OUR CHORE BOY.

She's up at the break of the dawn,
And tumbling the hay from the mows,
And a merry laugh rings, and a cheery voice sings,
When Mollie is feeding the cows.

Here's Speckle and Brindle and Bess,
And Buttercup there by the door,
Their big stanchions creak, for they're trying to speak,
When Mollie comes over the floor.

The horses stand in the stalls
Their whinnying begging begin,
As if each understood that the measure was good
When Mollie is near to the bin.

And the cattle will follow her round
With a dumb, never failing regard,
As if trying to boast which was loving her most
When Mollie goes into the yard.

Oh, it's well for a lassie to mend,
And it's well for a lassie to darn,
But her eyes are as bright as the stars in the night
When Mollie does chores at the barn.
—Florence Josephine Boyce, in Farm Journal.

Her Forgiveness

By Ethelyn Leslie Huston.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

"NINE o'clock! We will now behold the animals parade," murmured Mrs. Stanley Weston, glancing at the little gold clock that had just announced the hour with musical self-satisfaction.

"Don't be rude, Betty. They're my guests—if they are a bore. How do I look?"

"A touch of rouge, my dear, would assist the ensemble. Pallor is supposed to be interesting and sounds well in books and things. But in real life it's apt to be pasty—looks like disordered liver or love or something."

"Betty! You are atrocious!"

Mrs. Stanard picked up a little silver box and delicately applied a touch of rose-bloom to her cheeks. Mrs. Weston stretched her blue satin slippers toward the bright grate fire with a luxurious little wriggle, but her eyes, blue as the slippers, never left her hostess' face. They narrowed shrewdly as Mrs. Stanard leaned close to the tapers.

"A little more! That's better. Not sleeping well—hm? Don't care whether school keeps and all the rest of it? Won't do, my dear. Ruinous to the complexion. Cut it out."

"I wish you would not use that abominable slang. You talk like some factory girl." Mrs. Stanard put the silver box back on her dressing table with a weary little gesture and the blue eyes narrowed again.

"My dear, it is absolutely impossible to express one's self in the queen's English nowadays. It is good form, of course, but inadequate. Awfully inadequate. The factory girl says in a sentence what good form takes a chapter to express. And even then the factory girl has the best of it. What are you fretting about?"

"Nothing."

Mrs. Weston elevates her artistically pencled eyebrows and thoughtfully pats the pearl clasps on her long suede gloves with one finger. The other folds her arms on the silver Cupid frame of her tall cheval glass and drops her head on her arms. After carefully counting the pearl clasps three times Mrs. Weston nods in a satisfied manner, then allows her eyes to travel up the long lace train till they reach the bare shoulders and still, bowed head.

"That pose is very graceful and fetching, cherie," she says cheerfully. "But it's wasted. There's no one here but me. And it's 9:15."

She looks sharply at the listless face in the mirror, then rises with a little frou-frou of silken petticoats and gets a glass of wine from a cabinet.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink. I don't dare, for it always makes my nose red. That fact alone has saved me from the gold cure. For if there's anything I enjoy it's the wine when it is red. And I could, like Omar, divorce barren reason without a qualm. But my complexion! Especially one's nose. And now, Mrs. Stanard, if you do not want your guests to go home in a dudgeon, minus hostess and temper, it behooves you to make your presence material in the drawing-room. And I do not propose to waste this new gown on the desert air any longer. Come on."

A little later and white lace and blue velvet are surrounded by light and color, the sweeping gowns of fair women and the black coats of the men as contrast. The air is soft and languorous with the odor of hot-house flowers, and through the hum of cultured voices creep the faint strains of distant string instruments.

Mrs. Stanard's face is serene and slightly smiling, and her voice has just that touch of personal interest that soothes and attracts, as she greets each of her guests with perfect tact. Her eyes, dark and tranquil, pass from face to face and tell nothing. The hours pass and find her still smiling, interested, unwearied. Only the flowers droop at her breast and as she unfastens them she presses the thorny stems hard against the soft flesh for a moment. A sharp pain is relief from a dull ache, sometimes. And she smiles oddly as she drops the dead flowers behind her and pulls the frosty lace a little higher where one thorn has marred the skin.

