy.

"Catherine is too young to study social science, the told the bewildered cousin. "It is too large to the yet."

"Yes, I think so, dear," the sale, "and I will pack a little Thanksgiving basket for her. She won't be oftended. ed. You can tell her that your mother wanted you to take it." Cath

erine possibly inherited a little of her diplomatic ability from her mother. They packed the basket and folded the cloak, assisted by the aunts and cousins, to whom Catherine had not failed to relate the little story of Rose

and Seville. "Give the little Seville this." said her uncle, handing her a silver dollar. "Tell the 'Rose upon the balcony' that I never before have known, even indirectly, anyone actually named for

the heroine of a story." "How kind you all are," said Cath-

erine. "She will do a lot of good in this world," said her uncle, closing the door

for her. "She is filled to the brim with sisterly love. She'll never patronize a cat." "No," said her cousin. "She would ask its advice or discuss landscapes

"She is a dear girl," said her mother. Meanwhile the "dear girl" had found the two rooms in which Rose and her little girl lived. She knocked softly, and the little girl cautiously opened the door. Catherine went into the kitchen and eagerly took the wo-

Her eyes are lovely," she whisper The kitchen was warm but very bare and cheerless. Catherine's ross made one bright spot in it. Catherine, however, appeared utterly oblivious

to its squalor. She unwrapped the cloak. "Do it on her!" she said. The wome Catherine's uncle was of the amazed herself with her pleasant figtshe certainly was beautifully too busy, too miserable to care whether her eyes were brown or blue; but this girl seemed so happy because the child was pretty that the woman's natural prior awakened.

"Well, now, she is a fine sight in

She has a red clock that she has it, ain't she?" she said. "Walk over there, Seville, till I see you! Now it's real stylish you're lookin'. An' it's me as thanks you, miss."

"I'm glad to see it on anyone to whom it is so becoming. Oh, by the way, mama sent that basket of thanksgiving things. Mama is always happy when she is giving away things, and think she ought to be happy on Thanksgiving day. If you can't use them, just give them away. And uncle John sent this silver dollar to Seville. He never before has known anyone named for a story-book heroine, and he was so interested. And I brought one of grandma's pumpkin pies. She makes such good ones, and couldn't resist bringing one." Catherine put the basket on the table as she spoke, and gave the dollar to the woman.

The woman was almost overwhelmed. This girl had such a pretty way of giving! She evidently did not guess that the little pantry was almost empty. Soft tears came into the mother's eves.

"I don't know what to say to you, miss. You've done that much for me. It's hard times I've had, but you're like a friend—an' you a lady and me a poor woman."

"I'm just a woman, too," said Catherine. "We have just lived differently, don't you see?"

"I guess we have, miss, I guess we have.' In the silence that followed, Catherine heard heavy breathing in the room beyond the kitchen. She instinctively looked at the woman.

"It's my husband. He's sleepin' off the drink," said the woman. "Oh!" said Catherine. "You will let me be your friend, won't you? And let me make hard times easier for you? You would for me, I know, and I'd let

"An' it's glad I'll be to let you, miss. You've been a blessin' this day. Now it's a cup of tay you'll let me be makin' for you?"

"I'd love it! And we'll eat some of mama's cake!" Catherine heartily replied. The hesitation, mingled with eager hope, in the woman's suggestion was very touching, and Catherine undesstood the brightness of giving.

She asked no questions, but over the thick cups and the broken teapot the woman told her how hard the times had been, and the girl seemed to understand. "Now I am your friend," she said, "and you must let me help."

When she went, the little girl, arrayed in the red cloak, accompanied her to the corner. The woman sat alone, leaning on the table. The sound of the heavy breathing in the room next the kitchen fell upon her ears, and the shadow came again to her face, the shadow of the too heavy burden that will not be banished from human faces until every person in the world remembers to do the little or great services for others that he may do, that it is his privilege, his birthright to do.

The woman bit her lip. Her miserable eyes were dull and heavy. Suddenly her glance rested upon Catherine's roses. The shadow lightened. The woman's thoughts strayed to the girl. She recollected Catherine's words about giving thanks for special blessings. Again soft tears filled her eyes. In the quiet church Catherine thought | She bowed her weary head on the table and whispered:

"God, I specially thank you—for makin' that girl."—Youth's Companion.

CALLED BACK THEIR OWN.

An Incident Which Illustrates the Fondness of African Blacks for Their Cattle.

The Irishman who "kept the pig in the parlor" was no funder of the "gintleman thot paid the rint" than the Nigerian Fulani people are of their cattle. The author of "Affairs of West Africa," says that their negro neighbors declare that the Fulant talk to their beasts, and understand them.

"While a French force was operating in the western Soudan some cattle were commandeered from the natives and were penned up. One of them was a fine black bull taken from some Fulani herdsmen.

"In the middle of the night there was a terrible commotion in the pen. and the officer in charge commanded a native soldier to tell him what was wrong.

