

WIND ON THE SEA

The loneliness of the sea is in my heart, and the wind is not more lonely than this gray sail.

THE SACRED ARMCHAIR

Story of a Soldier's Return.

Captain Carus Bentley of the Eleventh Artillery regiment limped down the gangway from the transport and stepped on pier 19 with the vague, indefinite satisfaction that after a year in the tropics he was getting back to God's country.

Regularly and faithfully, with the devotion of her sex, she had written to him, and at the end of ten months, having received no reply, she had ceased.

Bentley crawled into a cab and drove to his rooms. He had cabled his housekeeper from Cuba before the transport had sailed, and he knew that his apartments would be in trim order when he arrived.

Presently the housekeeper opened the door, and Bentley's collar was alert at her heels. Mrs. Blossom could only ejaculate incoherent sentences in the exuberance of her surprise and joy.

"Happy and improving," your nurse wrote last," she said, "so I had no fear for you."

"Happy and improving," Bentley echoed under his breath. "I wonder if she, too, heard that?"

"Little old woman," he said, "you've been lonesome, haven't you? So have I. I've wanted to be back here millions of times. Yes, I have, little woman. And I had hoped when I did come that we might not be alone any more and that the heart might not be so dreary.

unusually, "I am going to tell you a secret. Don't get angry and bark, will you? I haven't told you before because there wasn't time before I went away. But I met her at Mrs. Mantou's ball three weeks before I sailed.

"I knew her three weeks, and just think of it, Jess, she said she loved me, and she promised to come and sit at the other side of the fire and to tease us and kiss us and make tea for us. Ah, little woman, I began to believe that our dream was coming true."

"I was nervous, little woman," Bentley said. "Now settle back and let me tell you the rest. I have wanted so much to tell somebody. It has been rather hard to keep it shut up in one's heart without even the comfort of a friendly pal."

"I think there is something which annoys the dog," he said, as he got up to do her bidding. But she had disappeared again.

Bentley went to his room and stood at the door and looked in. It seemed dreary to him. He did not have the heart to inspect Mrs. Blossom's arrangements. He turned again to go back to the fire.

"Louise," he whispered audibly. A yellow head turned and smiled at him in an old, familiar way. He stole to his chair and sat down, looking at the quiet, graceful girl.

"Louise, Louise," he whispered feelingly. The colle sprang at her skirts and barked indignantly. A strange being filled the depths of the sacred armchair, which Jess had been taught never to use herself and to protect with religious vigilance against intruders.

"Louise, is it you, dearest?" "Yes, it is I," she answered calmly. "The newspapers said that you had been mortally wounded, but the surgeon called other news, and I concluded that he knew. I came today to inquire for you of your housekeeper, and you surprised me here."

"Some time," she laughed exultantly, with sudden gaiety, as she got up to run toward the door. She stopped in the middle of the room and came back and leaned over to kiss the spot on his head devoid of its silken gray hairs and then the sunburned cheeks, seamed with lines of long suffering, and then the dear limp arm with its glorious wound.

"Why, little woman, that empty chair has stood there opposite mine for ten years now. Yes, ten years. You haven't kept such close watch of the time as I have." He drew the colle close into his arms, and she lay there, complacently, blinking into the fire.

EFFECTIVE REPROOFS

Payson Tucker had a Quick Eye and Pointed Methods. Two incidents in the railroad life of Payson Tucker are told that well illustrate what a worker he was and his attention to the details of business.

"Do you have all the help you want here?" "Yes, sir; all that we need." "Quite sure you have enough?" "Yes, sir. There is not much to be done at so small a station."

"That all?" asked Mr. Tucker, when the agent had concluded. "Yes, sir; nothing else." "That so?" said Mr. Tucker, taking in the untidy appearance of the room and station at a glance.

THE SOLDIER'S PAROLE

What is Meant by It and How It is Arranged. Parole, it must be understood, is a purely voluntary compact. The captor is not obliged to offer to parole his prisoner, and the prisoner is not obliged to accept of it.

"If he does so, he will probably be released on pledging his word not to serve during the existing war. If he refuses, he will remain captive until the war is over or until he can make his escape."

"Moreover, if a prisoner should make a pledge not approved by his own government he is bound to return and surrender himself to the enemy."

"Why He Ate Salad. Mrs. Greene-Charles, I was astonished at the way you devoured that salad tonight. You know you always said you detested salad."

FOOD FOR REFLECTION

"Food for reflection," observed the ostrich, with a certain rude wit, as he swallowed the fragments of the mirror.

MEN OF MARK

William J. Bryan, Congressman Williams and Richard Yates were members of the same class at Illinois college. Rev. Dr. Norman Fox, a retired Baptist clergyman, has been elected mayor by the Republicans of Morristown, N. J.

A New York paper is authority for the statement that Thomas B. Reed is growing more pithy and that he uses the facts as the basis for a claim of extraordinary politeness, because he is able to give two ladies a seat by standing up in a crowded car.

James J. Clark, once a prosperous restaurant owner of New York, who made \$50,000 a year from the Bluff cafe alone until that notorious resort was shut up by the police, has opened a clam chowder stand at Coney Island.

Two years ago Louis Patnaud resigned his place as assistant postmaster of Everett, Wash., to try his fortune in the Donkey. Three of his friends gave him \$400 as a "grub stake" for him.

With all the enormous advances made in our knowledge of the constitution of matter, both physically and chemically, we are not yet able to supply the complete answer to such a simple question as why is sugar sweet?

Sugar is not the only substance known to us possessing sweetness, but it is the only known naturally occurring substance which possesses this character. Therefore, it is not uncommonly thought that when a substance is sweet it must contain sugar.

"How to Have Genius Rewarded. The artist was bewailing his luck. "My paintings are gems," he said. "Even the critics admit that, but I can't get any prices for them."

"But how could I profit by that?" demanded the artist. "Let me finish," said the man of business. "If you could arrange to die temporarily, your fortune would be made. Just make me the executor of your estate, drop out of sight for a while and you will have both fame and money."

"On Purple Lilies. My sister calls them 'four de lils.' Then mother, who oft talks akin, With quite an air, says, 'four de lils.' With good Aunt Sarah, curt and spruce, Boasts of her garden 'flower de luce.'"

"A Trifle Too Good. Chappie-I wish to aw-purchase an umbrella. Dealer-Umbrella, sir? Yes, sir. Here something just out, sir-\$10. Chappie-Oh, not that kind. I've got another of that kind, don't you know, want something to use when it rains, don't you know."

"Always the Same. 'Marry a woman, marry a man.' The wife observed, with clouded brow, 'John's up to his old tricks again.' 'When he came courting me, I, too, I couldn't make him go home then.' 'And I can't make him come home now.'"

HARD ISLAND

THURSDAY, Aug. 30.—Mrs. E. Robson is spending a few days this week, visiting friends at Union Valley. During the thunder-storm on Monday night lightning struck the ground near the residence of Mr. T. Haworth and threw in a portion of the cellar wall.

MONDAY, Sept. 3.—Duck-hunting is the order of the day. A large number of hunters were in tents that had been pitched on the shore of the lake for some days before Sept. 1st, and long before day-break on Saturday they were in readiness.

W. T. has sold his Ayrshire bull and the price realized has enabled him to buy enough stove pipe iron to line up part of his granary to keep the rats and mice from running away with his grain.

STEEL WOOL

A Curious Material Used as a Substitute For Sandpaper. Steel wool is a machine produced material that is used as a substitute for sandpaper. It is composed of sharp edged threads of steel, which curl up together like wool, or somewhat as the wood fibers of the familiar material known as excelsior curl up together.

Made in various degrees of coarseness, steel wool is put to a variety of uses, the finer wools for polishing wood and metal, and the coarser for rubbing down paint and varnish. It is often used on special parts of work, while, for example, on the flat surfaces of a door a man would use sandpaper with a block back of it; for the moldings he would use steel wool, which fits into the crevices and conforms itself to irregular shapes.

Sandpaper clogs in use, steel wool breaks down. The wool is commonly used with gloves to keep the ends from sticking into the fingers.—New York Sun.

"Of course not," returned the man of business. "You see, the trouble with you is that you are alive, and genius is rewarded only after death. Now, if you could arrange to die"—

Unroasted coffee berries are often made from oat and rye flour and cornmeal. The natural aroma of these grains is destroyed by some process, and after the proper amount of coffee aroma is added the berries are formed and caused to maintain their shape by some adhesive substance.

The native dress of the better class of Japanese of both sexes is a loose wrapper, open at the chest and at the waist confined by a girdle.

It is estimated that an average of eight matches are used daily by every man, woman and child.

"Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By"

"Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is 'under the weather' from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints. "Bills—I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles have not since been bothered." E. H. GLADWIN, Truro, N. S.

"To-morrow Morning, Ma'am." Apropos of Lord Roberts' interview with the Queen before his departure for the Cape, a correspondent writes to a London paper: "I am reminded of what was told me many years ago by an intimate friend of the late Lord Clyde regarding the interview which that old warrior had with Her Majesty after she had received the awful news of the Indian Mutiny."

"Well, it all depends on the choice one has. The 13th, of course, would be preferable to the 14th, but not so good as the 12th."

Preferable to Some Other Days. "Would you consent to be married on the thirteenth of the month?" asked the sweet young thing.

So many persons have hair that is stubborn and dull. It won't grow. What's the reason? Hair needs help just as anything else does at times. The roots require feeding. When hair stops growing it loses its luster. It looks dead.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR acts almost instantly on such hair. It awakens new life in the hair bulbs. The effect is astonishing. Your hair grows, becomes thicker, and all dandruff is removed. And the original color of early life is restored to faded or gray hair. This is always the case.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and am really astonished at the good it has done in keeping my hair from coming out. It is the best tonic I have tried, and I shall continue to use it to my friends." MATTIE HOLT, Sept. 24, 1896. Burlington, N. C.

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