St. Cuthbert's Tower

By FLORENCEWA RDEN

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"There is some one at the gate," said he at last. And he crossed to the window and looked out. "Ned Mitchell!"

Olivia started. She was glad Ned had come while she was there, being anxious to note how he met Vernon.

"Come straight in," called out Vernon from the window.

And Ned came in, with his ponderous walk and keen glance. He nodded to Olivia, and, walking straight up to Vernon, examined him attentively.

"So you're on the sick list, I hear," he said, not unkindly. "By the look of you I should say you'll be on the burial list soon if you don't take care of yourself."

Olivia uttered a low cry of horror.

"You want a wife to look after you. Some men can get on best without a woman; I'm one; that's why I'm married. Some can't get on without one; you're one of that sort; that's why you're a bachelor."

"Well, it's unkind of you to throw my misfortune in my face, isn't it?" said Vernon, not succeeding very well in the effort to speak in his usual manner.

"Sit down, man," said Ned, peremptorily. "You ought to be in bed. On the other hand, if you knock off your work, who's to do it for you."

"Nobody; there is nobody; therefore, I must not knock off," said Vernon, feverishly.

"Oh, yes, you must. Health's everything," said Ned, with his small, sharp eyes fixed on the floor. "Now, I've a proposal to make to you. There's not much of a parson's work a rough man like me can do, but there's some, taking messages and seeing people, and things like that. Now, it's precious dull up at my hole of a cottage. So I'm coming to stay a day or two with you, and your old woman can put me up in the little room that's next to your bedroom. It's all settled, you understand," he added, lifting his hand and raising his voice peremptorily at the same time.

"It's awfully good of you," said Vernon, though his tone betrayed more curiosity than gratitude. "But, at any rate, if you choose to stay here, you shall have the best bedroom we can offer you. The little box next to mine is filled with nothing but lumber."

"That's the room I mean to have, though," said Ned, stubbornly. "I'm of a romantic and melancholy disposition, and I like the view. It looks out into the churchyard."

Olivia, who had listened with much interest to this discussion, now came forward to bid Vernon good-by. Ned, with ostentatious discreetness, tramped heavily to the window and looked out. But he might have spared himself the trouble; for before he got there the ceremony of farewell was over. Olivia had put her hand in Vernon's, and they had given a brief look into the face of the other. Ned, as he stared into the bare inclosure outside, suddenly felt a light touch on his arm.

"Good-by, Mr. Mitchell," said Olivia. "Don't forget—your promise."

Olivia had forbidden Mat to wait for her, but she was not to go home unescorted. At the top of the hill, where the lane joined the highroad, she found the irrepressible Fred Williams sitting on the bank, making passes at a white butterfly with his walking stick. Olivia uttered an "Oh!" full of impatience and disgust. Fred got up, grinning at her in obtuse admiration.

"I knew where you'd gone," he said, nodding with a knowing air. "So I came to see you home. We were interrupted just now in the hayfield—just when I was on the point of—"

"Oh, never mind, now," broke in Olivia, impatiently. "I have something to think about."

"Well, what I am going to say to you don't require thinking about; I want you to marry me. Yes or no?"

"No!" said Olivia, promptly.

"Of course I know you'd say that first go off. But let me reason with you a little. You must get married some time. You like another fellow better than me—"

"I do—a great many other fellows!"

"Well, but one in particular. Now, you can't have him, and you can have me. And if you do have me, you can do a good turn to the other fellow."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl, turning white at the young man's tone.

"If you'll promise to marry me—seriously, mind—I'll persuade my father not to build the new tower to St. Cuthbert's. Nobody but me can stop him. That chap Mitchell is egging him on to do it with all his might."

"He's changed his mind," said Olivia, quietly.

"Oh, has he? Since when, I should like to know? He met me sitting here five minutes ago, on his way down to St. Cuthbert's, where you've just come from, and he gave me this note for my father. I opened it. Won't you read it? All right; but you shall hear what it says."

Fred was holding a part of the old envelope, which had been scribbled on in pencil and folded. He read it aloud:

"Dear Mr. Williams—Hurry on the rebuilding of St. Cuthbert's Tower as fast as you can. I hear there is a proposal afloat to be beforehand with you, and to deprive you of all the credit of the thing by getting it up by subscription. Yours,

"E. MITCHELL."

Poor Olivia was aghast at Ned's breach of faith, but she affected unconcern.

"I don't see how the rebuilding of St. Cuthbert's Tower can affect either me or Mr. Vernon Brander."

"Nor do I. But I can see it does. Anyhow, I'll give you till to-morrow morning to consider the thing, and I'll meet you in the poultry run when you feed the chickens—if I can get up early enough. And as I see you want to think over it by yourself I'll take myself off for the present. Good evening, Miss Denison."

