

### CHARACTER BUILDING.

A tiny form, new breathing clay,  
What does it mean?  
An immortal soul has come this way,  
Has come to earth, on earth will stay  
Until the firm, calm voice doth say:  
"Come home!"  
Ours is the privilege to mold  
This character,  
Each one of us, the young, the old,  
Great strength and beauty yet untold  
This gift divine may soon unfold  
To us.  
Protect him from each impure thought,  
This new-born babe!  
The greatest blessing ever sought,  
True manliness, may thus be wrought,  
For what he thinks impure or not  
He is.  
The architects of man are we,  
Each one of us.  
And what false builders we should be  
Is living that a child might see  
That wickedness, that calumny  
Is life.  
The son of friend, the son of foe,  
It matters not.  
As builders we must strike the blow  
To make or mar. Build high or low,  
The day will come when we shall know  
Our work.  
"Reform the world!" has been the cry  
For many years.  
"With sin, unhappiness must die!"  
We meet with small success, and why?  
The reformation has passed by  
Ourselves.  
Before we seek to build a man—  
A perfect one—  
We must ourselves remove the ban  
That crushes us; the gulf must span  
Between the earthly and the plan  
Of God.  
—Bartlett Warner.

### A NOVEL EXECUTION.

"AND don't you find it very dull up here all alone?" I asked.  
"No," he answered; "not so dull as you might think, by any means. You see, there is plenty of game to be had, large and small, for the shooting; the scenery is delightful to me, who, like you, am a bit of an artist, and then the banditti usually provide a little additional excitement." "What!" I said, "are there banditti around here, then?" "Yes," he answered; "most certainly, though not in the direction from which you have come. But as you proceed into Bohemia you will find the mountains infested with them, and I shall send an escort down with you to-morrow. Indeed, in these piping times of peace it is chiefly for the purpose of escorting travelers through the mountains that we are here. You will have a specially strong escort to-morrow, though, as we have here at present confined in the fort a notorious bandit we captured but yesterday in a raid on his hiding place, and to-morrow I shall send him down to Robensburg for trial. There is no doubt what his fate will be. Two murders have been proved against him, and there are numerous unproved ones and hundreds of robberies down to his name. It is, as you say, a long way to send him, and Robensburg is our headquarters, and he will be tried by the military there. But you must be tired and glad to get to bed." Saying this, he showed me to a small bedroom and left me to my slumbers.

I was awakened early by the sound of a bugle, and was soon out to enjoy the fresh air and fine scenery. I was immediately struck by the strong position of the fort, the site on which it was built being admirably adapted for defense. The road, if road it could be called—perhaps pass would be a better word—here ran for a full mile in a kind of gully, lined on either side by lofty and precipitous rocks, which, towering up high on either side, left only a narrow way in the middle. Standing in the center of this gully, you could look along the path about half a mile each way, at which distance it came to a stop, the road suddenly dipping down on one side to Robensburg and on the other toward a forest. It was in the middle of this valley, or rather cutting, that the fort had been built, stretching across the narrow way from one wall to the other, so that, if necessary, the road could be completely blocked and swept by the guns of the fort. In times of peace the fort had a gate left permanently open, allowing travelers to walk right through it and pursue their way to the other side.

My friend the lieutenant soon joined me, and I remarked on the strong position held by the fort. "Yes," said he, smiling, "I think we could give a good account of ourselves before an enemy could pass along the road from end to end," and he pointed to the three guns mounted on each side, commanding the two roads. A large one was in the middle and a smaller one was on each side of it, and very formidable they looked. He said I might leave them at noon, when the escort for the prisoner would be ready. Hardly had he finished speaking when a shout was heard in the fort, followed by the report of a rifle and a babel of cries. The officer rushed down to see what was the matter, I following him closely. Arrived at the square, we found a crowd of soldiers assembled around a man lying on the ground, bleeding profusely from a wound in the shoulder. The officer was quickly told the cause of the tumult. The bandit, while being led out of his cell, preparatory to being marched away had suddenly stabbed a soldier with a hidden knife, and, taking advantage of the surprise he created, had escaped from the fort, though a sentry had fired at him. He was soon desisted flying down the road which led to the forest, and several men started in pursuit. The officer was about to follow them when a grizzled veteran touched his shoulder and said a few words to him.

