

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.



TO A WEE COQUETTE.

Wee lady, such a tease thou art
One may not half believe thee.
I share a corner of thy heart,
And yet thou wouldst deceive me;
For when I beg thee, little Flo,
To grant just one caress,
Thy pouting lips make answer "No!"
The while thine eyes say "Yes!"

Wise men assure us that the heart
Is mirrored in the eyes;
In thine I read with lover's art
The truth thy tongue denies.
So thou, my sweet, those eyes must close
Or yield to my caress,
For though you speak ten thousand
"Noes!"
Thine eyes still answer "Yes!"
—Catholic Standard.

The Foundling

AUNTIE," said Elsie Maywood,
"Arthur has something to ask
you, and I hope you will be
pleased."

"Well," said her aunt, "go and tell
him I will be there in a few minutes.
But you will not be offended, dear, if
I ask you something first. Elsie, do
you love him?"

"Of course I love him, auntie. Do
you think I would marry him if I did
not?"

"Then, if you are still of the same
mind after you have heard what I
have to tell you, I shall give my con-
sent." She then entered the parlor.

Arthur Glidden, the young man who
was waiting there, was the son of the
richest man in the place. His face,
though not handsome, had a look
which made one trust him. He had
succeeded in winning the love of Elsie,
and now he had come to ask Miss
Maywood to give her consent to their
marriage. He was a noble young fel-
low, and stated his case most eloquent-
ly. Indeed, it would have taken a
harder-hearted person than Miss May-
wood to refuse him. When he had
finished she said:

"If you are still of the same mind
after hearing what I have to say to-
night, I will give my consent gladly."
Going to the door, she called Elsie,
who had been vaguely wondering what
her aunt's words meant.

"Auntie can't be feeling well," she
was saying to herself, "or she would
never talk so."

Just then she heard her aunt call
her, so she entered the parlor.

"Elsie, sit here by me, dear," said
Arthur.

"Yes, do, Elsie," said her aunt, "for
I have a long story to tell you, and
you would get tired standing." So El-
sie sat down beside Arthur on the
sofa, and Miss Maywood commenced.
"In the first place, children," she said,

"let me tell you that Elsie is not my
niece at all, but—"

Elsie jumped from the sofa.
"Auntie!" she exclaimed.

"I know, dear," said Miss Maywood.
"No doubt you think me crazy, but I
assure you I am perfectly sane."

Elsie sank back on the sofa, and
Miss Maywood continued: "It was a
dark, stormy night, just eighteen years
ago; I was sitting before the fire think-
ing. My thoughts were not pleasant
ones, for just three years ago that
night was to have been my wedding
night. But again the same old story;
we quarreled over a trifle and parted
for life. The wind seemed to sympa-
thize with me, for it howled and
moaned in such a dismal manner that
I could not help feeling thankful that
I had a roof over my head this dreary
night, and hoped there was no one out
in the storm. As if in answer to my
thoughts, the doorbell rang, and as
Jane was in bed I answered it myself.
On opening the door I saw before me
a man with a large basket on his arm.
He set the basket down inside the
door and said: 'The letter will explain
everything, ma'am.' He then turned
quickly, ran down the steps, and was
lost to sight in the darkness."

"It all happened in less time than it
takes to tell, and I was so surprised I
hardly knew what to do. I picked up
the basket, which was rather heavy,
carried it into the dining room, and set
it on the table. As I did so there is-
sued from a feeble wail, like that of
an infant. I ran for Jane to come and
open it, for I would not dare, as my
nerves were all unstrung. She came,
and together we opened the basket.
There, nestling cozily, was the sweet-
est little baby of perhaps 6 months.
She opened her big blue eyes and
smiled up at me. From that moment
I loved the child and decided to keep
her. In the bottom of the basket we
found a scrap of paper with the words:
'You will not be expected to keep the
child for nothing, for a remittance will
be sent you every month.' We search-
ed the basket for the letter that the
man had spoken about, but we could
not find it, and concluded he must have
meant the note, though that did not
explain much, to be sure. That child
was you, Elsie, and my only regret is
that I do not know who your parents
were. I knew your name was Elsie,
because it was worked in all your
clothes and—"

"Have you changed your mind, Ar-
thur?" It was Elsie who had spoken.
All during the time her aunt was talk-
ing she had been as one stricken dumb,
and now she turned to Arthur with a
sarcastic look on her fine face.
"Changed my mind?" he echoed. "No;
a thousand times no. If anything, El-
sie, I love you more."

One day, about a year after Arthur
and Elsie were married, Elsie, who
was exploring the attic, came across
an old market basket. Thinking it was

worthless, she started to tear out the
lining, but in doing so a scrap of paper
tucked up under the rim caught her
eye. She pulled it out and glanced
over the contents.

It was the other half of the note
that had been found in the basket the
night it was brought. The note was
from Miss Maywood's former lover,
saying that the child was his and ask-
ing her to care for it for the old love's
sake, as he was dying and had no
relatives to send it to.

So the mystery was solved, and you
will not find a happier couple than
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Glidden.—Boston
Post.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

Which Brought Together the Families
of Twenty European States.

Princess Alice of Battenberg, who
was married Wednesday at Darmstadt,
Germany, to Prince Andrew, fourth

son of King George
of Greece, is re-
lated to most of
the crowned heads
of Europe. Queen
Alexandra of En-
gland is her grand-
aunt and among
her aunts she reck-
ons the Czarina of
Russia, Princess
Henry of Prussia
and the Arch-
duchess Sergius of
Russia. Through
her father, Prince Louis of Batten-
berg, she is a third cousin of Prince
Andrew and a second cousin through
her mother. She is related to the ro-
yal families of 20 European States,
great and small, and representatives of
all of these were present at her wed-
ding.

Princess Alice is 18 years old and is
said to be very attractive. Her father
is a captain in the British naval ser-
vice, and in England all of the princess'
life has been spent.

Mrs. Noolywed's Mistake.
Mrs. Noolywed—And if I had really
thrown you down then, would you
have given me up?

Noolywed—I should say not. I
would have kept right on trying to
win you, even if you had thrown me
over half a dozen times.

Mrs. Noolywed—My, what a lot of
fun I missed!—Baltimore American.

The Sea Shore.
"What a great roll the ocean has
out there?" said the romantic young
woman.

"Hub!" snorted the practical man,
"it won't matter how big its roll is,
it'll go broke just the same as soon as
it strikes this blooming beach."—Phi-
adelphia Press.

Even the clever Edward Bok doesn't
pretend that there is any cure for old
age.

MARSHALL FIELD AND CO.'S WAREHOUSE MANAGER

Cured of Catarrh of Kidneys by
Pe-ru-na.



HON. JOHN T. SHEAHAN, OF CHICAGO.

Hon. John T. Sheahan, who has been for seventeen years manager of
Marshall Field & Co.'s wholesale warehouse, and is corporal 2d Regiment
Infantry, I. N. G., writes the following letter from 3753 Indiana avenue, Flat
Six, Chicago, Ill.:

Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen—"Last summer I caught a cold which seemed to settle in
my kidneys and affected them badly. I tried a couple of kidney remedies
largely advertised, but they did not help me any. One of my foremen told
me of the great help he had received in using Peruna in a similar case, and
I at once procured some.

"It was indeed a blessing to me, as I am on my feet a large part of the
day, and trouble such as I had affected me seriously, but four bottles of Pe-
runa cured me entirely and I would not be without it for three months sal-
ary."—JOHN T. SHEAHAN.

Mr. Jacob Fleig writes from 44
Sumner avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"I am now a new man at the age of
seventy-five years, thanks to your
wonderful remedy Peruna."—Jacob
Fleig.

Catarrhal inflammation of the mucous
lining of the kidneys, also called
"Bright's disease," may be either acute
or chronic. The acute form produces
symptoms of such prominence that

the serious nature of the disease is at
once suspected, but the chronic vari-
ety may come on so gradually and in-
sidiously that its presence is not sus-
pected until after it has fastened it-
self thoroughly upon its victims.

At the appearance of the first symp-
tom Peruna should be taken. This
remedy strikes at once at the very
root of the disease.

A book on catarrh sent free by The
Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.



ORDER QUICK—Special bargain list, new
goods. South Bend Steel Plows, wood beams,
14 in., \$10; South Bend Chilled Plows, wood
beams, 14 in., \$7.50; all sizes and styles in
plows. Young America Cream Separator, No.
300, \$35; Steel Wind Mill, 8-foot, \$22; Wood Wheel
Wind Mill, 12-foot, \$35. Write us for prices on
anything in the machinery line. Reiersen Ma-
chinery Co., foot of Morrison St., Portland, Or.

Correct.
Gobang—I wonder who this is who
advertises for the return of a watch,
"and no questions asked?"
Uperdek—Some man. No woman
would do it.—Judge.

Colds

"I had a terrible cold and could
hardly breathe. I then tried Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral, and it gave me im-
mediate relief."
W. C. Layton, Sidell, Ill.

How will your cough
be tonight? Worse, prob-
ably. For it's first a cold,
then a cough, then bron-
chitis or pneumonia, and
at last consumption.
Coughs always tend
downward. Stop this
downward tendency by
taking Ayer's Cherry Pec-
toral.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it,
then do as he says. If he tells you not
to take it, then don't take it. He knows.
Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Good Pills

Ayer's Pills are good liver
pills. You know that. The best
family laxative you can buy.
They keep the bowels regular,
cure constipation.

J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR 5 P. HALL & CO., MANHATTAN, N. Y.

BAD BLOOD

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them
and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have
suffered from a medicine pleasant to take and as
have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them
my blood has been purified and my complexion has
improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every
way."—MRS. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No
Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Gripe, 10c., 25c., 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION.
Selling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.

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that have been cost-
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Fast Color. Everlasting.

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in time. Sold by druggists.