MARGARET'S LOVER.

AUNT PRUE, how proud you must have felt when you won that $100 prize in your first story competition. I wonder what you did with all that sudden wealth."

"I have never yet told any one what I first did with the money, Margaret," replied Mrs. Morris, "but it can do no harm to tell the story now. It all happened ten years ago.

"As I was on my way home with the two crisp $50 bills in my pocket, I met a young man who had been one of my pupils two or three years before. He was quite a favorite of mine, and I had known his people for many years. On this day he turned and walked with me, and I soon guessed that he was in some deep trouble. After a while I won the story from him. He had been speculating in stocks and had 'borrowed,' unknown to his employes, a hundred dollars of the firm's money. He had lost, and in despair at being unable to refund the money, had forged his uncle's name to a check, which, however, he had not yet found courage to present for payment.

"Well, the end of it was that the crisp $50 bills in my possession changed hands, the forged check was destroyed, and Charlie left me, with broken words of thanks and a few earnest promises for the future."

"Did he ever repay you the money, auntie?"

"Yes, he paid it all back in a few months. I believe he has always lived an honest, upright life since, and I have never regretted the first investment of my prize money."

A short time later as Margaret Rimmer was on her way home, she heard a deep, manly voice say, "Good afternoon, Miss Margaret," and Professor Hay fell into step by her side.

"I have just been calling on my Aunt Prudence," said Margaret, as they walked on slowly. "I have spent a delightful afternoon reading some of her old stories. You know she won a hundred-dollar prize once with one of her first stories."

"Yes, I remember," said the professor, somewhat absently, looking down as he spoke at a few fluffy curls that escaped from beneath the brim of his companion's hat. "I remember that I met your aunt on that day that she received the prize, and she allowed me to walk part of the way home with her. You know she was my teacher in the old high school."

"No, I did not know it," replied Margaret, slowly, with a shock of surprise. To herself she was repeating with a sick heart, "This is the end of auntie's story; his name is Charles Hay, and it was he who walked home with auntie that day. He must never know that I know." She forced herself to take some part in the conversation, trying to put aside for the time the thought of what this knowledge must mean to her, that she could never again look up to him with the old respect, that the sweet fancies that had of late begun to come to her, of a dearer friendship between them, must be resolutely crushed out. No, it could never be just the same again.

When, a few days later, Mr. Hay called on Margaret, and in a few manly words told her of his love, Margaret gently, but decidedly, refused his offer. She would give him no reason, except that it could never be. No, she cared for no one else—but it could never be. So the professor went sadly away, and Margaret, with pale face and eyes dim with unshed tears, sought her room.

For hours that night Margaret Rimmer lay awake and wrestled with the problem—was it fair to condemn the man of 30, honest, respected, who had won his place in the world, for the folly and sin of ten years ago? Had he not nobly redeemed the past? But, still, how could she respect him as she might if she had never heard that wretched story? A forger, a thief. No, she could never trust her life's happiness to one whom she could not reverence as nobler, greater, than herself.

Margaret was calling on her aunt a few days later, when Mrs. Morris remarked: "By the way, you remember the story I told you about the young man whom I helped out of trouble with my prize money?"

"Yes," said Margaret, faintly, wondering what was to come.

"He called on me yesterday, and brought me a photograph of his two children."

"His children!" exclaimed Margaret.

"Yes, he is married, and has a lovely wife and a pretty little home."

Margaret listened as if in a dream. "Then—then it was not Mr. Hay?" she stammered.

"Mr. Hay! No, indeed. Charles Hay is the soul of honor. Why, what in the world made you connect him with this story?"

"He—he said he walked home with you on the day you received the prize money. And he said he was one of your old pupils——"

Mrs. Morris looked puzzled. "I may have met him that afternoon, and he may have walked part of the way home with me, but—why, Margaret!"

For the girl had thrown herself down beside her aunt and, with her face hidden in the folds of Mrs. Morris' gown, was half sobbing and half weeping.

The older woman patted the girl's bowed head, while her face lit up with a sudden understanding.

The next time Margaret met the professor she smiled on him so sweetly that the poor man was bewildered. They met frequently, and at Margaret's request the professor resumed his calls. At last he ventured once more to tell her of his love, and this time her reply must have been a favorable one, for when the professor left, some time later, he walked as one who had received a crown. And so, perhaps, he had, for a man can win no better crown than the love of a true woman.—Boston Post.

JUST THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Illustration of How Completely One Habit May Supplant Another.

"Habit is a curious thing," said Mr. Joggleton, "but the completeness with which one habit can be supplanted by another seems more curious still.