"Are you quite sure you can do it, gunner?" asked the lieutenant. "Per-

fectedly certain, sir," replied the old soldier. "I will lay my life on it she will not fall us at this moment."  
"Very well, then," said the lieutenant, "recall the mer."  
The bugle rang out and the pursuers turned and slowly retraced their steps to the fort.  
"After all," he went on, "it is our best chance, for they could never catch him. Just look at the pace he is going at! I would not lose that scoundrel for anything, and if we cannot take him alive we must anticipate his fate and take him dead."

Several men had been potting at the fugitive with their rifles, but without success, so he ordered them to desist, as it was only throwing away ammunition.

Lighting a cigarette, he sat down and calmly watched the ever-lessening form of the brigand. I now went up to him and asked the reason of this strange apathy on the part of the garrison.  
"Don't be in a hurry, my friend," replied he, smiling; "we are not so lazy and foolish as doubtless you think. Listen to me." He then explained that just as he was also starting in pursuit of the fugitive the old gunner had told him that there was a far quicker and surer method of arresting him than that of pursuit. The big gun in the center of the rampart on that side had, by constant practice, been trained to throw its projectile exactly in the middle of the narrow path just before it dipped out of sight, and had been kept permanently in that position. "And," the lieutenant went on, "Gunner Muller is ready to swear that a ball or shell thrown from that gun will hit the exact spot, provided the gun has not been shifted. Now, in that case, all we have to do is to wait till our friend there gets on, or near, that spot, and there you are! You see it is impossible for him to turn to the right or left till he gets out of the pass, owing to the precipices on either side. You know, Muller," said he, turning to the gunner, who was standing by, "the right kind of shell for this case?"

"Yes, sir," said the soldier, saluting; "I know the very thing required, and if the rascal is within ten yards' radius of the bursting point he won't gain the end of that path."

"Good," said the officer; "load!"  
The heavy shell was hoisted into the breech, and everything was got ready for the shot. This all happened in much less time than it takes to describe it, and now the man was within eighty yards of the fatal spot. After finding that he was not pursued, he relaxed the speed at which he started from the fort, and was now trotting steadily on toward the desired goal, keeping in the middle of the path, and no doubt congratulating himself on his escape. When within thirty yards of the place he dropped to a leisurely walk, looking round continually to make sure that no one was after him. Once he stopped and, turning round, made what seemed a gesture of contempt at the fort, and, having thus relieved his feelings, walked on again.

Slowly he neared the fatal spot. All on the fort were breathless with suspense and doubt, for it seemed quite possible that the gun might somehow have got shifted since the last practice. Only the old gunner was calm and confident and lovingly eyed his great charge. I was standing with the lieutenant near the gun, and the wall was lined with every man in the fort, eagerly gazing at that small, dark spot moving so slowly on.

As the bandit neared the end of the path the old gunner handed the lanyard of the gun to a subordinate and bade him fire when he lifted his foot. Then, taking a telescope, he directed his gaze on the fugitive. A deadly silence reigned in the fort. I could hear my heart beating plainly, and I believe every man was in an equal tremor of excitement. I half hoped that the man, robber and murderer though he was, might escape.

When would the signal be given? The suspense was becoming unendurable. I looked at Muller—he was gazing through the telescope. Suddenly he kicked out his leg, still keeping his eye to the glass. A vivid flash followed, a deafening roar, which shook the fort, and then a cloud of white smoke obscured everything. When it had cleared away Muller was standing beside my companion, with a look of content on his face.

"I was right, sir," he cried; "he was hit fair."  
True enough, nothing was to be seen where the bandit had been. A loud cheer followed the announcement, and the officer shook hands heartily with Muller, and retired to make a report of the matter, while a party was sent to collect the remains of the victim. A few hours later I left the fort with my escort, after a hearty farewell to the commandant. As we passed the fatal spot I shuddered to see unmistakable signs of the accuracy of the shot.—Chambers' Journal.

Not a "Broncho-Buster" from Choice. Gov. Roosevelt, in speaking once of his experiences in the far West, made this confession: "You know I am not nearly so fond of 'broncho-busting' and riding wild horses as some persons might have you think. It wasn't because I liked that kind of work that I did it. But I always took just what came, and if it happened to be the wildest animal in the bunch I got on, and stayed on, too, for when I got on I made up my mind to stay, and I have yet to see the broncho that could make me give in."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Unawares. "She came upon him unawares," read the teacher. "Can any little boy or girl tell me what 'unawares' means?" Up went the hand of the youngest pupil. "I know!" he cried, "it's what we wear next to our skins."