"I missed you last night. You did not go to hear Calve."

A tall man with a dark, strong face was bending over her. The face was too grim to be handsome. It was heavily lined and the eyes were deep-set, keen, reticent.

"Another engagement. And it was Carmen? I was so sorry."

Smiling, she gives him her hand a moment and lifts her eyes to his.

"You are late," she adds, pleasantly.

"Unavoidably—as I need not tell you. But I was philosophical over the delay, as I thought if I came late you might permit me to stay awhile. After the crush, don't you know."

He smiles with whimsical entreaty, and she nods assent as she passes him on to Mrs. Weston and turns to the guests that follow. Mrs. Weston gives him both small hands with frank generosity, and with a strategic movement brings him into position slightly behind her own plump shoulder and under a big palm tree that shadows them both.

"You stay there. I want to tell you a story.—Dear Mrs. Fitz Haven! So delighted! Yes, looks charming, does she not?—There was once a man and a woman who loved each other. They had average sense in most things, but he was jealous and she was proud.—Mrs. Northrop and dear Lillian! So afraid you were not coming. Yes, awfully warm.—She had some good looks and some old beaux. Why not? Did he think nobody could appreciate her till he met her? And after he had deigned to tell her that he looked upon her with favor, one of the old beaux, who had hoped to win her for a long time, met her in the conservatory at a ball. They always do meet in conservatories in stories.—What a sweet gown, Mrs. Talcott. Imported, of course! You lucky woman!—Old cat! She owes my modiste an awful bill. Where was I? Oh, and he, the man, saw the old beau crush her in his arms and kiss her. She couldn't help it, and besides, she felt sorry for him, for she had just told him a final no and he was all cut up.—Mr. Hasbrouck, the pink gown that you are straining your eyes to find in this kaleidoscope is in the tea-room. Don't mention it!—Well, and he, of course, would not ask for an explanation or anything, and courteously released her. Oh, well, she released him, if you think it sounds better. Same thing. But a woman who is not dense can feel that something is wrong and does not need a wall to—er—does not have to be told some things.—Where's that big husband of yours, Marion? I'll pick you up to-morrow and we'll drive to the club together. I want to talk over that nomination. It's all wrong, you know. Club'll go to pieces under that woman! All right, dear. At three.—And he found that his jealousy was a poor substitute for the woman who was the one woman in the world for him, and she smiled proudly and bravely like a gentlewoman, and ate her heart out in secret. Keep quiet! It's my story. And then somebody, who had no patience with the two of them, but who felt sorry and was soft enough to interfere, because things got mixed in her own life once and were not cleared till it was too late—she put her oar in and tried to prevent another shipwreck.—Yes, Mrs. Trevelyan is here, Mr. Trevelyan. No, I missed Saturday's game. My new golf suit was not finished. And it's so cold and I look a fright when I'm cold. Of course, you enthusiasts will play all winter, I suppose!—Thank the powers, they've nearly all gone. This conversational strain on my intellect is awful. Society talk is harder than Ibsen and Tolstoi. Get Kate a glass of wine. The Huntleigh girls and Maud Norris want to talk art class with me in the tea-room. That means half an hour, at least."

Mrs. Stanard turned to the tall man bending over her, with the smile faint on her lips and the eyes strained and weary.

"Yes, I am tired," she said. "No, I do not want anything, only to rest a moment. The heat has made me dizzy. Where is Betty?"

"Betty is in the tea-room," he said. "She is talking cooking-school, or mediaeval art, or something of equally vital importance with Miss Norris and the Misses Huntleigh. Betty told me a story about a conservatory this evening. Will you let me take you there now? I want to tell it to you. It is quite interesting. You look very tired. Come!"

In the conservatory he placed her in a long, low chair, and she sank back with a long sigh of relief. The man at her side leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. Slowly closing and opening her little empire fan, and in a steady voice, he told her Mrs. Weston's story.

