THE AFTERWHILE

Love is never happy quite; Love by day or love by night; Love where morning dewdrops glow; Love where crescent moon hangs low. There's a pathos in each smile Of a lonely afterwhile.

Of a mound all over-grown; Of a path one walks alone; Of a treasured lock of hair, Pathos of an empty chair; This makes tenderer each smile, Thought of lonely afterwhile

We have walked where daisies bloom. We have breathed the rare perfume Of the autumn's tumbled gold, Summer's heat and winter's cold;

Oh, dear heart, whose locks I've smoothed,

smoothed,
You whose sorrows I have soothed,
You who in my arms have lain,
God spare you the waiting pain!
Take you first; I love you! I'll Take you first; I love you Bear the lonely afterwhile J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

# Returning the Presents.

0.0.00.00.00.00

By ARNOLD GOLDSWORTHY. 

COPHIE MEADOWS sat in the little parlor at the back of her mother's shop and gazed dismally out into the garden where the last brown leaves were falling from the limbs to the soggy footpath below.

The scene was not altogether an unsympathetic one for Sophie, since she was sad at heart that dull, misty afternoon. Indeed, there were signs that she had been crying; and when Sophie cried, her nose grew very red indeed, and a woman will not incur a risk of that sort without the most acute provocation.

In the spring it had all been so different. David Trotter, who managed the village flour mill for his father, and who was beside a most eligible young man in every way, had asked Sophie to be his wife, and the earth had seemed so fair to her then.

Summer had been spring intensified; and the brightness of her life had seemed quite dazzling. And now everything was cheerless and damp, the sun was cold and the fire of true and only love had spluttered out and left Sophie with a bruised heart and a red nose.

Everybody knew it was David'sthat is, Mr. Trotter's-fault; or, at least, everybody to whom Sophie had mentioned the matter.

Sophie's mother had perhaps not quite grasped the full meaning of the awful crisis in her daughter's bright young life. The good soul had even spoken lightly of it, affecting to treat it as a mere lover's quarrel, and that Then he produced a pair of woolen at a time when Sophie had been seri- socks from his parcel. ously considering whether she ought to go into a nunnery or just pine away and die in the back parlor of home.

Sophie knew for a fact that Davidor, rather, Mr. Trotter-had been seen flirting with Faith Duker, the creature who set her cap at everybody. The thing had been seen in the village; and after a likely bit of scandal had gone the round of a village like Dunstead its own mother would not have recognized it at the finish.

David had gone so far as to meet the creature a second time by appointment, and that, of course, capped his iniquity. Everybody knows that no self-respecting girl can put up with goings-on like that.

It would not have mattered so much if he had admitted his error, and had endeavored to earn forgiveness by a fitting display of contrition. But David had had the effrontery to deny the charge, and had actually punched young Harper about dreadfully for just casually mentioning the matter to a circle of friends at the Blue Anchor. Which just shows you the true character of people like David-I should say, Mr. Trotter.

And yesterday Sophie had taken her pen in hand, and after laboriously studying the dictionary so as to be sure that she had got the long words right, had intimated to Mr. Trotter in cold and dignified terms that all was now over between them, and he would receive per bearer the presents he had made her, and henceforth they were strangers forevermore. Amen.

On other days Sophie would have been helping her mother in the shop; but to-day she could do nothing but sit and watch the leaves fall. As it grew dusk she got up and lit the lamp. There was her knitting on the table.

The woolly squares hanging from the needles were the foundations of a pair of socks that had been intended forhim. Now, of course, they would go to the heathen via the parish church and the missionary society. No doub! the heathen would be more appreciative, though perhaps woollen socks in the tropics might be a little trying to the untutored savage mind. And then-

"Sophie!"

It was the voice of Mrs. Meadows. calling from the shop. And a moment later the good soul put her head into the parlor and added:

"Sophie! It's David. He's come to see you.'

"Tell him I don't want to see him, mother," she said. "After what's 'ap- but the work's done now, and-" pened I don't want to speak to him again.