He sauntered away in the opposite direction to Rishton, his mischievous good humor perfectly undisturbed; while Olivia, more concerned for Mr. Vernon Brander than ever, hurried home, and sneaked up to her room to consider the new position of affairs, and to write a pleading note to Ned Mitchell.

CHAPTER XIX.

Olivia Denison's thoughts on the morning after the haymaking were entirely occupied with Vernon Brander, his illness, the possibility of his innocence, and the chances of his escape if guilty; so that when, on entering the poultry yard with her basket on her arm, she found Fred Williams, she uttered a cry of unmistakable annoyance and astonishment.

"You look as if you hadn't expected to see me, and as if you hadn't wanted to!" said he, frankly. As she made no answer, but only raised her eyebrows, he went on—"Don't you remember I said I should be here this morning?"

"I had forgotten it, or only remembered it as a kind of nightmare."

"Do you mean me to take your rudeness seriously?" asked Fred.

"As seriously as I have always taken yours."

"Very well," he snarled, while an ugly blush spread over his face, and his fingers twitched with anger; "very well. You may think it very smart to snub me, and high-spirited and all that. I've stood a good deal of it—a good deal more than I'd have stood from anybody else—because you are handsome. I know I'm not handsome, or refined either; but I don't pretend to be. And I'm a lot handsomer than the hatchet-faced parson, anyhow. And as for refinement, you can get a lot more for twenty-five thousand a year than for a couple of hundred. But now I've done with you; I've done with you."

"Isn't that rather a singular expression, considering that I've never given you the slightest encouragement?" asked Olivia, coldly.

"And I'll justify my low opinion of Vernon Brander. If he's got any secrets buried in those old stones, we will have them dragged out, and make you jolly well ashamed of your friend."

"Oh, no, you won't do that," said Olivia, who had turned pale to the lips, and grown very majestic and stern; "though you have succeeded in making me ashamed of having called you even an acquaintance."

"You couldn't give yourself more airs if you were a duchess. Your father isn't so proud by a long way, I can tell you," he added, with meaning.

"What do you mean?" she asked, sternly.

"Oh, nothing, but that he's been in the habit of borrowing money of me for some time; only trifling sums, but still they seemed to come in handy, judging by the way he thanked me."

He was disappointed to see that Olivia took this information without any of the tragic airs he had expected.

"I daresay they did," said she. "We are not too well off, as everybody knows. How much does he owe you?"

"Oh, only a matter of forty or fifty pounds."

He thought the amount would astonish and distress her; but as, apparently, it failed to do either, he hastened to add:

"Of course, that's a mere nothing; but he let me know, a day or two ago, that he should want a much larger loan, and of course, I informed him he could have it for the asking."

She did wince at that; but the manner in which she resented his impertinence was scarcely to his taste.

"And you think the obligation is on our side?" she said, sweetly, but with a tremor of subdued anger in her voice. "What have you done except to lend my father a few pounds, which you would never have missed, even if you had thrown them into a well instead of lent them to an honorable man! While he, by accepting the loan has given you a chance of putting on patronizing airs toward a man in every respect your superior."

"All right—all right! Go on! Vernon Brander shall pay for this!" snarled Fred, at last rendered thoroughly savage by her contempt.

When with an impatient exclamation, he left the poultry yard, Olivia's heart gave way, and she began to reproach herself bitterly for not having kept a bridle upon her tongue. On the other hand, she was glad that her words had provoked the mean little fellow to confess his loans to her father; for she thought she had influence enough with the latter to prevent any more such transactions, and, as for the money already owing, means must somehow be found to repay it.

It was late in the afternoon before she was able to start on the way to St. Cuthbert's. She felt, as usual, some self-reproach at the thought that she was acting contrary to her father's wishes; but, as usual she was too self-willed to give up her own in deference to his. It was a long, hot, weary walk; but at last she came near the lonely Vicarage, and, slipping down the final few yards of the steep lane, in a cloud of dust which was raised by her own feet at each step, Olivia heard the faint sound of voices coming from the house, and stopped short, fancying she could detect Vernon's voice, and wondering who was with him. But the sounds ceased, and she went slowly on, thinking she had perhaps been mistaken. She entered the garden gate, and walked up the stone pathway, still without hearing anything more, until, suddenly, just as she was within a few paces of the door, she heard a woman's voice, low, but clear and strong, utter these words:

"Remember, you swore it. Ten years ago you swore it to me, and it is still as binding on you as it was then."

"Why should I forget it?"

Olivia knew that it was Mrs. Brander's voice that answered, in a tone full of contempt and dislike:

"Why, this Denison girl——"

Neither she nor Vernon had paid any heed to the footsteps on the stone flags. Now Olivia hastened to ring the bell sharply, and there was silence immediately.

