

Moral Sunston and a Strap.
"She seems to have abandoned her moral sunston ideas relative to the training of children."
"She has."
"How did it happen?"
"Well, I was largely instrumental in bringing about the change. You see, she has no children, and I grow weary of her constant preaching and theorizing, so I loaned her our Willie."
"Loaned her your boy?"
"Precisely. She was to have him a week on her solemn promise to confine herself entirely to moral sunston."
"Did she keep her promise?"
"She did, but at the expiration of the week she came to me with tears in her eyes and pleaded for permission to whale him just once."

THOUGHT SHE WOULD DIE

Mrs. E. W. Marston, of Colorado Springs, writes to "The Worst-Doan's Kidney Pills Sold Her."
Mrs. Sarah Marston, of 428 St. Union street, Colorado Springs, Colo., President of the Glen Eyrie Club, writes:
"I suffered for three years with the backache and the doctors told me my kidneys were affected and prescribed medicines for me, but I found that it was only a waste of time and money to take them, and began to fear that I would never get well."



A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. Within a week after I began using them I was so much better that I decided to keep up the treatment, and when I had used a little over two boxes I was entirely well. I have now enjoyed the best of health for more than four months, and words can but poorly express my gratitude."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mad Mullah's Miracle.
A good story is told of how the Somali Mullah drew one of those "miracles" which drew many worshippers to his banner.
An English man-of-war was sent to demonstrate off the coast, and at night threw a searchlight on to the jungle-covered mountains. Abdullah was in hiding there, and knowing from his visits to Aden what it was that his followers hailed as a new star told them that the light was seeking him.
When the electric rays actually flooded his encampment he cried in triumph: "Will you deny now that I am the eye of God?"

The Somali fell on his knees, bent the earth with the foreboding and reproaches. "There are truly the elect, the chosen, the mullah, the master. Our goods, our existence, our souls belong to thee. We place ourselves entirely at the disposition of thy will," London Express.

Billion Dollar Grass.
When the John A. Salzer Seed Co., of La Crosse, Wis., introduced this remarkable grass three years ago, little did they dream it would be the most talked of crop in America, the biggest, quickest, hay producer on earth, but this has come to pass.

BILLION DOLLAR GRASS

Agricultural Editors wrote about it. Agr. College Professors lectured about it. Agr. Institute Orators talked about it, while in the farm home by the quiet fire, in the corner grocery, in the village post-office, at the country store, in fact wherever farmers gathered, Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass, that marvelous grass, good for 5 to 14 tons hay per acre and lots of pasture besides, is always a theme worthy of the farmer's voice.
Then comes Bromus inermis, then which there is no better grass or better permanent hay producer on earth. Grow wherever soil is found. Then the farmer talks about Salzer's Legume, which produces 100 stocks from the kernel of seed. It is high, in 100 days, rich in nutrition and greedily eaten by cattle, hogs, etc., and is good for 80 tons of green feed per acre. Victoria Rape, the luxurious food for hogs and sheep, which can be grown at 25c a ton, and Speltz at 20c a bu., both great food for sheep, hogs and cattle, are some of their share in the discussion.
Just send 10c in stamps and this notice to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their big catalog and many farm seed samples. [C. N. U.]

Easy Window-Dressing.
Dry Goods Merchant—Yes, sir. Have you had such a piece?
"I arranged the window display in the store I worked in last, and every woman who passed stopped and looked in."
"That's something like. You're just the man we want. By the way, what line was your firm in?"
"Mirrors."

FOR WOMEN

Much that Every Woman Desires to Know Is Found in Cuticura—Cuticura Works Wonders.
Too much stress cannot be placed on the great value of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills in the antiseptic cleansing of the mucous surfaces and of the blood and circulating fluids, thus affording pure, sweet and economical local and constitutional treatment for weakening discharges, ulcerations, inflammations, itching, irritations, relaxations, displacements, pains and irregularities peculiar to females, as well as such sympathetic affections as anaemia, chlorosis, hysteria, nervousness and debility.
Ho Has It Now.
Sayit—Old Graspit was buried yesterday. I suppose he is satisfied at last. Askit—Why how's that?
Sayit—Oh, he always wanted the earth.

The Present Rate Law.
The duties of the present Interstate Commerce Commission are to correct all discriminations in railroad rates. If it finds that an unjust rate is in effect, the railroad is notified. If it declines to change it, the Commission can bring suit in court, and if the court decides in favor of the Commissioners' finding, the railroad must obey, or its officers may be brought up for contempt of court and summarily dealt with.

A Repetition.
Dolly Flirtig—An engaged to be married. Congratulate me, dear.
Maud Brik—With all my heart. Everything I said the last time goes now!—Puck.

The interest of the latest Parisian play centers in the death of an inventor who is killed while on a trial trip in his airship. The show is shown on the stage in the course of a realistic act from the Bilful tower.

St. Cuthbert's Tower

By FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"Nay," he said, obstinately; "Mat doesn't stir at that bidding. Help the wrenches (lasset), thoos' used to 't." Olivia drew back; she was shocked, frightened, by the dogged ferocity of the farmer's face and by the sudden expression of some strong feelings—whether anger or anguish she could not quite tell—which for a moment convulsed the features of her unknown companion. As for Oldshaw's coarse words, the strong Yorkshire dialect rendered them unintelligible to her. They, however, roused the spirit of the phlegmatic Mat.

"For shame, feyther!" cried he, in a voice which was a new terror to the young lady whose champion he thus declared himself to be. "Maister Brander, Ah'll go loike a reace horse." And ducking his long body under his father's left arm with an unconscious roughness which shook that mighty man from his dignity, he touched his cap to Olivia and ran off down the lane past the Hall.

"We won't go in there, thank you very much," said Olivia, when Mr. Brander had come back to the spot to which she had retreated. "I could not pass that man; I would rather not go near him."
"Will you wait here while I find out what horrid man about his rudeness to us. I can see he is one of those people who can't help being rude and horrid, just as some other people can't help being unselfish and kind," said the girl, shyly, but with much warmth.

He turned without another word, almost as if afraid to say another word, and going back rapidly to the inn, passed the farmer, who sullenly made way for him. When he came back, his face was full of deep concern of a different kind.
"I bring bad news," he said to the girls, who were shrinking together in their desolation. "I am afraid your furniture has not come, and—they say they haven't a room to spare in the inn for to-night. But if Mrs. Tew could see you and speak to your herself—"

"I wouldn't stay in the house," burst out Olivia, indignantly. "If we can only get into the Hall, Lucy and I can manage very well indeed."
"But the place is sure to be hideously damp, and there are no carpets; in fact, there's nothing," said Mr. Brander, in dismay.
"The resources of the feminine mind are infinite," said Olivia. "Here comes the old woman who has the keys, I suppose. I shall get her to take us for a little while—at least, she'll have a cottage and a fire somewhere or other. And perhaps while we are waiting there the furniture will come."

Mr. Brander looked at her with renewed compassion. He thought this last a forlorn hope.
"Don't be disappointed if it doesn't come yet," he said, encouragingly. "Old Sarah Wall will do her best for you, I'm sure, and all the better for it, she doesn't see me talking to you. For you won't hear any good of me from her."
And before Olivia could detain him to pour out again the thanks for his kindness with which her heart was overflowing, he had raised his hat with a sudden cold withdrawal into himself, and turning with the rapidity of the most accomplished athlete, disappeared along the road which led through Lower Rishton, leaving her overwhelmed with surprise at the abrupt change in his manner and with desolation at this unexpected sudden loss of their only friend.

CHAPTER II.

Old Sarah Wall, the key-bearer, came ambling up at a very slow pace, holding in her hand her side, and muttering feebly as she moved. She looked very cross and not too clean. Scarcely deigning to glance at the strangers, she muttered, "This way" and then fell to growling as she led the way through the farmyard up to the house.
Olivia paused to look despairingly at her scattered trunks, and to give a kindly word of comfort to the unlicked cab driver. As she did so she heard a footstep on the hard ground beside her, and found the shamed and blushing Mat at her side.
"Ah'll get t' luggage in seefe, never fear," said he, in a voice so gruff with excessive bashfulness that poor Olivia thought him surly, and shrank back with a cool refusal of his services resting on her lips. Mat thought she identified him with his father and so hastened to offer a neat apology and that gentleman's conduct.
"Feyther's a pig," said he. "Root he wunna harm ye! an' Ah'll do what Ah can to mak' oop him being so rough."

And he shouldered one trunk and caught up another, and strode along toward the house, whistling to himself with the defiant carelessness of one who feels he has done a bold stroke. The lady and her attendant followed, somewhat soothed by this little show of friendliness.
Even in the midst of her feelings of desolation and disappointment, in spite of the keen cold and of the forlorn, blind look which shivered and shut up windows, broken chimney pots, and untrimmed ivy gave to the house, Olivia could not look quite without admiration and a youthful sense of delight in the picturesque at the old Hall. The body of the house was a long, plain, two-storied building, with a flagged roof and a curious wide, flat portico, supported by two spindle-shaped wooden windows, beneath which three stone steps, deeply hollowed out and worn by generations of feet, led to the front door. With some difficulty Mrs. Wall turned the key in the rusty lock and admitted them. It seemed to her that she had a grievance in the fact that she had not known on what day they were to arrive. As a matter of

fact she was one of those persons who are never prepared for anything. The entrance hall was low-roofed and square; the walls were covered with a cheap and commonplace paper, the wainscoting and the banisters of the broad staircase were of painted wood. This was the portion of the house which had suffered most during its desecration. Olivia, examining everything with an eye keen to discover the good points to be made the most of in her new home, found that where the paint had worn off the staircase and wainscot dark oak was revealed underneath, and she rashly uttered an exclamation of horror at the vandalism of the firm's late occupants.
"The idea of spoiling beautiful dark oak with this horrid paint! Why, the people who did it ought to be sent to penal servitude!"

Mrs. Wall was scandalized.
"T' fowk 'as lived here last liked t' place clean," she said, severely. "I'll niver look t' same again as it did, w' a clean white antimacassar stiched on to ivery cheer, an' wax flowers under glass shades in a t' parlor windows. An' t' parlor 'as w' a new pin, so ye w' a frowd a most to ooom into 't. Ah, ye mean talk o' yer gentilefowk, but they'll niver mak' it look t' same again!"
Olivia had opened the door to the right, and throwing wide the shutters of one of the three large windows, revealed a long, low-ceilinged room, used as the living room by the late farmer's family, and having at the further end a wide, high, old-fashioned fireplace, the moldings of which had been carefully covered with white-wash, now smoke-begrimed and worn into dark streaks. Olivia uttered a groan, and turned to the door, afraid of uttering more offensive remarks. Then they went upstairs, and opened the doors of a lot of little meanly-papered bedrooms. Having allowed the newcomers to examine them, Mrs. Wall shuffled hastily back to the staircase.
"Stop!" cried Olivia, as the old woman placed one drowsy foot on the second step; "we haven't seen the other part of the house at all. Where does this lead to?"

HOW SHE MANAGED HUSBY.

Young Wife Has No Idea Her Lord and Master Is Director.
"Tom Gray is a very clever man," remarked one of his friends. "He has managed to effect by diplomacy what most of us have tried and generally failed to bring about by self-assertion, i. e., a satisfactory freedom of marital affection terms remaining on perfectly affectionate terms with his wife."
"The first year of his marriage he and his Maud were a typical pair of turtle doves, and were never happy out of each other's sight. Then the man, as is generally the case, without loving his dear Maud any the less, began to be interested in outside things. She noticed this change, and, woman-like, resented it. They had one row after the other. Then Tom considered the situation and developed Machiavellian talents. He did not relax his devotion to his Maud. On the contrary, "the first year of his marriage he and his Maud were a typical pair of turtle doves, and were never happy out of each other's sight. Then the man, as is generally the case, without loving his dear Maud any the less, began to be interested in outside things. She noticed this change, and, woman-like, resented it. They had one row after the other. Then Tom considered the situation and developed Machiavellian talents. He did not relax his devotion to his Maud. 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