The Woman Beautiful.

Dear Madam: For a year I have kept company with a handsome young barber, but lately his love seems to be growing cold. To add to my unhappiness I find I have barber's itch. Please advise me.—Lamia. When one has trouble at one's barber shop one usually changes one's barber. Be careful next time to sterilize your affections and insist on a clean mug.

Skinny—You will have to trust to the honesty of your grocer when you purchase olive oil. If he is anything like mine you will get a combination of cottonseed oil and axle grease. It is all right in a salad, but rather rough on the feelings, considering that I pay my bills promptly. Rub the oil in well every night with a steam roller. Washing the face with soap and water now and then will freshen and refine your complexion wonderfully.

Dolly: The best, if not the only effectual way to keep chaps from the lips is to partake freely of young onions. If this fails you and you are in the unfortunate position of wanting your chapped lips cured, I recommend you to study Dr. Hahemann's celebrated proposition, "Smilla similibus curantur," which, being interpreted, signifies, "if you do what you like you will like what you do."

Sarah Smudgeface: In order to keep your complexion in good shape secure a palette knife, scrape carefully down to datum, and then use lye or soft soap. This will enable the fresh air to get at the epidermis a little more readily.

Daisy: A nose that is too broad and "wingy" at the tip can be made narrower and of better proportions by gentle slicing with a sharp knife. Begin by taking a little bit off the top and move steadily downward day by day. This treatment is also a sure cure for blackheads.

MME. SQUEE GEE.

### \$200,000 FOR PIN MONEY.

#### G. F. Which Potter Palmer Is Said to Have Given His Wife.

A Chicago woman who declares that she knows what Potter Palmer recently made over to Mrs. Palmer, for her own exclusive use and enjoyment, the entire receipts of the Palmer House as they shall accrue from year to year. Mrs. Palmer is not expected to assume any of the cares of the management. That is attended to for her. She is simply to enjoy the income for the rest of her life, but in the meantime



MRS. POTTER PALMER.

any changes or improvements that she may suggest will naturally receive attention.

So handsome an arrangement with regard to pin money has not been recorded in a Chicago family for many a day, and Mrs. Palmer is being congratulated and Mr. Palmer complimented.

The Palmer House is valued at \$3,500,000. The income from store rents and profits of business is estimated at about \$200,000 annually.

Scared the Toothache Out of Him. A novel cure for the toothache was inadvertently applied by Dr. Parmentier at Tremont, N. Y. A man, suffering from a raging tooth, called at the dentist's house at night, forgot to ring the bell, found the outer door open, entered the hall, unintentionally stepped on a burglar alarm and thus brought the dentist to the dark hall with a pistol in his hand. The dentist threatened to shoot and the visitor was so terrified that the ache departed from his chattering teeth.

Precocious Michigan Youth. A Kalamazoo man lost a dog and received a letter stating that it would be returned if 50 cents was deposited in a certain place. He marked the coin, left it and the dog was returned. The next morning his 8-year-old son appeared with the marked coin. The boy and his father then went into executive session in the woodshed.

### ATCHISON GLOBE LIGHTS.

#### Comments on Everyday Affairs by an Original Genius.

A love affair is the only thing that will open some men's pocketbooks. Lots of young men give bashfulness as an excuse for not going out in society.

When a friend is in trouble, don't ask, "Can I do anything?" Do something.

The friends who have something disagreeable to say to you always find time to call.

About the first discovery that a widow makes is that she married entirely too young.

If you want a boy to deliver a pint of berries to a neighbor, give him a gallon when he starts.

A jolly should be heard only by the person for whom it is intended. To others it is an emetic.

Having no opportunity to do wrong doesn't make you better than those who have every chance.

If a woman has absolute faith in her husband, it is a great compliment to his powers of concealment.

There are very few occasions in a woman's life that do not compel her to trot right down to the dry goods stores. Things even themselves up: When the grocery bill is small, it means that the drygoods bill will be larger than usual.

Give a woman something good to eat and she doesn't thoroughly enjoy it until she has found a hungry boy to divide with.

Some persons think a furnace is the hardest thing in the world to regulate, but that is because they have forgotten their love affairs.

After every marriage, it is said the bride must have money of her own, but it turns out usually that it is the groom going in debt.

Every thing seems to be produced on a larger scale than twenty years ago, except the strap that hung behind the kitchen door.

Probably you are familiar with the careless manner in which people "talk" about each other, and of course you know you don't escape.

