

BOYHOOD'S FAUNTS.

Ho! I'm going back to where
We were youngsters. Meet me there,
Dear old barefoot chum, and we
Will be as we used to be—
Lawless rangers up and down
The old creek beyond the town,
Little sunburnt gods at play,
Just as in that faraway
Water nymphs all unafraid,
Shall smile at us from the brink
Of the old mill race and wade
Toward us as we kneeling drink
At the spring our boyhood knew,
Pure and clear as morning dew,
And, as we are rising there,
Doubly down'd to hear and see,
We shall thus be made aware
Of eerie piping heard
High above the happy bird
In the haze, and then we,
Just across the creek, shall see
(Hah, the goatly rascal!) Pan
Hoof it o'er the sloping green,
Mad with his own melody,
Ay, and (bless the beastly man)
Stamping, from the grassy soil
Bruised scents of fleur-de-lis.
Bonset, mint and Pennyroyal.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

BOB JAMIESON stamped around his room, dropped his favorite pipe, said something unmentionable, and picked up his cap.

He paused for want of breath, his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating—with calm contempt, it is to be supposed.

"No, my dear Dolly, I dare say you will be expecting me to come and apologize, and implore you to come out on the river with me, but you'll have to send for me first."

With which noble display of independence Robert Jamieson flung out of his room and down to the river, metaphorically patting himself on the way, and all the time dreading the blank in his life which he would feel as soon as his rage should cool down.

Dolly Parsons put on her prettiest white frock and a picturesque sun hat.

"If Mr. Jamieson calls, tell him I am out," she said to the maid. "I am going on the river."

She told herself this last piece of information was for the benefit of the servant, in case she required to know.

"When he comes and finds me gone he will be furious. I will take my canoe and stay out till quite late. I'd love to frighten him thoroughly."

Miss Parsons' bright, brown eyes flashed a little. A faint flush appeared on her pretty cheeks—it was a flush of anger, but it was eminently becoming. She looked madly and pretty as she sat in her canoe and paddled away upstream. It was a glorious afternoon, and the river was looking its best; but Dolly Parsons' eyes were not filled with appreciation of the beauty around her. She repeated to herself again and again the horrid things Bob had said.

"No, she would not forgive him for a long time; it would not do; the circumstances were too aggravated. He would be coming back expecting her to forgive everything—some girls must be so silly, but he would find she was made of different stuff."

And all the time she knew that she dared not let her anger cool, for a horrid, absorbing pain would fill her heart at once, and a wretched feeling of loneliness and depression, and she hated to be unhappy.

She paddled on and on, until the other boats were all left behind. She was very tired, but she would not stop. Her mind was made up on one point; she would frighten Bob Jamieson into an appreciation of her worth.

It was almost twilight when she turned to go home; the river seemed to have suddenly become lonely and depressing; the sun had gone down and a chill wind had sprung up. Dolly paddled fast and splashed the water over her pretty frock, and grew cross and miserable. She had quite expected Bob would have followed her to "make it up"; she had decided how long she would keep him in suspense, and how, at last, to forgive him.

A clock in the distance struck 7. Dolly paddled faster and faster, though she was so tired she hardly knew how to go on. She looked anxiously along, when swiftly around the bend she had just cleared shot another boat, close in her wake. It came so swiftly it was almost on her before the sound of the oars made her glance up; it came so close that her cry to "look ahead!" came too late.

She screamed with alarm and missed her stroke. The man in the other boat looked around with annoyance written on every feature, and then before he could back water, the impetus of his last stroke brought the nose of his boat with a crash into the stern of her canoe, which filled and sank instantly.

"Bob! Bob! Bob! Help!" But before the cry was past her lips Dolly had gone under.

"Great Scott! It's Dolly!"

In a second Bob had sprung into the water after her. A stupefied face rose above the surface and two hands struggling wildly to clutch something; then she sank again. In desperation Bob made a wild plunge down, and this time caught a bit of her sleeve. It was barely enough to support her by, but having got a hold he made the most of it and managed to keep her up until he could grasp her firmly, then by degrees he drew her to the bank, and in time managed to lift her into his boat, which fortunately had drifted to the bank. She was conscious again by that time, and he laid her in the boat and wrapped his coat about her. She was not really hurt, only overcome with the shock and weariness; but she looked a very pitiful and forlorn little creature as she lay shivering in the bow while Bob pulled as quickly as he could to the

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF GREAT STEEL COMBINE.

