

THE FLOWER OF FAME.

He sought it before the billow of spring on the meadow was seen. When only the flush of the willow was tracing the river with green. He scanned the slope of the faying snows that dappled the mountain slope. And ever too late the March sun rose, for he searched the world with hope.

I saw him at noon of the summer day, and that was the favorite hour. To one who had hunted from March to May and never had found a flower. For the light was full, as though the sun were aiding his eager quest. And there were no warning shadows to run o'er his path from east or west.

And still in September's purple and gold he was hunting the grudging ground. But not with the steady eye of old or the spring-time's joyous bound. If he stopped in his feverish roaming, 'twas to question the darkling air. Too early came the gloaming; he was searching with despair.

And while, for a chance of the rarest, he wanders in storm or heat. He is blind to the charm of the fairest he is crushing beneath his feet. The flower of every valley, the flower of all the year. Deep in whose broken blossom the dew lies like a tear.

—Robert Underwood Johnson in Century.

ALMOST A BURGLARY

An Old Lady Has Her Way and Her Niece Has a Wedding Present.

Mrs. Driscoll had a mind of her own. Some uncharitable people went so far as to say that if she had not had so much mind her husband might have been living today. Be that as it may, he died and left her sole mistress of a handsome property, with no one to oppose her will.

She adopted one of his nieces and loved her as well as she could love any one but herself.

The niece grew up a winsome lassie and had lovers, as maidens will. Luckily her choice was her aunt's as well, and the day was set for her marriage with Harry Winship without opposition, the only condition being that she should return to Mrs. Driscoll's home after a brief wedding tour.

"Well, Kate," said the stately lady the day before the wedding, "everything is ready, and I must say that I never saw preparations more complete—not even for your uncle's funeral, poor man! I always meant to give you a handsome marriage portion. So get your hat. We'll go to the bank."

What girl would delay under similar circumstances?

The carriage was speedily ordered, and soon stopped before the bank.

Except the bank officials, there was in the building only George Travis, one of Kate's discarded suitors, who was getting an insignificant check cashed.

Mrs. Driscoll was not slow to see an opportunity to flatter her niece, as her worthy husband had been accustomed to say.

Drawing her checkbook, she smilingly wrote a check for \$2,000 and presented it to the cashier.

"Payable to Miss Kate—a marriage portion, I presume. Ah, very generous of you! Miss Kate, I congratulate you," said the cashier. "Shall I make the new book in your own name?"

"She wants no book—at least not yet," retorted Mrs. Driscoll sharply.

"When I give a thing, I give it. I want good, solid money for that check—bright, yellow gold."

"But—why—you live fully a mile from a neighbor. Have you—do you think of the temptation?" he said hesitatingly.

"Did I ask your advice?" snapped Mrs. Driscoll. "I am able to take care of my own property, and if I will not break the bank I want it in gold."

"Certainly, madam. My conscience is clear if you wake up to find yourself murdered tomorrow morning. This bank can pay ten times that sum at sight, madam," was the dignified reply, to which Mrs. Driscoll listened in curt silence.

The cashier went into the vault, closing the door behind him.

George Travis, having counted the money received on his check, went out without a glance at the two ladies.

"There! Now I reckon Travis begins to realize what he has lost," nodded Mrs. Driscoll.

Kate blushed slightly.

"But, aunt," she said uneasily, "wouldn't it be better for me to take a book with the money left to my credit? Harry will not be here until tomorrow, and—think of the risk! It is unsafe."

"How long is it since I came to be told my duty by a miss of 18?" breathed Mrs. Driscoll scornfully. "What a coward you are! If you don't want the money, say so, and I'll let it remain where it is. If you do want it, hold your tongue and help me take care of it until I can give you both into Harry Winship's keeping."

Further conversation was prevented by the cashier's return.

He carried a strong iron box.

"Count it!" commanded Mrs. Driscoll.

One by one the golden coins were counted under her admiring eyes.