A law should be passed prohibiting engineers, and other persons upon whose carefulness depend the lives of others, from falling in love.

The doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to receive, is always entertained by those persons who believe the world owes them a living.

The crazy man, with the state taking care of him, and unlimited time to talk and handle big enterprises, is all right; it is sane kin who are miserable.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who would as soon go to church without her bonnet, as to go to see a sick neighbor without taking something to eat?

It makes no difference how much preachers and Sunday school teachers talk, the children's idea of heaven is always taken from the transformation scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

### IS CHEESE A NUISANCE?

#### New York Supreme Court Held that It Was Not.

Limburgercheese—rather its odor—was passed upon by the New York Supreme court the other day. The court's decision was that Limburger cheese kept on the premises of a firm dealing in butter and cheese is not a public nuisance which the courts will abate, at the suit of adjoining property-owners, and this although the cheese is kept in enormously large quantities.

In a dissenting opinion filed by Judge Hatch, however, the following language is used: "The odor from Limburger cheese, when it is given a fair opportunity to spread itself, is overwhelming and unless the olfactory sense be educated to the liking or deadened to its presence, it is about as offensive an odor as can greet the olfactory nerve of human beings. That the premises are inhabitable in its continued exposed presence will not be generally believed and when it is combined with the odoriferousness arising from the cheese, we can readily see that a stenches can be produced by the side of which the smell of hogpens and slaughterhouses might be regarded as delicate perfumery. It is enough to say that language falls in description of such an odor and it is evident that the witnesses for the plaintiff were baffled in their attempt by lack of power to describe the overwhelming presence. It needs no occult power to understand that only a small quantity of Limburger cheese is necessary to fill the atmosphere with smell. We have seen a single wagon, containing a large quantity, drive people from the street along which it passed and we can readily understand that by constant use the wagon comes to have a distinctive smell entirely their own."

### Called to Preach.

It is to be feared that some other men's "call" to preach is not more imperative than that of the negro referred to by Mr. Booker Washington in the Outlook.

The old negro was working in the cotton-field one hot day in July. Suddenly he stopped, and looking toward the sky, he exclaimed:

"O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de wuk am so hard, an' de sun am so hot, dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach!"

### Exercise for a Fat Man.

Club attendant (to stout party who is struggling into overcoat)—Allow me, sir.

Stout party—No, don't trouble. This is the only exercise I ever take!—London Punch.

### HERE'S A SINGLE-WHEEL LAWN MOWER.

Below is illustrated a new pattern of lawn mower, which the inventor claims will run easier than the two-wheeled rotary grass-cutter now in use. The wheel used is similar to the ordinary wheel, except that it is much larger, affording greater traction on the surface of the earth than was possible with the two small wheels, and therefore providing more power for the cutting mechanism. The latter feature consists of a cutter bar like that of a



RECIPROCATING CUTTER BAR.

large mowing machine, with the guards and reciprocating blades complete. By a simple gear arrangement the power is taken from near the center of the traction wheel and delivered to an eccentric, which in turn reciprocates the knife bar. The swath cut is about equal to that cut by the old mower, but the height of the cutter bar can be adjusted to cut the grass close to the ground or at any height desired. The mower has a clutch mechanism which enables the operator to draw it backward without operating the knives, and when not in use the cutter bar can be tilted into a vertical position to facilitate the removal of the machine from one place to another. Fritz Rauber and John A. Lentz, of Eldorado, Kan., have obtained a patent on the machine.

### THE NEW FIRST READER.

#### What is the matter here?

The man is changing his mind. How do you mean? His friend asked him what he thought of the signs of spring, and just as he said that he never allowed himself to be struck by signs one of them fell.

#### What have we here?

This is a business man enjoying a modern convenience. Do you mean the telephone? Yes.

If it is a convenience why does he scowl? Oh, a small detail annoys him.

What is it? He has been trying for twenty minutes to get connected with a man on the second floor above.

#### What is happening here?

The hostess is serving refreshments to her guests. What are the refreshments? Lobster salad, cavari sand-wiches, coffee, ice cream and cake.

Mer-cy. Does such food re-fresh any-body? Oh, yes! It re-freshes the memory of days when they used to eat green apples, pea-nuts and Christ-mas candy.

#### What is the young man doing?

He is a-pol-o-giz-ing to the young lady. What for? He stepped on her gown and ruined it.

