FOR YOU.

For you, dear heart, the light-God's smile, where'er you be, And if He will-the night, Only the night for me!

For you Love's own dear land Of roses, fair and free; And if you will-no hand To give a rose to me.

For you Love's dearest bliss In all the years to be; And if you will-no kiss Of any love for me.

Thankful to know you blest, When God your brow adorns With the sweet roses of His rest, I thank Him for the thorns! -Atlanta Constitution.

THAT SIMPLETON.

HE entered the dining room of the fashionable hotel, exhaling the subtle odor of violets. She was daintily attired in an azure gown of filmy silken texture, over which masses of soft white lace were artistically arranged. Every eye was upon her as she quietly glided to her place at one of the tables reserved for regular boarders. Those of a romantic nature might have imagined the face of an angel appearing through white clouds floating over a sea of bright blue sky. There was not the slightest doubt that upon the faces of the men there were expressions of admiration. The big husband by whose side she sat made no effort to conceal the fact that this exquisite piece of femininity-who had been his wife for ten years-was still the object of his ardent and ever increasing worship. As he deferentially bent his head to her in reply to some slight request, the big woman sitting just opposite glanced reprovingly at her own husband, as if to say, "Mr. Leslie is a model husband. If you were only like him!" But the expression of reproach was immediately succeeded by a frown of indignation as she noted that Mr. Leslie's chivalry was quite lost upon her mate, as he was evidently absorbed in the vision of beauty at Mr. Leslie's side.

The vision was only talking commonplace; but with such a genius-or was it magnetism?-that every one seemed quite in harmony with the situation on the porch joined the eager, rushing nor the fragile looking woman of thir- crowd moving in the direction of the attracted as were the men. Women keeping as closely together as possible. are usually more analytical than are they were pressed onward with the men, and mentally dissected Mrs. Les- ever increasing throng, until, when He, although they inwardly rebelled some five blocks distant, the thick that she possessed the power to claim smoke from the burning building made chit," "doll face," "simpleton," "know back: nothing," and so on. They never ad- "The whole Weldon tenement is mitted her attractions, but openly won- ablaze! Hurry up, men, and help to dered what there was in Mrs. Leslie get those people out!" that all the men went wild over. If she A quicker impulse forward and a red to the contrary-she certainly possessed little ducation, and would often make the most astonishing blunders.

Yet she always held a crowd of male admirers around her, while the intellectual women who could talk politics. literature, science or art, were quite neglected if she were present. She was no coquette, however, and in spite of much jealous watching was never discovered to be guilty of a moral indiscretion. The women were jealous of her. The men enjoyed her because they were not jealous. She always seemed unconscious of

either admiration or censure, and though she had the most exquisite taste in dress, there was no apparent vanity in her nature. To-day, in spite of certain whispered comments and glances of disapproval, she innocently chattered on, her delicate, child-like face flushing prettily at times, although she could not, as Mrs. Adams said, "talk fifteen consecutive minutes without displaying the most egregious ignorance even upon ordinary sub-Yet the men always ignored her mistakes. Just now she caught the word "tariff" from a conversation between Miss Adams and Mrs. Smith. and she quietly interrupted in bird-like tones: "Oh, has that bill passed? Let's ladies giggled audibly as Mr. Smith gallantly replied: "Oh, yes; the Dingley bill, you

mean?" "Yes, that's it. Who introduced it?"

A smile from the women, and the polite and quiet reply:

"Mr. Dingley introduced it; it is named for him." "Ah, is that so? How nice! Mr. Dingley is an Englishman; I remem-

ber now!" quickly to her mouth and feigned a cough, although she knew her ruse was lis gave her as Mr. Smith again made

courteous reply, and then, with charming tact, changed the subject to one more adapted to Mrs. Leslie's capacity. That night, when the guests were assembled upon the commodious hotel porch, the men, as usual, forming a circle around Mrs. Leslie, the women thus isolated discussed more satirically burying its face upon her shoulder, and than ever "the siren" and her charac-

teristics. One declared she was not long white scarf she had hastily only brainless but soulless, incapable thrown about her head. They saw her of any great and noble thought or ac-

"But," responded Mrs. Smith in sareastle tones, imitative of Mr. Ellis, "she is so genuine and sympathetic; such rent with shouts and exclamations of a sweet, womanly woman!"