"I had a chair that I had used for years, and which, as I was firmly convinced, was by long odds the most comfortable chair ever made. After breakfast, when I read the paper, I used to sit in that chair, and after dinner at night I settled down into it, with a cigar, in peace and happiness and thought there never was a chair that combined so many good points as to height and pitch of seat and slope of back, and all that; I had never seen a chair that suited me so well.

"But one day this chair was tipped over, or something or other happened to it—I don't know what—but something so serious that it was put out of commission. With our usual conservative slowness, we put off from day to day and from week to week getting that chair repaired, and, as a matter of fact, it was two or three years before we had it fixed up and brought into use again. Meanwhile, I had singled out another chair which I came commonly to occupy. This didn't begin to be, at first, so comfortable as the old one had been, but gradually its objectionable points disappeared, and I'm blessed if it didn't begin to develop good points that I had never suspected in it, and I came at last to look upon it as a very comfortable sort of a chair, indeed. But at last the old chair, the good old chair, was fixed up again and brought back into use, and the day it appeared I looked forward to settling down in it at night with all the old-time comfort.

"But when, with all those pleasant anticipations, I came to sit in it again I did not find the pleasure that I had expected; it was too high, or too low, or the seat sloped too much, or something—I don't know what; it wasn't as it used to be—to me. I tried it once or twice more after that and then gave it up and went back to the new chair. My new habit had become firmly fixed. I liked the new chair better, and now, as I settled down in it, its good points were at once emphasized, and softened, and rounded into completeness, and I accepted it in full as the chair of satisfying comfort, and wondered as I looked across at the other what I ever could have seen in it to make me like it so much.

"Such is the force of habit."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Stamps Spread Consumption.

It is stated by a responsible medical journal that a surgeon in the French army has just discovered that stamp collectors may be the means of disseminating tuberculosis by means of the stamps. A man in his employ was a great stamp collector and occupied his spare time in fixing the stamps in albums or on sheets of gummed paper for sale, moistening the stamps for the purpose with his tongue.

Three hundred of the stamps were placed in sterilized water, and with some of the water eight guinea pigs were inoculated. Each died with characteristic tuberculosis lesions. Children, says the journal, should be warned against placing any stamps near their mouths in order to moisten them and foreign stamps should be disinfected in a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid before adding them to collections.

Consideration for Wheelmen.

Public pumping stations are to be established in all the bicycle paths around St. Paul and Minneapolis. By dropping a penny in the slot the rider with a deflated tire may have the use of an air pump as long as necessity may require.

It is supposed that people like their own home because of the sentiment attached, but the real reason is that they do not have to move.

FREAKS OF THE TYPE.

SOME FUNNY THINGS THAT GET INTO PRINT.

Readers Frequently Encounter Passages that Do Not Express the Writer's Ideas in the Slightest Degree—Mixed-Up Account of a Wedding.

Dreadful execution is done sometimes by the man behind the types. Once a newspaper man wrote an "ad" for a theater, and in it said:

From half-past eight till half-past ten
You laugh and laugh and laugh again.

The style on that paper called for expressing the hours by figures, so when the "ad" appeared it read like this:

From 8:30 to 10:30
You laugh and laugh and laugh again.

Sometimes the proofreader fails to correct, and sometimes he doth correct too much. The sporting editor of a San Francisco paper had among his notes an item which said, "The young salmon are beginning to run." The next morning the statement was printed on his page that "The young salmon are beginning to swim." When the editor asked how it happened the proofreader said cheerily:

"That's all right, Billy. You had that mixed up with your turf stuff, but I straightened it out for you."

"But why didn't you let it go as I wrote it?" persisted the editor.

"I couldn't," was the reply. "Who ever heard of a fish running?"

One morning the readers of an esteemed contemporary were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "The Scotus handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town, with whom the morning paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scotus did so and so, when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for Supreme Court of the United States.

One Sunday a preacher in McKee's Rocks, Pa., took for his text, "Be ye therefore steadfast," which, being interpreted in the weekly paper, meant, "Be ye there for breakfast."

It was the mistake of a make-up man that put a face powder puff between two death notices, and the telegraph editor, who stayed late that morning, saw it and had it routed out of the stereotype plate.

Style is everything in a newspaper office, and some papers spell "theatre," "centre," "livre," and so on with a final "er." That is why one of these papers a while ago announced that a celebrated French actor received a salary of "300 livers."

