

UNION Estab. July, 1897.
GAZETTE Estab. Dec., 1892. (Consolidated Feb., 1899.)

ANDREY.

Naught to captivate the wise;
But the soul of goodness looks
Through the quiet of her eyes.

She can bake and she can knit,
Cunningly she wields the broom,
All her pleasure is to sit
In a neatly order'd room.

Touchstone, shaping a career,
Shines at each exclusive house;
Such a clever man, my dear,
Tied to—just a "country mouse"

"Married ere he dreamed of us,
Ere he knew what gifts he had—
Strange that Fate should yoke him thus,
And very, very sad."

Touchstone (let him mark it well)—
When the social round is trod,
Bored by dame and demure—
"Does home softly, praising God."
—New York Tribune.

Paid in full

I HAD been graduated two years,
and had a practice sufficiently
large, I deemed, to warrant my
taking apartments. Apartments sur-
round a young doctor with an air of
prosperity which people like to en-
courage and add to. A month later I
was comfortably, almost elegantly, es-
tablished on the first floor of a handsome
North Side apartment house, with a
careful middle-aged woman to act as
my housekeeper and cook.

"Pretty well fixed, old man, eh?" said
Jack Winters, my college classmate and
chum, who had come over that even-
ing from the West Side to make a
housewarming for me. "All you need
to complete your happiness is to get ac-
quainted with the pretty widow on the
floor above you. She's John Redmond's
cousin, you know, and a sweeter little
woman never—"

"Thank you," I said, checking Jack's
enthusiasm—Jack always goes off on a
tangent when a pretty woman is dis-
cussed. "I am trying to get patients,
and have no time for social pleasures,
and, besides, I don't mind saying it,
Jack, I'm not fond of widows."

"All I have to say to that is," said
Jack, "you don't know Mrs. Traine."



MRS. TRAINE CLUNG TO MY ARM.

However, my professional duties
were not so arduous that I did not find
time to notice a trim little figure that
flitted in and out through the big en-
trance door, dressed always exquisitely,
but quietly.

My interest in Mrs. Traine deepened
when I heard her story. Her husband
had been killed in a railway accident
three years before. The insurance
money was almost gone, and the little
widow added to the income that must
support herself and invalid mother by
giving music lessons to a few wealthy
girls.

A daintier little rosebud of a woman
it would have been hard to find. Soft
brown hair, tossed in quaint curls about
the low forehead, a voice that spoke
always gently, but was full of mirth,
and a complexion that looked like it
had been bathed in the morning dew.

Once or twice I had held the big door
open for her to pass out, and bowed in
response to the low "thank you." Early
after my coming to the building a
boy on the top floor had been accom-
modating enough to get hurt in the el-
evator, and I had been called in as the
most available physician. Luckily, I
brought the boy through so well that
his parents as well as the youngster
himself, sounded my praises so loudly
that I found myself with quite a repu-
tation and incidentally a practice in the
neighborhood. Still, I had not met Mrs.
Traine, and I was beginning wickedly
to hope an accident—ever so slight a
one, of course—might happen to her, a
sprained ankle or wrist, that I might
have the joy of caring for. However,
the fates preserved Mrs. Traine from
accident, and I continued to watch for
glimpses of her from my office window.

I had bowed the last patient out for
the evening, and settled myself for a
snore before bedtime. My meditations,
mingling with the blue curling smoke,
were interrupted by a piercing scream,
and then another. I rushed into the
hall. The screams came from the
Traine apartment above. In another
moment I was knocking on the door,
which was opened by Mrs. Traine her-
self, white and breathless. "Oh," she
gasped, catching hold of my arm.
"We've got him—out there—in the pan-
try—poor mamma—"

"Who?" I asked.

"The burglar. He was hid in the
dining-room—mamma saw him, and he
ran into the pantry—and I locked the
door—and he's trying to jump out of
the window."

I heard a noise as of some one trying
to push up a window, and opening the
pantry door there he was, a sure
enough burglar, evil-browed and sullen,

who dropped the window and turned to
face me.

"You can't make a jump from that
window, my man," I said. "You had
better be quiet."

I turned the lock again, but Mrs.
Traine, divining my purpose, clung to
my arm. "Don't go," she cried, fran-
tically. "We can't stay here alone a
minute." Then to my relief that same
small boy who had served me so well
professionally appeared on the thresh-
old, attracted by the cries. Off he went
to call the police, while I tried to quiet
two hysterical women.

In a few minutes the burglar was
handcuffed and led away, but the shock
had proved too much for Mrs. Traine's
nerves. The fainting spell was fol-
lowed by delirium, and her daughter
and I watched by her bedside until
morning.

Of course, I was installed as attend-
ing physician, and never failed to call
morning and evening. When the pa-
tient was able to sit up I sometimes
read aloud to her as an excuse to re-
main longer, watching the daughter at
some household task.

One evening I said for tea. Mrs.
Traine wore a dainty gown of white
and blue, with a great deal of lace.
There is no sight so welcome to a bach-
elor as a pretty woman at the head of
a tea table. The next morning I pic-
tured the pretty widow sitting opposite
me at my own breakfast table, wearing
the pretty house jacket I had seen on
my morning calls.

That afternoon I took Mrs. Traine
and her mother for a drive, and was re-
warded by another invitation to tea.
A reason for such close attention to
my patient was no longer apparent. I
was hunting about in my mind for an-
other excuse to prolong the delightful
calls when Mrs. Traine knocked at my
door one evening.

"I have come to see you on business,"
she said, taking the seat I offered her.
"You have been kind to mother," she
went on. "Of course, we want to pay
you for your trouble. Would you mind
telling me, please, how much the
amount is?"

I saw the anxious look growing deeper
in the sweet face opposite me. How
much denial and privation paying a
doctor's bill meant to that little woman,
already burdened with responsibility!

"It must be a large bill," she said at
last, as I remained silent, watching her.
"You—you've made so many calls."
"Yes, it is a large bill," I said, slowly.
There was a quick splitting of the
blue eyes. "I hope," she said softly,
"that you won't mind if I don't pay it
quite all at once; if I could arrange to
pay you so much every week until
the bill is settled."

"No," I said, in business-like tones.
"I should prefer to have the whole bill
settled for at once."

My heart smote me for the alarm in
the face that was lifted to mine. I
leaned forward and took her hand. "Do
you want to know how much my bill
will be? Well, it's a great deal. No-
thing less than the giving of your own
self to me, my darling, will satisfy my
claim against you."

"You mean—" said Mrs. Traine, the
blushes diffusing her pale face.

"That I want you to be my wife," I
said, drawing her head down upon my
shoulder. "Is the price too great?"
—Chicago Tribune.

The Art of Listening.

Would it there were more people
who know how to listen. We some-
times deplore the fact that there are so
few good talkers; may we not rather
regret that those who can talk so sel-
dom find people who know how to hear
them?

The habit of interrupting is one that
is certainly on the increase. If one will
sit quietly by and take notes of a casual
conversation he will be disagreeably
surprised to see how few sentences are
allowed to run their smooth and even
way without some interruption. When
a story is in telling by one of a small
group it is bound to be paraphrased by
exclamations, needless questions, or
would-be jocose speeches. To listen
properly one should look at the speaker
and think of what he is saying. Such a
listener is in himself an inspiration. We
sometimes hear it said of a man or
woman: "That person brings out all
that is best in me in the way of con-
versation." And generally the reason
for this is that this particular person
gives appreciative heed to what is being
said.

To look at a book, to turn over the
pages of a magazine, or to glance over
the columns of a newspaper is not to
listen attentively, and will serve as a
damper to the most enthusiastic of
speakers.—Harper's Bazaar.

Shakespeare and the Bible.
In Shakespeare's name lies the key to
a wonderful cryptogram. The spelling
"Shakespeare" was the poet's nom de
plume, while "Shakspeare" was his
name, an evident change from "Shakes-
peare." In each of the two spellings
last given are ten letters—four vowels
and six consonants. Combine these
two figures and we have the number
40, the key to the mystery.

Turning to the forty-sixth Psalm in
the revised version it is found the psalm
is divided into three portions, each one
ending with "selah." Remember the
number—40.

Counting forty-six words from the be-
ginning of the psalm, one reads the
word "shake" in the first portion, and
counting forty-six words from the end
of the psalm one reaches the word
"separ." There is "Shakespeare" as
plainly as letters can make it.—London
Answers.

Labor Day as a Holiday.
Labor day was celebrated first in
New York City. The celebration took
place on Monday, Sept. 4, 1882. It is
now a legal holiday in thirty-five States
and the District of Columbia.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF
THE PAPER.Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the
Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered
and Printed Here for All Other Lit-
tle Ones to Read."Oh, dear, how I do hate work!" said
Lily.

"Have you got much to do, dearie?"
asked her grandmother, gently.
"All that!" replied Lily, holding out
a long seam with a dismal sigh. "Oh,
dear, granny, tell me about yourself when
you were little."

"Well, your dislike of needlework re-
minds me very much of my own child-
hood. You know it was not the fashion
then for girls to play games as you do
now, and I often got into bad scrapes
for running and climbing with my
brothers instead of sitting quietly at
my needle. One day my mother spoke
seriously to me and said I would never
be a useful woman unless I tried to
learn a little more, which made me cry
and promise to do my best. Finally,
she kissed me and promised that when
I should have finished a set of shirts
which I was then making, she would
give me a gold thimble of her own. I
really did try very hard; and at last the
shirts were finished and I went trium-
phantly to claim my prize.

"Yes, you deserve it," said mother,
when I put it on. 'But be careful where
you keep it.' I promised and flew to
the schoolroom to put away my work.
When one of the boys called out that
they were going for a walk. Down
went my work and new thimble on the
table and out I ran to join them. We
had a delightful ramble, and on our re-
turn I went to the schoolroom, to find
my work there, but not the thimble.
High and low I searched, but it was
gone. In terrible trouble, I went to the
boys (not daring to confess to mamma),
and we hunted everywhere together,
but in vain. Suddenly Alfred looked
out of the window. 'Look at old Jack,'
he said. 'What has he got there?' We
had a tame crow, who used to live in
the garden, and was now hopping over
the lawn with something glittering in
his beak.

"My thimble!" I cried, springing
through the window; and we both
raced after the naughty bird, but too
late. With a wicked croak of triumph
he flew toward the pond at the bottom
of the garden and dropped the precious
prize into the water.

"Go, you dreadful bird!" I cried, and
fairly burst into tears. "Never mind,
old girl!" said Alfred. And in a twink-
ling he had tucked up his trousers and
waded in. It was shallow just there;
and, to my relief, he spied the thimble,
where it had lodged against a stone,
and restored it to me.

"Dear old boy! I love it for the mem-
ory of that bit of help!" And granny
drew the thimble from a case, where it
rested in company with an old, faded
photograph. "I couldn't part with it,
now; but some day you shall have it,
Lily."

More Play Needed.
It used to be that boys and men who
worked had shorter working hours and
less work to do in the same time than
do the men and boys of to-day. Conse-
quently they had better opportunities
and greater inclination for recreation
of the healthiest kind. They felt able
to rise in the morning early enough for
gymnastics, their work the day before
not being so irksome as to make them
feel they needed every moment of sleep
possible, as is often the case nowa-
days, and in the late afternoon and
evening they could enjoy an athletic
game. The girls some years ago exerted
themselves mentally and physically
much less than they do now, their
course of study usually being mild in
comparison to the average of to-day,
and few of them were in business or
the professions. Therefore their need
was less for strengthening exercises.

Although the mental and physical
work that the men and women of this
generation do has greatly increased
they do not seem to have realized yet
that a counteracting force is abso-
lutely necessary, for the number is growing
larger every day. We cannot help ob-
serving it on the streets and every-
where—of men and women who slouch
along with drooping figure and drag-
ging steps, the picture of undeveloped
physical manhood and womanhood.

There is nothing more pleasant to
look upon than a strong, graceful, hap-
py young man or young woman, and
the last two qualities depend on the
first and all three on physical exercises
and development.

Therefore, boys and girls, you know
what you must do to be happy and at-
tractive, and it is your duty to be all
three. You can, of course, in varying
degree, and you ought to add much to
the beauty of this old world, whose fine
men and women are its most splendid
features.

A Hard Word to Say.
In the heat of passion Robert had
done something that he was ashamed
of, and of sorry for after the excitement
had passed away. "I wish that I hadn't
let my temper get away with my good
sense," he said; "but it's done and can't
be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome
the effect of wrong doing to a great
extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the
matter," answered the voice. "Confess-
ing one's fault does much to set wrong
right. Try it."

Now, Robert was very much like the
rest of us—he hated to admit that he
was in fault. "I'm wrong; forgive me,"
is a hard thing to say. But the more
he thought the matter over the more he
felt that he ought to say just that. "It's

the right thing to do," he told himself.

"If I know what's right and don't do
it I'm a moral coward. I'll do it." So
he went to the one that he had wronged
and confessed his fault frankly and the
result was that the two boys were bet-
ter friends than before and his comrade
had a greater respect for him.—En-
change.

A Word or So About Opportunity.
There is an old saying that opportu-
nity is kind, but only to the industrious.
As an illustration of this idea we may
cite the old Persian legend that a poor
man waited a thousand years at the
gates of paradise hoping that they
would open and he could enter. Final-
ly he snatched one little nap of a few
minutes' duration, but then it was that
the gates opened—and shut. Von
Moltke, the triumphant strategist of
the Franco-Prussian war, said:

"To win you must be at the right
place at the right time, with a superior
force."

The great Napoleon made that the
active principle of his marvelous mili-
tary career. The rule holds good in all
the pursuits of life.

Hilda's Dogfish.
Said a fisherboy to Hilda,
"Once I caught a dogfish, Miss."
And ever since she's wondered
If the creature looked like this.

Mamma's Mistaken Policy.
"Mamma," said 3-year-old Flossie, "I
guess you don't know much about rais-
ing children, do you?"
"Why do you think that?" asked the
mother.

"Because," replied the little miss,
"you always send me to bed when I'm
not sleepy and make me get up when I
am sleepy."

A Queer Alaskan Fish.
In Alaska there is a queer fish that
can be used as a candle when dried.
The tail of the fish is stuck in a crack
of a wooden table and its nose is light-
ed. A good-sized fish will burn about
three hours. It gives a good, steady
light of three-candle power and consid-
erable heat.

Ferment in a New Sense.
A little schoolgirl was told by her
teacher to write the word "ferment" on
her slate, together with the definition
and a sentence in which the word was
to be used. The following is the result:
"F-e-r-m-e-n-t; a verb, signifying to
work. I love to do all kinds of fancy
ferment."

A Bright Boy's Retort.
"Tell me where the Lord is, my little
fellow," said the minister to a bright little
fellow, "and I'll give you a penny."
"You tell me where he isn't," replied
the youthful philosopher, "and I'll give
you two pennies."

There Was a Difference.
Aunt Mary—Now, candidly, Margie,
don't you think you have eaten enough
pudding?

Margie (aged 4)—Well, I may think
so, Aunt Mary, but I don't feel so.

DANGER FROM OVEREATING.

Insanity Is Often Caused by a Too Li-
beral Indulgence in Food.

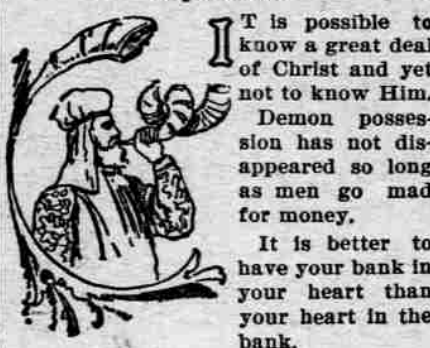
It is well known to the few medical
men that many cases of insanity are
directly due to overeating and the con-
sequent absorption into the circulation
of toxic matters from the intestinal
tract; and melancholia, whether in mild
or severe form, is generally due to this
cause. Violent paroxysms of temper,
whether in children or adults, are often
properly referable to a bad state of the
blood from this auto-toxemia, as is, in-
deed, the exceedingly exuberant spirits
of old or young at times; just as we ob-
serve in alcoholic poisoning, some in-
dividuals are made temporarily jolly and
good natured; others are made ugly and
unreasonable. In view of this condition
of affairs isn't it rather a wise plan
for us all to consider rather the needs
of the organism for food than the mere
question of palate-tickling; to aim to
eat good instead of bad food and
enough of it—that is, not too much; to
have the conditions about right when
we take our meals; in brief, to try and
treat our bodies decently, even though
we act from a purely sensual point of
view? In no other way can we secure
the highest possible degree of pleasure
on the average, while by acting thus
sensitively we may enjoy practical im-
munity from disease.

The more exercise we take under
proper conditions, the more we are ex-
posed to cold and the clearer we keep
from excess in clothing the more we
may eat; hence, in order to enjoy the
fullest measure of table pleasures we
must live actively, wear as little cloth-
ing as is consistent with comfort and
of considerable "roughing"—sometimes
called hardening. With all this we
should take our meals at times when
the body or brain is not overtaxed and
when we "have leisure to digest." And,
of all things, we should never eat unless
we are hungry; to eat without an ap-
petite is self-abuse of the most stupid
sort, since it affords no pleasure and is
productive of disease.

An Illiterate Country.
Rumania would appear to be the
most illiterate country in Europe. The
last census shows that, in a population
of about 6,000,000 nearly 4,000,000
can neither read nor write, and that only
a little over 1,000,000 have any education
at all.

A physician says a man should never
do any work before breakfast. Of
course this doesn't apply to the tramp
who is compelled to work some one for
his breakfast.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to
Repentance.

It is possible to know a great deal
of Christ and yet not to know Him.
Demon possession has not dis-
appeared so long as men go mad
for money.

It is better to have your bank in
your heart than your heart in the
bank.

Meekness with God leads to might
with men.

No prattle is so purposeless as that of
prayerless preaching.

You may measure a man by the
things that move him.

Religion is not a scheme to get good
crops from poor sowing.

It is only as long as God's sun shines
on this world that it is fair.

There is only one place where gold
rusts, and that is in the heart.

The worst Christian watchers are
those who are taking cat-naps.

The man who reflects deeply will soon
be a light instead of a reflector.

He who drinks to drown his despair
is trying to extinguish hell with fuel.

Heaven is our home, but there are a
good many of the family here on earth.

If the devil would play a harp or sing
a solo people would have him in heaven.

Diligence in business is religious only
when the business becomes divine ser-
vice.

The fellowship of His sufferings
makes possible the sympathy with others.

The distillery would be a blessing if
the devils they bottle up only stayed
that way.

A man's life never rises above its
source, hence the need of being born
from above.

It is better to let your family wreck
the house than to allow fashion to ruin
your home.

Only the life that has mountain
heights to tap the clouds can have
fruitful valleys.

The hope of salvation from the sins
of society depends on our own personal
sensibility to sin.

Only the man who can say "all my
springs are in thee" can go through the
dry and thirsty land.

There are too many Christians too
poor to give to the Lord who yet can
always rake together enough to go to
the circus.

The value of your salvation is in ac-
count of what it cost Christ and its
worth to the world depends on what it
costs you.

Had the woman who gave the two
mises been wise like some of the chil-
dren of this world who now belong to
church, she would have kept her money
and begged some flour to bake a
cake, to be sold to the highest bidder
for Jesus' sake.

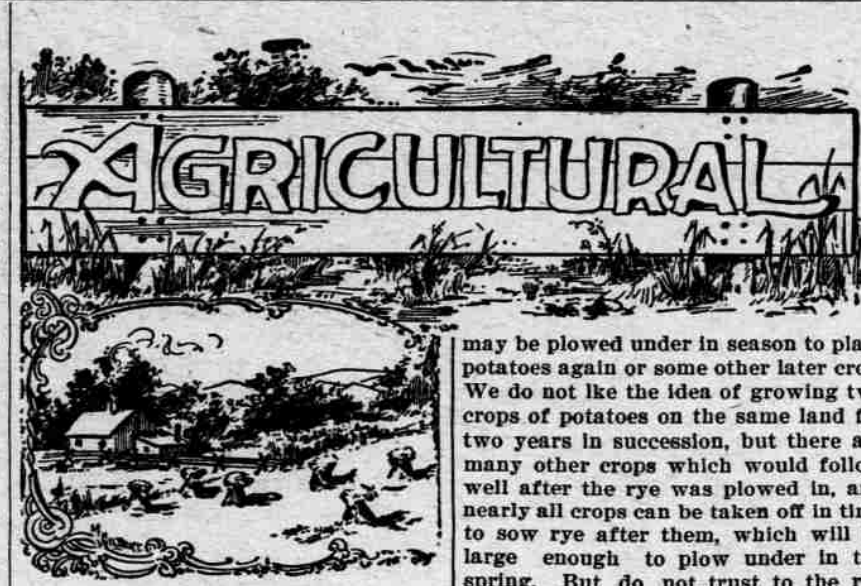
HAIR SHOULD NOT BE CUT.

Erroneous Belief That Frequent Clip-
ping Promotes Its Growth.

Does cutting promote the growth of
the hair? This question is answered by
the Frankfurter Wochenblatt in this
wise: "It is believed by laymen and
professional hairdressers that cutting
largely increases the growth of the
hair. This belief begins with the in-
voluntary comparison of the hair with
a plant. As grass that is often cut
short grows again and becomes thicker,
so, it is believed, the hair should do
when it is cut. This comparison, how-
ever, is a false one. A developed hair
is a perfectly formed mass of horn
which has nothing further to do with
the case in which the hair rests than
to receive from it from below further
growth and to be held firmly by it."

In this mass of horn, as in the
nails of the fingers and the toes, there
is no longer any sap in circulation; this
mass, so to speak, is a product which
cannot be quickened and strengthened
by new nourishment, because the lat-
ter cannot enter it. On the other hand,
what happens in a blade of grass is to-
tally different.

"The blade of grass is a network of
fine ducts in which is constantly cir-
culating the nourishment which the blade
draws from the root; it presents, in con-
trast with the dead body of the hair,
a living, vegetating substance which
has a most intimate connection with
the condition of its root and which
dries up infallibly when it is separated
from its root, while the hair will re-
main unaffected for thousands of years
after its papilla has withered away.
We need cite only one irresistible proof
of this—the hair on the heads of mum-
mies. The root of the hair as long as
it exists can produce a new hair when
the old hair has fallen out, while the
root of a man's plant gives existence
to one sprout only and then together
with it declines and dies. The more a
hair is disturbed in its natural growth
by continually cutting off its ends the
less rest its papilla, the real producer
of the hair, finds; the papilla, being
constantly incited to excessive pro-
duction, wavers finally in its activity,
decays and dies. For this reason a woman
with a bald head is never or seldom
seen, as the natural and very slow
process of the growth of a woman's
hair is not disturbed. The individual
hair reaches a definite length; after
years it falls out of itself and a new
hair begins to appear as soon as the
papilla has had time to rest itself thor-
oughly and to prepare itself for the
process of a new growth. These are
the reasons which lead to the obvi-
ously valid conclusion that cutting the
hair is rather injurious than useful."



Ratproof Cornhouse.

Many farmers suffer a great waste
from vermin in the corncrib, and fre-
quently it is very serious. Rats are
especially a great enemy in this respect.
Unless the cornhouse is so made that
there are no hiding places, it is impos-
sible to dislodge the rats from their re-
treat. The cornhouse shown in the
illustration, which is reproduced from
the Ohio Farmer, is made so that it is in-
accessible to rats or mice, and there are
no hiding places beneath it. It is ele-
vated three feet above the ground on
firmly set stone posts, neatly dressed.
The cribs may be made from six to
eight feet wide and of any desired
length. For 4,000 bushels of corn in
the ear the building should be 40 feet
long with cribs 8 feet wide and 12 feet
high. In building this one should use
6x8 timber for sills and 2x8 joist.

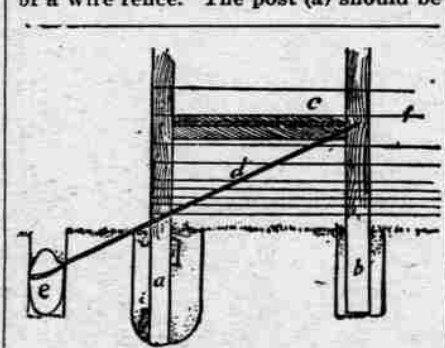
The floor is made of 2x3, laid a half
inch apart, so as to admit the free cir-



A RATPROOF CORNHOUSE.

ulation of air among the corn. The
studding should be 2x6 set three feet
on centers, with 2x4 girts notched into
the studding. The ends of this build-
ing are sided with seven-eighths inch
matched drop siding put on horizontally
except the gable, which is put on ver-
tically. The sides are covered with
1x3 inch strips set a half inch apart
and are put on vertically. The space
between the cribs is twelve feet wide,
and is closed inside from the bottom of
the cribs to ground, forming an inside
shed, which is not accessible to any
farm animals. This inner shed is
closed by rolling doors at each end.
The cribs are boarded up inside the
shed with three-inch strips placed hori-
zontally a half inch apart to admit air,
and by opening the doors free circula-
tion of air can be obtained in fine
weather. The shed is floored over above,
forming an apartment twelve feet wide
by forty feet long.

Well-Braced End Post.
The illustration shows an effective
way of securely anchoring the end post
of a wire fence. The post (a) should be



AN ANCHORED END POST.

set at least three feet in the ground and
four feet much better. The cross pieces
(b) are 2x3 inch boards, 24 inches long.
The stone (c) is firmly buried and
should just about fit the hole. The post
(d) is about six feet from (a), and
through the hole (f) the cable from the
buried stone is passed. The brace (e)
is a 2x6 board securely spiked in place.
When the posts and the stone are being
put in position the soil should be
tamped until it is very firm. Secured
in this way, an end post will remain
immovable for many years.

To Make the Hens Lay.

If the hens don't lay, turn them out
and let them dig and hunt in the ground
for food, is the advice of T. F. Mc-
Grew, in the Country Gentleman. Bury
small grain where they will find it
when they dig. This will induce them
to hunt, and while thus employed they
will find bugs and worms that will
quicken the production of eggs. It is
well to follow this plan as soon as the
spade will turn the ground, for it adds
vigor and strength to the hens and in-
sures strong, healthy chicks. The lazy,
idle hen is of no use, but to sit about,
eat, and grow fat. If she will not work,
she will not lay. If she will not lay,
her life should end, and her fat carcass
grace the table. You can always rest
assured that the indolent hen is a non-
producer; soon she becomes too fat to
lay and too tough to be eaten.

Potatoes and Rye.