About 100 years ago a queer-looking craft was seen coming down the Ohio It consisted of two canoes, with a crew of one man, who said, on landing, that his name was Chapman and his cargo was appleseeds. Whenever he came to an attractive, open site along the Ohio or its northern tributaries, he planted his seeds in orderly lines, and fenced in the place with brush.

He soon had hundreds of little nurs ries all over Ohio, and he returned year after year to tend and prune them. New settlers found whole orchards awaiting them, and the trees were carried inland and sold for a bit of clothing or given away outright. The young planter went barefoot in summer, but he made rude sandals for himself in winter, and wore broad-brimmed hats made of

pasteboard to keep the sun from his eyes.

"Johnny Appleseed," as he soon came to be called, never carried a weapon, never took the life of any dumb thing, bore great physical pain without flinching and was trusted and beloved by Indians and white men alike. He was a de vout Swedenborgian, and if our belief be true that we are surrounded by the good or evil spirits our behavior invites, surely "this gentle, loving, helpful, halfcrazed man walked daily with the angels of God."

Times and places are very potent in connecting widely separated and incongruous events. A monument has just been erected to Appleseed's memory in Mansfield, Ohio, in the beautiful park given to that city by the late Hon. John Sherman. Yet Appleseed was born before the existence of the United States which Sherman served so faithfully for nearly fifty years, and the cenotaph of the one and the fresh grave of the other lie almost on the very spot of one of the famous apple orchards of early territorial Ohio.-Youth's Companion.

"Yes, indeed, my dears," said Miss Adams, "and Mr. Smith informed me saved! And the ladyonly yesterday that she gave a fellow such noble aspirations!"

A merry laugh rang out at Mrs. Smith's expense, but ere she could retort, the firebell clanged loudly, followed immediately by the heavy roll ing reverently over the frail dead form of the engines over the paved streets, and the cry of "Fire! Fire!" from innumerable voices.

A wild, lurid glare lit up the town ophelpless under its influence, although posite the hotel, and with one accord, the women present were evidently not and many exclamations, the group upty with the child's face. In spite of conflagration. Cries of "Where is it?" this antagonistic undercurrent they and only indistinct replies from the were, however, almost as irresistibly distance reached the hotel group, as, a second thought. When discussing her them gasp for breath, while Mr. Ellis, together they denominated her "a silly with Mrs. Leslie in front, shouted

did have one grain of sense—they aver- nervous shriek from Mrs. Leslie causgardless of the excitement of the occasion, to utter again critical and disparaging remarks, such as,

"Better have stayed at home, the baby! That violet odor sickens me in this deuse smoke." "Where is her husband? I wonder."

"Left for Frankfort to-night," came the reply.

"Should think-"

But here their conversation was stopped by the tumult around them, and they were now as near the conflagration as the women dared to go, and speechless they watched the brave firemen as they directed the hose on that portion of the building which remained standing. More than half had already fallen, and the occupants were crying and moaning, half crazed with grief at the loss of their household goods. The tidings that all the inmates were saved caused a shout of joy to go up from the crowd, when suddenly, from an upper corner window, a baby form appeared-a wee girl figure-scarcely three years old! She was blackened by soot and smoke, and was sobbing and calling, "Mamma! Mamma!"

"'Tis Tilly Brown's baby!" shouted one of the rescued tenants. "She's see, what was it called?" One of the gone out washing and she ain't come home yet. My God! What will she do?

"Save the baby!" "Save the baby!" shouted the frantic crowd, and the firemen sprang to their work with renewed energy, but all in vain. Five brave men, in as many seconds, were almost killed in the attempt to reach over the same question.- New York the apparently doomed and helpless Tribune. child. Still it cried on, its calls for "Mamma" growing pitifully weak. The shouts of the multitude became louder "Fool!" whispered Miss Adams, while and hoarser. Women cried, and some Mrs. Smith applied her handkerchief fainted and were borne away. The group of women from the hotel were sobbing hysterically, their mother love detected by the look of scorn Mr. El- touched. But they never realized the moment when a blue and white robed figure sped swiftly from them; nor did they guess there was one less of their number until, simultaneously with a glad cheer from the crowd, the form of Mrs. Leslie for one brief instant appeared at the open window as she snatched the child up in her arms, enveloping its head in the ends of the rapidly disappear in a cloud of smoke and flame as a stillness like that of death fell on the astonished people. The next instant the very air seemed applause.

"The baby is saved! The baby is

Well. I never see a combination of blue silk and white lace, nor smell the odor of violets, but a picture rises before me of a charred and burning buildfore me of a charred and burning buildign and a group of grimy firemen bending reverently over the frail dead form of a woman with a sweet, child-like face wearing a smile upon it, while a frightened baby clings to her, sobbing, tangled in a mass of lace wound about the head and neck of the quietly sleeping woman.

A GREAT INVENTOR.

Prof. Elisha Gray Claimed to Have Discovered the Telephone.

If Washington could come, to-day, And take a look about, Tis safe to guess that he would say Some things worth writing out; The troley and the teaphone Would make him stop and stare, The telegraph would seem to him A wonderful affair, And when the limited express Went whizing down the track His pigtali might stand up instead Of hanging down his back—

O he
Would see,
At ever turn, some wondrous thing To take his breath away, If he were here to-day.

If he were here to-day,

Discovered the Telephone.



PROF. GRAY. cal, being innumerable. Both he and For Decency and me! Prof. Bell claimed credit of priority in inventing the telephone, the latter receiving the award after twenty-five years of litigation. This fact embitceiving the award after twenty-five tered Prof. Gray in his later years. His And people say "your grace" last work is regarded as a masterpiece. It is an electrical apparatus by which the sound of fog signals can be trans- He mitted under the water for twelve miles. Prof. Gray received comparatively large sums for his inventions, but died poor.

Everything Was Fresh.

A traveler stepped from a train at Pittsburg very early the other morning and went to the depot lunch room to get breakfast. He was extremely tired from a long ride and consequently not in the best of moods.

"What do you want?" snarled one of If Washington could spend a day

mot in the best of moods.

"What do you want?" snarled one of the waiter girls. She had a get-up-toosoon expression on her face, and spoke savagely.

"A little courteous treatment," responded the traveler.

"We don't keep it here," rejoined the girl.

"It thought so," was the laconic reply of the Clevelander. "Give me some regular eggs."!

"We only keep fresh eggs," replied the girl.

"Everything fresh around here?" queried the Clevelander.

"Yes," she hissed through her teeth.

"I thought so," the traveler replied.

As the traveler ate his breakfast in silence he wondered who had the better of the skirmish. From the look on the girl's face she, too, was pondering over the same question.—New York Tribune.

Pingree Meets a Bishop.

And all have equal rights!"

If Washington could spend a day Back here upon the earth And see the figures that portray What some of us are worth—If what some of us are worth—If he could view the splendor of The newer lords we've bred He mily to move to turn away And, doubting, hang his head—Yet, even as he turned and saw The many, many who Must serve he could not fail to mark Their new condition too, And say:

"Why, they,
In spite of all the weeful sounds That smite my ears, are blest As never they that tolled have been, Before them, East or West!