Then he turned and looked at her pale face with his searching eyes.

"I was wrong—utterly wrong," he said, slowly. "But I have suffered sorely. Can you forgive me. You are great enough—for that?"

A keen anxiety vibrated through the quiet strength of the low tones, and the fan fell to the floor with a little clash of the ivory sticks, as he bowed his head on her hands, lying motionless in her lap—and waited.

She looked down at him with a great wistfulness, and then gently lifted his head till his eyes met hers.

"Yes, we have both suffered, dear," she said. "And it was all so useless! But at such a time a woman can do nothing. Her hands are tied. You doubted me—and when a woman is doubted, she can but be silent. 'To excuse is to accuse.' To enter defense is but to add to her indignity. You doubted me, and I forgive you, because, so doubting, your pain was greater even than mine. And you will doubt again—Ah, yes!" laying her fingers on his lips as he would have spoken. "Because the defect is in your own vision. But I will forgive you then, as I forgive you now—because I love you so."

She bent and kissed him lingeringly on the eyes, then added, with a low laugh that ended in a sigh: "And who will play Betty then?"

Submarine Passage to the Pole.

A suggestion which the Viennese are said to favor is to approach the north pole in submarine boats.

Made Deaf by Sneezing.

Louise Gibbons, 22 years old, of Springfield, was made deaf by sneezing.

Grain-O! Grain-O!

Remember that name when you want a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it. Grain-O is made of pure grain, it aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder and the children as well as the adults can drink it with great benefit. Costs about ¼ as much as coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

Use Allen's Foot Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweaty feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package Free. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Brownies $1—A. E. Voorhies.

NEIGHBORS.

When Farmer Never-mind-it found
The winter had foilded its span,
He hustled out, and hurried 'round,
And hired his neighbor's extra man;
And through the spring till almost May
He frittered half his time away.

He let his broken fences lie
Just where the winds had thrown them last;
As for the weeds, he wondered why
They got ahead of him so fast;
But, when a weed began to show,
He let it go, and let it grow.

When Farmer Perseverance sowed
His valley gardens, rich and wide,
He mended fences, weeded, hoed,
With all a sturdy toiler's pride;
And, all the growing season through,
He said he found enough to do.

And when upon his well-kept farm
A blight would satisfy its greed,
He made amends for every harm,
And kept ahead of every weed;
And, if the weather fouled or cleared,
He persevered, and persevered.
—Frank Walcott Hutt, in Farm Journal.

HER PUNISHMENT

By Henri DeForge.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

"YOU will never be a success, my friend."

Martha Dubreuil said this in a tone half railing and half jesting.

Pierre raised his head without answering and twitched nervously the page blackened by ink. It was the twentieth time at least that his wife had made such remarks, and what was worse, he realized sorrowfully that she spoke the truth.

Once he had written a book of which he had been proud, a novel launched timidly by a publisher who made him pay the cost of publication. That was an hour of ambitious dreams, long since dissipated by the grim reality.

"I will amount to something in the world," he had said resolutely. And he believed it as did those who admired him—which is to say his mother, his sister and some of his friends who read the book. Martha, his wife, was not one of these admirers. She told him frankly again and again: "You will amount to nothing."

He had no answer to make to Martha's sneers, and he suffered keenly in recalling the lucky days when they walked together as lovers along paths bordered by flowers and they made vows to each other and kissed. "You will be a great man, my darling," she had said then.

Pierre believed that he had been faithless in not keeping his promise of greatness made four years before. She had brought him her youth and beauty, and he ought to have given her in exchange the literary fame she had expected, and have earned a fortune for her by his pen. But now she had abandoned those cherished dreams of reflected glory.

The poor fellow recalled the happy days that had preceded their marriage, and the delights of their companionship during their honeymoon. And he answered to her taunt:

"So much the worse, my dear. But we love each other, and that is enough." He would not have cared for the plaudits of the crowd if he had had the love of Martha. But she broke into laughter that froze his feeble smile.

"Oh, yes, indeed. That's well enough. One can't live on love. It is all very well to say so in the novels you write—or count on writing—but in real life things are different."

