Hon. J. H. FLETCHER, formerly Governor of South Dakota, but now a resident of Salem, Ore., says:

"For over two years my daughter had been declining from a strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked girl to a pale, weak and helpless in-She was afflicted with terrible headaches, and gradually grew weaker, and more languid, apparently without cause. I tried several doctors, but all without avail. Finally, to please a friend, I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and to our surprise, before it was used up her headaches ceased, the color began to return to her cheeks and lips and her strength began to assert itself. I bought five boxes more, and by the time she had finished them she was completely restored, and to-day she is a robust rosy, healthy girl instead of a pale, tired and sickly one."

-From the Oregon Independent, Salem, Ore.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are neve sold by the coren or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

Thave used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about these years with what I called billions attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add nine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowder, Ph. G., 58 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.

Miss BECSHE WIRDMAN.

VES REL

ш

NO

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dross. I saw Eipans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Rigans Tabules. I am thirty-saven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of inthe who was taking them for catarrhe **************** R·I·P·A·N·S taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from The modern standfound such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have complete, ly cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. ard Family Medicine: Cures the Mrs. J. BROOKMYRE

common every-day ill of humanity.

My seven-year-old boy suifered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin determined to give them
a trial, was greatly
relieved by their use
and now takes the
Tabules regularly. Shekeeps a few cartons Ripans
Tabules for the heavy their and sleeplessness have
disappeared with the indigestion which was
formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole
family take the Tabules regularly, especially after
a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age
and is enjoying the best of health gad spirits; also
eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she
took bigsus Tabules.

ANTON H. BLAUKES.

MARK

age do and what me
did eat did not agree
with him. He was thin
and of a saffron color.

Ripans Tabules, I fried them. Ripans Tabules, only relieved but actually cured my youngster,
the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in
good condition and he never complains of his
stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This
wonderful change I stribute to Ripans Tabules.
I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from
the cradie to old age) if taken according to directions.

Betrothal Rings.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she save a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them

Modern Greek peasants exchange a gold and silver wedding ring, and they krink wine from the same cup. But the egular ritual of the Greek church orctual marriage, in which are used gold and silver wedding rings blessed by the priest, the gold ring being given to he man, the effvor ring to the woman. The form of the espousal is then repeatd, and the rings are placed on the right ands and then exchanged that no in-eriority may be betokened by the womm wearing the silver ring and also to ndicate a common ownership of prop-

An Armenian mother usually chooses ser daughter's husband. After all busihe families the bridegroom's mother, accompanied by a priest and two marons, visits the bride and gives her a ring in token of espousal, and with this ring the couple are ultimately married. Among the fishing communities very ancient and elaborate rings are used, and they descend as heirlooms from generation to generation.

In Japanese marriages arranged beween very young people the girl reseives a ring in evidence that the union is binding. In Malabar an old native sustom seats both bride and bridegroom m a dais, and a relative washes the teet of the bridegroom with milk and puts a silver ring on the great toe of the right foot. He then hands a gold ring to his kinsman, and a necklace and :haplet of flowers are put on the bride's seek and head .- London Mail

Korea's Seven Wonders.

The seven wonders of Korea are: (1) The marvelous mineral spring of Kinshanto, one dip in which is a sovereign cure for all the ills that human flesh is heir to. (2) The double springs which, though far apart, have a strange, mysterious affinity. According to Korean belief, there is a connection under-ground, through which water ebbs and lows like the waters of the ocean, in such a way that only one spring is full at a time. The water possesses a wonlerful sweetening power, so that whatever is cooked therein becomes good and palatable. (3) The cold wind cavern, whence comes a never ceasing wind so plereing that nothing can withstand it and so powerful that the strongest man cannot face it. (4) The indestructible pine forest, the trees of which grow ap again as fast as they are cut down.
(5) The floating stone, a massive block that has no visible support, but, like Mohammed's coffle, remains suspended. (6) The warm stone, situated on the top of a hill and said to have the pecullarity of spreading warmth and heat all round it. (7) A drop of the sweat of addha, for 30 paces round which no dower or vegetation will grow, nor will birds or other living things pass over it. -Brooklyn Faste

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She Cleaued the Spoons. They were very pretty spoons, and the

pleasure in them. There was a pretty, flower pattern running down the handle, brought out by the oxidized work, which had made the spoons so much more expensive when they were new. There was a new "girl" in the He came at last. family. She was good enough, as girls go, perhaps, but no one would have said that she was very well yersed in household lore. But she learned to clear silver, and after a time she was given the spoons with the pretty flower pattern had not been in the water for more than and the oxidized work running up the handle. The girl felt the responsibility which was placed upon her in taking those spoons to clean. It was probable that she made up her mind that if she never did anything else she would have masts, sails and gear had rotted away those speous clean. And she did. When from the long exposure to the sun and on the table, shining builliantly, and it sides, and, in some cases, the very must have taken much work and elbow planking had been stolen for firewood. grease, for every bit of oxidizing had "Pioneering In Formosa," by W. A. been scrubbed off them .- New York Pickering.

Youth and Love fell out one day. Said Youth to Love: "I'll go my way And leave you broken hearted. I'll go through life without your aid. I'll gaze on neither man nor maid." And foolishly they parted.

Off went haughty Youth alone.
He hummed a tune in merry tone
And never looked behind him,
While Love at home was sad and sore
And longed for merry Youth once more.
Alas, she could not find him!

YOUTH AND LOVE.

But Youth had not been walking long Before he husbed his merry song— His heart was full of sorrow. He found it hard to stay away From Love, if only for a 6-y. He came back on the morrow.

For Love and Youth apart would die Like flowers without dew or sky. They'd fade if they would sever! As long as there are tide and time In every land, in every clime,
Youth and Love will be together.

Joseph P. Galton in Philadelphia Times

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

"Lizzie, child, come down this instant! What do you mean by being so unladylike? Sitting on the topmost rail of that fence!"

The damsel addressed came down from her high perch, and, throwing one arm over the neck of the little brown pony, walked demurely by his side, while the old judge sat in grim state on his back.

They were very like, this father and daughter. Lizzie was his youngest, and though

she had attained the age of 18 she was still childish in her ways. The judge placed his hand tenderly

on the little, curly head. "Where has my little daughter been?" "Oh, I have been up to the hall talking with the housekeeper and wandering through the great rooms, and, oh, papa, she really took me into the beautiful conservatory, and I saw such lovely flaming passion flowers and the great creamy magnolia blossoms, and, dear me, I can't tell you of all the

lovely things. "Then I walked down the road to meet you, and I was so tired that I sat down on the fence to rest.

"Oh, papa, don't you wish we lived in such a nice place as the hall? It is such a grand old mansion.' She was suddenly stopped by seeing

a gentleman approaching from the opposite side of the road. "Mr. Ray, I believe."

The judge bowed. "Agent for the St. Leon place?"

"Yes, sir." "I came to see you in regard to it,

and' "And you are Mr. St. Leon's confidential clerk, Mr. Hartley! I believe I received a letter from him today informing me that you would arrive this week. Yes, yes; come right up to the house, and we will talk over the repairs. Shall we begin them immediately?"

"What! My letter but just arrived? Singular!" Activities was to refer how they "Papa, you don't mean to say you have brought him home—a confidential

clerk? You know there are the best rooms to be papered and cleaned and our pink dresses to be made against Herbert St. Leon's arrival." "But, my dear," began the old gen-

tleman, "just like your papa to never think of this at all." "Well, I shall see that he is put in the little room over the kitchen. He will never know the difference," and Blanche sank back in a studied attitude

on the sofa, wondering if handsome Bert St. Leon would fancy her levely pink morning dress that she had made for his special benefit, for of course he would stop at their house during the time in which the repairs were being made at the hall. The door of the dining room was

ajar, and Mr. Hartley, standing before the fire in the little parlor, heard it all. This, then, was the welcome home that the wanderer received after roaming five years in a distant clime. The tears glistened in his lashes and a bright

drop fell to his hand.
"Mr. Confidential Clerk, you are crying," and Lizzie pushed the white kit ten from her lap and came over to his side, laying her dimpled hand on his

arm. "I am sorry you heard them, but never mind; I'll be your friend." "Your friendship is very dear to me,

my little girl." "I'm not a little girl. I was 18 last week."

"Pardon me, young lady, but can you tell me something of the hall-what sort of place is it?"

"Oh, it is a grand old place, with great stone porticoes, and marble mantels carved to represent gods and god-desses, and the ceiling all frescoed in blue and gold sunsets, and a big conservators, with blue passion flowers, flaming cactuses and orange trees with real oranges on them. Oh, it's so nice, so nice!

"Lizzie, Lizzie, you are talking far more than is necessary. Go to your French immediately."

And as the abashed damsel obeyed he heard Blanche say: "Dignity on the family! Nothing

but a confidential clerk." And Lizzie exclaimed: "I don't care. I like him.

A month had passed by. Mr. Hartley had exchanged his close apartments over the kitchen for more commodious ones at the village inn. Thence he calmly superintended the projected improvements at the hall, and all the gossip exchanged between himself and Lizzie was in the course of her rambles through the St. Leon woods, and if the family had only known how often these rambles were taken their aristocratic tendfamily had always taken a special encies would have been tearfully shocked.

And now Mr. Hartley sat in the same little parlor where Lizzie had first vowed to be his friend and awaited the

"You wish to see me, Mr. Hartley?"

"Yes, sir. I came to ask you for the

A Former Chinese Fleet. It consisted chiefly of old junks which 30 years. During this lengthened period the sea had receded, and the land had formed to the extent of more than a mile, the consequence being that these ancient vessels were high and dry, their family saw them again, they were rain, the paint had peeled from their

zie. I love her more than my life, Judge Ray."

"You cannot have her! No, sir! I look for something higher for my daughter than a confidential clerk. If that is all, I bid you good evening."

Next night the judge rode slowly home to dinner, feeling a presentiment

"Where is Lizzie?" he inquired of Blanche as he entered the cozy dining

room. "In her room, I suppose, mourning after her dear clerk." "Well, call her to dinner, child."

Blanche went, but returned immediately with a pale, frightened face. 'She is not there, papa, but this note lay on her table."

The judge broke the seal and read, with a face that had grown suddenly pale:

"By the time that you read these words, dearest papa, your little Lizzie will be another's. I shall be married to Mr. Hartley. I hope it is not wrong, for indeed I do love him very much." As he folded the note with stern fea-

tures a light step crossed the threshold, and Lizzie's arms were around his neck, the confidential clerk standing at door with a face where pride and indomitable resolution struggled for the mastery.

"Papa, forgive us!" "I'll see you hanged first!" roared the old gentleman. "Begone, both of you! Beg, starve, but never come to

me for assistance!" "Oh, papa," pleaded Lizzie, "I want to explain. "I won't hear you."

"Be it so," said the clerk. "Come, my little wife; we have each other left, you know," and they went from the

Blanche, surrounded by an atmos phere of lavender and eau de cologne, was just coming out of the hysterics into which Lizzie's unprecedented conduct had thrown her when there came a ring at the bell, and a gentleman bearing a foreign looking carpetbag was ushered in. "Is this Mr. Ray?"

The judge bowed, hardly knowing whether to embrace him as Herbert St. Leon or to repulse him as an emissary from the confidential clerk.

"Ah, so I concluded. Is Mr. St. Leon here?' "Mr. St. Leon, sir, is in Paranham, Brazil."

"I think you are mistaken, sir, as have been informed he is at this moment in his native village." "Herbert St. Leon at home and not

send word to me, his agent? I must go plantation that you do, for I presume to the hall immediately." Blanche arose from the sofa, shaking

the bright drops of cologne from her "You will be sure and bring curls. him home to dinner, papa, won't you?' "I'll try, Blanche; I'll try." "Oh, papa, you are trying to draw

on your boots over your slippers!" "So I am, but this little affair has so upset me." He was up and away. The lights glimmered brightly from

the Gothic windows of the hall and winked defiance at the blustering storm without as the judge rang the bell at the great front door. "Mr. St. Leon-has he arrived?" The servant bowed and ushered him into a room whose superbly arranged

furniture struck Mr. Ray with an indefinite idea of luxury. Lizzie was standing by a tall alabaster vase that stood in the bay window, arranging the tropic vines that curled around its standard, and the light from the colored lamps shone down on the curly head so dear to the judge's heart.

The confidential clerk stood near. "I wish to see your master, young

"I am at your service, sir." "You are! Who the mischief cares whether you are or not? I wish to see Mr. St. Leon."

"Herbert St. Leon is my name, sir." "You? Why, I thought you were the confidential clerk." "I never told you I was. You took

that for granted. As the confidential clerk I wooed and won your daughter. As Herbert St. Leon I could have gained no greater treasure." "It's all a mistake from beginning

to end. Son-in-law, you're a trump. Come here, Lizzie, and kiss your old father."-New York Times.

The Cuban Gold Myth.

If we listen to the voice of the charmer or go to the books on Cuba for our information, we shall find that the mineral resources of this island include gold, silver, mercury, lead, antimony, copper, chrome, iron, manganese, pitch bitumen and even coal, but when we come to look for practical metallic results commensurate with these varied mineral resources we shall be disappointed.

The gold fiction is the most time honored for the original Spanish settlers expected to find rich gold mines in Cuba. According to their historians. "much gold was taken from this island at the beginning of the conquest," but it seems probable that most of this was taken from the chiefs or caciques of the Indians and very little from the ground. "El Viagero Universal" (Madrid, 1797,) says: "Some of this metal (gold) is still found at Holguin." Whenever the existence of gold in Cuba is discussed this "mine" at Holguin is invariably brought forward. It is true that some work has been done at this point and a little gold has been extracted, but there has never been any systematic exploration, and there is nothing there which may be dignified with the name of a mine .--Jennings S. Cox, Jr., in Engineering Magazine.

Shopkeeper-Come here, Fido! Fine animal that. Your dog, sir? Customer-My dog? I hope not

would not be fellowed around by such a cur as that Shopkeeper-Get out, you brute! Do you know, I hate dogs !- Boston Tran-

She was against Sturage. Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, who died recently in Washington at the age of 63, was a pioneer remenstrant. In 1870-73 she actively opposed the movement for woman suffrage, and drew up a petition to congress asking that the right of suffrage be not granted to women. She was a well known writer, and her published works included a book entitled "Thoughts on Female Suffrage." She was one of the founders of the Literary society of Washington, which met at her house for years, and was active in Catholic missionary work. Her husband, Admiral Dablgren, died in 1870.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Outside the fast closed gates of her lost

Outside the last closer gates
home
Lay hapless Eve,
And in her new, unequaled agony
She moaned: "Relieve,
O God, this pain! Have pity on my lot!"
The great God heeded not.
The sun shone on in heartless brilliancy,
The weary day dragged itself slowly by,
But in the evening—hark, a feeble cry!
God's curse hath been forgot
And past alarms,
Eve glories in her lot—
Her child is in her arms.
—Elizabeth Harmon in Godey's Magazine.

WHY HE ENLISTED.

As the recruits commenced to scatter around in the shade the journalist and the Hancock volunteer proceeded toward the headquarters of the colonel of the regiment. After the salstations had dressed the colonel, saying, "Cap'n, if and promisin to come again soon, I you need any more of Hancock county heard a lady from New York say to anyou need any more of Hancock county boys I'll get'm for you."

"If they're all as fine looking physical specimens as yourself," the colonel anwered jovially, "I'd like to have a whole army of them. Our regiment will be filled up in a day or so, but I'll let you know in time."

After they had left the quarters of the colonel and were stretched upon the grass in the shade the newspaper man took occasion to put his favorite question, "Why do you enlist?" Sometimes this question elicits an outburst of patriotic ardor which fills the air with stars and stripes and eagles, sometimes (most frequently) it calls forth a hard luck story, which paints in glowing colors the virtues of the victim, but on this occasion the answer was merely, "Well, I have nothin to lose." "But," protested the newspaper man, "there's no telling how long you'll have to be from home, and there's no man that will take the same interest in running your you are a farmer.

"That's true, sir; that's true," was his deliberate response, "but you see things ain't just as they was. Before Mary left I took interest in everything, but now-I jes' turnt the farm over to a couple of fellows an thought I might's well to come to the front an fight for my country. I'm 34 years old, an I ain't never done nothin but farm, an I thought I'd take a little fightin

in mine jes' at this stage.' Here a forced smile played over his rugged, careworn features. The correspondent wished to follow the clew just thrown out about the desertion of Mary, but didn't know just how to proceed. "Well, I don't want to discourage your patriotism," he said, "but you're giving up the peaceful leisure of rural life for the dangers and excitement of a campaign in which disease is as much

to be feared as Spanish bullets." "Stranger," said the volunteer, "that's jes' it. From the way you talk bout 'peaceful' leisure I see you ain't never lived in the country. Farmin's a good thing if a man's got money or don't mind workin, an I don't, but that was jes' the whole trouble. I b'l'eve now when I think of it that if I had a had more time to make her happy she'd a been contented to stay, but it seemed to me we was married at the busiest time of the year, an then afterward it looked like I had jes' as much to do at all times. I always had to look after the milkin at daybreak, an then besides the regular work there's enough chores and the like to keep a fellow hustlin all the time. Even on rainy days there's harness to mend an such But, friend," and here his face brightened up until it was radiant with the recollection, "if you could have seen that little wife of mine in the dairy you'd a seen the prettiest sight you ever saw. In a little speckled calico, skimmin the milk an washin the crocks singin the whole time, jes' as happy as a lark. She looked like a little pink rosebud. Sometimes it seemed to me she was more like a angel than a woman. But I beg your pardon, sir," he concluded, refilling his pipe, "you said you wanted to meet all the Hancock boys here, an I guess I'd better go make you 'quainted with 'em 'stead of tellin you all my personal affairs, which isn't

the right things to tell to strangers." This sudden halt in the narrative annoved the journalist, who had interviewed woman suffragists, heard the confessions of criminals, synopsized the prayers of ministers and even invaded the sauctity of the home for the purpose of publishing to the world the secrets of private life. The story had somehow placed him in that supersympathetic condition from which tact takes flight; but, summoning the little skill which remained, he determined to make the man lay bare his heart.

"No," he said, "don't apologize for anything you say to me. I'm interested in it all. When a man is manly and patriotic, his life is always interesting to me. We all have our sorrows, and it's a relief to tell them occasionally. Did you say your wife is no longer with you?"

Blundering as this speech may seem to a mind which seeks and finds hidden motives, it was sufficient to satisfy the simple son of Hancock county, so ho continued:

"Yes, sir, it's over three months sinco blamin her at all. She was young an pretty an full of life, an so I'd jes' rather to think of it all as a big mistake. For a little time after we was married she seemed to be happy, but then I nosame interes' in things. It was jes' aft-Springs with a lot of young folks. I much that I couldn't help kinder standin an fight for my country."—Parton round an lookin on for awhile, but then Pittman in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

I hurried on back, for I had a lot of hoein to look after. "Well, sir, I was the proudest man

in the world when I went back there for her that night. Everybody crowded round, even the old ladies, an told me what a pretty dancer Mary was. All the young folks in the country was there, but Mary was the populares' of 'em all. They wouldn't hear to our drivin back then, but made us both come right in to supper. I didn't exactly calculate on doin this, but Mary looked like she wanted to, so I did. They tried to make me dance, but I don't know how. It was the openin of a new summer hotel, you know. A young fellow that set next to me at the table an was mighty polite in haudin me everything said he was gonter be there at the hotel for some time, an that we mus' come 'round often. Of course I asked him to come see us too. been exchanged before the tent of the He was a pretty glib talker. When we commanding officer the volunteer ad- was leavin an tellin everybody goodby other one. 'Wouldn't she be a queen with the right trainin?' We got in the spring wagon an drove home, an she was jes' all excitement tellin me what a time they had that day an how I

ought to learn to dance. "Two days after some ladies drove round in their carriages an asked her to go to the Springs with 'em again. She said 'No,' but when she seen I was anxious to have her go she went with them. They drove back after supper, her and the two ladies an a young man, an they all told me I ought to have been there. That night she seemed kinder unres'less. She talked a heap 'bout the nice things they'd all said 'bout her at the Springs, but mostly talked 'bout how nice it would be if we could go an travel an go to New York an everywhere, an she said we ought to read books an the like, an that a lady there caid what she needed was cultivatin. "I didn't like this, talkin 'bout her

like she was a field to be plowed up, 'stead of a flower jes' to grow an bloom natural, an when I told her this she jes' laughed an slapped her hands over my mouth. She went to the Springs right regular for a time. Then she wouldn't go no more. Somebody sent her some books-four or five of 'em. She commenced to read one of 'em out loud to me one night. 'Twas a nice story about some rich folks, some artists, an how they was lovin each other, an the thing they went to, but while I got to likin the pesky books after awhile, I told ber all the time that it was jes' stories an that there wasn't no such folks in Paris or New York or anywheres else. Since she was teachin me, a-readin out loud, I took to teachin her. tellin her what I thought 'bout the books. I told her that life was a reality an that even if there was such people they wasn't no better off than us, 'cause there's advantages an disadvantages everywhere, an it all 'mounts to 'bout the same an everything in its place is the best. That's the way I'd write if I wrote books.

"Maybe it was readin in them durn books 'bout the fashion an the or maybe it was them people at the Springs put foolish notions in her head, or maybe it was jes' 'cause she come to know she was too good an pretty for a man like me, but anyhow she commenst to pine an droop like a flower that's witherin. I'd beg her to go to the Springs an enjoy herself like she was invited to do, but it warn't no use. She wouldn't do it. After 'bout a week of this thing that same lady from New York drove up to our gate an asked Mary to come in an pay a visit to her at the Springs. She wanted her to stay as long as she would, an then Mary did agree to go an stay a week, makin the condition that I was to come to see her every day.

"It's a lonesome time I had then. I didn't go to see her but three days, an every day it seem to me I was unwelcomer than before, so I thought I better not go no more an let the chile enjoy her visit. It look to me like the harder I try to please her the more things would go wrong. Wimmin folks is curious little things, stranger, an a awkward fellow like me don't know jes' how to handle 'em. I had done mortgaged my farm again an went in town an brought her silks an dresses an gloves jes' the right size, an when she see 'm she jes' cried an said I was too good to her. Then I got her a piano, but nothin would suit. This was befor she went for the last time to the springs. The things is all at home now, but I never wants to see them again, an if God spares me I never will. There's nothin else to say now, but that I lef' 'cause I couldn't stan' the sympathy an the talkin of the neighbors after I got this letter."

Here he paused and took from the inside pocket of his corduroy coat a square envelope addressed in a round, girlish hand. The faint odor of violet sachet which had once permeated the pages could still be detected, though mingled somewhat with the aroma of tobacco. It read:

I hope that you will understand and forgive me, Jack, although I know that God never will. I was never happy with you, and I never was able to make you happy. A noble, unselfish man like you deserves a better wife. When you get this, I will be far away. Don't try to find me, for you never can. Mary.

After the correspondent had read and returned the letter both men were silent. They watched the little knots of officers I saw her. Understan, now, I ain't and privates talking together under the shade trees, the squads of ununiformed recruits crossing the grounds to their various commands, the amateur cooks preparing the midday meal and all of the lazy restlessuess of camp life. The ticed that she didn't 'pear to take the Hancock volunteer was the first to speak. "What pesters me most in that er she had spent the day at Sulphur letter," he said in a voice tremulous with suppressed emotion, "is that she drove her over there to a picnic one says that she knows that God never morein an then come for her in the will forgive her, an sure God (if there evenin. There were a dozen or more is any) shouldn't be more unforgivin girls there an several young men from than one of his creatures. If I b'l'evel the cities, but there warn't none of 'em prayers was ever answered, I'd be prayin could touch her when it comes to looks. for that little girl now, but as 'tis the She seemed to enjoy bein with 'em so bes' thing I can do is to go to the front

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