Mrs. Meadows turned back to her shop, but before she could repeat the pliments to Bobby 'Arper an' ask 'im portentous message, David was already what 'e's got 'is left eye shut up for. at the parlor door. Mrs. Meadows was As for old mather Green, scandalmon- Free Press,

Sophie stopped her impatiently. "Don't go, mother," she said, with

that she was. David was a big, rosy-cheeked fellow with plenty of confidence. The last was made evident by the deliberate way in which he put his hat on a chair and then lifted a couple of brown paper parcels on the table. With a quiet "good evening" addressed to Sophie,

string of one of the parcels. The knot was a little hard and as no one spoke, the embarrassing silence was becoming intolerable. Finally,

David looked up. "You sent back the few little presents I 'ad give you," he said, gazing directly in front of him and addressing the opposite wall straight in the eye, "an' so, of course, I'm bringin' back those what you gave me."

"You could ha' sent 'em back," snapped Sophie. "There wasn't no need for to bring 'em yourself."

"Well, you see," said David, addressing the wall, "a man ain't some'ow so careful as what a woman is. Leastways, I s'pose that's what it is. Now, the things you sent back to me, they was all spick and span, just like new, and-

"Do for Faith Duker, p'raps," commented Sophie, rather bitterly. David affected not to be conscious of the interruption.

"There 'ere slippers, for instance," he said, "which you worked for me. 1 'adn't 'ad 'em long before my little fox terrier got at one of 'em, and before I could get it away from 'im, he'd eaten one of the pink roses and a couple of the forget-me-nots."

Mrs. Meadows was surprised into ridiculous guffaw. Then, conscious apparently of the impropriety of her conduct, she evaded her daughter's eye and became absorbed in contemplation of the ceiling.

David could hardly help echoing this little outburst of encouragement with a grin of his own; and Sophie set her teeth together and felt that she was fighting the whole world single-handed and alone.

"Then," continued David, "there's these 'ere braces."

Sophie turned her head away sharply. It was doubtful whether, in her cussed with propriety.

The articles in question were luridly embroidered in red and blue upon a green background, and in anything like sustained silence they might have been relied upon to speak for themselves

It was evident, however, from their present condition that they had been more decorative than useful; and David's attempt to strengthen the weaker parts by the addition of a piece of stout string had done nothing to enhance their artistic beauties.

David, remarking Sophie's attitude out of the corner of his eye, placed the poor, mangled remains of the braces reverently on the table, and gazed at them with a sigh, as if he regarded them as still beautiful, even in death.

"These 'ere," he said, "o' course they've bin in wear a good deal and-"I didn't give 'em to you for to keep under a glass case," protested Sophie, her bitter feelings softened a little by the fact that he had been glad to make

use of her present. "No; quite so," said David, turning and addressing her for the first time. "Only, you see, when you've got to

give things back again-" "I don't want them back," said Sophie.

"Well, there don't seem to be no choice about it, as far as I can see," replied David. "And as I couldn't give 'em back with 'oles in 'em, and I didn't like to let no one else touch 'em now, I tried to mend 'em up a bit myself. You'll see-"

Mrs. Meadows guffawed again. And finding her mirth not so easy to check on this occasion, she fled precipitately into the shop, and left the young people alone.

Sophie frowned at the interruption, but the next moment she found herself half smiling at David's dilemma. This big, rough fellow's confession of his helplessness was not displeasing to her. It showed her at least that there were times when she would be missed, and the reflection softened her a little. "Show me," she said, holding out her

hand. David passed the socks along, and indicated with his finger the spot where his handiwork was to be seen A huge, lumpy botch of red wool that had been laboriously grafted onto a gray background, it did not need to be

pointed out. It caught the eye at once, and absolutely riveted the attention. Sophie felt the corners of her mouth breaking down, and, finally, unable to resist the ludicrousness of the absurd incongruity, she burst into a peal of de-

risive laughter. "I never was much of a 'and with a needle," David explained, smilingly. Then, as if realizing that Sophie's mirth was a distinct sign of encouragement, he leaned across the table, and said in a tone of gentle protest: "See what a mess I should make o' things if you give me up."