When summer came they went to the seashore, Pierre securing an appointment as the resort correspondent of a newspaper. When he told her that they were going, she said: "Ah, you are a nice husband, after all." And she smiled, but the smile was given as in alms.

At the seashore she was soon the belle of the place, and people forgot about her husband, the reporter, who remained in the shade. Some men were with her much of the time, and gossip linked her name with that of a wealthy idler. Pierre ventured to speak of it.

"What of it?" she asked. "The man amuses me with his compliments. You know that I am an honest woman. But I need amusement."

Dubreuil's sufferings were intense. The thought of that imbecile who was ever at Martha's side bruised his heart. He wanted to strangle him in the crowded ballroom; and longed for a duel. But the man was influential and a litterateur of renown. A duel between them would have been grotesque and useless.

The count deigned to interest himself a little in Pierre.

"Let us write a piece, my young friend," said he, "and I will give you recommendations. A man has talent, when he has the sense to win a wife as pretty as yours."

"Yes, Pierre, why haven't you something on hand?" said his wife.

One evening when he was in the little room, he seated himself at his work table, while his wife, who had danced too much, slept peacefully. He rested his head on his hands and thought sadly: "Yes, Martha's love for me has passed."

White paper was in front of him. It was one of those silent nights that tempt a writer, a night of stars and silence.

"I will try to work," he mused.

Feverishly he took up his pen. He wrote of things and thoughts such as he had in his heart, speaking of the happy past and the chagrin of the present, of charming memories and the painful reality. All night he worked upon his work of fire and emotion.

"Up already, Pierre?" exclaimed Martha when she opened her pretty eyes in the morning. "At what are you working, my early bird?"

"What difference does it make?" said he, coldly. "You know well that I am capable of nothing."

So each evening while Martha slept Pierre worked. He arose stealthily like a robber to write without arousing suspicion. He felt that it was his last chance to write something worth while.

Several days later Pierre and his wife went back to the city. He was loath to leave, but Martha was happy in anticipation of new triumphs. Her devoted count had promised to open new, and yet more fashionable, houses to her.

"We will push your husband," he said, in a protecting tone.

"Work, Pierre," added Martha. "The indorsement of the count is valuable. Don't throw away the chance."

Pierre Dubreuil did not answer. Nowadays he appeared to be indifferent to all that went on around him.

One day at the end of a melancholy dinner tete-a-tete with Martha he said:

"By the way, the Gymnase will present a play of mine in a few weeks. The newspapers made the announcement this morning."

"What!" exclaimed his wife, curiously. "You have said nothing of it to me!"

"What was the use? I have always had such bad luck with my work that I have not mentioned this one even to you."

Martha was satisfied and the thought of a play by her husband pleased her vanity. She liked to imagine herself in a box on the opening night.

She kissed her husband on both cheeks.

"Are you content?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes indeed, my husband," she answered.

When the time approached for the representation Martha was happy. For the newspapers contained many advance notices and most of them spoke of the play as excellent.

The play presented at the Gymnase was not a comedy, but a drama of great depth and emotional strength representing a drama of the strongest human emotions. The blase public was delighted. It was a triumph with few precedents in the enthusiasms it aroused. It was a master's work that people said would place the author among the rank of the world's foremost dramatists.

Martha, charmingly dressed in mauve, was in a box with a crowd of friends, among who was the persistent count. From the first words of the play she was surprised. The story acted on the stage was familiar to her. It seemed as if she had had the same experiences in the days of her courtship. She clapped her little hands in applause, proud to listen to the clever words and charmed to see the dead days revived. She sought to glance in the eyes of her husband hidden behind a curtain of the box.

In the second act the action grew quicker. A crisis came between the man and wife. The words they spoke were those that had passed between Martha and Pierre. Evidently he had put his own experience into the play. It was interesting, but what would come next? Martha had been so indifferent to Pierre that she could not guess.

The third act was admirable. In the drama the suffering of her husband was analyzed with a master's hand, cruel in his resignation, torture and tenderness. The role of the woman was studied with a psychology delicate and mocking. It was a masterpiece.

