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The other day a Philadelphia business man advertised for a typewriter girl and wrote to one of these who replied, addressing her as "Dear Madam." By the return mail he received the following answer: "While thanking you for writing to me when in need of employes, I wish to state that I could not come unless you would alter the form of your address to me. Although not so very young, I am certainly not old enough to be addressed as madam. Neither have I ever lived as the wife of any man. I am as much of a lady as any of your daughters. I am sorry to seem too particular, but, while I cannot compel respect and politeness from people, I will starve, if necessary, before accepting work from them, at least so far as address goes. I do not understand the machine mentioned, and, while I would be willing to try and glad to have good work, I cannot come unless the form of address is as it should be."

The war between the "sweet tooth" party, who claim that the liking of children for candy is legitimate and should be recognized, and those opposed on dietetic grounds, is still on, but the pro-sugar factions have a new argument on their side. It is stated that our war department, taking the cue from the Germans, have found that sugar improves the endurance of soldiers, and has recently added candy to the rations of the American soldier. One New York firm alone has sent 50 tons of candy to the troops in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. The sweets are sealed in one-pound cans of an oval shape to fit the pockets of a soldier's uniform. Chocolate creams, cocoanut drops, lemon and lime drops are said to be the sweets preferred.

A tobacco paper says that 600,000 fewer cigarettes were smoked in the United States in 1899 than in 1898. Two or three "chappies" must have sworn off.

On June 15 the seat of the national government in Washington will have been occupied 100 years, and a grand celebration is being planned to commemorate the event.

The great increase within the past two years of the foreign market for American goods has been so generally distributed that there are few items of commerce which have not shared in the gain. It was not known, however, until the recent appearance of the treasury figures for the year ending December 31, 1899, that there was so large an increase last year in the exports of American butter and milk as compared with the year preceding. During the fiscal year 1898, says the New York Sun, there were exported from the United States 15,600,800 pounds of butter, valued at $2,428,144. Last year the exports of American butter amounted to 27,000,000 pounds, valued at $3,522,000. This increase was more marked for the reason that butter is one of the articles of commerce of which practically there are exports only, the total value of the butter imported into the United States (from Canada chiefly) being insignificant in amount, and being worth $6,600 in 1897, $4,000 in 1898 and $5,000 in 1899. Along with the increase in the exports of butter was an increase in those of milk. In 1898 the exports of American milk to foreign countries amounted to $692,000 in value. Last year they were $1,188,000 and the imports of milk (chiefly from Canada) showed no increase, but on the contrary a falling off from $62,000 in 1898 to $5,000 in 1899. In the case of butter and milk (American cheese has for years been a considerable item of export) the gain last year was chiefly in sales to England, which, as is well known, imports in enormous quantities butter for domestic consumption chiefly from Denmark, Holland and the two French provinces of Normandy and Brittany. Great Britain imports from other countries in a year 300,000,000 pounds of butter. The United States have an opportunity to acquire a share of this market and the treasury figures indicate that the opportunity is being utilized, for the value of American butter sent to England last year was more than half of the whole export trade in this item, being 17,000,000 pounds compared with 6,800,000 in the year preceding. To the West Indies butter amounting to 400,000 pounds was sent, to Canada 325,000 pounds, to Brazil 220,000 pounds (twice as much as the year before), to other South American countries 200,000 pounds, to Germany 137,000 pounds, to Mexico and Central American states 100,000 pounds, and to China and Japan 25,000 pounds. There is little American butter sent to France. The great increase in the market for American butter and milk is in exports to England, and the United States will, from the present indications, get more of this market each year. American cheese is shipped chiefly to Great Britain.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese ambassador at Washington, in the course of an interview with the editor of the National Magazine, gave expression to these views: "No, we do not ask the ballot for Chinamen, if you feel that it endangers any of your moral or religious institutions. A queue to a Chinaman is a part of his very life and eternity, and he is patient and willing to forego hopes of citizenship to preserve the integrity of his nationality—even though the disembowelment of the empire may seem imminent. We ask fair play, and that Chinamen be treated as human beings, and put under the same restrictions as other foreigners. We ask no more, and I expect to see a revolution in the existing sentiment, and the unjust restrictions removed before I leave Washington."

A little more than a year ago the school children of America were appealed to by the Lafayette monument committee to give their pennies toward the erection at Paris of a monument to Gen. Lafayette; and later, in furtherance of the movement, congress ordered the coining of 50,000 silver souvenir dollars. The dollars, stamped with the likenesses of Washington and Lafayette, have been coined; and on the 3d of March President Loubet, of France, received Mr. Thompson, secretary of the monument committee, who presented to him the first of the dollars coined.

Those very gullible persons who are fleeced by "divine healers" deserve little sympathy, says a Philadelphia exchange; but the number who are fleeced is somewhat startling. The very assumption of "Divinity" which will manifest itself only for cash should warn the intelligent public against those who pretend to possess it.

The court of appeals of Kentucky has held that a person who is learning to ride a bicycle upon a street, and while doing so was injured by a trolley car, was not guilty of contributory negligence so as to preclude recovery of damages.

Bicycle wedding tours are becoming a fad in some portions of the east. When a man gets his bride on a tandem he can form a pretty good idea of what assistance he can expect from her in driving along through life.

In every country town the great question in spring is that of weeds. The country news-papers soon will begin to publish the admonition: "Cut your weeds," and later will follow it by attacks on those who fail to take their advice and appeals to the public spirit of the negligent or parsimonious. The Iowa legislature undertook to regulate the matter of weed cutting by statute, and the last general assembly passed a law requiring land-owners to cut the weeds on highways and adjacent to their land, and providing that if they failed to comply with the law the weeds were to be cut and the expense charged up against the land. The result, says the Chicago Tribune, has been trouble in every part of Iowa. When the law is enforced there is complaint and when it is not there is complaint, and so the local authorities have had their hands full. At the present session a bill was introduced by Representative Wilson, of Keokuk, to authorize the supervisors to cut the weeds and pay for the work as for any other improvement. The importance of weed cutting being recognized by the villagers and the new law being ineffective, the bill passed the house without difficulty. When it came before the senate, however, it met with the determined opposition of Senators Harriman and Wallace, who declared that the present law should be enforced and the counties' money might better be spent for other improvements. Like the country editors, they believe it is the duty of every man to cut his own weeds. And so the bill failed in the senate. It is just as well that it did. The present law should be enforced, and if any man lacks the public spirit to cut his weeds the country editors will probably see to it that he is mulcted.

It is said the value of the egg crop of the state of Missouri exceeds in amount the value of the cereal crops of that state sold on the market.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE
Dangerous Kidney Diseases.
Celery King has cured me of kidney disease. The doctor feared Bright's disease, and tried many remedies that gave me no help. Celery King has made me as well as ever in my life, and it seems almost as though a miracle had been wrought in my case.—Jennie O. Reichard, Springtown, Pa.
Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

To Repair Broken Articles use
Major's Cement
Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

Booker T. Washington is one of the ablest of colored men, and probably is

Stood Out for His Tips.

doing more than any other man to aid his race. But it seems there are some of his own people who have lost faith in him, according to a little story told by the Chicago Inter Ocean: "Not long ago, when Mr. Washington was in Chicago, he stopped for a day at one of the hotels. He was pointed out to William, an old waiter who had been in the hotel for a long time. William was delighted to get a glimpse of the great man of his race, and was never tired of telling about it after that. One of the regular boarders is a stanch friend of William and a liberal tipper. William, said the boarder next morning, putting on a serious face, 'I met Mr. Washington yesterday, and I asked him what he thought of tipping. He is opposed to it.' The boarder stood with his hand insinuatingly in his change pocket. William's face fell and settled into despairing gloom. 'Well, boss,' the waiter said, shaking his head emphatically, 'if dat is de posishun ob Mistah Washington I'se unat'ably opposed to it.'"

"Frequently there are inquiries made of the patent office in regard to a shoe-tie, or self-fastening shoe string," remarked a patent office examiner, "and anything in that line, if at all practical, would produce more money than the mines of the Klondike. Shoe manufacturers have been on the lookout for such an invention for years, and it would be interesting to see how they would bid against each other for the invention should it develop. The shoe manufacturing concerns are represented by a number of clever and competent attorneys, and they keep a sharp lookout for anything in their line that turns up. There have been a number of inventions in the matter of self-tieing shoe strings, and patents have been issued, but they are not practical or not susceptible of improvement.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable,

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

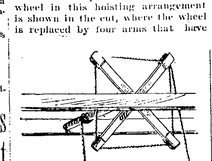
Home of Swamp-Root.

FARM AND GARDEN

HOISTING APPARATUS.

It Is of the Greatest Assistance Where Heavy and Bulky Articles Have to Be Lifted.

The wheel and shaft that is found in many farm buildings to aid in raising heavy weights is decidedly convenient; but a wheel is not easy to make. A simple substitute for the wheel in this hoisting arrangement is shown in the cut, where the wheel is replaced by four arms that have



SIMPLE HOISTING DEVICE.

guides at their ends, through which a rope will wind and unwind. The method of making is plainly shown in the cut. Such a device is of the greatest assistance where heavy articles are to be lifted for weighing or other purposes. The arms are just as convenient to use as they would be if doubled in number, and a rim put upon the outer ends, and are much easier to make. The longer the arms the greater the power, of course, but this form of lifting machinery is very powerful in any circumstance, and quite adequate for raising any ordinary weight.—N. Y. Tribune.

SIZE OF DRAIN TILE.

Nothing Smaller Than Four Inches Should Be Used for Ordinary Farm Purposes.

The users of drain tile are coming more and more to use the larger tile. For a good many years farmers have dug ditches for and used 2½-inch, three-inch and 3½-inch tile. Now they have come to see that four-inch tile does better service and costs little more than the other. The smaller sized tiles are being discarded to such an extent that some of the manufacturers this year will make no tile smaller than four-inch. The movement is a step in advance. It costs just as much to dig a ditch for a three-inch tile as for a four-inch, and that is the principal cost of the tile drain. Small tile becomes easier clogged with the sediment. In time the frost gets at it and chips off some of the inside it is the easier to fill up, especially where the fall is sufficient to give considerable current, which in turn washes into one piece of tile the chips from many. The larger tile carries off the flood water much more rapidly than the smaller tile and the amount of air thus drawn into the soil is considerable. The men that are going to put in tile drains this summer will do well to contract only for large tile. Doubtless some of the manufacturers or their agents will have on hand small bore tile that they will want to get rid of and will make strenuous efforts to induce farmers to buy. It will be well for farmers in such cases to remember that the other fellows are merely trying to "unload" on them. Even a large reduction in price should fail to induce intelligent farmers to put in a tile that will not do the best of work.—Farmers' Review.

UTILIZING WINDMILLS.

Could Be Employed for the Irrigation of Strawberries and Vegetables to Good Effect.

In parts of Kansas and Nebraska the farmers are utilizing their windmills to irrigate small patches of ground near their homes for garden purposes. In some cases indeed these patches include not less than ten or twelve acres of ground. There are numerous windmills scattered through the middle west that should be more fully utilized than at present. At some of our experiment stations irrigation has been tried on strawberries and vegetables with very good effect. Even a quarter of an acre brought under irrigation should give good results. This will be found easily accomplished where the soil is sufficiently clayey to puddle well. The cost should be small, as the water used is surplus water that would otherwise remain unused. In the states near the great lakes the effort should prove effective for the reason that the rainfall is usually quite good and the supply of moisture in the ground practically inexhaustible. The soil water is within a few feet of the surface, while in the regions west of the Mississippi the soil water is frequently 25 or more feet below the surface, and the problem of lifting becomes great.—Farmers' Review.

USES OF DEAD HORSES.

In These Days of Industrial Rivalry and Economy Every Part Finds Profitable Use.

The leg bones are very hard and white and are used for handles of pocket and table cutlery, says the Horse World.

The tail and mane are especially valuable, as from these are made the hair cloth of commerce.