Sophie stopped laughing and looked at him sternly.

"There is-Faith Duker." she said. "Not for me, there ain't," he said, scornfully. "An' I can't make out what you keep on about the gal for. I don't suppose I've spoke a dozen words to her Father give 'er people a job mendin' the sacks at the mill,

"But Mrs. Green said that Bobby Harper told 'er-"

"Yes, I know. An you give my com-

about to retire again, discreetly, when gerin' is 'er business when she's got no drinkin' to do. You don't want to go listenin' to a parcel of old gossips the imperiousness of the spoiled child like that. S'pose you let me keep the things you gave me. Come, now, that's a bargain. And the things I gave

YOU-"I-I returned them," faltered Bo phie, as her right hand mechanically sought the finger of her left hand that only yesterday had been decorated with a gold ring set with two pearls he proceeded to deliberately unite the and a garnet.

David turned to the second parcel on the table.

"I brought 'em back on the offchance," he said. "Shall I undo the string?" By way of reply Sophie took the scis-

sors from the mantelpiece behind her, and reaching across the table cut the string in several places. Then she looked up at David's face and laughed. And Mrs. Meadows, coming into the parlor abruptly to see if David was still there, remarked that she was very sorry to have interrupted, but hadn't, of course, had the least idea that everything was going so well.—London Black and White.

#### THE WOMAN DOCTOR'S FEE.

Indian Patient Wanted Some One to "Kiss the Pretty Lady" for Her Services.

Dr. Bedell, for many years a leading woman physician of Chicago and a daughter of Solon Robinson, a former agricultural editor of the New York Tribune, has a summer place on Pelican lake in northern Wisconsin. Her next neighbors are often camping Indians, says the Philadelphia Press Sunday Magazine.

About nine o'clock one night two men came to her house asking her to go to a saloon and set the shoulder of a huge half-bred Indian named Billy. As she entered the saloon her splendid head, fine features and snow-white hair, shining out against the dark background of lumbermen and farmers, made a fine picture.

Billy lay on the floor, his huge bulk shaking with groans.

The doctor quickly picked out the most intelligent-looking man in the crowd, a strong young farmer, and altered relationship with Mr. Trotter, said to him: "Take off your boot, and braces were things that could be displace your heel here," indicating the hollow of the dislocated arm. "When I say 'Pull!' do it."

Soaking a sponge in chlorofrom, she applied it to her patient's nose. His groans ceased, and the silence overcame the whole company.

Under her orders the powerful youth pulled until a "click" of the bones told that they had fallen into place. The silence continued, followed by wonder as to what "good medicine" was to come next. Before anything more happened the Indian suddenly opened his eyes, and in a loud voice said: "Won't some one kiss the pretty lady for me?"

## HAD ALWAYS SEEN DOUBLE.

For That Reason Woman Strangely Afflicted Supposed Others

A remarkable story can be verified by a well-known oculist in Kansas City, says the Journal. In one of the counties of western Kansas is a cattleman who has grown wealthy. His wife, a charming woman of some 40 years, recently began to have severe headaches. A local physician decided that the trouble was with her eyes. The family could not believe it, as she had very keen sight from both far and near. However, the husband took her to an oculist in Kansas Cisy for expert examination. In the course of the examination the professional man held up a candle and asked her what she saw. "I see the two lights," she answered calmly. "Two!" exlaimed the surprised husband. "Have you always seen two of me when you looked at me?" "Why, certainly, dear," was the answer; "don't you always see two of

me?" And then came the revelation that this educated, intelligent woman had never known in all her 40 years of life that everybody didn't see double. She had accepted her own condition as a matter of course. It instantly accounted to the husband for little indefinite movements which he had frequently observed in his wife when she was reaching for an object, and it was a matter of great astonishment to the woman when, by an adjustment of glasses and thorough treatment, she began to see as other people do.