Martha listened with beating heart. Each phrase spoken by the comedians was for her like the stab of a dagger. Was it possible that she had made Pierre suffer like that? For by this time she knew that her true history was being told on the stage.

"Bravo," shouted the count, who did not understand the real meaning of the play. "My friend, your husband is a clever fellow, and we will make something of him."

But Martha did not answer. She stifled her emotion.

"Take my arm," said the count, at the end.

"Not to-day," she answered. "I shall be proud to go on the arm of my husband."

Pierre followed her with difficulty, making a passage through the admiring crowd. When in the street his friends crowded to congratulate them. They wished to give them a supper. When the supper had ended and they reached home in that house where Pierre had experienced so much happiness and grief, Martha fell on her knees before him and broke into tears.

Thirteen Not a Hoodoo.

"Well, Miss Bingham isn't superstitious."

The remark was made during the performance of "The Climbers" by a man with a statistical turn of mind.

"Here's little old No. 13 all over the place. There are 13 letters in the names of Amelia Bingham, Frank Worthing, Madge Carr Cook, Ysobel Haskins, Florence Lloyd and Joseph Physioc, the scenic artist. You find it again in the names of some of the characters: Freddy Trotter, played by Ferdinand Gottschald; Julia Goodesby, by Clara Bloodgood, and Jessica Hunter, by Maude Monroe."

"I can climax that," remarked a bystander. "Clyde Fitch read 'The Climbers' to Miss Bingham on a Friday; contracts were signed on the following Friday, and it was first read to the company on the thirteenth of the month."

"How do you know?" testily inquired the first speaker, annoyed that anyone else should have taken away the glory of his discovery.

"I happen to be Mr. Fitch."—N. Y. Telegram.

An Arizona Procession.

Phoenix, Ariz., recently had a procession in which groups of cowboys were followed by groups of Indians, city officials and Chinese.

Brain-Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous fond fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles, and still another for bones. A correct diet without only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutriment is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood, and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at Dr. Kremer's.

Get Green's Special Almanac.

Kodaks and Films—A.E.Voorhies.

CZOLGOSZ AGAIN CONDEMNED.

Murderer of President McKinley to Die in the Electric Chair.

BUFFALO, Oct. 18.—Leon F. Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, was, this afternoon, sentenced to die in the electric chair in Auburn state prison during the week beginning Oct. 28, 1901. Before sentence was pronounced the assassin evinced a desire to speak, but he could not raise his voice above a whisper, and his words were repeated to the court by his counsel.

"There was no one else but me," the prisoner said, in a whisper. "No one else told me to do it, and no one paid me to do it. I was not told anything about the crime and I never thought anything about it until a couple of days before I committed the crime."

Czolgosz sat down. He was quite calm, but it was evident that his mind was flooded with thoughts of his own distress. His eyes were dilated, making them appear very bright. His cheeks were a trifle pale and his outstretched hand trembled. The guards put the handcuffs on his wrists. He looked at one of the officers, and there was an expression of the profoundest fear and helplessness in his eyes. He glanced about at the people who crowded the room in efforts to get a look at him. The prisoner's eyelids rose and fell tremulously and then he fixed his gaze upon the floor in front of him.

At this point Judge Titus came over to the prisoner and bade him good-by. Czolgosz replied very faintly, letting his eyes rest upon the man who had been his counsel.

"Good-by," he said, meekly.

Czolgosz was then hurried downstairs and through the "tunnel of sobs" to the jail, whence he was removed the same night to the state prison at Auburn. On entering the penitentiary Czolgosz collapsed completely.

CRIMES AND ACCIDENTS.

A disastrous fire, which destroyed a portion of the Sperry flour mills and caused a loss of nearly $100,000, occurred at Marysville, Cal. The insurance on the burned property is $35,000.

Harry Hammel, the noted safe-cracker and all-around crook, was sentenced by Judge Buck at Redwood City, Cal., to 15 years for burglary and 10 years for jail-breaking. Hammel is but 28 years old, and has served the greater part of his life in prison.