"There, that is money! That is like a wedding gift!" she ejaculated in a satisfied tone.

"Better let me give you a receipt for it and put it into the safe tonight," suggested the cashier.

"Put it into my carriage!" was the sharp order to the bank porter.

The man obeyed and watched with a puzzled face the carriage out of sight.

"She beats all I ever saw," he said. "I don't wonder her husband died."

Meanwhile Mrs. Driscoll returned home well satisfied with the world and herself in particular.

She had had her own way.

"I shall not put this under my pillow as I generally do," she said to Kate. "The box is harder than feathers. I shall put it under the corner of your bed."

"Thank you, aunt! Iron is as soft as feathers for me to lie on," laughed Kate.

"You needn't lie upon that side of the bed at all," was the cool reply.

"There's a man in the kitchen as says he's had not a mouthful to eat for ten days," said Norah, the servant, appearing at the door.

"The farm is only a mile farther on. Send him about his business," answered her mistress.

Norah went out.

Soon a figure clothed in rags went by the open window.

The man turned and shook his clenched fist at the astonished lady.

"Of all things! The impudent thing!" she gasped.

"Oh, but, aunt, I'm sure he has heard all that we said about that horrid money!" faltered Kate.

Mrs. Driscoll's face told the concern which she felt, but she turned her back upon her niece and took up a book.

Darkness came.

The lights in the house were extinguished at the usual time.

Kate could not sleep. In vain she counted slowly from 101 and said the letters of the alphabet backward.

She heard the village clock slowly strike the hour of midnight, then 1, 2 and 3.

Kate's apartment was dark, but the moon shone dimly into her aunt's room just across the hall.

Suddenly a form stood in the doorway, then vanished within.

Was it the tramp? Was that something in his hand a knife?

Kate stole softly through the doorway, listening breathlessly. Then she darted into a small room near Mrs. Driscoll's door.

Suddenly the door was noiselessly closed and a man stood so near her hiding place that she could hear his hurried breathing.

The faint odor of chloroform told why the door was closed.

What if he gave an overdose?

Kate loved the stern woman, and notwithstanding her timidity that thought nerved her to action.

She sprang from the room with a shrill cry, clenching both hands in the hair of the intruder. It is needless to say that she was startled out of what little common sense she possessed.

He threw her violently aside with a muttered oath and fled. But he left a generous lock of hair in her hands.

Her head struck a corner of the door in falling, and it was dawn when she awoke to full consciousness of what had happened.

Womanlike, she rushed to see if the iron box was still safe. It had not been disturbed. Then she threw open the door of Mrs. Driscoll's room. That lady was unconscious, but breathing evenly. Kate's courage returned.

Silently she opened the window, letting the fresh morning air draw freely through the room. Then she crept into her own bed to await developments.

Before sunrise Mrs. Driscoll awoke.

"Mercy on us!" she screamed. "Norah did not shut the window last night. I shall get my death of cold, Kate!"

But Kate did not stir until her name had been called several times. Then she answered drowsily.

"Get up, child! It's your wedding day, too, and I'm in danger of pneumonia," called her aunt.

Kate shut the window and helped the irate lady to dress, touching her hair with dainty, spitting fingers as she arranged it.

The household arose and went about its tasks. Visitors came and went. Kate kept her secret well. The ceremony was over which made her a wife. The bridal dress was exchanged for a traveling costume.

"I shall take the iron box to the bank as we go to the train, auntie," Kate said as she bade her goodbye.

"As you please. I've had my say about it, and no harm came of it either," was the tart reply.

No one knew of the tragedy which did not take place in the silent watches of the night.

No one knew until Kate, nestling in her husband's clasp as the train sped onward, told him the story in her own way and time.

"But the hair—did you save it? It is a clue," he said quickly.

"I burned it," was the calm reply.