## Job in the Yukon.

When the Yukon was in the throes of a territorial election a couple of years ago, one of the closest observers of the rather turbulent politics which characterizes the far north was Chief Isaac, ruler of the Moosehide Indians, a tribe living near Dawson.

The chief, who is exceedingly shrewd, heard the words "job" and "jobbery" often used in the campaign speeches and endeavored to ascertain their meaning, but without much success. He noticed, however, that money was always mentioned in connection wtih the two terms, and after considerable reflection called on one of the head officials of the territory.

"Me wantum job," he announced. "You want work?" asked the official in amazement

"No wantum work," declared the chief, haughtily. "Me wantum get rich quick. Me wantum gov'ment jobbery."-Sunday Magazine.

## Inherited.

First Spectator-I don't see how that Mustang Liniment sword swallower manages to accomplish such a feat, do you? heals Old Sores quickly.

Second Ditto-Probably his ances tors all ate with their knives.-Detroit

#### GOUNOD'S "AMBER EAR."

Lady Wanted It Played and Was Accommodated, But Under Different Title.

"Play the 'Amber Ear,'" said the waiter to the leader of the restaurant orchestra, while the people at near-by tables chuckled, relates the New York

Press.

"You mean 'The Gondolier,'" corrected the leader, leaning over the edge of the little music balcony.

"No," persisted the waiter. "I asked her was that it, and she said: 'No.' She wants you to play 'Amber Ear.'"

"You go back and ask her again," said the leader with a laugh, and he watched the waiter make his way across the room. In a moment he was back.

"I asked the lady, and she said she wanted you to play the 'Amber Ear.'" he said, with a touch of veration. "She says you ought to know it if you're a

says you ought to know it if you're a musician."
"Wait a minute," the leader said. A moment later he was at the table where sat the lady of the request, and he came back smiling. He climbed into the little balcony, and presently there mingled with the fragrance of rarebits and Newburgs the strains of Gounod's "Ave Maria."

## WHY HE NEEDED A SPADE.

Drummer Wanted a Bath and Would Have to Dam the Creek

Congressman Brownlow is from one of the mountainous regions of Tennessee. He comes from that part of the world where the crests of rock are so high that Gov. "Bob" Taylor once said of them that small children could stand on tiptoe and tickle the feet of angels with very short straws. He is interested greatly, Mr. Brownlow is, says a Washington letter to the New York American, in the good roads movement.

good roads movement.
In some parts of Tennessee it is difficult In some parts of Tennessee it is difficult for a stranger traveling from New York, for instance, to imagine that the light of civilization ever has penetrated there. The houses are crudely built; the roadways mere blazes, the post offices sometimes 50 miles apart. Mr. Brownlow tells a story of a Philadelphia drummer having reached one of the villages late at night, and on being awakened early in the morning rubbed his eves and then asked for a bath. In a few minutes the landlord returned with a spade, a hickory towel and a gourd of soft soap.

"What do I want with the spade?" asked the drummer.

"Well, you'll need it when you try to dam the creek," the hotel man said.

Enviable. He—I am told he has more money than he knows what to do with.

She—Has he, really! Such ignorance must be bliss.—Tit-Bits.

SPREADING THE

NEWS BROADCAST. That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Diabetes-After Long Suffering Mr.

G. Cleghorn Found a Permanent Relief in the Great American Kidney Remedy.

Port Huron, Mich., Jan. 30th.—(Special)
—Tortured with Diabetes and Bladder Disease from which he could apparently get no relief, Mr. G. Cleghorn, a bricklayer, living at 119 Buttler St., this city, has found a complete and permanent cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills and in his gratitude he is spreading the news broadcast.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills made a man of me," Mr. Cleghorn says. "I was a sufferer from Diabetes and Bladder Disease. I was so bad I could do no work, and the pain was something terrible. I could not get anything to help me till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. They helped me right from the first, and now I am completely cured. I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends, and they have found them all that is claimed for them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease. They never fail to cure Rheumatism.