"'The cattle are mad.' said the native, 'for the Fulani are calling them.' "From a neighborhood hill came the sound of a plaintive chant. At the same moment a violent disturbance took place among the cattle. The officer hurried toward the pen, followed by the soldiers. The chant meanwhile continued in a cadence of inexpressible melancholy. The commotion in the pen increased, and before the Frenchmen could reach it, one of the beasts was seen to clear the enclosure at a

in the direction whence the sound came, bellowing loudly as he galloped "It was the black bull. He had broken the halter which bound him, and leaped a palisade five feet high. With the disappearance of the bull the chant Britannica ceased, and the next morning the Fulani herdsmen were nowhere to be

found."

bound and crash through the bushes

Somewhat Doubtful. A country doctor who was attending a laird had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer.

On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher

to-day." The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Well, I was just wonderin' that mysel'. Ye see, he died at twal o'clock."-Archibeld in Geikie's Reminiscences.

free. Hepular sizes 50c \$1.00

MONEY MADE IN DANCES.

Clever Brains Employed in the In- Newcomer in Society Who Got Mixed vention of New Steps and Figures.

The average citizen whose dancing days are over, to use the conventional phrase, little realizes how many scores of clever brains are, year in, year out, exercised in the invention of new dances. these latter quite apart from theatrical dancing, says a London paper.

And both fame and money come from any new ballroom dance that happens to hit the public taste, though it must be frankly stated that most of the socalled new dances are, in reality, but novel combinations and variants of the old ones. This, however, is not only inevitable, it is a positive advantage, nasmuch as the ordinary dancer, who has learnt all the usual movements, can the more readily follow the new combinations. In the case of a dancing professor who has been responsible for any new set of movements that have become fashionable, there is always a veritable rush of profitable pupils, all eager to learn the new dance at first hand.

A considerable source of profit to the A considerable source of profit to the News.

inventor of a new dance invariably is the sale of music that has been composed with the express view of fitting the new movements, as the sales of such new music often extend over the whole kingdom. Amongst dancing masters themselves prizes are every year competed for and given for new terpsichorean movements, and the winners of these always derive considerable advantages in the way of popularity from their inventions, the monetary reward following almost as a matter of course.

In at least one case known to the writer the invention of a new dance brought-with the sale of the accompanying music, which had been bought outright from the composer-something over £500 in less than 15 months.

"JOY THAT A MAN IS BORN" Royal Parents Rejoice Over the Advent of Male Heirs to Their

Thrones.

It would be difficult for the czar to draft a law which would do so much for the internal peace of Russia as has been done by the birth of his son, says Youth's Companion. The direct line of succession is now assured, and the intrigues for favor with the collateral heirs to the throne are no longer attractive. The effect of the removal of their obstructive plans from the path of the tsar ought soon to be manifest in a more harmonious government.

The need of an heir to the throne was not so great in Italy as it was in Russia. The problems of the Italian government are simple in comparison with the Russian problems. Yet the birth of a son to the Italian king and queen last month makes government more stable in the peninsula by accustoming the people to the thought of rule by the infant Prince of Piedmont as the successor of his

In Italy and in Russia the mother's joy that a man is born" is shared by the whole people. Indeed, the birth of the man child in the royal families of those countries has increased the stability of two thrones, and thereby made more brilliant the prospect for continued European peace.

The tsaritsa and the queen each had daughters, but neither in Russia nor in Italy does a woman succeed to the throne. The decree of 1797, which still regulates the succession to the Russian crown, gives preference to male over female heirs. Italy is still virtually under the Sardiaian constitution of 1848, which excludes females from the throne.

NEWSPAPER OFFICE "PI."

Use Once Made of Some by an Editor Was Subsequently Mortifying.

Have you ever heard the story about the original John Walter when beset by a strike of compositors and pressmen? asas London Opinion. On a certain day the "copy" fell short by half a column, and time pressed. With the inspiration of a genius Mr. Walter laid hold of a column of "pi" and prepared it in the most expeditious way, so that it might pass muster for an article in a foreign tongue. He popped it in with a few lines of introduction, stating this comprehensible mass to be a paper in some Hindostance dialect, translation of which would follow in the course of a few days. No "translation" ever appeared. Ten years after Mr. Walter was on a visit to a noble earl in Cheshire. where he was introduced to a most learned pundit and oriental scholar. "Ah," said the latter. "I have long and ardently wished to solve a problem which has puzzled me for the last ten years." And drawing from his pocket a tattered old copy of "The Times." he pointed out to the embarrassed proprietor of that journal the alleged Hindostance article. which he confessed had baffled his most strenuous and assiduous efforts to make anything of. although he had tried every known dislect of the language. What Walter said is not recorded in the Encyclopedia

With Some Difficulty.