The ribs and head are burned to make bone black, after they have been treated for the glue that is in them.

The phosphate of lime, acted upon by sulphuric acid and calcined with carbon, produces phosphorus for lucifer matches.

The short hair taken from the hides is used to stuff cushions and horse collars, thus the dead are made to minister to the comfort of the living.

The hide furnishes a waterproof leather known to the trade as cordovan, and is used for the manufacture of high-class hunting and wading boots.

There is an animal oil yielded in the cooking process which is a deadly poison, and enters into the composition of many insecticides and vermifuges.

In calcining of horses' bones the vapors arising are condensed and form the chief source of carbonate of ammonia, which constitutes the base of nearly all ammoniacal salts.

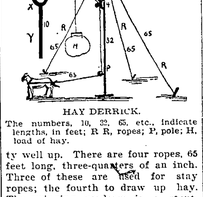
The hoofs of the animal are removed and after being boiled to extract the oil from them, the hoofs substance is shipped to the manufacturers of combs and what are known as Mikado goods.

The bones to make glue are dissolved in muriatic acid, which takes the phosphate of lime away, the soft element retaining the shape of the bone is dissolved in boiling water, cast into squares and dried on nets.

STRONG HAY DERRICK.

Its Designer Claims That It Is a Great Labor Saver and Always Works Smoothly.

The accompanying cut shows a hay derrick which has been used for years on our farm, and borrowed by our appreciative friends. It is a great labor saver and works very smoothly, unloading a large load of hay at five forkfuls. Double harpoon used now instead of forks. The center pole (raised with horse) is 32 feet long, eight-inch base, holding its size pretty well up. There are four ropes, 65 feet long, three-quarters of an inch. Three of these are used for stay ropes; the fourth to draw up hay. The swinging yardarm is a stout, forked branch, rounded to fit the main pole with iron band attachment bolted to main pole. We use three pulleys, a double harpoon hay fork and a stout, trusty horse to draw up hay. The horse is goodl to back or halt instantly. It takes one good man, or a lad, one to load harpoon, and a small boy to lead or ride the horse. From 15 to 25 tons of hay can be easily stacked in a day.—Kendall Perry, in Ohio Farmer.



HAY DERRICK.

The numbers, 8, 32, 65, etc., indicate lengths, in feet; R R, ropes; P, pole; H, load of hay.

The Fecundity of Parasites.

A certain authority has stated that a single female louse may become the grandmother of 10,000 in eight weeks' time. Some other parasitic insects are said to breed even more rapidly. There is but one way to exterminate them and that is to kill the first one as quickly as possible before it has an opportunity for breeding. This is not so difficult if one pays attention to the market, and as soon as their presence is suspected uses any good reliable remedy for them, of which there are many, although we know of none more efficient than kerosene emulsion, or a mixture of kerosene one pint in four pints of skim milk. In that proportion it may be used safely by a sponge or cloth, rubbing it into the skin. We remember when it was unusual to see calves in the spring that were not troubled with lice as it is now to find a flock of poultry without them, and we hope another half century will banish them from the poultry yard as generally as the last half century has from the calf pen.

Composting Hog Manure.

Manure from hogs ought always to be composted and mixed with other excrement to ferment. The excrement from pigs does not heat readily, and when drawn on the land to be spread thinly before being plowed under it will not ferment sufficiently to do much good the first season. If mixed with the excrement from horses the faults of each help to correct those of the other. Horse excrement heats too rapidly and is liable to firefang or be burned in the hemp, leaving nothing but the ash as manure. Some farmers make a hog yard back of their stables, allowing the hogs to root over the piles of horse manure which are thrown on from grain-fed horses. If the horses are fed on whole grain the hogs will get quite a good deal of their keep, and on rooting over the horse manure their own excrement will be mixed with it.—American Cultivator.

The American exhibit at Paris, representing over 4,000 firms, will be a fair in itself. Not less than 10,000 Americans have been engaged for permanent services on the grounds.

A Happy Mother's Gratitude

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 26,285]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have many, many thanks to give you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. When my first confinement I was sick for nine years with prolapsus of the womb, had pain in left side, in small of back, a great deal of headache, palpitation of heart and leucorrhœa. I felt so weak and tired that I could not do my work. I became pregnant again and took your Compound all through, and now have a sweet baby girl. I never before had such an easy time during my confinement. I feel it was due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now able to do my work and feel better than I have for years. I cannot thank you enough."—MRS. EDWARD LEINDER, DEVINE, TEX.

Wonderfully Strengthened.

"I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills and feel wonderfully strengthened. Before using your remedies I was in a terrible state; felt like fainting every little while. I thought I must surely die. But now, thanks to your remedies, those feelings are all gone."—MRS. EMILIE SCHNEIDER, 1244 HELEN AVE., DETROIT MICH.

Constipation
Will cause you more trouble than any other disease
YOU are apt to let it run along, thinking you will get over it. You get worse. Your system becomes full of poisonous matter. It causes headache, blotches on your face, and a multitude of compl.
DON'T
Try to cure Constipation by dosing with violent physics. Take the
USE
Lee's New Life
A simple herb remedy, tastes good, never sickens, gripes or pains. A sample free.
Large Packages,
SOLD BY
L. A. BURROWS.

BRACE UP.
BEFORE. AFTER.
The above cut shows the application of our Clips. Fights and Clamps in repairing smooth or barb wire fences. Simple, easily applied, reasonable in price. Makes old fences as good as new.
The following cut represents one of our fences constructed of No. 9 smooth wire. You just imagine putting in as many horizontal wires as you wish, fighting them tautagainst posts, using Fights and Clamps, making it hog or sheep proof if desired. It is common sense and the cheapest fence made of wire. Dont get the idea that our fence is an experiment, it costs but very little more than plain or barb wire. A postal card will bring you circular and price list. Why not look into it.
OPEN CLOSED
ANCHOR FENCE CO.
Jamestown, N. Y.
See our agent in your town. If you dont find one correspond with the above address.
Reliable agents wanted in New York and Pennsylvania.

GRAY'S 25c BALSAM.
DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH but dissolves it, soothes the soreness and heals effectually. It is the best-known remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup and Throat and Lung troubles generally. Sold by all druggists.

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address, THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.
Subscriptions to The Patent Record $1.00 per annum.

OLD HOMES.

Old homes among the hills! I love their gradens,
Their old rock fences, that our day inherits;
Their doors, 'round which the great trees stand like wardens,
Their paths, down which the shadows march like spirits;
Broad doors and paths that reach bird-haunted gardens.

I see them gray among their ancient
Severe of front, their sullen lichens sprinkled—
Like gentle-hearted, solitary Quakers,
Grave and religious, with kind faces wrinkled—
Serene among their memory-hallowed acres.

Their gardens, banked with roses and with lilies—
Those, sweet aristocrats of all the flowers—
Where Springtime mints her gold in daffodillies,
And Autumn coins her marigolds in showers.
And all the hours are toilless as the lilies.

I love their orchards where the gray woodpecker
Flits, flashing o'er you, like a winged jewel;
Their woods, whose floors of moss the squirrels checker
With half-hulled nuts; and where, in cool renewal,
The wild brooks laugh, and raps the red woodpecker.

Old homes! old hearts! Upon my soul forever
Their peace and gladness lie like tears and laughter;
Like love they touch me, through the years that sever
With simple faith; like friendship, draw me after
The dreams my patience that is theirs forever.

—Madison Cawein, in Myth and Romance.

TOM HUNT

By David H. Talmadge.

THE weather smiled cordially upon the Big Woods district, of which Lawtonville was the center, until the first of February; then it frowned and snapped.

Tom Hunt, who was of some distinction in the village as its only chronic invalid, and affected in some degree by insomnia, reported that the wind flopped from the south to the north week shortly after midnight, and that less than two hours later he heard distinctly the chug of the mercury as it struck bottom. Which, there being no conflicting testimony, must be accepted as a statement of fact.