Can it be
That I see
Here the harvest that has grown From the seed I helped to sow?
Where fore do they moan and groan, Why the murmurs from below?
Still they grumble, still they spunble, still they grumble, sti

was, Mr. Pingree gave evidence of backwardness and shyness, for he was none too well posted on bishops and

"I see by the papers that you are much addicted to swearing," said the Bishop. "Yes. I've seen something of that kind in the papers myself," said

didn't know just how to take them.

the act of pulling in its shell. "Well," said the Bishop, "judging by what you have to contend with, I would not be surprised if you did

Hazen, acting very much like a snail in

swear pretty often."-Detroit To-day. The World's Paper Money. The world's stock of paper money is now \$900,000,000, equal to the existing stock of cold coin.

Wealth is the bull's eve on the target at which all humanity aims.

STRANGE THINGS WASHINGTON WOULD SEE IF HE WERE ALIVE 10-DAY.



IF WASHINGTON CAME BACK.

If Washington could come, to-day,

Discovered the Telephone.

Prof. Gray, who died at Newtonville, near Boston, Mass., recently, took rank as one of the world's greatest inventors. He was born in Ohio sixty-five years ago. He was years years years ago. He was years yea years ago. He was educated at Oberlin

His cheeks would burn, his eyes would bulge.

ducated at Oberlin
College and early
turned his endeavor
to perfecting electrical appliances.
He met with great
success, his inventions, both useful
and simply practierable. Both he and Can ever hope to get— There Lady Maud and Countess May Their silken raiment swish

Where matrons kneel to dukes and earls,
And knights and lords are thick,
He might be moved to hang his head
And say: "This makes me sick!"
Or else, perchance,
He'd merey glance
Around as one forsaken,
And say: "Your pardon, please; I thought
This was the land for which I fought—
I see that I'm mistaken!—
This is King George's realm, or that
Which was his, ere he died;
Pray tell me how I best may get
Upon the other side—
Across the sea
Where men are free
And all are equals born—
Where kings and lords are all unknown
And Freedom's beacon lights
Are blazing up from zone to zone,

re blazing up from zone to zone, And all have equal rights!"

Repels Suggestion of Dictator.

"With a mixture of surprise and astonishment I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and (which) I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which seems to me big with the greatest mischiefs that can be fall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the

sincere wish to see justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind and never communicate, as from yourself or any icine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. one else, a sentiment of the like nature. -Washington's reply to letter suggesting that he use the army to overturn the government and make himself Dictator.

Washington and the Farmer.

A writer in the Independent says that the Rev. Alfred Ely, who was for sixty idea you would accept me.' years pastor of the Congregational Church in Monson, Mass., and who died in 1866, told this story:

When a boy, he worked on a farm in West Springfield, and one day in the au- miles proposed at the head waters of tumn of 1789, he, with his employer, was the Mississippi will, if it is estabgathering a load of cornstalks in a field lished, be the first in the central region not far from the Connecticut river. The of the country. farmer had driven the loaded team from the lot, and left the boy, as usual, to put up the bars. While he was thus engaged, he noticed the approach of four fine horses, drawing the open vehicle by Irving Bacheller, the author of that known as a chariot. There was no driver, but astride the nigh horse of each a border tale of 1812. Two types of There were also two outriders and a America are set forth in it: one, a postilion, and within the carriage sat a gentleman of very imposing appearance.

The outriders galloped on in advance, and held a parley with the farmer, who was occupying the entire road with his loaded cart. It was to be seen that he would yield none of his rights, for the passed by.

The little boy hurried on, and asked his employer who the gentleman could be.

"George Washington," was the answer. Then he begged permission to run on and catch another glimpse of the great American. There was no bridge across the Connecticut, and he hoped that the try's great resources and industries. ferryboat would be on the opposite side, and that he might reach the bank before it arrived. He was not disappointed. He found Gen. Washington standing on the bank of the river, erect and dignified. At that moment one of the postilions came up and said, uncovering his you to marry me! head and speaking most deferentially, yet with an expression of injured dig- ed it. dear. nity: "Your Excellency, as we were driving along, a little way back, we overtook a man with a loaded cart, who occupied the entire road. I asked him to stop his team and let us pass. He declined, I then told him that President Washing- cast rays for a distance of 50 miles. ton was in the chariot. He again refused, and said that he had as good a

right to the road as George Washington!" 'And so he had," said Washington. The postilion looked at him for an in stant in astonishment, and then quietly put on his hat and mounted his horse,



The good George Washington, they say, same time, in justice to my own feelings.