Six men were killed and seven injured by the explosion of an oil tank of the Essex and Hudson Gas company at Newark, N. J. The steel tank that exploded was 20 feet deep and had been emptied of its oil. Three men entered through the manhole without first taking the precaution of having ropes tied about them, and were immediately overcome by the fumes. Other employees, to rescue the men, were cutting a large ring in the tank, when a spark caused by one of the chisels resulted in an explosion. The men were hurled high in the air and the tank was rent in twain. Every bone in the bodies of the victims was broken.

News was received at San Antonio, Tex., of a disaster that happened in Presidio county, near the Rio Grande, Sept. 25, by which 13 men who were prospecting for cinnabar lost their lives in floods caused by a waterspout or a cloudburst. A volume of water 20 feet high washed down the ravine and swept over the men in two camps before they were aware of their danger. All were drowned.

A Remarkable Will.

By the will of Miss Susan Cabot Richardson of Milton, Mass., who died last June, leaving an estate of $200,000, the income of the entire fortune is to be paid in equal shares to Miss Josephine M. Hicks and Miss Louisa McK. Topliff so long as they remain single. Should either marry the other is to receive the entire income, and should both marry the principal sum is to be paid at once to Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., which institution receives the principal at the death of Misses Hicks and Topliff, provided both always remain single. Upon the death of either Miss Hicks or Miss Topliff, the other is to have the entire income while she lives. Miss Richardson was about 60 years old. Miss Hicks and Miss Topliff are about the same age, and the three women were intimate friends from childhood. It is said that when young women they were engaged to three young men, who all died at about the same time. The three friends thereupon vowed they would never marry, and their bereavement and vow made them the intimate friends they were in later years.

Seth Low, president of the Columbia university, who has received the Republican and Citizens' Union nominations for the office of mayor of New York, announced that he would resign the presidency of the university, of which he has been the head since 1889, in order to accept the nomination.

A London dispatch says that General Gaselee, who was commander of the British forces in China, in an interview regarding the international troops in China, said the Americans were especially well equipped with hospitals and commissariat, and spared no expense in making their troops comfortable. He added: "We always got on splendidly with our American comrades. It is most important that we should keep in with these fine soldiers. Both the officers and men seemed to me to be full of soldierly spirit and capable of great things."

Private Peter D. Devine, Troop H, Eleventh cavalry, was tried by court martial at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., for having expressed satisfaction over the assassination of the late President McKinley. He was found guilty and sentenced to be dishonorably discharged from the service of the United States, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him and to be confined at hard labor for one year.

AN UNUSUAL EXHIBITION.

Extraordinary Parting Takes Place Between Two Men at a Railway Station.

An elderly man and his strapping son stood in a railway station one day lately awaiting a train. The son was an athletic-looking chap, who attracted general attention by his magnificent proportions, says the Baltimore News. Apparently he was going west. At all events, when his train was called the lookers-on fairly held their breaths with surprise, for the younger man put his arms around the elder one and kissed him fairly and squarely on his mustached mouth. Then he scurried through the gate, and the last view of him showed him waving a farewell from the back platform of the sleeping car.

The remarkable thing about this little scene was that both participants in it were Americans. One wouldn't have been surprised at such a show of affection if they had been Germans or Frenchmen or Italians; but it was an unusual exhibition for practical, unsentimental young America to make.

The average native of the United States, should he return from Darkest Africa after an absence of ten years, would shake hands with his father just as he would with the strange guest within his gate, and he would ask both affably to have a cigar. On the other hand, his masculine relatives would evince their interest and affection by asking him if his boat were on time.

Kissing in American families seems to be looked upon as a foolish ceremony performed to propitiate the feminine members, and too undignified to take place between the lords of creation. There are times, of course, when men do not consider osculation either undignified or foolish—but that's another story.

EARL'S "LOAN" TO A FOOTPAD.

British Nobleman's Forced Contribution Started Robber on the Way to Prosperity.