The strains of a brass band in the street were heard, and little Ceordie was seen at the front window struggling with the dachshund. 1970 "What are you doing, Geordie?" asked

"I'm tryin to up-end this dog so he can look out of the window and see the procession," he replied, still tugging desperately 2901200 7007 DRS

Doukhobors in Canada. A Canadian government agent who has just returned to England says the Doukhobors in Canada are making progress. "They no longer work their women instead of their cattle in the fields."

WITH DUKES AND THINGS.

Up with Persons of Title

Mrs. Porkdollars has not as yet got over the noverty of riches. At the same time she is not inclined to admit this, and it is her great desire, relates London Answers, that the society with which she is now enutled to mix by virtue of her hus-band's wealth shall think she was born in the nursle.

band's weath snau think she was in the purple.

Recently she was at a big dwner party, and as she was being piloted from drawing-room to dining-room, she noticed a marble bust on one of the pillars in the

"Do you know who that is?" she in-quired of her cavalier.
"That is Marcus Aurelius," was the an-

"Oh, is it, now?" ejaculated the lady.
"But can you tell me," she added prompt
ly, "whether it is the present markis or
the late markis? I do get so mixed up
with your dukes and things!"

Time to Move.

A man's curiosity never rivals that of a woman until some one casually remarks that his name appeared in yesterday's paper.-bmith's Weekly.

Good News for All. Bradford, Tenn., Nov. 21 (Special)—Scientific research shows Kidney Trouble to be the father of so many diseases that news of a discovery of a sure cure for it cannot fail to be welcomed all over the country. And according to Mr. J. A. Davis of this place just such a cure is found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis anys:

found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis says;
"Dodd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed them. They have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had Kidney Trouble very oad and after taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am completely cured. I cannot praise them too much."

Kidney Complaint develops into Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, Rheumatism, and other painful and fatal diseases. The safeguard is to cure your kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills when they show the first symptom of disease.

A woman can forgive her husband for being a bear at home if he will only make love to her when they are out in company.—Chicago Record-Herald.

New York & Philadelphia.

cannot be more pleasantly or conveniently reached than by the Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley Route. Solid arough trains, magnificent scenery, all trains run via Niagara Falls. Descriptive literature sent free on application to Advertising Department, Grand Trunk Railway System, 135 Adams St., Chicago, Ill., Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T. A.

The secret of happiness is not to let your troubles bother you any more than they bother your friends.—Puck.

Lowest Rates Ever Made to Florida. For Midwinter Exposition and South Florida Fair, Tampa, Fla. Tickets will be sold beginning November 15th, 1904, with final limit of 21 days. See that your ticket reads via Seaboard Air Line Railway, the shortest and best route to and through Florida.

The less tenderness a man has in his nature the more he requires of others.—Rahel.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

The man with a grievance is a grievance to others.—Chicago Daily News.

THE PILLS THAT CURE

Mrs. Henry Story, of No. 532 Muskingdum Ave., Zanes-ville, Ohio, says: "My husband suffered from sheumatism so that be could hardly stand. His back hurt and he had such pain in his left arm that he could not rest night or day. The doctor did him no good and it was not until he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that he was helped. Six boxes cured him completely and he has not had an ache or a pain since. We think the pills are the best medicine in the world."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

cure rheumatism because they make new blood. It would be folly not to try a remedy with such a convincing record of CUTEL.

BOLD BY ALL DOUBLETS

"All Signs Fail in a Dry Time" THE SIGN OF THE PISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME

In ordering Tower's Slick a customer writes: "I know they will be all right if they have the 'Fish' on them.' This confidence is the outgrowth of sixty-nine yes

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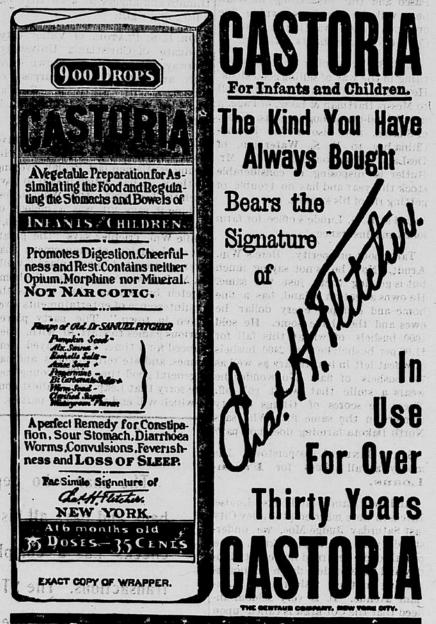
Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing

Strawberry and **Vegetable Dealers** The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publica-tion known as Circular No. 12, in which is described

best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and oarly vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address; a postal car to the undersigned at its EUGE, lowA, requesting a copy of "Orrentar No. 12." J. F. M. Elle Y. Ass. Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

The man who thinks he is the boss of the house because he is the bread-winnes should be taught that he has not half the lough of the bread baker.—Chicago Jour

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by the entire population of the city.