# A Change of Purpose.

IT was a bright morning in January, and a girl was breakfasting alone in the somewhat dingy sitting room of a Bloomsbury lodging house. She was young and pretty, with delicate, thoughtful looking features. She glanced at the clock—it wanted a few minutes to 9—then rose from her seat and, walking to the window, pulled back the faded red curtains.

"A clear sky—there will be a splendid light soon for Phil," she exclaimed.

She turned and made her way back to the fireplace. An envelope on the mantelpiece caught her eye. It was an old one, and had been there for some weeks, but she took it down once again, and drew a card out—a mere ordinary Christmas card, with the words, "Madge, from Dick," written upon it. She gazed at it reflectively; then replaced it with a little sigh.

"Ah, Dick," she murmured, "if only things had gone a little better with us!"

The chimes of a clock striking the hour caught her ear, and she made hurried preparations for her departure. On her way down she tapped at a door, and opened it naif an inch.

"Many happy returns of the day, Phil, dear!" she called out. "It's a lovely morning. Good-by!"

She ran down the stairs lightly. In the hall she was met by an elderly looking man in a velveteen coat. She nodded brightly to him, and he opened the door for her.

"Your brother's birthday?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes. We must do something tonight in honor of it, and you must help us, Mr. Lintell! Good-by—I shall be late for my 'bus!"

About an hour later, Phil Halstan emerged from his room. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with a somewhat heavy, indolent-looking face. He ate a leisurely breakfast, then, lighting a cigarette, dropped into an armchair by the fire and let his eyes travel slowly round the dull room. A look of disgust crept to his face.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "How horribly mean and sordid it all looks! Shall I ever get out of it?"

Presently he rose, and, going to a corner by the window, drew forward an easel. He sat himself before it and gazed at the blank canvas. Then he felt for his box of brushes and fingered them meditatively. Finally he laid them down and looked out of the window.

There was a tap at the door, and the next moment old Mr. Lintell entered. He lived on the upper floor and had got to be very friendly with Madge and her brother.

"I won't interrupt you," he began, with a glance at the easel. "I only came to offer you my best wishes!"

"Thanks! Please don't go," cried Phil, as the old man moved toward the door. "Fact is, I don't think I shall do much more work now—rather thought of giving myself a holiday. My birthday, you know!" he added half jocularly.

Old Lintell came forward slowly. He looked at the blank canvas.

"It's going to be a great thing!" explained Phil. "I'm working out the idea now—it takes time, you know."

The old man nodded, and looked out of the window. He had been thinking a good deal of Phil lately—this boy who got up late, sat dreaming half the day, and loafed the other, who had never earned a penny in his life, kept in idleness by a devoted sister who, as typist in a solicitor's office, worked hard from morn to night, believing in him heart and soul.

He glanced up sharply at Phil.

"Might I see your portfolio?" he said. "I used to know something about art."

Phil pulled it out with alacrity, and opened it for the old man's inspection.

Mr. Lintell turned them over one by one. They were crude and badly done, with no sign of distinctive ability whatever.

"Well?" asked Phil eagerly. He shared his sister's belief in himself. "Give me your candid opinion."

Mr. Lintell wiped his glasses and proceeded to oblige him. He told him the truth—the unpleasant, naked truth—and a wave of color swept over young Phil's cheek. Then he laughed.

"It's too ridiculous," he cried.

Old Mr. Lintell rose from his chair and made his way to the door.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I thought you ought to know."

Phil laughed again as the door closed on the old man—but it was an uncomfortable sort of laugh—the laugh of a man whose mind had been suddenly confronted with a new aspect of the case. He strode up and down the room.

"Of course, I shall be famous some day—shall pay little Madge back a thousandfold—and she doesn't mind working at present!" he reflected. "And he said I hadn't a particle of ability, that I was wasting my time, that I ought to be earning my living, keeping Madge, instead of letting her——!"

He glanced toward the window. The sun was shining temptingly. He walked to the mantelpiece and found two half-crowns which Madge had left there. Unthinkingly he slipped these into his pocket, then, taking hat and stick, made his way out of the house.

He meant to go for a long walk, to think out his great idea. But he found he could think of nothing but old Lintell's words. The idiotic sentence kept running through his head. He, Phil Halstan, a mere loafer! The thing was absurd; Madge herself would be the first to say so.

He walked for some time, and made an effort to think of something else. Presently he dropped into a cheap restaurant to have lunch. He sat down at a table; next to him two men were talking rather excitedly.

"I don't care who it is!" one was declaring emphatically. "The chap who loafs while a woman works for 'im is a 'ound, and deserves to be kicked! Why, I'd sooner sweep the roadway!"

Phil, with a red face, rose and hurriedly left the place.

* * * * * * *

It was half past 2 the same afternoon when Madge ran lightly up the staircase of the house in Bloomsbury, and burst into the sitting room. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. She saw a young man standing by the window. His back was turned to her.

"Phil!" she cried joyously, "I have a half holiday!"

The figure in the window turned and she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Dick!" she gasped in astonishment.

Dick Evington came toward her, holding out his hand.

"Just Dick," he answered with a smile. He caught her hand and stood looking into her face. "Something has happened, Madge, and I've come up at once from Anington to tell you about it."

There was a dainty flush on her cheeks; he thought he had never seen her look so beautiful.

"I hope it is something good for you, Dick," she said. "Is it?"

"I don't know—yet," he said, slowly. "That is, until I've heard what you have to say."

Now it happened that at this moment Phil Halstan was wending his way homewards. He let himself in with his latchkey and went up to their room. The door was not quite shut, and he heard voices—Madge's and another's. He recognized it after a moment. Then he caught a few of the words. He glanced round. The landing was dark. Hardly knowing what he did, he sank down on the first stair and listened.

"I knew things would come right at last, Madge, dear!" Evington's voice was saying. "But I didn't think it would be as splendid as this. A good post abroad—only open to a married man, too!"

There was a pause. Outside Phil grasped the bannister. There was a slight movement by him, and turning his head he found Lintell had crept to his side.

Then they heard Madge's voice. It was low and tremulous.

"I'm sorry, Dick, but——"

"Why, Madge, you love me?"

"Yes, love you, Dick—always have loved you—always shall! But——" There was a pause, then in a whisper. "There's Phil!"

Old Lintell laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"But surely Phil won't mind!" cried Evington. "He is a man, and can earn his own living. He would not wish you to give up this."

"You don't understand, Dick!" There were tears in Madge's voice this time. "Some day Phil will be a great artist, be famous, but just now—he wants my help! Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry, but I can't leave him—can't go with you—though I love you so!"

Phil Halstan shok old Lintell's hand from his shoulder, and rose suddenly to his feet. He stood for a moment undecided, then crept away on tiptoe down the stairs. Old Lintell followed.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

Phil made no reply. He crammed his hat on his head, opened the door and stepped into the street. Old Lintell went with him, and they walked away together.

"Are you going to let her lose her one big chance of happiness?" said old Lintell, in a low voice; "or going to continue to idle your life away—she keeping you?"

Phil hardly seemed to hear him. He was striding along with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his eyes staring straight ahead of him. Suddenly he threw his head back.

"You heard—she doesn't want to go herself!" he cried, almost fiercely. "She'd soon forget all about it."

"A girl with a heart like Madge's never forgets!" replied old Lintell.

"What are you going to do?" he repeated relentlessly.

"A little more time—and I might do something big!" broke out Phil.

"You've loafed for three years—and done nothing!" said the old man. "You know you will never do anything in art. You've willfully shut your eyes, and used it as an excuse to yourself and her for idling!"

The young man's mouth was twitching convulsively.

"You're right!" he cried, in a hoarse voice, "but what's there left for me to do—I know nothing, have done nothing!" he finished helplessly.

"Be a man. There's always something for a man to do! Remember what she has done for you."

They reached St. Martin's Church at Charing Cross. Phil stopped and passed a hand over his brow. The old man watched him anxiously. He saw Phil's eye travel across the road to where the recruiting sergeants were pacing slowly up and down, alert for new blood. Then Phil Halstan suddenly gave his shoulders a jerk back.

"Yes," he said between his shut teeth. "There's always something left for a man to do!"

He crossed the road.

* * * * * * *

That night Madge was sitting alone reading a letter that had been brought to her by messenger. The tears came to her eyes as she read the last few sentences:

"* * * For three years I have played it as low down as a fellow can. But I'm going to be a man at last, Madge. If you want to make me happy, dear, make me feel I haven't quite spoilt your life. Go with Dick!"

The letter dropped from her hand.

"Go with Dick!" she repeated in a low tone.

There was a tap at the door; then a man was shown in—a young man with a pale and anxious face.

"Madge, I couldn't leave without asking you once again—is it quite hopeless?" he began.

She raised her eyes to his, and he saw her lips tremble.

"Not quite hopeless, Dick, dear!" she whispered.—Mainly About People.

## THEY COULDN'T HAZE HIM.

**Little Western Cadet Was Too Much for the Hazers.**

A local professional man recalled the other day a hazing incident of his youth. It happened at the old college at Hudson in the early 70's. The prospective victim was a young fellow from somewhere in the west, a little runt of a chap with a heavy shock of red hair.

He had been told he would be hazed, but he only shook his head in an exasperating way as to say he wouldn't be hazed under any circumstances, and when he was pressed for a reason he simply said:

"Because I know how to take care of myself."

Of course that sort of talk made us all the more determined to put him through the handsomest course of sprouts that any presumptuous freshman had yet received in the old alma mater.

One night six of the huskiest sophomores in the class went up to the freshman's room. We had a nice coil of rope and a square of sticking plaster for his mouth, and sundry other objects of entertainment were awaiting the victim in a convenient place.

The little fellow was in his room alone when we filed in.

He looked up without a tremor.

"Hullo," he said.

"Hullo," we answered.

"Is it peace or war?" says the runt as cool as a cucumber.

"It'll be war fast enough if you don't take it peaceably," said our ringleader as he loosened up the rope.

"I just wanted to know," drawled the runt.

And then all of a sudden his face flushed up, and, quicker than a flash, he whipped out a big revolver and had us covered.

"Skip!" he snarled.

I've never seen such a big revolver since. It seemed to point at every man in the room. And the runt's hand was as steady as the eternal hills. I'd bet every man in that room wished himself on the outside just as heartily as I did.

"Skip!" said the runt again.

Well, we tried to exit with dignity, but I know that the spokesman and the next largest soph got badly stalled in the doorway.

And, say, we went away with such celerity that we actually left the rope behind in the freshman's room.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that we didn't think it worth while to go back after it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**About Marriage.**

Of one thousand men who marry, it is found that 332 marry women younger than themselves; 579 marry women of about the same age, and 89 marry women older than themselves.

**Capture of Illicit Distilleries.**

Official reports show that 673 illicit distilleries have been captured in Georgia in the last year.

**Composition of a Penny.**

Pennies do not consist of copper alone, there being in them 2 per cent of tin and 3 per cent of zinc to 95 of copper. They cost the government about 42 cents a pound, exclusive of stamping, and there are 148 in a pound, so that the government makes a fair profit on every pound minted since, while they are redeemable in gold, but few are ever presented.

**Loyalty to His Employer.**

That young man who consented to have a portion of his blood let out to save his employer, set a remarkable example of heroism. The incident shows what power there is in good blood. There is only one natural way to get good blood, and that is from the stomach. If the stomach needs assistance, try Hostetters's Stomach Bitters. This wonderful medicine cures dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, and makes rich red blood.

**Dogs Being Supplanted by Donkeys.**

Berlin now contains 1000 donkeys which have been imported in the last 18 months to take the place of dogs as beasts of draft. The change is due to the agitation of the S. P. C. A.


## A MODERN MIRACLE.

### CASE OF LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA CURED NEAR CHICAGO.

**Victim Lost the Sight of One Eye and Was Unable to Walk—Vision Restored and the Use of Limbs Regained —A Sworn Statement.**

A recent cure that seems almost a miracle was that of Samuel Curnock, of 62 Twenty-second avenue, Melrose Park, Ill. The story is best told in his own words. He says:

"Early in 1898 I began to experience a worn-out feeling and noticed that I became tired after very slight exertion. I continued at my work in the machine shop until July 2, 1898, when I suffered from a fall, and after that time grew rapidly worse. A physician was called and pronounced my trouble locomotor ataxia. He treated me for four months and there was no improvement in my condition. I was told that my case was incurable, and that I would continue to grow worse until death relieved me. I was not confined to my bed, although I spent much of my time lying down, and was entirely unable to work. I could hardly stand; it seemed as if my legs would give out from under me, and my movements were like those of a drunken man. A cold numbness came in my right side, and I lost the eyes began to blur so that I could see nothing distinctly, and in a short time I became totally blind in my right eye.

"Last December I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and within a month I was so much improved that I determined to persist in the treatment. At the end of the second month I was able to return to my work and have not lost a day on account of illness since that time. Since I began taking the pills I have gained 30 pounds in weight, can walk almost as well as ever, and my sight is fully restored. I firmly believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life and enabled me to again earn my livelihood.

"SAMUEL CURNOCK."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this first day of August, 1900.

ADAM DAVISON,
(Seal) Police Magistrate.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price, 50 cents per box; 6 boxes, $2.50.


**New Zealand War Medals.**

The New Zealand government intends to strike 140,000 war commemoration medals, and to distribute them among the school children of the colony. The cost will be about £12,000.

**Want Americans to Do the Work.**

The Siamese government has asked for American bids for the construction of a plant for the manufacture of ammunition in that country.


The prominence achieved by GARFIELD TEA as a blood purifier has not been equaled by another remedy; an improvement in the complexion can be seen after a few days' use.


**Satisfied.**

Agent—Have you seen our new automatic gas burner?

Householder—Thanks, but we are already burning gas enough.


TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.


**The Eternal Feminine.**

"It is you women who make all the trouble in life."

"Yes, and who makes life worth the trouble."—Life.


FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.


**Population of Ohio's Cities.**

Ohio's cities and towns gained 486,021 in population during the last 10 years, or 792 more than the increase in the rest of the entire state.


Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.


**Not Hard to Suit.**

Executive—I would appoint your man, but he is too ignorant for the police force.

Heeler—Den put him on de school board.—Moonshine.

**Accepted Honorary Membership.**

Ex-President Cleveland has accepted an honorary membership in the Mercer County (N. J.) Fox Hunting Association.


BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 322a

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

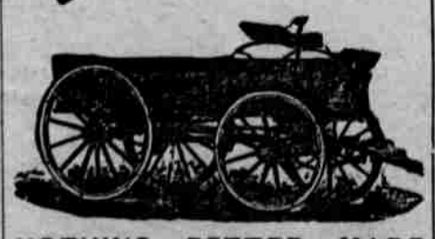
TOWER'S FISH BRAND Oiled Clothing BLACK OR YELLOW WILL KEEP YOU DRY IN THE HARDEST STORM.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. FREE CATALOGUES SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS.
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

"SALZER'S SEEDS WILL MAKE YOU RICH"
This is a daring statement, but Salzer's seeds bear it out every time.
Combinat'on Corn. Greatest corn on earth. Will positively revolutionize corn growing.
Billion Dollar Grass. Greatest marvel of the age; 12 tons of hay per acre. First crop six weeks after sowing

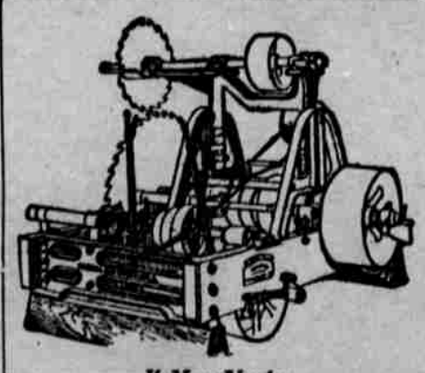
What Is It? Catalogue tells.
FOR 10c. STAMPS and this NOTICE we mail big seed catalog, 10 Grain Samples including above, also Speltz (80 bu. per A.) Oats, (250 bushel per A.) Rape, Barley (173 bu. per A.) Peanut, etc. Worth $10. to get a start.
John A. Salzer Seed Co. La Crosse, Wis.

MACHINERY, FARM IMPLEMENTS, Etc.

Mitchell



NOTHING BETTER MADE
You can't make a mistake if you get
..Mitchell..
Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.
PORTLAND, OREGON.



If You Need a
SAW MILL, ENGINE
BOILER, or any piece of Machinery, it will pay to write us for catalogue and prices.
RUSSELL & CO., Portland, Or.