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# The Northern Sky

By Susanne Glenn

Jessie Jackson shivered and shrank into the corner of her seat. There was no other place in the crowded car.

A sharp wind bringing smoke and cinders, blew through the open window ahead of her. A dull sky outside was darkening over the raw spring day.

Warned by her chilled condition, the girl leaned toward the flord, austere individual before her.

"Will you not kindly close the window?" she asked in a soft voice of indescribable charm. "The wind is most uncomfortable."

The austere lady turned and looked with merciless scrutiny over the girl's neat, inexpensive attire.

"I cannot breathe in this oppressive atmosphere," she said, conclusively, and settled herself again in her place.

Tears came to the sad eyes, and the girl's heart yearned for the sunny skies and the joyous freedom of her old southern home. How could she endure this depressing northern sky that looked down so sullenly, these rustling, hurried, northern people who regarded her so indifferently? The smoldering fire under the gentle exterior of her nature flamed suddenly in a bitter hatred.

She felt drawn to her father's grave—the pathetic grave of a southern soldier under an alien sky—there to settle a question that was tormenting her heart.

As the train approached a station, the girl rose, resolved to obtain another seat if any were vacated. A sudden perk of the car lurched her back across the aisle, and she would have fallen heavily had not a young man, coming in from the smoker at the rear, sprung to her assistance.

"Jessie!" he cried in wonderment, steadying her with his strong arm. And Jessie found herself looking reluctantly into the kindling eyes of Herbert Campbell.

"You are going up to Milford? So

ately, "It is not you that I doubt, it is myself. I lack the courage!"

"You are afraid to—marry me?"

"Not afraid of you, dear boy, but afraid of the poverty, and of my inability to cope with it! We are so different. I do not know how to be a poor man's wife; it would be harder for you than for me! I do not know how to work or to manage; the other girls in our office live well with what keeps me poor. It isn't that I do not try; it simply isn't possible to me. I would be willing to starve with you, or for you, Herbert, but I am not willing to keep you starving the rest of your life!"

Her voice had ceased to tremble.

"But if I should prefer starving for you, to affluence without you?" he asked, quietly.

She drew back into the depth of the great coat, sobbing softly.

"It would be madness," she said at last. "I am going to end it all. I am going back south."

"You cannot go back there, to work!" he cried. "You have not considered."

"No, not to work," she murmured.

"You mean," he hesitated, "there is another man?"

"Yes, very faintly.

"With money?"

"Yes."

The fingers he crushed in his own were ice. He withdrew his hand slowly, and there was a long silence.

"You will let me take you to my aunt?" he asked, as they neared the little station that was their destination.

"Oh, no!" She shivered in the warm coat.

"Then at least you must let me see you safely to the hotel."

The rush of chill air as they left the car, the dark, mean little street, the damp, dusty parlor were an unhappy dream to her. The clasp of his hands and his quiet, kindly good-bye left her dizzy and weak.

All night she lay upon her hard bed in miserable consciousness.

And though the grudging morning brought neither warmth nor sunlight, there came a big box of expensive flowers to her humble little room with the card of the man with money.

"Oh, I ought to be glad for them," she thought contritely, conscious of her indifference. "I must learn to accept the pleasures that come along my path."

Laden with the fragrant beauties, she made her way sadly to the humble corner where her father had been laid for his last, long rest. Already flags were fluttering in the crisp wind over the graves of the soldiers whose memory would be honored later in the day.

At sight of the spot, the girl's precious, costly burden dropped unheeded to the ground. The corner was sweet with delicate spring blossoms that crowded the place for room—the dear, old-fashioned things that used to bloom in the old Virginia garden. With a sob she dropped to her knees and buried her face among the tender leaves.

What if they were only humble lilies-of-the-valley, and tulips and hyacinths? A love and thoughtfulness and labor that no money could buy had planted them there for her sake. With their fragrance, she seemed to draw in a great, understanding lesson that healed her heart.

When she saw the solitary, tall figure across the quiet place, she knew she had expected him.

"Herbert," she said, holding out her hands.

He took them in silence, looking at her radiant face.

"I did not understand, dear," she smiled bravely. "I did not have faith enough to see beyond the material things, to see that you would love me for what I tried to do for you, not for what I succeeded in doing."

"My dear, my dear!" he whispered, holding her close.

She clung to him happily.

"I must not let you make a mistake—do anything you will regret, dear girl!"

"I am not afraid any more, Herbert. Wherever we are together is home, whether under cloud or sunshine!"

From the village came the sound of drum and fife calling the pathetic remnant of veterans together.

"Father will be glad to know," she whispered, smiling tenderly, "that I dared to—"

"Face the music," finished the young man, happily.

A Monument Fund.

The nearest man in town, having died and been duly buried, a bunch of his late acquaintances and neighbors were discussing the kind of party he was.

"We ought to raise a fund to build him a monument," one man suggested.

"Rats!" chorused the crowd in protest. "Who'd give anything to build him a monument?"

"Everybody would," insisted the first speaker. "We'd raise it by unpopular subscription."—Lippincott's.

Familiar.

But when, in token of his great love, he would have smothered her with kisses, she drew back.

"Sir," quoth she, coldly, "no familiarities!"

Yet even in that trying moment his presence of mind did not desert him. "If they are indeed familiarities to you, certainly not!" he retorted, and bowed ironically, after which, assuming an easy air, he betook himself off.—Puck.

Only a Part of It.

"You say she is a woman with a past. And does she deny it?"

"Only about ten years of it."—Judge.

# Praise for Piano Players.

In the course of the past few years an ingenious invention has made all departments of musical composition in a certain degree accessible even to those who are not expert pianists. I refer to the mechanical piano players, which were at first looked upon with suspicion and often with abhorrence by professional musicians, but which are proving themselves an agency of immense usefulness in diffusing good music among the people.—Prof. E. Dickinson, "The Education of a Music Lover."