Will the a-pol-o-gy mend mat-ters? O, no! It will cost \$40 for an-other skirt and the a-pol-o-gy is not worth a cent.—Chicago Daily News.

#### The Worm Will Turn.

"Ha! You laugh me to scorn, Reginald de Bugge, but it will be my turn next."

Such language, coming as it did from a humble caterpillar, at first merely amused the audience, until a bright beetle in the gallery recalled the fact that every worm has his turn, and started the applause.—Buffalo Express.

#### Money in Old Uniforms.

The worn-out uniforms of the British army when sold bring back into the war office treasury close upon \$150,000 a year.

#### Guest, but Not a Customer.

Street—Hullo! Are you a guest here? Beat—I am, but the hotelkeeper thinks I am a customer.—Indianapolis Press.

#### There's always room at the top of the greased pole of success.

Failure is one of the things that are spoiled by success.

### WAS TORTURED

#### An Indianapolis Woman's Sworn Statement of the Way in Which She Was Saved From Death.

#### From the Indianapolis News.

Mrs. Mary K. Burns, of 505 Hiawatha street, Indianapolis, Ind., is living evidence of the wonderful powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the remedy that cures where all others fail. For years she endured all the tortures of indigestion, nervousness and female weakness, a complication of troubles that five physicians confessed their inability to cure. Her story is well worth the attention of every woman. She says: "My illness commenced after my first child was born. I was so weak and nervous that it seemed I would never get strong. For twelve years I doctored for female trouble, complicated with nervousness and indigestion. My stomach was so weak that for days at a time I could eat nothing but bread and milk. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart and was often so miserable that I could not be down. Five doctors prescribed for me, and I took many kinds of medicine without being benefited. One day I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the papers and I decided to give them a trial. I did so and had not finished taking the first box when I knew that I was getting better.

"You can imagine the relief I felt when I found that after years of suffering I was being cured. I continued taking the pills, and the female trouble entirely disappeared. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did more for me than it was claimed they would do. Since I first took the pills I have not needed a doctor nor any other medicine; they have restored my health, strength and happiness.

"MRS. MARY K. BURNS."  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of October, 1900.

GEORGE H. SWAN,  
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred), by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

#### Another Victim.

"My father," said the sweet young thing, "is a gold bug. Are you?" "No," replied the young man, "I belong in the melonste pie class."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "What's that?" "That," he hastened to explain, with the aid of a practical illustration, "is the scientific name of the kissing bug."

#### The Truth Forced Home.

"I'm afraid," she sighed, "that I'm getting old."

"Why?" he asked. "When I go to the grocery now the clerks don't nearly break their necks trying to beat one another in getting my orders."—Chicago Times-Herald.

#### To Play "Shopping."

The leader says: "I went shopping this morning, and everything I bought began with A. From the grocer I bought (points to a player and waits for response), from the druggist (points to another), from the dry goods store, from the baker," etc. The responses must be given quickly. The penalty is to take the place of the leader and start another letter.

#### For Keeps.

Ascum—So you've got a political situation? Do you expect to keep it? Rafferty—Faith, I do, so, an' what's more, I expect it to kape me.—Philadelphia Press.

#### A Delicate Matter.

"No," said Miss Cayenne, "I don't think I should care to vote. Public affairs are too difficult for me."

"You used to say they were very simple."

"I have changed my mind. It seems to be almost as hard to determine whom you should snub in politics as it is in society."—Washington Star.

#### Not a Confiding Nature.

Mr. Johning—I don't like dat Farmer Jones. He's too 'spicious.

Mr. Jackson—What's he done now? Mr. Johning—He's done gone an' put a six-foot barbed-wire fence aroun' his melon patch.—New York Journal.

#### How It Happened.

Miss Kittish—Major, is it true that once during the war one of the enemy died to save your life? Major Bluntly—Yes.

"How noble! How did it happen?" "I killed him."—N. Y. World.

#### Would Still Be a Puller.

"Charlie," said a visitor to a bright little 5-year-old, "are you going to be a dentist like your father and pull people's teeth when you grow up?"

"No, sir," replied Charlie. "I'm going to be a lawyer like Uncle George and pull people's legs."

#### Standard Wants Japanese Oil.

The Standard Oil Company has organized the International Oil Company, with \$10,000 capital, at Yokohama, Japan. The purpose of the new corporation is to control and develop the Japanese oil fields.

### Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."  
EDW. A. MARK, Albany, N. Y.



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