It is known positively by the community in general, by which is meant everyone but Peter Cupply, who has become impervious to atmospheric influences through the patient application of alcoholic waters to his inside, that at daylight the wind was galing bitterly and the air was full of dust-colored particles that stung like miniature whips. Furthermore, the town pump was frozen, and there were icicles upon the beard of Benjamin Rood, the village patriarch, when he arose from his bed. His daughter so informed a neighbor when they were walking home from the funeral that morning.

Ah, it was cutting, biting cold!

Tom Hunt, who, despite his responsibilities as a chronic invalid, also assumed the office of the town wit, and therein preached a daily sermon upon the saving grace of a sense of humor, said it was the coldest weather since '39, when as a boy he had wonderingly witnessed his good father milk the family cow without a pail. There was really no occasion to use a pail, he said, for the streams of milk congealed instantly, and it was only necessary, when the animal's dairy had been emptied, to gather up the long, slender milk-needles into his arms and carry them into the house.

A very pleasant liar was Tom Hunt, and much was he loved by the townspeople, for he was an unfailing source of comfort in times of trouble and illness. No disease was there in the catalogue of human ailments from which he had not at some time suffered; no misfortune in all the long list of such things with which he had not had his tussle and issued forth triumphant. And it rebounded to the everlasting credit of Lawtonville people that they overlooked, as a rule, the inconsistencies of his statements and accepted him as the blessing he wished to be. It was his way, that was all. There are too few—far too few—such liars as Tom Hunt in the world.

On the 1st of February he arose from his couch and kindled the fires. The house was warm before his mother—many years a widow—appeared to prepare the morning meal. Tom was sitting by the window reading a letter. He put the letter into his pocket when the old lady entered the room and greeted her in his customary good-natured way:

"Mornin', mother. Sleep good?"

"Pretty good, Thomas, thank you. Colder, ain't it?"

"A little," replied Tom, with a significant look at the frost-coated window. "I reckon if 'twas much colder every thermometer in town'd be busted. It stand near to 30 below zero, and there's a right smart wind blowin'."

"Br-r-r-r!" shivered the old lady, wrapping a shawl about her shoulders. "Didn't a very good day for the funeral, is it?"

Tom's face, which had been beaming with smiles, sobered instantly, and his hand jerked involuntarily toward the pocket where the letter was stowed. "No, it ain't, and that's the truth," he said, seriously. "But then, you know," he added, brightening, "people don't expect no great pleasure from funerals anyhow."

Mrs. Hunt sighed.

After a time, when the coffee was ready and she and Tom were facing each other across the small table, she intercepted his hand as he was reaching for the sugar and held it for a moment lovingly.

"You're a good boy, Thomas," she said.

"I'm glad you think so, mother. I s'pose I might be worse."

"You're 55 years old to-day, Thomas."

"Bless us, so I am!" exclaimed Tom, stroking his bushy red beard with his disengaged hand. "I'd have forgot it entirely if you hadn't mentioned it."

"Thomas?"

"Well, mother?"

"It was on this day 25 years ago that you were—you were—"

"Goin' to get married." Tom concluded the sentence somewhat grimly. "So I was."

"Thomas, why didn't you?"

"Haven't I told you, mother, hundreds of times?"

"Yes; but, dear, I've never believed you."

"Mother"—Tom looked at the old lady with the utmost solemnity—"I've told you the truth. She and I were not suited to each other. My hair was too red, and her eyes were too black. 'Twas lucky we found it out in time. I reckon some one'd been unhappy if we hadn't."

"Are you sure, Thomas, that some one hasn't been unhappy anyway?"

"Well, tolerable certain, mother. She—she got married almost right away to another fellow, didn't she? I don't think the disappointment was very close to her vitals, or she wouldn't have done that."

"But you, my boy."

"Me?" Tom laughed. "Have you seen me mopin' or pinin' or dwindlin' away durin' the past 25 years? I guess not. And it stands to reason, I s'pose, that I would have moped and pined and dwindled some if I'd took it much to heart? Mother, don't you be frettin' your old gizzard about this thing any more; it ain't worth it. Please to pass the doughnuts."

The meal was finished in silence. Tom had his overcoat on before he spoke again.

"It's quite a ways over there," he said, "and I reckon I'd better be startin'."

"Then you're really goin', Thomas?"

"Of course, mother. Why not?"

His mother offered no reply to the question. She only sighed deeply and put up her tremulous old lips to be kissed, clinging to Tom's shoulders until he gently pushed her aside.

"I'll be back to dinner—maybe earlier," he said, cheerily. "Have the house pipin' hot, mother, for I'm thinkin' I'll run the temperature down a bit when I come. It's cold enough in the holler, but out on the hill where the wind blows free I'll warrant it's colder than the comfort of strangers."

Then he strode away. His mother stood at the window watching him until he turned the corner into the highway which led straight through the village to the hill, two miles distant, where the dead slept.

"Poor Thomas! Dear child!" Mrs. Hunt uttered the words half aloud as she poured boiling water into the dishpan. "I ain't so blind that I can't see it—not so blind as that—no, no." She shook her head dolefully. "He hasn't been the same child since that day, 25 years ago, when he come home with a ghostly smile on his face and told me 'twas all over between him and Maria Bates. I almost fainted with the shock of it, for I wasn't real strong then, havin'—havin' lost Joshua such a short time before. I thought then 'twas the girl's fault, and I think so yet. She's made the poor boy's life a bed of thistles, just because Dick Morglinton had propty and wanted her to marry him. I hope she's been happy, but it'd been truly a righteous judgment on her if she'd have come to a realizin' sense long ago of what she's missed by not havin' Thomas. Think of him goin' to that funeral on a day like this! There ain't more'n one man in a thousand would do it."

Tom's mind, also, was busy with thoughts of the past as he plodded toward the great house where the crape was fluttering. He was wondering whether he had acted wisely; whether the reward had been worth the sacrifice. He told himself that it had. At any rate, it was too late now for—

He entered the darkened house and seated himself upon the edge of a chair near the door, almost beneath the heavy curtains. The room was nearly filled with people, all of whom he knew; but in the restraint—that tenseness which comes at times like this—he looked at them, and they returned the look, with unresponsive eyes. It was as though they were strangers.

Suddenly the curtain behind him moved slightly, and he heard his name spoken. He was startled, but controlled himself by a mighty effort. He knew who uttered the words, although they were spoken in the faintest of whispers.

"Tom—come!"

He arose unsteadily to his feet, and passed into the hall. A woman, clad in deepest mourning, stood waiting for him.

"Maria!"

The woman extended her hands.

"Tom, my dear friend," she whispered, "it was very, very good of you to come. I feel so—so alone, and, despite it all I have remembered that it is your birthday. I have a gift—a very poor little gift—for you."

She fumbled tremblingly at the bosom of her dress, and drew forth a locket, fastened by a slender gold chain. She opened it, showing him a picture of himself.

"It is the portrait you gave, Tom, before—before—"

"I know—I know," whispered Tom, huskily. "It means that—that you are still faithful."

"As always, dear friend."

"And I," said Tom.

He seized her hand and kissed it once, twice, thrice. Then she floated away down the great hallway—and he returned to his seat.

It was not a long service. Dick Morglinton's virtues had not been many, and the rooms were cold. Tom followed in the line that passed, according to custom, about the coffin, and there were tears in his eyes as he looked upon the disappointment-marked face of the dead man—tears of sorrow for what had been and what might have been—perhaps, for what might yet be.

He returned from the cemetery in excellent spirits, albeit the cold had nearly reached his marrow.

"Here I am, mother," he cried, as he opened the door; "pretty stiff, but still wigglin'."

"Were there many out?" inquired his mother. She was putting the dinner on to the table.

"Quite a sprinklin', but mighty few of 'em went to the graveyard. Honest, if my whiskers had been any other color I think they'd have froze and snapped off up there."

"It must have been terrible hard on Maria."