The word germ is for the time being the bogey-man of grown-up children, whose vague and indefinite terrors may be summed up in an indescribable fear of microbes.—Medical Talk for the Home.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Your druggist will refund money if Parol.

A great advance in the building of automobiles is said to have been made during the last year, but as far as has been reported there hasn't been much headway made toward producing a safe and continue to the safe and conti made toward producing a safe and sane motor car.—Indianapolis News.

## BABY CAME NEAR DYING.

From an Awful Skin Humo Scratched Till Blood Ran-Wasted to a Skeleton-Speedily Cured by Cutleura.

"When three months old my boy broke out with an itching, watery rash all over his body, and he would scratch till the blood ran. We tried nearly everything, blood ran. We tried nearly everything, but he grew worse, wasting to a skeleton, and we feared he would die. He slept only when in our arms. The first application of Cuticura soothed him so that he slept in his cradle for the first time in many weeks. You don't know how glad I was. One set of the Cuticura Remedies made a complete and permanent cure. (Signed) Mrs. M. C. Maitland, Jasper, Ontario."

Queen Alexandra has just had her six-tleth birthday celebrated by loyal Eng-lishmen all over the world. What wom-an would care to be a queen and have her age given away in that fashion?—Houston Post.

Don't Get Footsore! Get Foot-Ease. A wonderful powder that cures tired, hot, aching feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Ask to-day for Allen's Foot-Ease. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

We can understand something of the quotation: "Uneasy significance of the quotation: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," since learning that the prince of Wales has 19 pianos.—Montgomery Advertiser.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The statement in a literary journal that a certain well-known author "writes by candlelight" is not surprising. Very few of 'em can afford gas now.—Atlanta Constitution

MEXICAN

Smith—I wonder why it is that not a snigle one of our numerous laws for prohibiting the sale of liquor has ever worked satisfactorily.

Jones—Simply because not one of them prohibited thirst.—Chicago Daily News.

"Your son William always impressed me as being such a thoughtful boy."
"Yes, his pa and me are worried about him a good deal. We're afraid he's goin' to be a scholar."—Chicago Tribune.

Pa Knew.

Willie-Teacher told us to-day that there's a certain kind o' tree that grows out o' rocks. I can't remember what it Was. His Pa—It's a family tree, I guess. Philadelphia Public Ledger.

New Version.

"What did you say, John?" queries Mrs.
John, viewing her full length reflection
in the mirror.
"I said," repeated John, distinctly, "it
is clothes that break the man."—Houston

Elegant Through Sleeper Service St. Louis
to St. Augustine.

Beginning January 9, 1905, the Southern
Railway—only St. Louis line with its own
rails to Jacksonville—put into service fine
observation sleeper line from St. Louis to
St. Augustine, Fis. ONLY ONE NIGHT
ON THE ROAD. This sleeper will leave
St. Louis every day except Sunday at 10:00
a. m., arrive at Jacksonville the next evening at 9:35 p. m. and arrive at St. Augustine at 10:35 p. m. The trip is directly
through the beautiful Blue Grass Region
of Kentucky, thence via Chattanooga,
Atlants and Macon, Ga. At Lexington,
Ky., this sleeper is taken on to the famous
"Chicago & Florida Special"—the finest
winter train in the World, carrying every
variety of perfectly constructed equipment.
Another attractive feature, giving new
charms to a Florida trip this season, is
that the Southern Railway has arranged
variable tour tickets, whereby a passenger
may pay the small additional sum of
\$3.00 and secure a ticket going to Jacksonville one route and return from there an entirely different way; that is; go South via
Chattanooga and Atlants and return via
Savannah, Columbia, Asheville and Knoxville, allowing stop-over privileges at different points, including the "Land of the
Sky" with its mountain, forest and stream
charms.