"It did not need to save it, for I knew whose it was. I always thought he liked aunt's money better than me. Now I know that he coveted the dowry more than the bride. But the money is safe in the bank, and wasn't it strange that he should be there to see it deposited?"

"Not George Travis?" ejaculated Harry.

"Yes; let him go," she whispered softly, nestling closer. "Think what he lost—what you gained, Harry, dear. Let his own conscience punish him—if he has any. We'll never let aunt know. We will keep our first secret forever."

Harry Winship was a man. He could not refuse his wife's first request, and Mrs. Driscoll does not know to this day what danger menaced her.—Fred Small, Jr., in Cincinnati Herald.

Lense of Six Inches of Land.

A lease of six inches of ground at 117 Franklin street, Chicago, for 91 years and one month was recorded the other day. It runs from George L. Barber to Hiram B. Peabody and is for an annual rental of \$45. The property has a depth of 8 feet and comprises the party wall between 117 and 115 Franklin street.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Muscles of the Head.

The head has 77 muscles—8 for the eyes and eyelids, 1 for the nose, 8 for the lips, 8 for the jaw, 11 for the tongue, 11 for the larynx, 11 for the ear, 17 for motions of the head and neck, 1 to move the hairy scalp and 1 for the eyebrows.

Sides Sore from a Hackney Cough.—Take Eucalypti Pectoral, it will cure you quickly, no matter how bad the cold. Endorsed by thousands of Canadians. Sold throughout the land. Manufactured by the proprietor, J. Perry Davis' Pain-Expeller.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ERROR.

I begged a "sitting," and she knew I made my plates with care; So she consented, for she, too, Thought to be pictured fair. If others, who to her might seem Less fair, were in request As models, why should she not dream Of ranking with the best?

And now she will not speak to me! Her frown my art disarms; She never thought her face might be One of her lesser charms. And she is angry, much to my Regret, you understand. Since I politely asked if I Might photograph her hand!

—Frank Roe Batchelder in Photographic Times.

Love at Long Range

Sentiment and Telegraphy—Dots and Lines That Were Full of Feeling.

Charles O'Meara was an operator in New York on one side of a quadruplex wire running to Chicago. The operator on the corresponding side in Chicago was Miss Amy Davidson. Both were expert, and the manner in which they kept their message books clear excited the admiration of the chiefs in their respective offices. O'Meara was a handsome and intelligent young Irishman, with jet black hair and mustache and great soulful blue eyes—one of the kind of men who seem almost unconsciously to possess the power of fascination over women.

After having worked the wire together for a few months O'Meara and Miss Davidson became well acquainted, although, of course, neither had ever seen the other. They had abundant opportunity for conversation in the early morning before the rush of business for the day began and in the late afternoon when the rush was over.

There is a sort of telepathy in telegraphy, as all telegraphers admit, and there certainly was in this case. Long before any word of love had passed over the wire between them each had become conscious of a tender regard for the other. O'Meara could recognize in an instant the touch of a strange hand on the key in Chicago, and Miss Davidson was as quickly conscious of the change when any other than O'Meara's hand manipulated the transmitter in New York. There is as much that is distinctly characteristic in the manner in which telegraphers form the dots and dashes as there is in the manifold forms of chirography.

One morning Amy complained of feeling ill. "I am afraid," she said, "that I will have to give up and go home. I would do so surely if I could afford to lose the time. My head aches dreadfully. Dear me! What would my mother and sister do if I should become real sick. They have nobody to take care of them but me."

There was a fragility in the dots and dashes, which plainly indicated to O'Meara that the girl, a thousand miles away, was weeping softly, as indeed she was, with her head resting wearily against the resonator containing the sounder. He replied:

"Try to stick it out today, dear. We will take it easy, and perhaps you will feel better by tomorrow. At any rate don't worry."

It was the first time he had used any term of endearment in their intercourse, and she was much affected. But she brightened up a little and managed to struggle through the day's work.

Next morning O'Meara found a strange operator at the Chicago end of the wire, and when he inquired for Miss Davidson was told that she was very ill. The poor fellow realized now, if he never had before, that he was deeply in love with a woman he had never seen. He became so fretful and irritable as to excite comment among the others in the office.

"What on earth is the matter with O'Meara?" asked one of the operators on the opposite side of the "quad" of the man who sat at the next instrument.

"I guess he's in love with the Chicago girl who is sick," was the reply.

One morning the answer made by the Chicago operator to O'Meara's inquiry as to Miss Davidson's condition contained but one word—"Dead."

O'Meara uttered a kind of moan, and his head fell upon his desk. When one of the chiefs aroused him, he found the young man's face flushed and his eyes bloodshot. O'Meara was sent home, where he remained for weeks, suffering from a severe attack of brain fever. When at last he had recovered and returned to the office to report for duty, the chief told him to take his usual seat at the Chicago quadruplex.

"If you'd just as lief, give me another wire, I'd rather have it," O'Meara said. "I don't think I care to work with Chicago any more."

There was a twinkle in the eye of the chief as he said:

"You used to do some fine work on that Chicago wire."

"Perhaps so," O'Meara replied sadly, "but I had a fine operator to work with."

"Well," said the chief, "that's a fine operator there yet—the same one, I believe, that was there before."

"That cannot be—for she is dead."

This with a great sob.

"I think you had better return to the old wire for the present at least," the chief said. "Then if you are not satisfied I will transfer you to some other circuit."

O'Meara walked slowly over to his old place to relieve the man who was at the moment receiving some messages from Chicago. As he neared the instrument and heard the characters coming with a clearly loved and familiar sound his heart almost stopped beating so overwhelming was the surge of emotion. He listened for a moment until at the beginning of another message

Somewhat Different—Green—"Congratulations, old chap! I hear you married a lady with an independent fortune." Brown—"So I thought, but I find I'm married to a fortune with an independent lady."

came the signal of the sending operator. "A. D."

"Who in heaven's name is there in Chicago," he almost shouted, "that dares to sign 'A. D.'?"

"Amy Davidson, of course," was his friend's reply.

"Don't trifle with me," O'Meara cried.

"Amy Davidson is dead,"

"Not by a long shot," said the operator, making way for O'Meara. "It was only a rumor that some chuckle-headed ass accepted as a fact. She has been back at work for two weeks or more. From the manner in which she has inquired about you every day I should imagine that she takes an interest in you."

When he sat down before the instrument, his hand trembled so that he could scarcely form the dots and dashes to ask:

"Is that really you, Amy?" He gave his own signal "O. M."

"Yes, Charley, and I'm glad you are well again." Her reply was as fluttering as his question had been tremulous.

Some of the operators in the New York office wondered at seeing a young man sitting at an instrument with tears of joy streaming down his face, while in the Chicago office there was surprise because a girl was crying and smiling at the same time.

When he had recovered his equanimity, O'Meara said:

"They told me you were dead and I believed it. The shock nearly killed me."

"It was merely a rumor, I'm happy to say. But when I came back to work I was greatly depressed at hearing you were so ill. Now we will both be well and happy again."

"I will never be thoroughly happy, my darling," O'Meara replied, "until you are my wife. I'm coming out there soon to claim you. May I?"

"Dear me, how can you wish to marry a girl whom you have never seen?"

"This was another instance of tremulousness in transmission."

"That's all right," O'Meara said. "I'm willing to risk it if you are. I've known and loved you for a long time, even if I haven't seen you. Can I come for you?"

"I may be so homely that when you see me you may be terribly disappointed. I may have red hair and freckles, a cast in my eye and a terrible hump on my back. Could you stand all that?"

"Yes," replied O'Meara, "if you could stand my bald head and red nose."

There was more of this pleasantries, and then Miss Davidson seriously agreed to marry her distant lover. After many more conversations on the wire it was agreed that Miss Davidson and O'Meara should meet at a half way point—Pittsburg being finally selected—where they should be married. This course was chosen in the hope that the consummation of their peculiar courtship could be accomplished secretly, thus avoiding the good natured, but embarrassing chaffing of their fellow operators.

But that wire on which they made their arrangements ran through the Pittsburg office, where there were automatic repeating instruments. An operator standing beside the repeaters one day overheard the final arrangements; heard the description each gave the other by which to insure identification at the depot and told all about it to the Pittsburg operators, who thereupon determined to make the occasion of the wedding interesting. A committee was appointed to watch the meeting of the couple and to prepare for a reception.

O'Meara arrived at Pittsburg a day ahead of Miss Davidson, as had been agreed upon, and was at the station on the following day when her train pulled in from the west. His heart was beating wildly as he scanned the alighting passengers, and he was too preoccupied to notice that he was being watched by half a dozen young men.

Nor did he notice that he was observed closely by a tall, bronze haired and decidedly handsome young woman who had alighted from a Pullman car and was standing in the shadow of a baggage truck, loaded with trunks. There was a smile on the young woman's face as she finally stepped forward and touched Mr. O'Meara on the shoulder.

"How do you do, Charley?" she said.

"Are you indeed Amy?" he cried, grasping her outstretched hands in both of his. "You told me to look out for a short, curly haired girl with a limp in the left foot, and I gave you an accurate description of myself."

"Not so very accurate, though," she laughingly replied. "You didn't tell me half how good looking you are."

It was evident to the watchers, who now came forward, that they were pretty well satisfied with each other. The committee introduced themselves and announced that the couple were to be conducted forthwith to a hotel, where at 8 o'clock that evening they were to be married. This arrangement was carried out, and during the evening the Pittsburg operators and their wives and daughters attended the wedding reception and supper at the hotel.

O'Meara is now an officer in the signal corps, and he distinguished himself in the war with Spain.—Buffalo News.

Divorce in North Dakota.

From this day forward a year's residence will be required in North Dakota on the part of persons who wish to secure divorces. North Dakota will now come to be known, as its sister states are, for its fields, pastures, mines and natural resources. Heretofore it has been famous only as the state where persons might get a divorce while they waited.—Kansas City Star.

Mexican Prisons.

The term of a prisoner in a penitentiary is divided into three periods. The first is occupied with penal labor. The second is labor in the training school, with a little pay. The third, "preparatory freedom," includes paid work and many privileges.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

Awards Gold Medal in recognition of benefits received from VIN MARIANI.

"It has pleased His Holiness to instruct me to transmit in his august name his thanks to Monsieur Mariani and to testify again in a special manner his gratitude. His Holiness has even decided to offer Monsieur Mariani a Gold Medal bearing his venerable image."

"ROME."

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA."

VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

Gives Strength, Energy, Vigor, Vitality.

Has the effect of PROLONGING LIFE.

Specially recommended for Nervous Troubles, Dyspepsia, Consumption, General Debility, La Grippe, Malaria, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

AGENTS FOR CANADA:

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO.,

87 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

WHEN YOU NEED GLASSES.

Get Them Promptly on Symptoms of Far Sightedness.

A woman who has no defect in her eyesight will not, as a rule, need glasses before she is 45. Some people, however, put them on at 40, while others can postpone the evil day until 50, though that is rather unusual. When she cannot read fine print at a distance of 12 inches from her eyes, her time has come for glasses. For, strange as it may seem, with the coming of age to the eyes, people must hold the object farther away from them. So it is not uncommon to hear women say to a friend who wears glasses—"I suppose you are near-sighted. Now, I am very far-sighted; I can see things a good way off better than I can close to."

Poor woman! She has never been to an oculist, and does not know that her "far-sightedness" means only that her eyes are failing. Soon, in addition to this, will come a smarting and burning that will frighten her into consulting her physician, and then the verdict will be "glasses all the time."

Now, the woman who has not too much personal vanity, when the first symptoms come, will see an expert and ascertain just what kind of glasses she needs. If not, she may find out her mistake later, as did a woman who, having some trouble with her eyes, bought a cheap pair of glasses and used them for three years. She then broke one of them and thought she would consult an oculist before getting new ones. She found she had a very bad astigmatism in one eye, and, as her glasses were not fitted for it, she had been using the other eye alone all that time.

The wise woman, who gets the glasses as soon as she needs them, will find she has, at first, to wear them only in the evening, when reading or sewing. A little later she will always have to wear them when doing either; but, by putting them on as soon as needed, she has overcome the necessity of wearing them all the time, and probably will not have to until she becomes a very old woman and her vanity has departed.

Her oculist, if he is not too fashionable, will advise her to wear spectacles. If he is a "swell," and accustomed to deal only with "carriage patients," he will know better than to say this. He will perhaps have to put up with the stylish, supercilious longnette; but, in his secret heart, he knows the patient will have to come again. But the oculist whose patients are among all sorts and conditions of men and women always advises spectacles, and the former generally take his advice. The latter, however, hold up their hands in holy horror and exclaim: "Do you want me to look like a grandmother? No, doctor, I'll never consent to those; but, if you insist, I will wear eyeglasses, though I hoped you would tell me it was only a little cold I had in my eyes that made them smart so."

Courtship Sundays.

The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland, says the Philadelphia Ledger. They are known by the curious names—Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession—and all refer to matrimonial affairs. November in Holland being the month par excellence devoted to courtship and marriage, probably because the agricultural occupations of the year

are over and possibly because the lords of creation, from quite remote antiquity, have recognized the pleasantness of having wives to cook and cater for them during the long winter.

On Review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other, but forbear to speak.

On Decision Sunday, each bachelor who is seeking a wife approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow, and from her manner of responding judges whether his advances are accepted. Purchase Sunday, the consent of the parents is sought, if the suit has prospered during the week. Not till Possession Sunday, however, do the twain appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.

"If the Cap Fits, Wear It."

If you are suffering from the consequences of impure blood—have boils, pimples or scrofula sores; if your food does not digest or you suffer from catarrh or rheumatism, you are the one who should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will fit your case exactly, make your blood pure and cure salt rheum, scrofula, rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarrh, and give you perfect health.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills.

Non-irritating.

Why Women Want the Terns Killed.

From Bird Lore.

As a result of causes too mysterious for the mind of man to comprehend, fashion claimed the terns for her own. Up and down the coast went forth, that sea swallows, or "Summer gulls," were worth ten cents each, and the milliner's agent was there to confirm the report.

It was in June when the baymen were idle and, unrestrained by law, they hastened to the beaches in keen competition to destroy the birds which were nesting there.

Never, in this country at least, has there been such a slaughter of birds. A colony's Island, Virginia, bayman, whose conscience even at this late date, urged him to a confession of shame for his part in the proceedings, told me recently that in a single day of that memorable season 1,400 terns were killed on Cobb's Island alone, and 40,000 are said to have been there shot during the summer. The destruction at other favorable places was proportionately great.

Two seasons of this work were sufficient to sweep the terns from all their more accessible resorts, the only survivors being residents of a few uninhabited islands.

"What will be the result? Is there no appeal from fashion's decree? Woman alone can answer these questions, and the case is so clear she cannot shrink the responsibility of replying.

Algrettes are decorative, quilts difficult to identify, neither bespeak death, and ignorance may lead the most humane woman into wearing either. But with the tern no such excuse exists, and the woman who places its always disgustingly mutilated body on her bonnet does so in deliberate defiance of the laws of humanity and good taste.

GENEROUS MAN.

Mrs. Youngwood—You know Uncle Phoebe said he was going to send us something that would help us to save our coal bills this year? Well, it came.

Mr. Youngwood—Really? A stock of coal? Mrs. Youngwood—No. A little arrangement for a bill.