# Well Occupied.

Lady (engaging assistant gardener)—And if I engage you, besides your other duties, you will have to attend to the three dogs and clean out their kennels, also clean out the parrot's cage, clean up my sons' workshop and clean both their bicycles; also clean the car except when the weather's dirty. Applicant (overwhelmed)—And shall I have to clean that?—Tatler.

# Don't cringe—don't flinch, Should fortune pinch And all seem lost; With might and main, TRY, TRY again At any cost.

# MUNYON.

I AM taking the above text for the reason that I want to instill into the people self-reliance, self-bowlity, self-sovereignty. I want every person to feel that there is no further excuse for being timid, for having headaches, for suffering with dyspepsia or indigestion, for putting up with a sluggish or lazy liver, for poisoning the blood as a result of constipation, for Munyon's Paw Paw Laxative Pills are positively correcting all these ailments. They assist in digesting everything that is put into the stomach. They stimulate the liver into activity. They start the secretions of the stomach, which carry off all the bile and poisonous matters through the bowels. They strengthen the lower bowel, so that it empties itself naturally, without the aid of cathartics or foreign substances.

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That the lower bowel is responsible for most bodily ills is now being recognized by the leading physicians throughout the world. There is no further excuse for being timid, for having headaches, for suffering with dyspepsia or indigestion, for putting up with a sluggish or lazy liver, for poisoning the blood as a result of constipation, for Munyon's Paw Paw Laxative Pills are positively correcting all these ailments. They assist in digesting everything that is put into the stomach. They stimulate the liver into activity. They start the secretions of the stomach, which carry off all the bile and poisonous matters through the bowels. They strengthen the lower bowel, so that it empties itself naturally, without the aid of cathartics or foreign substances.

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I want to tell you in a few words what your Swamp-Root did for me, believing that my testimony may do some other suffering person a great deal of good.

About six years ago I was dangerously ill, consulted three doctors, all of whom said I had kidney trouble. One of the doctors analyzed my urine and reported that I had gravel, and further said that in order to regain my health and life, an operation would be necessary. I did not want to be operated on as I was afraid that I would not recover. Someone told me of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and said it was a reliable medicine for kidney trouble, so I decided to try it, and I went to Mr. Rose, the druggist, at 303 Central Ave., Minneapolis, and bought a bottle. I took it, noticed results and continued taking it until I was entirely cured.

Having been free from any kidney trouble for over six years, I consider that I am absolutely cured and know that Swamp-Root has the credit.

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Yours very truly,

MRS. MARGARET E. ANDERSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

State of Minnesota, }  
County of Hennepin, } ss.  
Personally appeared before me this 23d day of Sept., 1900, Mrs. Margaret E. Anderson, of the City of Minneapolis of the State of Minnesota, who subscribed the above, and on oath says that the same is true in substance and in fact.

M. M. KERRIDGE, Notary Public.  
Commission expires March 26, 1914.

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# Daily Thought.

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# Way of Weak Humanity.

I see the right and I approve it, too; condemn the wrong and yet the wrong pursue.—Samuel Garth.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT BLUING.

# Talk No. 8.

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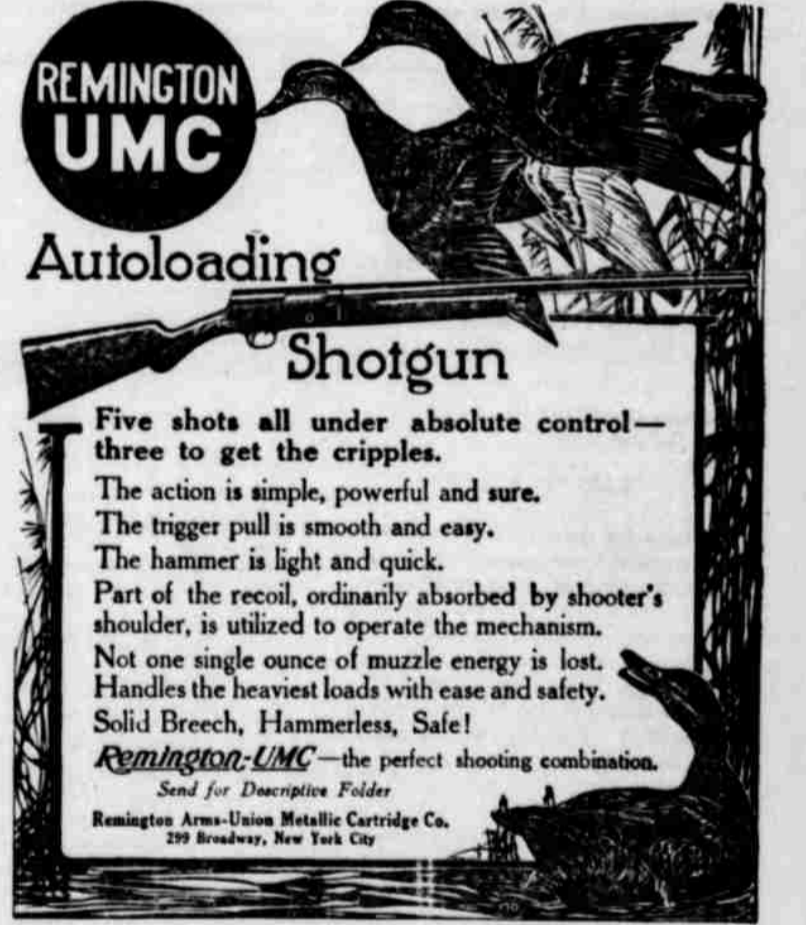
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