I must add that no man possesses a more

Did always stick to facts,
But then he did not have to pay
That beastly income tax.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

PARENTS OF GROWING GIRLS WILL APPRECIATE IT.

The Story Is Told by a Father Who Is Grateful for His Daughter's

Recovery.

No. 91 Lincoln avenue, Cortland, N. Y., was once a house of sorrow and sadness. The daughter of George Loucks, the pride of the household, seemed going into a decline as she reached her early womanhood and her condition caused the greatest anxiety in the family. The happy ending of the matter caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood and, when questioned by a reporter, Mr. Loucks made the following statement:

"About two years ago my daughter, who was then in her 16th year, was in bad health. She was pale and thin, without strength or vitality, in fact her condition was that which is generally called all run down. We were, of course, worried about her and employed the best physicians to attend her. They studied her case and although they did everything possible, gave her no relief which was permanent. The late Dr. Angle had first called my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my wife had heard they were a fine tonic, so we decided to try them for my daughter. We did so and inside of eight weeks the primary cause of her trouble was removed and she showed a decided gain in health, strength and flesh.

"A great many people will buy a medicine and take a few doses. Then if they are not cured they throw it aside as no good, or take it spasmodically. We believe in a tair trial in strict accordance with directions and our faithfulness was rewarded for she was greatly benefited by them. Her color came to her cheeks and she continued to gain in weight and strength. We have told a great many people about them and have been glad to do 80.

GEORGE LOUCKS. Signed, Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1900.

F. C. PARSONS, Notary Public. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent to any address postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six

A Tragedy.

boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Med-

She-If you had no idea when we could get married, why did you propose to me?

"To tell the truth, darling, I had no

New Proposed National Park.

The national park of 1,297 square

Literary Note From the Century Co.

The Century is to have a serial story popular novel, "Eben Holden." span was a young mulatto postilion. the men who have helped to make Northern Yankee, quaint, rugged and wise; the other, a man who has the hardy traits of a Puritan with the romantic temperament of a cavalier. The scene of the story is in the neigh. borhood of Lake Cake Champlain, and chariot was detained by the cart until the title is "D'ri and I." It will bea turnout was reached, when the cortege gin in the March Century and run for six months.

Canada at Pan-American.

Canada will have a building at the Pan-American exposition, and make a comprehensive display of the coun-

As She Remembered Him.

Mr. Skimmerhorn (as the participants in the debate became personal)-I was a thundering fool when I asked Mrs. Skimmerhorn-Well, you look-

Will Throw Light 50 Miles. A searchlight on the electric tower of the Pan-American exposition will

Largest Guns in the World.

The biggest things in the way of guns ever produced will be exhibited at the Pan-American exposition.

Three Rules of Life. Edward Everett Hale gives the following three good rules for life: First, live as much as possible in the open air; second, touch elbows with the rank and file; third, talk every day with a man you know to be your su-

perior. George Washingtons in the Civil War.

The attention of the pension bureau has been called to one regiment in the civil war in which, according to the rolls, 28 colored George Washingtons

Fried Smelts.

Smelts can be fried to perfection in the blazer. Clean them, wipe dry, season and dip in flour or fine bread crumbs. Egg them, dip in crumbs again and fry in plenty of hot butter. Serve with sauce tartare and Saratoga

Home Truth.

Mr. Biddle-Those shoes are absurdly small for you, my dear; but one must suffer to be beautiful, I know. Mrs. Biddle-Ah! but how one suf-

fers trying to be polite you will never know.