From salesman in a country store at \$5 a week to the presidency of the greatest steel-manufacturing concern in the world, with a salary unparalleled in the business world and about \$50,000,000 in stocks and bonds, is the record of Charles M. Schwab, who is the head of the new \$1,000,000,000 steel trust formed by J. Pierpont Morgan, Carnegie and others. And all this came with less than twenty years.

In Williamsburg, Blair County, Pa., Mr. Schwab was born Feb. 18, 1862. Ten years later the Schwab family moved to Loretto, on the crest of the Alleghany mountains, where "Charley" was sent to school to the Franciscan monks who have a college there. He fancied engineering and took a scientific course. At the age of 18 he left the institution to make his living and came to Braddock, where some friends from Loretto had located. He obtained employment in Dinkley's general store, which was not far from the Carnegie steel works.

Past the store on his way to and from the mills came Capt. William R. Jones, at the time general manager of the works. He stopped in the store to buy tobacco and noticed young Schwab. The latter seized the opportunity of acquaintance with Capt. Jones and the latter offered him a position.

In 1881 Schwab was made chief engineer and assistant manager of the Braddock furnaces and steel works, and held the place until 1887, when he was sent over to Homestead as superintendent. He was there when the first Homestead strike occurred in 1880.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

When John G. A. Leshman, at present minister to Turkey, resigned as president of the Carnegie Company in 1897 Mr. Schwab, who had been elected a member of the board of managers of the company the preceding year, was chosen president. At that time H. C. Frick was chairman of the board of directors and the active head of the company. When Frick left Mr. Schwab was given the chairman's duties. He filled them so successfully that when the business was reorganized last spring Schwab was elected president of the Carnegie Company, the capital stock of which had been increased to \$100,000,000.

boathouse. In spite, though, of her plight, her spoiled clothes and general discomfort, she did not feel as depressed as she had been before the plunge, nor did the world seem so utterly devoid of happiness.

"Bob," she said, after silently watching him for some moments. "Bob—why were you up the river so late?"

"Why were you?" answered Bob, not without embarrassment.

"Will you tell me if I tell you?"

"Yes," he said, his color heightening.

"Well, I was angry with you, and I wanted to—frighten you."

"You carried your scheme to perfection, dear."

"But, Bob, I didn't—oh, Bob," in a great state of consternation; "you can't think I fell in on purpose?"

"No, dear; I am quite convinced of that."

Dolly looked at him thoughtfully for a moment.

"Bob," she said, severely, "what do you mean?"

"Well," he answered with conviction, "young women don't put on their prettiest dress when they contemplate a dive."

Dolly had the grace to blush.

"My poor dress!" she said, dolefully; "and I was looking so nice when I started," she added, regretfully. "I must be a fearful fright now, though," with sudden consciousness. "Am I, Bob? Do I look very dreadful?"

"I have seen you looking better, darling."

Dolly's brow puckered again.

"Now tell me why you were up here so late."

Bob did not answer; he seemed deeply interested in something on the bank.

—American Queen.

A week or so after his arrival from Iowa, as General Henderson was entering the dining-room, he met Blaine, after having passed and repassed him many times. The Maine man grasped him cordially by the hand, called him by name and inquired about Iowa.

"I had heard of Speaker Blaine's wonderful faculty for remembering names," says General Henderson. "When I had seated myself at the table I beckoned to the head waiter.

"'Hasn't Mr. Blaine asked you my name?'" I said to him. "Now think hard and be sure of your answer."

"'Yes, sah,' replied the waiter. 'He done called me ovah las' night an' asked yo' name an' all about yo'. I told him yo' was Mistah Henderson.'"

Bring Money on a Barrow.

Old George Todd made his regular visit to Syracuse, N. Y., one day last week. He walked into town pushing a wheelbarrow before him. The wheelbarrow was loaded with money, as were also Mr. Todd's coat and trousers. The old man, who is 80 years of age, has visited Syracuse regularly every year since 1870. He always comes loaded down with coin which he deposits in the Syracuse banks, having a large account with three of them. He claims to live in "Four Corners," Canada, and all the money he deposits is Canadian, so that he is apparently telling the truth. He dresses like a tramp, his ragged overcoat being pinned together at the top with a safety pin and his trousers fastened at the sides with twine. On his feet he wears felt boots surmounted with heavy felt boot legs. He talks to nobody in Syracuse except the bank officials, and after completing his business disappears as mysteriously as he comes, not to be seen again for another year.

Some Standards of Beauty.

The Sandwich Islanders estimate women by their weight. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky-blue and wear a nose-ring to satisfy a South Sea Islander. Certain African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed like those of a saw.

When a woman goes away on a visit, up to the time she reaches 60 her letters home indicate that the men are paying a great deal of attention to her, and her husband has cause to be jealous.

Blaine's Wonderful Memory.

Speaker Henderson told a Washington Post reporter a good story of one of his initial experiences among public men in Washington. It was before he had been elected to Congress, probably twenty-five years ago.

Blaine was then Speaker. Naturally he was one of the statesmen that General Henderson much desired to meet, and the opportunity came of a morning. Just as the Speaker was passing through the lobby on his way to the marble rostrum. The formal greetings were exchanged in a brief moment, and General Henderson was left to see the swinging doors close on the form of the Republican leader.

Six years later General Henderson again came to Washington, this time to get Iowa divided into two judicial districts. He put up at Wormley's, where Blaine also lived, it being in those days a fashionable and flourishing hostelry.

MUSKEGON AND MAN WHO CLAIMS PART OF IT.



Muskegon, Mich., which has been brought into notice by the claim of former Judge James B. Bradwell of Chicago to some sixty-eight acres of business and residence property, is a thriving city of 25,000 inhabitants. The main portion of the city borders on the landlocked harbor of Lake Muskegon, and the total length of docks and slips is twenty-five miles. The port does the largest marine business of any on the

west coast of Michigan. At the north entrance to the harbor there is a United States life-saving station and on the south point a lighthouse.

Lumber is still the principal industry, although there are other large interests. In summer the place is a resort of tourists. The city is laid out with asphalt and macadamized streets. The business district is well built up. There are two excellent hotels and many handsome homes. It is in this section that Judge Bradwell believes he has a large-sized claim.

Thirty-nine years ago the jurist says that he acquired from Stephen A. Cook and wife of New Jersey a deed conveying the land on which the principal part of Muskegon stands as cotenant with men named Brown and Trowbridge. He says that the deed was forgotten until recently, but that his interest has not lapsed, as the statute of limitations does not run against a cotenant. It is likely that a test case may be tried at an early date. It is estimated that over 200 property-owners and taxpayers of Muskegon are interested in the settling of the question of title to their holdings.

VIRGINIA OF MANY YEARS ASO.

Courtesy and Discipline in That State in the Early Days.

In an old biography of Chief Justice Marshall there is an anecdote which gives a significant hint of the discipline which young people were subjected in that earlier day.

Several of the great jurist's nieces were in the habit of visiting him, and as they were young and attractive the house became a rendezvous for the leading young men of the city during the afternoons. Judge Marshall's black majordomo, old Uncle Joseph, held a tight rein upon these visitors. Every day at 4 o'clock he would appear at the door of the drawing-room in spotless livery, and, with a profound bow, would announce:

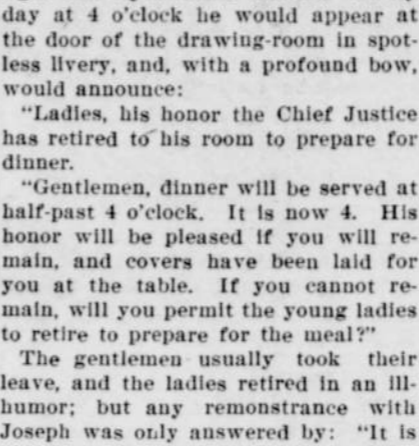
"Ladies, his honor the Chief Justice has retired to his room to prepare for dinner."

"Gentlemen, dinner will be served at half-past 4 o'clock. It is now 4. His honor will be pleased if you will remain, and covers have been laid for you at the table. If you cannot remain, will you permit the young ladies to retire to prepare for the meal?"

The gentlemen usually took their leave, and the ladies retired in an ill-humor; but any remonstrance with Joseph was only answered by: "It is the rule of the house. Young folks must be kept within bounds."

In Virginia houses of the better class, notwithstanding their almost boundless hospitality, the calls of young men in that day were strictly held within limits. No one was received as a visitor to a girl unless his antecedents and character were well known to her parents.

If his visit was prolonged until after 10 o'clock, the invitation to family prayers was given. If he seemed likely to become an habitue of the house, and so to engage the thoughts, and perhaps in time the affection, of the young girl who was its chief treasure, her father quietly asked the purport of his visits, and, if he had none other than his amusement, courteously requested him to discontinue his calls.—Youth's Companion.



MRS. JENNIE NOBLE.

gerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

"I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot flashes, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JENNIE NOBLE, 5010 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.

Immersion.

"Go bury thy sorrow!" said I.
The man bowed his head and went his way. That night I came upon him drinking heavily.

"Is this the way you bury your sorrow?" I said.

"Hush! this is a burial at sea!" said the man, with a bitter, haunting smile.

I felt much pity for him, thereupon, and would have had something had he asked me.—Detroit Journal.

A Fortunate Reminder.

"Do you expect to have a pair of samples of every living creature in that ark?" asked one of the jeering spectators.

"From A to Izzard!" emphatically responded Noah. "Ah! that reminds me," he exclaimed. "The zebra!"

And he instantly dispatched a corps of hunters to South Africa.—Chicago Tribune.

Changed His Mind.

Friend—But I thought you were going to commit suicide in case she rejected you.

Rejected Suitor—So I was; but after I made the threat to her and left, I came back and peeped in the window and saw her reading a novel.—Ohio State Journal.

Objection Overruled.

He—I am going for a drive in the country this evening. Would you care to accompany me?

She—I would dearly love to go, but I'm so afraid of a horse.

He—But mine is so gentle that I always tie the reins about the whip and let him follow his own inclination.

She—And you have both hands free? Oh, how delightful. Of course, I'll go.—Chicago News.

Railway Speed.

When traveling on a railway you can tell how fast the train is going by the following method: The telegraph posts along a railway line are placed 30 to 40 miles. So if you multiply the number of posts passed in a minute by two, the result gives you the number of miles per hour at which the train is going.

All a Mistake.

Percy (who writes)—When I started to ask your father for your hand he drew a revolver on me.

Edith—It was all a terrible mistake. Percy, Papa thought you were going to read some of your poetry to him.—Judge.

To Spell Shakespeare's Name.

It has been shown that Shakespeare's name has been spelled, by responsible writers, in 1906 different ways. In his own time, his contemporaries spelled his name in thirty-two different ways.

The Ruling Passion.

First Enthusiastic Golfer—I say, will you play another round with me on Thursday?

Second Enthusiastic Golfer—Well, I am booked to be married on that day—but it can be postponed.—Punch.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force in the shape of violent physic or pill poison is dangerous. The most pleasant, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Gripe, Etc. See Write for free sample and booklet on health. Always Getting Ready Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 22c.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

The Change of Life

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time.

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Clever Salesman.

"I wish to see a bonnet," said Miss Passeur, aged 40.

"For yourself, miss?" inquired the French milliner.

"Yes."

"Marie, run down stairs and get me hats between 18 and 25." Bonnet sold.—Tid-Bits.

How Strange.

"Well, I suppose that young Good-fellow is married?"

"You don't say so! I'm surprised!"

"Why, I supposed everybody knew he was engaged."

"To be sure—but that's different."

—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A Good Reason.

Papa—You know, James, how much I disapprove of fighting—still it is gratifying to know that you have beaten a bigger boy than yourself. Why did you fight him?

James—"E said I looked like you, 'ad.—Moonshine.

Sayings of Little Folks.

Mother—Don't boil those canned peas, Bridget; they only want to be warmed.

Little Tommy—Mamma, peas can't talk, can they?

Mother—Of course not, dear, why?

Little Tommy—Then how do you know what they want?—Motherhood.

In Old Kentucky.

The parson came out for being too hasty with his gun.

"After he said that," said the parson, "you should have forgiven him."

"And didn't I?" spoke up the major. "Why, parson, I was one of the pall-bearers."

Not Entirely Disinterested.

Little Bessie—I like you better than sister's other beau.

The Beau—I'm glad to hear that. Why do you like me?

Little Bessie—Cause sister never eats any of the cheap candy you bring, and I get all of it.—New York Journal.

His Name.

The teacher of the Sabbath school class approached one little fellow who was present for the first time, and inquired his name, for the purpose of placing it on the roll. "Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie for short, but my maiden name is James."—Christian Register.

A Literary Note.

Mrs. Meddergrass—Well, if I was them Boers, I'd just go without readin' before I'd do it.

Mr. Meddergrass—Do what?

"Why, the papers say they've been takin' a lot o' British magazines."—Baltimore American.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Aunt Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE. GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE. No Opium. No Mercury.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

In the Poetry "Business."

A correspondent, writing from Texarkana, says:

"I have two sons in the poetry business. They can write it by the yard, or foot—just as needed. I don't know how you measure it, but what would you give for five or six yards? My boys are hard-working fellows, and they need the money."—Atlanta Constitution.

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THE ORIGINAL

TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING

IS SURE PROTECTION IN WET WEATHER.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

CATALOGUES FREE

SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS.

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Write to NATHAN BICKFORD, Washington, D. C., they will receive quick replies. P. O. Box 216, Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting claims since 1878.

MONEY FOR SOLDIER'S-HEIRS—

Heirs of Union Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874 (no matter if abandoned), should address

HENRY S. COFF, Washington, D. C.