### A TIFF.

Sweet Marjorie and I fell out—
That evening we remember well—
But what on earth it was about
Nor Marjorie nor I can tell.

We've talked about it since, perplexed,
And wondered how we had the heart;
For she was cross and I was vexed,
And we agreed 'twas best to part.

She bade me take my gifts and go—
The feather fan, the sapphire ring,
The sachet with the true-love bow,
The songs I loved to hear her sing;

The jeweled crescent for her hair,
And Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust"—
Then, thinking that I did not care,
She added—to my great disgust—

"But may I hope you will be kind
And let me keep the cockatoo,
For when he's spiteful he'll remind
Me sometimes, Reginald, of you."

Incensed, I left the saucy minx,
And savagely the hall door slammed;
But on the top step, like a sphinx,
Stuck fast, my coat tail tightly jammed.

I stamped my foot in futile rage,
I may at once admit, I swore;
I know 'twas wrong, but I'll engage
A bishop would have cursed that door.

The thought flashed quickly through my mind—
(I felt forlorn as fish on hook)—
"If she is peeping through the blind,
How idiotic I must look.

"Mine is a most unlucky star,
Beyond the shadow of a doubt;
Would I had left the door ajar
Or let the servant show me out."

I strove in vain the cloth to tear,
But might have tugged till that day week;
I could not leave my garment there
And, sparsely clad, my chambers seek.

For freedom, then, I rang the bell;
The fatal door was opened wide,
And in my arms my sweetheart fell—
"Forgive my cruelty," she cried,

And murmured, in my fond embrace—
Regarding me with deep concern,
While I with rapture kissed her face—
"I knew, dear Reggie, you'd return."
—Edmund Petley, in London Graphic.

### The Jewels of Jane Jardine

"TO SELL yourself," cried Margaret Farrar, a strong ring of indignation in her voice, "for a handful of colored stones—Jane, I can't think it of you!"

"Don't, then!" advised Jane, with laconic impertinence.

"To think of how hard Stuart has worked all these years!" went on the elder sister. "And now that he writes he has a good position as civil engineer in the government service, and is coming home to claim you, you decide to fling him aside like a—a—" She floundered for a comparison. "Like an old-fashioned hat," she supplemented.

Jane, crouching in supine comfort on the wide window seat of the bay window in the morning room, lifted her beautiful brows in apologetic remonstrance.

"You serious old goose! All the civil engineering—whatever that may be—that poor, dear Stuart will ever do won't be worth at the end of a laborious existence a fourth of the colored stones to which you so contemptuously refer."

"And will all the jewels that ever were dug out of the earth's heart compensate for the loss of the love of a man like Stuart Cameron?"

Margaret held suspended the gleaming needle she had been plying in repair of the silken hose of her winsome and indolent young sister.

The latter pouted bewitchingly. "He is so good!" she acknowledged, with just a hint of remorse. "But he's too good for me. I'm afraid I'm essentially and ridiculously frivolous, Margaret. Stuart should have fallen in love with you in the first place." When she had said this Jane Farrar was more nearly dismayed and disconcerted than she had ever been in all her happy 20 years of love, and praise, and adulation.

For Margaret, letting fall the little ebony, silver-handled mender in its rosy sheath she was repairing, looked at her younger sister in reproach and indignation. "You must never speak to me like that again, Jane. Never!"

"Why—Margaret!"

Margaret was white as she would be shrouded.

"Never mind why—only don't!" Then she rose abruptly, dropping her hose, silks, darning materials, and hastily left the room.

"The dear—old—thing!"

Jane Farrar clasped her hands over her head. The folds of her imported kimona billowed around her in waves of gold embroidered azure. Her pretty face smiled from its tangle of blond tresses. Her round arms gleamed like marble when the loose, wide sleeves of the land of the cherry blossoms fell away, revealing their loveliness.

Mary Burns came in just then—a rather scrawny Scotch girl, with possibilities of exquisite physical development.

"We're going out to the park, and we want you and Margaret to come with us—where is Margie?"

Jane's gentle laugh shook her perfect shoulders. "Echo answers, where," she said, sweetly. "If you will look at that stocking basket you will observe that Margie has been here and has but lately fled. Mary," curling around into an attitude of catlike comfort, "why do old maids always darn stockings?"

"Because young maids are too selfish to do that or anything else useful," replied Mary Burns, tartly.

Jane laughed gleefully. "Fancy," she said, "Margaret calling me to account—me! She cannot understand how or why I should let Stuart Cameron make personal arrangements in which I am included. But that is just what he must do, because—"

"Because of Edward Jardine, Jane?"

Jane meditated, her slim hands clasped behind her head and her eyes provokingly introspective.

"I think because of Edward Jardine's family jewels," she said slowly.

"You're not as mercenary as that!"

Jane made a little move. "Mercenary! I dislike the word. But the Jardine jewels would make any woman avaricious. You've heard of them, Mary?"

"A lot," returned Mary, brusquely. "More than I shall tell you now."

Jane laughed leniently and flung a spool of discarded darning cotton at the pink-nosed kitten.

"I must have them," she declared. "I dream of them. I want to handle them—to wear them. Fancy strings of turquoise blue as a robin's egg. Imagine a necklace of blue-red rubies. Dream of emeralds greener than the greenest depths of the ocean. Diamonds more brilliant than—"

Mary Burns cut short the rush of fluent comparisons. "Then you're going to marry the Jardine jewels, Jane?"

"I really think I shall. Why, what is the matter, Mary?"

For Mary was laughing—laughing annoyingly and mysteriously. "O, nothing!" she said. But she kept on laughing off and on all the way home.

So Jane, with a sigh for splendid Stuart Cameron, married the insignificant little man of "cribbed, cabined and confined" mentality and of a nature that was not only shallow but coarse. He resented her early inquiry about the Jardine jewels.

"One would fancy you had only married me for those," he said, suspiciously. "I can't produce them for a year. There are certain reasons they must stay where they are."

It was Margaret Farrar who met Stuart Cameron when, gay, eager, expectant, he stepped from the train.

"Jane!" He glanced quickly around.

Margaret winced, but she held herself well in hand.

"Stuart! I must speak with you."

"I don't know how I can tell you," she went on, when they were wandering down a lane profligate in midsummer effulgence of bloom and beauty. "But—Jane is married—married to Ed Jardine."

He saw the pleasant countryside as one distorted green blur. The sun was a prancing ball of copper.

"Margie! Is this true? What influenced her?"

"She was young," the sister said, defensively. "She loved beautiful things. She had heard so much of the Jardine jewels—"

"Ah!" he said." A flush of intelligence irradiated his face. "Then she did not know—?"

"Know what?"

"Never mind now. Margaret, could you care for me?"

She was too true a woman to prevaricate. "Yes," she said, "but you must not speak to me now. If—when you know me better—"

He turned, looking into the grave, gentle face, where the unselfish love of many years blossomed forth for the first time.

"I must have been blind," he said, slowly; "blind!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she smiled back in his eyes and shook her head.

"Wait until you are sure you see," she whispered, blushing.

They had been married more than a year when Jane Jardine swept dow on their pretty home in a whirlwin of fury.

"Margaret," she flared out, "the Jardine jewels were sold with the family plate by old Scott Jardine. Those in the local bank are only paste duplicates, which Ed's father had made when he disposed of the genuine. Did you know about it? Mary Burns said she did." She had to pause, so breathless was she with rage. "Ed only laughs. He says it serves me right—he says sham jewels are good enough for me—he—"

She broke off, crimson with wrath.

"I've known for ages, Jane." Stuart Cameron jauntily swung his sturdy boy out of his wife's arm. "Rob Burns told me about it before I went abroad."

"Take off your hat, Jane!" urged Margaret. "Stay to supper with us!"

Jane cast a grim glance around the place. The athletic engineer, with his son set on his shoulder—the happy mother in the dainty gown, the gay little domicile itself, which was less a house than a home—

"I'd better not." Suddenly she seemed to see Ed Jardin's sullen, befuddled countenance—to hear his taunting remark anent her disappointment. "Ed would swear. Although, for the matter of that," she muttered between the hysterical gusts of melancholy laugh, "he will swear anyhow!"

When she had gone laggingly away the eyes of husband and wife met.

"Poor Jane! Even if the Jardine jewels were genuine they could not make her a happy woman."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Cameron's smile of lingering tenderness brought the pretty color rushing to her cheeks. "I'm glad she admired them when she did—as deeply as she did. Beloved, you know—"

"Dear heart—I know!"—Chicago Tribune.

#### Then Beware of the Cat.

Mrs. Youngfish—O, Bob, what shall I do? Baby is crying because I won't let him pull all the fur off my muff!

Mr. Youngfish—Well, that's all right. Give him the cat.—Stray Stories.

#### Neighborly Criticism.

Biggs—Your new neighbor is a man of means, is he not?

Diggs—Oh, yes, he's undoubtedly the meanest man I ever met.—Chicago Evening News.

#### Extravagant Language.

"Claribel uses such extravagant language."

"Doesn't she? It gives me a thousand fits to hear her talk!"—Indianapolis Journal.

### CASEINE INDUSTRY.

#### New Use for Buttermilk Has Been Lately Discovered.

##### Transformed Into Buttons and Glue—A Branch of Business That Is of Great Benefit to the Farmer.

In the last ten years the caseine industry of this country has developed into one of the best investments for both the farmer and the manufacturer. It is not so long ago that buttermilk was such a drug on the market that it was regarded as a food for pigs or as a waste substance to be thrown away. This has been changed, and, where formerly the dairyman obtained nothing for the liquid, he now converts it into caseine, either in his own dairy or in a factory owned by the caseine trust. Caseine is an albuminose substance, best known to the average citizen in the form of cheese. It contains as much nitrogen as meat, more than eggs, and much more than fish. Its food value is therefore very high. Thus far this feature has not been utilized in the United States, all our own caseine being used for other industries, but vast quantities go to France and Germany, where they are transferred into artificial foods. The manufacture is now up in the millions of pounds, and is increasing annually. Some is converted into buttons. This is done by mixing the caseine with fine clay and other inorganic materials made into a paste, rolled, stamped and baked. It makes a light, glossy and handsome button, and is much stronger than the one made of chinaware alone. In the matter of small buttons and studs, it can be made iridescent or colored to suit the public fancy, says the New York Post.

Thus far in our own land caseine has been put to low utilitarian purposes. By chemical treatment, it is changed into a very strong glue, which is used in making veneers. Several great coopereries out west now make barrel-heads of these veneers, and save one or two pounds of weight, and at the same time get a stronger and handsomer barrel head. These veneers are also employed for chair-seats, car-seats, sounding-boards, and piano-cases. A second use is as a constituent of water pulp. Caseine is snow white, and, when mixed with wood pulp, straw pulp, and similar kinds, gives a whiter and clearer product, and also one that is less brittle and more durable. This mixed pulp is made into paper for newspapers, writing paper, wall-paper, and paper boxes. The white boxes which the most enterprising shoe dealers and department stores now affect are the results of this industry.

Caseine mingled with lime makes a liquid covering, intermediate between whitewash and paint, which possesses a high gloss, and is very much cheaper than the latter. The lime reacts upon it and makes it both waterproof and, to a certain extent, fireproof. As a finish for fine leather goods, it is now employed in at least 50 of the leading works of the country. It is particularly adapted for fine kids, goatskins, dog-skins, calf and sheepskins. It is also used as a finish for the outside of lead pencils, penholders and other wooden wares.

### RAISIN SEEDING.

#### New Occupation for New York Women and How the Work Is Done.

The public belief that raisin seeds produce appendicitis has created an unusually large demand for seeded raisins. Nearly every grocer now carries a large stock, and several houses make this their exclusive business. Outside of the houses the work is done on an extensive scale by poor women of the East side. Most of them receive the raisins from grocers, seed and return them, receiving a small amount per pound. Those who can afford it use the ingenious little mechanisms which have been invented for the purpose, while the others rely upon a sharp knife, a steel fork, and their own muscular fingers. A few intelligent toilers employ clumsy inventions of their own, a favorite one being a screen of wires through which they force the seeds, says the New York Post.

The work is done in tenement-houses, and very often in the cellars. Nothing is allowed to go to waste; the seeds and the little pulp which is lost with the latter is put aside until the amount is five or ten pounds in weight. They are then placed in barrels, covered with water, and fermented. The fermentation changes the fluid into the popular raisin wine so common on the East side. This time of the year is the harvest season of the trade. The demand is but moderate in October, is large in November, and attains the maximum just before and during the Christmas holidays. The raisins themselves are usually classified according to their size, quality, and the purpose for which they are intended. The best go to the table, where they form a dessert dainty. The second quality is used for wedding-cakes, Christmas and New Year's cakes, and the macedoines popular among our foreign citizens. The third and poorest class is used for pies, puddings, cheap cakes, poultry stuffing and the making of sauces.

#### Bagpipes on Sheep Ranches.

A new use for bagpipes has been found by a Scottish Highlander who owns a sheep farm in a mountainous district of California, and it is his habit almost daily of playing his pipes all over the ground. The skirling has had the happy effect of scaring eagles out of the locality, in which birds of prey had formerly done considerable damage by carrying off lambs, and had even attacked grown sheep.—N. Y. Tribune.


## BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Or Chronic Inflammation of the Kidneys is a very common ailment. Like all chronic diseases the symptoms come on insidiously. If proper treatment is obtained in its early stages, Bright's Disease may be cured. HUDYAN will cure it if it is taken in time. HUDYAN will relieve all the symptoms. Do not delay too long. Don't wait until your case becomes incurable. Begin the use of HUDYAN now, while you may be cured.

### THE EARLY SYMPTOMS ARE:

1. CHRONIC SICK OR NAUSEOUS HEADACHE. HUDYAN taken as directed will relieve the headache instantly.

2-3. PUFFINESS OF THE SKIN UNDER THE EYES, due to a collection of fluid—in other words, DROPSY. HUDYAN will cause the extra amount of fluid to be taken up by the blood and be eliminated by the Kidneys.

4-5. PALE, DOUGHY COMPLEXION. HUDYAN will restore the circulation to its normal condition and cause the cheeks to become red and rosy.

6. WEAKNESS OF THE HEART. HUDYAN will strengthen the nerves and muscles of the heart and make it strong and regular in its beatings.

7-8. WEAKNESS AND PAIN IN THE REGION OF THE KIDNEYS. HUDYAN will cause the kidneys to perform their functions properly, thereby relieving the pain and weakness.

Get HUDYAN at once and take it regularly. HUDYAN is sold by all druggists for 50c. per package, or 6 packages for $2.50. If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to the HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY, San Francisco, Cal. Remember that you can call and consult the HUDYAN DOCTORS FREE. Call and see them. If you cannot call, write to the doctors and they will advise you. The advice will be given free. Address

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FOR SALE BY W. F. KREMER.

**All Ready For Baby,**

The young mother thinks, when she has completed the baby garments that are to clothe the little form. But she is not all ready for baby's coming, unless she has done something more for the baby than merely to prepare his clothes. Many a young mother who goes through hours of pain and suffering wonders why it was not possible to prepare in some way for the baby's advent, and to avoid the agony that seemed almost unendurable. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the one medicine for women which prepares them perfectly, both for the burdens and pleasures of maternity. It prevents the morning sickness from which so many women suffer. It strengthens the whole body, so that there is no nervousness nor anxiety. It promotes a healthy appetite and causes refreshing sleep. It gives the mother strength for her trial and makes the baby's advent practically painless. Healthy mothers have healthy children, and it is the general testimony of those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a preparative for motherhood, that the children were healthier and happier than those born after months of mental misery and physical anguish on the part of the prospective mother.

Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without fee or charge. As chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. R. V. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has in the past thirty years and over treated and cured more than half a million sick and suffering women. The testimonials of these cured women are on record. A large number of them were cured when doctors had pronounced a cure impossible and after enduring years of useless suffering.

Let no sick women hesitate to take advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer, but write at once and so secure the professional counsel of a specialist in the diseases of women, entirely free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Hoped for Death.**

"For the sake of poor suffering women, I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit your medicine has given me," writes Mrs. Callie Bowles, of Watts, Dodd Co., N. C. "I was in a most miserable condition when I wrote to you. I had uterine disease so bad I could scarcely walk and suffered such dreadful misery I hoped to be relieved by death. You wrote to me to take your 'Favorite Prescription' and I have taken eleven bottles of it, and two of your 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am entirely well and feel like a new woman. I feel thankful to God and to Dr. Pierce for the blessings I now enjoy. I have a fine big boy, two months old and never got along so well in my life. I can't praise your medicines enough."

**Very Thankful.**

"I will be very glad to say a few words for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. F. S. Douglas, of Manasseville, Brome Co., Quebec. "During the first four months when I looked forward to becoming a mother I suffered very much from nausea and vomiting and I was so terribly sick I could scarcely eat or drink anything. I hated all kinds of food. At this time I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he told me to get his 'Favorite Prescription' and a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I got a bottle of each and when I had taken them a few days, I felt much better, and when I had taken hardly three parts of each bottle I felt well and could eat as well as any one, and could do my work without any trouble. (I could not do any thing before.) I feel very thankful to Dr. Pierce for his medicine and I tell all who tell me they are sick to get these medicines or write to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper cover, or 31 stamps in cloth binding.


### KEPT A SNAKE IN HIS BOSOM.

#### Massachusetts Man Shared His Lot with a Three-Foot Blacksnake.

For four months Arthur Hamel has slept in the same bed, sat in the same chair and shared his meals with a three-foot striped blacksnake. When Hamel was arrested here by the Amesbury police the officer at the station, upon searching the prisoner's pockets, was frightened nearly out of his wits when the man pulled the snake from his bosom in response to the policeman's inquiry if he had "any dangerous weapons about him."

"I haven't any weapons," Hamel ejaculated, "but I have this fellow," and he made a move to pass the reptile to the turnkey, who shrank back in terror. The snake coiled about its master's hand and swung its head defiantly at the bluecoat.

Hamel said he had carried the reptile in his shirt bosom for four months. He gave it the freedom of his body. Sometimes he was more lively than other times and would amuse both himself and master by gliding in and out of Hamel's sleeve or pants leg and sometimes he would wind himself around Hamel's neck and enjoy a quiet sleep.

When on the street the snake usually wound himself around the man's waist, belt fashion. Hamel feeds his pet bread and milk. He got him in Vermont, and says he was prescribed by a physician to cure a stomach trouble. Hamel is about 35 years old and a French-Canadian.

### RIDE OVER PARAPET.

#### Chicago Wheelmen Accomplish a Daring Feat—The Result of a Thoughtless Challenge.

Elbridge Hart and Henry Wesson, two Chicago bicycle riders, rode the parapet of the Lanesboro viaduct, on the Erie road, at Binghamton, N. Y., while a crowd of frightened spectators in the village gazed upwards 300 feet, expecting momentarily to witness a tragedy.

Within the last year several persons have been dashed to pieces by falling from the bridge 305 feet to the rocks, and when the two riders, on their way to New York, reached the bridge, Hart challenged Wesson to ride it, intimating that he lacked nerve. Wesson thereupon started along the edge and Hart necessarily followed. The coping is only 12 inches wide, but a quarter of a mile long, and on this the men rode. A wobble of a wheel or a passing train would have thrown them to the rocks below.

After they started both bitterly regretted the desire to make a record, but it was too late. They had to ride [illegible]. They rode, and when at last [illegible] was reached one of the riders [illegible] the strain and fainted. It was the first time the feat was ever attempted.

### DIES OF BROKEN HEART.

#### Disappointed Inventor Expires as the Result of a Structural Defect of the Organ.

Dr. Wuest, physician for Coroner Delap, made an autopsy the other night on the body of Samuel H. Walker, an engineer, aged 55 years, who died suddenly at his home in Brooklyn. He found that death was due to a rupture of the heart. It was one of a rare class of cases. The man had practically died from a broken heart because a cherished patent had been pronounced a failure. Mr. Walker came from the west, and was trying to interest capitalists in a process he had for extracting gold from low grade ores. He left this note:

"To My Best Friends: The fact that my machine is a failure is more than I can bear."

Dr. Wuest found to his surprise that no agency other than extreme disappointment and a structural defect of the heart had killed him.


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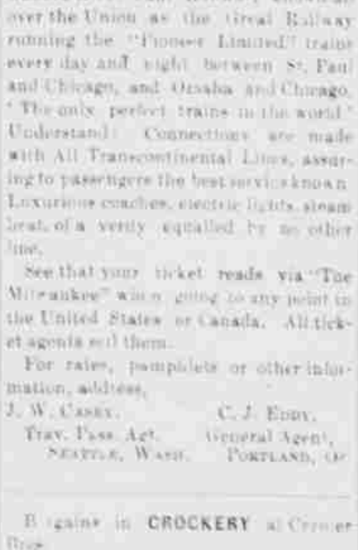

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## DON'T BE DUPED

There have been placed upon the market several cheap reprints of an obsolete edition of "Webster's Dictionary." They are being offered under various names at a low price

**By**

dry goods dealers, grocers, agents, etc., and in a few instances as a premium for subscriptions to papers.

Announcements of these comparatively

**Worthless**

reprints are very misleading; for instance, they are advertised to be the substantial equivalent of a higher-priced book, when in reality, so far as we know and believe, they are all, from A to Z,

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"It was the worst case of grip I ever had. A half dozen friends had sure cures. Still it hung on. Heard of the Dynamic Tablets. To my amazement they stopped both cold and cough the next night. I endorse and recommend them to the people." Barclay Henley, Ex-member of Congress and Attorney, [illegible] Street, San Francisco, July 7, 1900.

"Winter colds have always been serious things to me. They are hard and stay for months. But this last was stopped suddenly by Mendel's Dynamic Tablets. Both cough and cold disappeared in a couple of days. Nothing else does this for me." Mrs. Emma L. Hoskin, 14 Moss St., San Francisco, Aug. 6, 1900.

"I live across the street from where Mendel's Dynamic Tablets are made. That is how I first took them. They stop colds without notice. I took a dozen boxes with me for self and friends when I went to Nome." H. L. Van Wyckel, Capitalist, 811 Washington Street, San Francisco, August 10, 1900.

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*The Amateur Photographer*

The Amateur Photographer is not as active these days as in mid-summer but there is work for them to do—work that is interesting as well as profitable, viz.:

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