Although 80 years old, the duchess of Cleveland is a constant traveler and is noted for her conversational powers, which age has not impaired. She can tell a story as well as her son, Lord Rosebery. One of her favorite stories is about her father, Earl Stanhope. One night when the earl was walking alone in the Kentish lanes a man jumped out of the hedge, leveled a pistol, and demanded his purse.

"My good man, I have no money with me," said Lord Stanhope in his remarkably slow tones. The robber laid hands on his watch.

"No," Lord Stanhope went on, "that watch you must not have; it was given to me by one I love; it is worth £100. If you will trust me I will go back to Chevening and bring a £100 note and place it in the hollow of that tree. I cannot lose my watch."

The man did trust him. The earl did bring the note. Years after Lord Stanhope was at a city dinner, and next to him sat a London alderman of great wealth, a man widely respected. He and the earl talked of many things and found each other mutually entertaining. Next day Lord Stanhope received a letter, out of which dropped a £100 note. "It was your lordship's kind loan of this sum," said the note, "that started me in life and enabled me to have the honor of sitting next to your lordship at dinner." A strange story. But the Stanhopes are a strange race, and things happen to them that never did or could occur to other people.

THE GENTLEMANLY DOG.

Greatly Mortified When He Finds He Is Mistaken in the Person He Accosts.

When I approached the painted house, on my way homeward, the fat old collie comes running out again, barking, says Bradford Torrey, in Atlantic. This time, however, he takes but one sniff. He has made a mistake, and realizes it at once. "Oh, excuse me," he says quite plainly. "I didn't recognize you. You're the same old codger. I ought to have known." And he is so confused and ashamed that he runs away without waiting to make up.

It is a great mortification to a gentlemanly dog to find himself at fault in this way. I remember another collie, much younger than this one, with whom I once had a minute or two of friendly intercourse. Then, months afterward, I went again by the house where he lived, and he came dashing out with all fierceness, as if he would rend me in pieces. Let him come (there was nothing else to do, or nothing else worth doing), but the instant his nose struck me he saw his error. Then, in a flash, he dropped flat on the ground and literally licked my shoes. There was no attitude abject enough to express the depth of his humiliation. And then, like the dog of this morning, he jumped up and ran with all speed back to his doorstep.

The Unfortunate 13.

People of a superstitious turn of mind who believe that ill luck is associated with the number 13 may perhaps derive confirmation of their opinions from a study of the history of the Irish Hunt corps, which formed part of the imperial yeomanry. The Hunt corps was mobilized in Dublin on January 13, 1900. On March 13 it sailed for South Africa and on arrival at the Cape was attached to the Thirteenth battalion of the Imperial yeomanry. On the occasion of their first encounter with the Boers 13 men of the corps were killed and the rest were forced to surrender.

Good Rocky Mountain Guide.

Christian Klucker, a Swiss guide in the Rocky mountains, has a record of 2,000 mountain ascents without an accident to himself or his party.

Better for the Blood than Sarsaparilla.

For Those Living in the Malaria Districts. Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

"NERVE WASTE"

One of the most helpful books on nerve weakness ever issued is that entitled "Nerve Waste," by Dr. Sawyer of San Francisco, now in its fifth thousand. This work of an experienced and reputable physician is in agreeable contrast to the vast sum of false teaching which prevails on this interesting subject. It abounds in carefully considered and practical advice, and has the two great merits of wisdom and sincerity.

It is indorsed by both the religious and secular press. The Chicago Advance says: "A perusal of the book and the application of its principles will put health, hope and heart into thousands of lives that are now suffering through nervous impairment."

The book is $1.00, by mail, postpaid. One of the most interesting chapters—chapter xx, on Nervines and Nerve Tonics—has been printed separately as a sample chapter, and will be sent to any address for stamp by the publishers, THE PACIFIC FUR. CO., Box 2658, San Francisco.

Wood wanted on subscription at the COURIER office.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The undersigned having been appointed executor of the estate of Joseph Kessler, deceased, by the County Court of Josephine County, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me at Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, with the proper proof and vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 25th day of July, 1901.

H. T. KESSLER,
Executor of the estate of Joseph Kessler, deceased.