"Y-e-s, I reckon it must." He looked searchingly into the old lady's face. "Mother, you said the otner day that you'd be happier if I were married, and had somebody to keep the home goin' if—when—"

"When I am gone." The old lady spoke eagerly. "Yes, Thomas, I did. And it's so. I ain't long for this world, dear boy. I was 82 last June. I hate to think of leavin' you here all alone. But why? What's put the notion into your head so sudden? You ain't—"

"No, I ain't. Only I was thinkin' that you mustn't let your mind dwell on such things, mother. You're younger now than plenty of women who haven't lived half the years. That's all, mother."

At the corner store that afternoon he told cold-weather stories and cracked jokes, while he nursed his frozen nose and ears. But that night, after his mother had gone to bed, he sat long before the fire, with a letter—a letter yellowed by age—in his hand, reading and rereading.

"Dearest Tom," it said, "I have been thinking of what you said last night of staying by your mother. It does you credit—yes, it is noble in you, but, dear, it hurts. I am not so good as you. My parents are not so fortunate in their daily care as your mother is in you. Sometimes I feel that I could do the whole world, if by so doing I could take you to myself—alone. But in my sincerer moments I can see that such thoughts are foolish. I must do as father wishes. I presume, and sacrifice myself. It is hard—O so hard—to marry one whom I neither love nor respect. Perhaps, some time—"

The letter ended at this point in a great blot.

"Perhaps—some time," repeated Tom, slowly, wiping his eyes, "perhaps some time. She felt she had to break away from me, poor girl. She couldn't help it. Her folks were cruel hard. I'm glad I told her the lie about stickin' by mother; it sort of made it easier for her."

He pushed his chair back from the fire and glanced at the door of his mother's room.

"It's been for the best, I s'pose," he muttered. "Mother'd have been alone, or if she hadn't been alone maybe she and Maria wouldn't have hitched. But, perhaps—some time—"

He raised his face and drew a long breath. Then a glad look came into his eyes.

"Seems to me it's gettin' warmer," he said.—Philadelphia Press.

Japs Turned the Joke.

The Shipping World says: "A good story apropos of the visit of the Japanese prince is being told in Paris against a former Japanese embassy which came to France to arrange about three free ports which were to be opened to trade in Japan and France, respectively. The French minister of foreign affairs chose Yokohama, Yeddo and Han-Yang. The Japanese ambassador smiled and went away. Soon afterward Japan signified that she had selected the three French ports of Havre, Marseilles and Southampton. The French foreign office went into fits of laughter at this blunder, and pointed out that Southampton was in Zaptland. 'We are perfectly aware of it,' replied the Japanese ambassador, 'and Han-Yang is in Korea.'"

An Exciting Run.

The following incident in Lord Wolseley's military career is recorded as having taken place when he was in his twenties, and had been in the British army three years. He speaks of it himself as the most exciting experience of his life. It was in Burma, and Wolseley was in charge of a small detachment. During the advance he had the bad luck to fall into a deep hole, and when he crawled out found himself on the enemy's side. As he emerged he was met with such a shower of bullets that he slid back in short order. After a few minutes he came out again, and, amid a vigorous volley, ran for his life. He was nearly 300 yards from the British line, and was hit three times before he reached a place of safety.—Youth's Companion.

He Grasped It.

An old tradition recounts that when William the Conqueror landed for the first time on English soil, he slipped and fell on his face. Divining by a swift intuition that his followers might regard this as an evil omen, he rose with his hands full of earth, and exclaimed: "This do I take possession of England! I grasp it with both hands."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A New York doctor says: "I know of several girls who have died from sipping ices through a straw. This is the reason: In sucking the ices up the cold substance strikes the palate of the mouth and cools the head. Then when the young women walk in the sun and exert themselves the cold reacts, giving them a severe headache, which is later followed by a fever, and in some cases death has resulted."

Beware of ice cream and soft drinks, fruits and ices. More than twice as many persons died last year from inability to cure their appetite for these summer luxuries than were carried to their grave from dread consumption and fever (soldiers included).

Among the American exhibits at the Paris exposition will be 2,500 barrels of apples. The fruit will be pointed out to visitors as one of the prolific sources of French champagne.

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