Write to any of our representatives for

Write to any of our representatives for Write to any of our representatives for full information.

G. B. Allen, Assistant General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.; J. S. McCullough, Northwestern Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.; C. C. Stewart, District Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.; Wm. Flannelly, Traveling Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Mo.

"A little learning may be a dangerous thing," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "but the man with a little learning is not nearly so dangerous as the man who knows it all."-Yenkers States



introduced by the U. S. Dept. of Agr. It is a tremendous cropper, yielding in good land in Wis., Ill., Ia., Mich., Ind., O., Pa., N. Y., 80 bu. per acre, and on dry, arid lands, such as are found in Mont., Idaho, the Dakotas, Colo., etc., it will yield from 40 to 60 bu. This Wheat and Speltz and Hanna Barley and Bromus Inermis and Billion Dollar Grass, makes it possible to grow and fatten hogs, sheep and cattle wherever soil is found.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Culture simplifies life. All the trouble we used to have about the pronunciation of depot is now obviated by calling it station.—Judge. I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins. Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A fellow feeling for your pocketbook is not apt to make you wondrous kind.— Chicago Daily News.

## A WOMAN'S MISERY.

Mrs. John La Rue, of 115 Paterson Avenue, Paterson, N. J., says: "I was troubled for about nine years, and



what I suffered no onewill ever know. I used about every known remedy that is said to be good for kidney complaint, but without deriving permanent relief. Often when alone in the

house the back ache has been so bad that it brought tears to my eyes. The pain at times was so intense that I was compelled to give up my household duties and lie down. There were headsches, dizziness and blood rushing to my head to cause bleeding at the nose. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I continued the treatment. The stinging pain in the small of my back, the rushes of blood to the head and other symptoms disappeared."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. 50 cents per box. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

In Africa. First Native—They say that new citi-sen from America is a great athlete. Second Native—What's his record? "He jumped a \$10,000 bail."—Detroit Free Press.

Time Reduced Nineteen and One-Half

Hours to Mexico. Wabash Line trains make close connection at St. Louis with trains via the Iron Mountain Railway and Laredo Route, carrying through Palace Sleeping Cars to the City of Mexico. Time is less than three days from St. Louis.

Two trains daily.

You can leave St. Louis at 2:21 p. m. and arrive at City of Mexico.

arrive at City of Mexico 10:50 a. m. the third morning, or you can leave St. Louis at 8:20 p. m. and arrive at City of Mexico 7:30 p. m. the third evening.

Mexico is a delightful and healthful win-

ter resort.
Your nearest Ticket Agent will give you full information.

"Whoile some paple trouble to drown drink," said the jamter philosopher, "ith-ers drink to drown trouble. But, some-how, trouble always has a life-preserver."

## NEGLECT

SUFFERINGTHESUREPENALTY

Health Thus Lost is Restored by Lydie E. Pinkham's Vegetable Comp

How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day the same story over and over again. "I do not feel well; I am over again. "I do not f



More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the fotraced to some derangement of the fe-male organs, which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, fiatulency, nerv-ousness, sleeplessness, leucorrhosa. These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless beaded a life of a manifest and any spirits.

heeded a life of suffering or a serious

operation is the inevitable result.

The never-failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Kate McDonald, of Woodbridge, N. J., writes:

N. J., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I think that a woman naturally dislikes to make her troubles known to the public, but restored health has meant so much to me that I cannot help from telling mine for the sake of other suffering women.

"For a long time I suffered untold agony with a uterine trouble and irregularities, which made me a physical wreck, and no one thought I would recover, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me, and made me well and strong, and I feel it my duty to tell other suffering women what a splendid medicine it is."

If you are ill. don't hesitate to get a If you are ill, don't hesitate t

the bogey-man of grown-up children, whose vague and indefinite terrors may be summed up in an indescribable fear of microbes.—Medical Talk for the Home.

If you are in, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn. Mass., for special advice -it is free and always helpful.





A. N. K.-G

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment cures Sprains and Strains.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION