## Expensive "Prudence" of Edward ---Engaged for Fun.

Outcome of an Embarrassing Arrangement.

EXPENSIVE PRUDENCE ..J G G C66

A terraced garden, with a glimpse of the sea through arching trees; a time worn dial marking the sunny hours of a summer afternoon; and a man and a girl in low chairs — these are things that make for sentiment. But the suggestion made by Edward was not altogether a sentimental one.

"I'm wondering," he said, thoughtfully, "if you would mind being engaged to me."

Claudia's face expressed nothing but vague surprise.

"Only for a time, you know," Edward went on with an easy laugh. "Just for a lark."

"Dear me," said Claudia, weakly, "and why?"

"Well," answered Edward, not without embarrassment, "that's where the great kindness comes in. I want you to agree to play this game with me without asking me reasons. I have a most important and sufficient reason, Claudia, but I am not at liberty to mention it. You would be doing me a great kindness. It would be a real help to me."

"How about Amy?" asked Claudia, who knew all the complications of Edward's affairs, and was aware that the was already secretly engaged to the girl called Amy.

"Amy doesn't mind. She understands a joke as well as any one."

"It's a little confusing, you know, Edward. First, there's Amy, who is really engaged to you and pretends she isn't, and now there's me, who am not really engaged to you and pretend I am! It's so intricate."

"Then you will do it!" cried Edward joyfully, inferring success.

"I must admit," said Claudia, "it would be fun."

"Fun? I should think so! It will be just splendid; mystifying everyone, and pleasing the old people, and all that. How they will gloat over us! It's such a suitable engagement, eh, Claudia? They'll say they always expected it."

So hand in hand they stood, sheepish and silent, before Edward's Aunt Emma and Claudia's Cousin Mary, who gave one glance at them and clasped ecstatic hands.

"How delighted," they said simultaneously, "how delighted dear Alicia will be!"

A slight look of discomfort mixed with Edward's smiles.

"Will she?" he cried. "I wonder why."

And Claudia knew instantly that he was perfectly aware of the causes of his Aunt Alicia's pleasure.

The scenes that followed, the freshness of the old ladies, the strokings of the cheek and pattings of the hand, gave Claudia so much entertainment that she threw herself into the game with as keen a zest as Edward could wish. In after years she expressed surprise that her complexion had not suffered permanently from the unremitting blushes of those days. As Edward foresaw, every one had expected the announcement for months. It was charming, it was suitable, it was inevitable, exclaimed aunts and uncles and cousins, and dear Alicia would be so glad. As they all laid stress upon this Claudia became worried by Edward's Aunt Alicia. The old lady herself was ill, and a personal interview with her was not added to Claudia's entertainments, but letters were exchanged. The answering of letters was one of Claudia's greatest difficulties. Spoken congratulations were easy to deal with, but the composition of phrases that should be neat but vague made her position as an impostor unpleasantly plain. "However," she comforted herself, "Edward will soon clear it up, and then we shall all laugh over it together."

And, indeed, as time went on, she began to want comfort. It dawned upon her that it might be harder to get out of the situation than it had been to get into it, and the longer her pseudo-engagement lasted the more thankful she was that it was not a real one. Edward jarred on her, and made the whole affair distasteful. To a girl who was little more than a child the game had seemed capital fun at first, and she was flattered by the appeal for help, but prolonged familiarity with Edward had destroyed her zeal. She was relieved one day when he confided to her that he was going away to see Amy.

"Say nothing till I come back," he implored.

"That depends," was all she would say.

While he was away his little cousin Joan came to visit Claudia in the terraced garden. The two girls sat in the low chairs near the sun dial, while Claudia reluctantly suffered a catechism concerning her engagement.

"Now, Joan had a talent for making revelations, which were sometimes of a mischievous kind, and sometimes by chance had beneficial results. She was herself always unconscious both of the revelation and of its consequences. On this occasion she excelled herself.

"What a lucky thing it is you're going to marry Edward," she said.

"Lucky?" said Claudia, with a secret shudder, "why?"

"Well, I only know this," Joan went on, anxious to justify herself. "About two months ago—just before this dreadful illness of Aunt Alicia began—I myself heard her tell Edward she wouldn't leave him a penny unless he married you. So there!"

Then Joan prattled on gayly about wedding presents and the rent of houses, of becoming hats, and motoring honeymoons. She thought being in love made people dull; they seemed interested in nothing. Suddenly Claudia rose abruptly.

"Come into the house," she said. "I want to write a note to your Aunt Alicia."

"To Aunt Alicia!" exclaimed Joan. "But, my dear, she's dying!"

"Then there is all the more need for me to lose no time," said Claudia, flippantly.

The note was written and posted, and then Claudia, subdued and a little nervous, steeled herself for an unpleasant interview with Edward, who was expected on the following day.

When he came she was conscious at once of a change in him, a repressed agitation, an excitement that was partly anxiety. He, too, saw a change in her. She was less childish, and anything but genial.

"What's wrong?"

"This farce of our engagement is over," she said.

To her surprise he acquiesced at once.

"Yes, yes, if you wish it, Claudia. I don't want you to keep it up a day longer than you like. Shall I tell the people or will you?"

"I have told no one," said Claudia, slowly and significantly, "but your Aunt Alicia."

The smile on Edward's face died suddenly.

"When did you tell her?" he asked, eagerly. "When?"

"I wrote to her last night."

"Then," said Edward, with a sigh of relief, "you were too late. She died early this morning."

* * * * * *

And yet, after all, his Aunt Alicia's will gave him a surprise.

"As Edward is going to marry Claudia," the old lady argued to herself, "it won't matter which of them has the money. Claudia is worth six of Edward."

And that is why she left everything she possessed to Claudia.

### RIGGER RESCUES A BIRD; A WASHINGTON INCIDENT.

Daring Act to Save a Sparrow That Was Entangled in String 100 Feet in Midair.

A few days ago, while the wintry wind was blowing its chilling blasts through Washington Square, a crowd of nearly 200 men, women and children stood opposite the old law building, Sixth and Locust streets, and watched the antics of a sparrow as it fluttered in the meshes of a string fully a hundred feet in midair. For fully ten minutes the bird endeavored to disentangle itself without avail. An iron weight was secured and tied to a strong cord with the view of throwing it over the string that was stretched between two trees and held the sparrow, but no one in the crowd could hurl the missile high enough to break it.

Finally Patrolman 312 appeared upon the scene, thinking a small sized riot was prevailing. No sooner was he informed of the bird's predicament than a middle-aged man approached him and asked permission to climb a tree nearest the bird, so that it might be released. "Go ahead, if you want to," remarked the policeman, not thinking for a moment that the stranger could scale the tree, which was over two feet in diameter. Without any hesitation whatever, the stranger divested himself of his coat, and in sailor-like fashion was soon among the branches of the tall buttonwood. As he ascended among the branches, now and then pausing for a brief rest, he held the crowd below spellbound. Even the officer who granted him permission to go to the rescue of the sparrow was worried, as he expected to see him fall headlong to the ground below.

The stranger, however, soon perched himself upon a slender branch in the topmost part of the tree and deftly reached the string that was entwined about the feet of the bird. Gently he drew it toward him, and once he secured it he placed it in his cap and slowly made his way to terra firma. When he reached the ground with the little captive he was the most unconcerned of any in the large crowd who had watched his perilous feat. He was showered with nickels and dimes, until he realized a sum that would have rewarded him for a day's work.

When asked for his name he modestly replied: "I am William Dayton, and I live at the Berkley lodging house on Callowhill street. I am an engineer and rigger when employed and knew I could climb that tree and rescue the sparrow when I started to do so." It was a daring performance, and the rigger should have been more amply rewarded.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.


## KILLED TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED JAS ATWELL'S LUMBAGO AND BLADDER TROUBLE.

He's Strong and Healthy Now, but Will Never Be Without the Great Kidney Remedy in the House.

Campbellford, Ont., Feb. 19. — Permanently cured of Lumbago and Bladder Trouble, with which he had suffered for years, James Atwell, a well-known resident of this place, is not slow to give the entire credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I could get no relief till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me," is the way Mr. Atwell put it when interviewed. "I had been troubled with severe pains in my bladder and in passing my urine would hurt me so that the tears would almost come to my eyes. I used medicines and a bandage prescribed by the doctor, but could get no relief. I also had Lumbago. A course of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, and I have had no trouble since. I will never be without Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have made many another cure in this neighborhood. They are a family medicine in nearly every home and people declare them to be a sure cure for any form of Kidney Complaint, as well as the greatest tonic in the world.


### SEAGULL WRECKS WARSHIP.

The recent disaster to the British cruiser Flora was undoubtedly caused by a seagull which perched on the top of a spar buoy at Village Point, Vancouver Island, causing it to resemble a cage buoy located two miles farther down the channel. The two buoys being on the same side of the channel, it is obvious, navigators say, that if one were taken for the other the vessel's course would be laid to put her inshore.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### SANDOW'S STRENGTH.

"It is the mind—all a matter of the mind. The muscles really have a secondary place. If you lift a pair of dumbbells a hundred times a day with your fixed attention on some object away over in Cambridge, it will do you very little good. If, however, you concentrate your mind upon a single muscle or set of muscles for three minutes each day, and say, 'Do thus and so,' and they respond, there will be immediate development. The man with strong concentration of mind will develop quicker in the quality of his muscles than will he who cannot concentrate his mind upon the matter. The whole secret of my system lies in the knowledge of human anatomy—in knowing just where one is weak, and going straight to work bringing that particular part up to the standard of one's best feature—for there is a best feature in every man, as there is also a worst. The secret is to "know thyself, as Pope says, and, knowing one's weakness, to concentrate the mind and energies upon that weakness with a view to correcting it." — Leslie's Weekly.

## How New York's Slums Rule the United States.

T. P. O'CONNOR ON THE POWER OF TAMMANY.

This is not a political article, though it is on an eminently political subject. It is on Tammany, the great organization which has succeeded in capturing the government of New York. It is worth trying to make English readers understand something of that extraordinary organization, which now for almost half a century has succeeded in holding the goverment of New York—with such a few brief respites here and there when it had in some way or other managed to offend public sentiment or disappoint private expectations in some flagrant manner. It is perhaps, the greatest and almost the first instance in modern democracy of masses of men who have votes being so bound up together that their discipline is almost as great as that of an army; and that under the freest government in the world where very man is the equal of the other, hundreds of thousands can still be moved on the political chessboard by a few men. and sometimes by one man, as though they were the merest pawns upon a chessboard.

Though I had been often in New York, the first time I really appreciated what the Tammany organization meant was when I was discussing with an Irish-American the chances of Mr. Blaine, who was then fighting for the presidency with Mr. Cleveland. I was under the impression that Mr. Cleveland was going to win—it turned out afterwards that the impression was correct—when my friend turned round to me and said: "Do you realize that the presidential election is ultimately decided in the streets of New York?" This set me to thinking. How could it be that so insignificant a portion of the mighty whole could be the pivot of so great a national event as the election of the chief ruler of the nation?

And yet the boast was to a certain extent justified. In the United States there are three great divisions. First, there are the states that are solidly and stanchly Republican. Then there are the states that are solidly and stanchly Democratic. The third, and in some respects the most important, section is what are known as the doubtful states—that is to say, the states that at one election vote for the Democratic and at another for the Republican ticket. It is these states which ultimately decide the struggle.

Of these doubtful states the most important is the state of New York. Indeed, it may be said that, as a rule, New York state decides the presidential election, unless perhaps there is some extraordinary wave of feeling which sweeps all before it and which makes the candidate so strong in the other states as to be independent even of New York. But in ordinary times New York, with her thirty-six votes in a presidential election, does say the final word.

Thus you have already reduced the vast collection of over 40 states down to one as the decisive factor. But the process of reduction must go still further. In the midst of the state of New York are New York and the different adjoining cities which, under recent legislation, have been added to New York, of which Brooklyn is the most populous and the most notable. It is evident that these great cities, together counting over two millions, must have a decisive influence upon the entire vote of the state of New York, and in normal circumstances it is as New York City, or Greater New York, as it is now called, that the state of New York goes.

But this is not the end of the process of reduction. The city of New York in its turn is governed by its municipality and its mayor and other municipal officers. They, then, in turn decide what the vote of the city shall be. But again, they in turn are chosen by the Tammany organization if they happen to belong to the Democratic party. Tammany in its turn is governed by a small board of men—I think the number is under twenty. And at the head of this board is the "boss." The "boss," if a man of powerful individuality, governs the board, and thus it comes down to this, that just one man may be the decisive factor in the choice of the candidate and his election to the presidency of the United States.

It is one of the most astounding and astonishing results of pure democracy—one of the results that even the most clear sighted political philosophers did not entirely anticipate. Eighty millions of people with manhood suffrage, equal franchises for all, perfect equality, an amount of independence never reached by any community in the world before—millions, moreover, with a higher level of education, with greater individual self-reliance, with more hopefulness and keenness than any population that ever was created—eighty millions of that kind of people finally dependent for the choice of their almost absolute ruler on the will of one man! It is a responsibility and a power before which even that of the Czar seems trivial.

There is this enormous difference, however, between the position of the "boss" and that of the Czar—that the "boss" has to win his position by his own enormous strength of character, and that, difficult as it is to get his position, it must even be more difficult to retain it.

One peculiarity nearly every "boss" of Tammany has had, and that is reticence. The man who gets to that dizzy eminence is never a man famous for his eloquence or for his power of swaying multitudes by his persuasive gifts. The leaders of Tammany have been of all kinds, so far as education was concerned; some of them have been almost illiterate. But they have all had some kind of political genius, and all have had that curious kind of character which impresses and controls men. It may be brute courage, it may be firm will, it may be the tight grip of the born conqueror and adventurer; whatever it is, it is a quality which brings instinctive and inevitable obedience.

Eighty millions of free born, fiercely assertive citizens at the disposal, in their mightiest affairs, of one man's will—was there ever a development so singular, so unexpected, so remarkable in the various systems that govern mankind?

## LEMUEL BALKIN, THE BACHELOR

Lemuel Balkin was not spoken of by his friends as a "hopeless" or a "confirmed" bachelor, for it is generally understood that there is always hope for the hopeless variety, and confirmed celebates have a way of succumbing to the tender influences of love in the most sudden and unexpected manner. He was just "an old bachelor," and people had long given him up as a bad job. Only his sister, Mrs. Jephson, did not quite despair of him, nevertheless, and each selection that she made was more eligible than the last, but somehow no one of them ever came to anything.

There was really no excuse for Balkin's unmarried state.

"You ought to have somebody to take care of you in your old age," said Mrs. Jephson.

Thank you," said the old bachelor, dryly. "When I get to that time of life I'll think about it. In the meantime I'm pretty comfortable as I am."

"I want you to come over and dine with us tomorrow night, Lemuel," said the lady, with an air of giving up the argument. Then she added: "Oh, by the way, Grace Tarrant is to be there. You remember Grace, don't you?"

"I don't know that I do," said Balkin.

"Your memory's failing as well as your eyesight," said his sister, cruelly. "Grace Tarrant was at the academy with me when I was a girl. She married Tarrant, the soap man, and he died four years ago and left her close on to a quarter of a million dollars. They never had any children, and I wouldn't be surprised if she married again. I know you'll like her. Well, be sure to come. Good-bye."

"There's another of 'em," growled Balkin, when his sister had left. "I wish she'd let me alone. Marry! Well, I guess not. "I know when I'm well off."

As a matter of fact there were few married men more comfortable than Balkin. His housekeeper, Mrs. Jones, who had been with him for years, was a treasure. His household ran like clockwork.

Balkin dined with his sister and her old-time school chum, however, and made a good impression on the latter. She informed Mrs. Jephson that she thought her brother was a most delightful man—and really handsome and distinguished looking. Mrs. Jephson told Balkin this, and Balkin said he considered Mrs. Tarrant a woman of remarkable intelligentce and an entertaining conversationalist.

"Don't you think she's good looking?" asked his sister.

"Ye-es," said Balkin. "She'd pass—in a crowd."

Mrs. Jephson went back and told Mrs. Tarrant that her brother was raving over her. Altogether it looked promising. Still, in spite of all the opportunities to be together that Mrs. Jephson contrived for her brother and her friend, the affair did not seem to progress at a satisfactory rate. Once she became impatient, and asked Balkin outright why he did not propose. "I know she'd take you," she said. "I've sounded her and she thinks everything in the world of you. She told me as much."

"Don't you encourage her, Eliza," said Balkin. "I've told you a hundred times that I don't want to marry. I'm pretty comfortable as I am."

"That's just it," thought Mrs. Jephson. "He's too comfortable. As long as that woman is his housekeeper he never will marry. I wish she'd leave him. I'd get her a good place somewhere else if I thought she would. I wonder if she wouldn't? I believe I'll sound her."

Accordingly she chose a time when she knew her brother would be out to call on him. Mrs. Jones opened the door for her. Mrs. Jones was a stout, comfortable-looking person about 45 years of age. She welcomed Mrs. Jephson with a pleasant smile. Mrs. Jephson began to "sound" her. Half an hour later she went away satisfied. She had not been able to tempt the housekeeper away from her brother's service, but she had prevailed on her to say that she would ask Mr. Balkin's consent to visit her friends in Iowa.

Of course Balkin consented. He knew that Mrs. Jones deserved a vacation and he was a fair-minded man. So Mrs. Jones went, and then it seemed that Mrs. Jephson's little plot was bound to succeed. Inside of a week Balkin began to look careworn. Mrs. Jones' substitute inaugurated chaos in his house. His meals were badly cooked and irregularly served. His wants were neglected and dust and disorder were supreme. He discharged the substitute and hired another who was even more incompetent. He complained to Mrs. Jephson.

"I told you so," said the lady. "Why don't you be sensible and marry? Of course Mrs. Jones will straighten things out when she returns, but you don't know that she won't leave you for good some of these days. There's nothing to prevent her from marrying."

Balkin looked thoughtful at this, and his sister smiled in her sleeve. "Are you going to take Grace and me to the concert tomorrow night?"

"I'm afraid not," said Balkin, after some further reflection. "I've some business calling me out of town and I may be gone a week or two. Yes, it's unexpected, but I'll have to go."

Balkin was gone for over two weeks, and when he returned he told his sister that he had at last taken her advice.

"What!" gasped Mrs. Jephson.

"Yes," said Balkin. "I want you to come and see us. I'd never have thought of it if it hadn't been for your suggestion. You're entitled to all the credit. You know the lady. She was Mrs. Jones."—Chicago News.


BICKLE'S Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.


A two-year-old mare owned by William H. Brown of Winchendom, Mass., was found in the pasture Monday with her nose pierced by many porcupine quills. Mr. Brown picked out 50 quills and Dr. George W. Stanbridge, veterinary surgeon, removed 20 more, which were out of sight.


THERE CAN be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.


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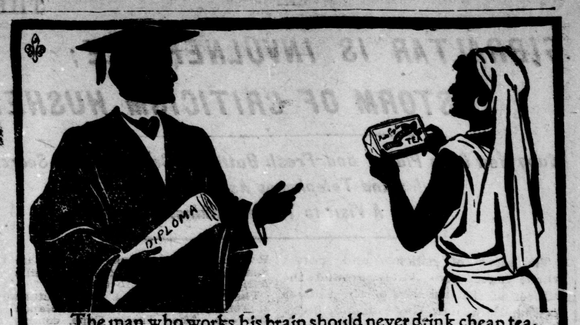


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Froelton, October 7, 1903.

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Dear Sirs:—I have used a box of Bu-Ju Pills and have been greatly benefited by them. I was troubled with piles for years and tried several kinds of medicine, without getting any relief, but I have had no trouble with them since I took the third box of Bu-Ju. I still take them whenever I can get them and I recommend them to all my friends. Yours sincerely,
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Bu-Ju is for sale by all druggists, or will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price; 50c per box.


Double-deck street cars are universal in Europe. In some instances the upper deck is roofed over, in others left open. This deck is almost uniformly divided longitudinally with seats for two on each side of the aisle. The upper deck is reached by a semicircular stairway, and in pleasant weather is the most sought.

Vienna telephone booths are furnished with napkins bearing the inscription, "Wipe, if you please." The napkins are changed frequently, and this undoubtedly serves to keep the mouthpieces of the transmitters in good condition.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.