It would be a long story to tell in detail how mix-ups happen, but that they really do happen can be doubted by no newspaper man whose knowledge of the business ever led him to explorations of the mysteries of the composing-room, as well as the somewhat intricate mazes of the editorial-room. And so this heart-breaking account of a marriage may be vouched for as an actual occurrence:

"The church was finely decorated with holly and evergreen, and the altar was hidden in a wealth of flowers. Out of the recesses rose rare tropical plants, and from the ceiling hung fifteen Western veals, which at this time of year are scarce and corresponding dear at 6@8⅛ cents per pound. There was also an active demand for choice lambs, and farmers east of the Mississippi River can profitably turn to sheep-raising and take the bride, who wore a gown of white corded silk, a creation of Worth's, with pearl ornaments.

"Then came the maid of honor, the cousin of the bride, Miss Henrietta Blower, of Chicago, wearing a dress of white tulle, with diamond ornaments, and she was followed by a small bunch of Montana sheep, which bleated most piteously as they were driven on board and shipped to the winter hotels in Bermuda. They will there be cut en traine and slightly decollete, and after the rest of the party had reached the rail the minister turned and said impressively: 'I cannot bid more than 6½ cents for State veals, but cablegrams from London quote refrigerated beef at a price that will enable me to pay $4.90 for a car of choice Indiana beeves, and hearing this there was a rush for the young married couple, and the bride fell into the arms of her father, who is known to bear a striking resemblance to a Connecticut ox weighing 1,875 pounds. The market here took an upward turn and advanced 1@2 cents, and the guests, who numbered about 200, were served with a sumptuous dinner at the house of the bride."

Submarine Boats.

Should the submarine boat take the place in naval warfare that some nations expect, one of the chief precautions taken by the world's navies will be an immense increase in the number of balloons, with duly trained staffs to work them, carried by war vessels.

The balloons carried by these battleships are of exactly the same material and pattern as those in use in the army, only smaller. They have a use far in advance of any mere long-distance observational purpose, for, though the wake of a submarine boat sunk deeply in the water can only be traced with difficulty from such an elevation as that afforded by a ship, both such wake and the boat itself can be seen with absolute and undeviating clearness from a captive balloon. This is the result of a scientific and optical law, and when ship balloons were first put to the practical test in regard to this matter, the results attained were of the most surprising kind.

Even where the water is distinctly cloudy, objects of a much smaller kind than a submarine boat, and painted of neutral color, could be seen from a balloon with the utmost clearness at a depth of five fathoms, or thirty feet, though the surface was rough. No submarine boat could in the daytime get within striking distance of a threatened ship that had a balloon without being observed.

Perihelion means when the planets are nearest the sun. Aphelion means when the planets are farthest from the sun.

The flow of sap is caused principally by transpiration of leaves and osmosis. Its course is the xylem (woody portion) of the vascular bundles. Sap obtained in tapping maples flows, under certain conditions, both ways, but more up than down.

In the Century Magazine, John Burroughs writes: "I have never seen the snake swallowing its young. It is a moot question whether or not the snake does swallow its young, but if there is no other good reason for it, may they not retreat into their mother's stomach to feed? How else may they be nourished?"

When pure water becomes slightly turbid by extremely finely divided white or colorless particles floating therein, they reflect, even in the case of ground mountain crystal, a yellow light, which unites with the natural blue into a brilliant green color, such as is exhibited by the Neuenburg and Boden lakes.

E. A. Martel, the French explorer of caverns, whose discoveries underground have attracted much attention within the past few years, reports that he has found in the department of Hautes Alpes a cavity in the form of a "natural well," whose depth exceeds that of any other known. He has sounded it to the depth of about 1,017 feet, but he believes that the actual bottom has not yet been reached.

French engineers have lately made successful tests of wireless telegraphy between the lofty observatories on the crown of Mont Blanc and the Valley of Chamonix. It had been feared that the absence of moisture in the frozen surface might interfere with the earth connection, but no such trouble was experienced. The only difficulty arose when the alternating current dynamos of the electric light system Chamonix were at work. At such times the wireless messages could not be transmitted nor received.

The meridian of Greenwich is generally accepted as the starting line from which to reckon longitude and time all over the earth. But objections are, from time to time, raised against the universal adoption of the Greenwich meridian for such purposes. Recently Italian savants have emphasized these objections by pointing out that on the meridian of Greenwich clouds and bad weather are frequent, interfering with astronomical observations. They suggest that the civilized world should agree to adopt the meridian of Jerusalem as a common reference line, because there the skies are clearer, and the possibility of making Palestine neutral territory would eliminate political objections.

The coast and geodetic survey has recently completed some very careful leveling operations which show that the surface of the Gulf of Mexico lies perceptibly higher than that of the Atlantic Ocean. Between the surface of the ocean at St. Augustine on the eastern shore of Florida and the surface of the Gulf at Cedar Keys on the western shore there is a mean difference in level of nine-tenths of a foot. This is considered to be sufficient to account for the outpouring current of the Gulf Stream, which, in the narrower parts of the Strait of Florida, touches bottom. The surplus of water which raises the Gulf above the level of the ocean is apparently received through the Yucatan Channel, being driven in by the prevailing equatorial currents from the east.

Wanted the Real Sensation.

In a Berlin mercantile establishment recently a woman, when arrested for stealing articles, offered the plea that she was engaged upon a work of fiction and, wishing to introduce a shoplifter in her story, she had committed theft so as to be able to describe accurately the sensations and the emotions of the character.

Cures Talk

Great Fame of a Great Medicine Won by Actual Merit.

The fame of Hood's Sarsaparilla has been won by the good it has done to those who were suffering from disease. Its cures have excited wonder and admiration. It has caused thousands to rejoice in the enjoyment of good health, and it will do you the same good it has done others. It will expel from your blood all impurities; will give you a good appetite and make you strong and vigorous. It is just the medicine to help you now, when your system is in need of a tonic and invigorator.

Sores—"Last spring I had sores on my face. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and continued with it until the sores were all gone and I was stronger and healthier than ever before." JOHN E. MOUNGOVAN, Point Arena, Cal.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Foxhunt Ended in a Church.

As the congregation was assembling the other day at Broughton Astley church, near Leicester, where a daily service is held during the war, a fox and the whole of the Atherstone pack of hounds ran into the sacred edifice where the fox was quickly dispatched by the hounds. Some minutes elapsed before they could be cleared out of the church.—London Mail.

Will Cure you. Dr. Pfunder's

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

A popular remedy for the bite of a mad dog, at the beginning of the 19th century was for the victim to take an ounce of the pulverized jawbone of the dog that had bitten him. After the administration of this remedy the animal was never known to bite any one.

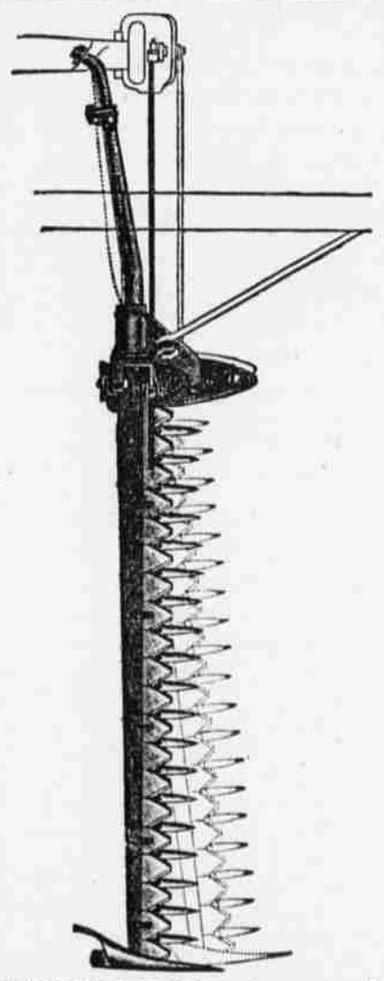
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A new automatic machine gun is being tested by the United States army. It weighs only 12 punds, can be carried by one man, and fires 450 shots a minute.

Somebody, very learned, once took the trouble of weighing the brains of a number of animals, and found that the brain of a tame rabbit weighed less for its size than the brain of any other known creature—much less than that of a wild rabbit.

Advertising is not a luxury, but rather an economic business proposition, recognized by all the best and most successful business men the world over.

A new method of preserving telegraph poles is to surround the portion in the ground with an earthenware pipe like a drain pipe. Into the space between the pole and the pipe is poured a mixture of sand and resin.



By a simple twist of the wrist you can line up the **cutter bar** on the

Champion Draw Cut Mower

You can't do it on any other. And there are other points too. Send for Catalogue.

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PORTLAND, OREGON.

To fully introduce our **Famous "SOUTHERN BELLE CIGARS"** we give to each person buying a box of 50 cigars for $2.50 and express charges, an elegant nickel plate case, stem wind, stem set, open face **Watch**, American make, which with proper care should last for years; also a plated watch chain and charm. Send us your name and full address—no money. We will send cigars, watch, chain and charm. If, after examination, you are satisfied, pay your agent $2.50 and express charges. These goods sent anywhere in the U. S. at these terms. The "Southern Belle" is as good as many 10c cigars now offered. Address **National Cigar Co.,** St. Louis, Mo. When ordering please give the name of this paper without fail