"How is Mr. Brander to-day?" asked she of Mrs. Warmington when the housekeeper opened the door.

"He's not much better, and not likely to be while that uncivilized creature from the Antipodes continues to make his abode here, and worry my master morning, noon and night," said the housekeeper, tartly.

"Mr. Mitchell? Where is he now?"

"He's out in the churchyard there, poking about among the gravestones. I've been watching him from the window of the little room he sleeps in. I don't know how he got hold of the key. I have a duplicate, for cleaning the church. I don't know myself where my master keeps his."

"I think I'll go and speak to Mr. Mitchell, and come back when Mr. Brander is disengaged."

"Disengaged! He's disengaged now, as far as I know——"

"I think I heard Mrs. Brander's voice as I came up the path."

The housekeeper's lips tightened, and she drew herself up in evident disapproval.

"Indeed! I was not aware she was here."

"Well, I'll be back in about a quarter of an hour, as I should like to see Mr. Brander," said Olivia, hastily.

(To be continued.)

ORIENTAL LACQUER-WORK.

Lacquer-work is seen in its perfection only in China and Japan. The Chinese master of the art, who alone holds many of its secrets, lives and works in Pekin. Miss Eliza Scidmore, in the Chicago Tribune, writes of a visit to his shop. In that dry climate, away from the sea, there are more difficulties in managing the lacquer than in Japan; but this expert, in his stone-floored, heavy-walled and roofed house, manages to maintain an even temperature and to get moisture into the air by constant sprinkling.

Mixed lacquers—thick, sticky liquids like honey or molasses—are kept in covered crocks or bowls, and the workmen apply them with thin blades or brushes that distribute thin, even washes over the wooden foundation of the object that is being coated.

The surface of a box, for example, is coated over with dark-green lacquer and put away to dry in a dark cupboard, the sides of which are constantly sprinkled with water. After drying for a day in the moist air another coat is applied, and it is again put into the damp cupboard to dry. This continues until the object has been coated fifty times with the dark green lacquer.

The general outline of the design which is to be raised in relief above the dark ground is drawn, and the groundwork carved over with fine wave and geometrical designs. Then successive coats of red lacquer are applied, and gradually little islands of scarlet appear above the green level.

Eighty coats of red lacquer are put in and dried, and then the outlines of the flowers or figures are sketched on and the relief ornament carved out. Slowly and patiently the Chinese workmen chip away and cut away into the quarter inch of red substance, which is only about as hard as cheese. As the thin little chisel cuts under a tiny flower until it rests in relief upon green leaves, one admires the skill and sure touch that works out all the exquisite modeling of the delicate petals.

"The Empress Dowager is fond of these red things," said the director, who further explained that many of the finished boxes and other articles shown were pieces long ago ordered for her birthday gifts. Among these were a pair of two-story sweetmeat boxes, a duplicate pair of which would cost a thousand dollars. Even a tiny tray no larger than the palm of one's hand represents six months of work with its two hundred coatings and its slow, careful carving.

Jiu Jitsu Sells.

"Now, sir," began the book agent as he sidled into the office, "I am simply going to sell you a copy of this encyclopedia of ———"

"No, you're not!" howled the man with the ingrowing hair, squeaking around his office chair. "Say, didn't you read that sign, 'No Beggars or Peddlers Admitted'?"

"Ah, then, you believe in signs?" continued the book agent. "Well, this book contains the meaning of all supernatural signs, Napoleon's Oraculum, fortune telling———"

"Get out!" roared the man. "Didn't I tell you that I ain't in no need of that book?"

"From your language, sir, I infer that you are. It contains a chapter on the correct use of the English language, rules of etiquette———"

"Skiddoo! Git! Twenty-three for yours!" howled the victim.

"It also contains an up-to-date slang dictionary and———"

"Say," roared the man, "will you get out of here, or will I have to throw you out?"

"—also contains a jiu jitsu treatise, an easy way of getting rid of objectionable persons like myself, and it also———"

"I'll take it, then," he said, sinking meekly into his chair, "and as soon as I learn that jiu jitsu I pity you or any book agent that comes around and tries to sell me gold bricks! How much?"—New York Sun.

Point of View.

"There are as many different views of life as there are people in the world," said the philosopher.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the contrary person. "We are not all amateur photographers."

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Family Quarrel.

FOR some reason family quarrels are the bitterest of all quarrels. For instance: Norwegian, Swede, Dane—these three—are, and of right ought to be, one great family. They have a common historic past. They have shared sacrifices and glory. They speak kindred tongues. Why should they quarrel to the point of separation? Did not the commonweal or the fear of common danger bind them? Or the possibilities of a great Scandinavian union? It appears not. On the contrary the genius for amalgamation seems lacking. Least of all is there any disposition to fight for union. And so the Norwegian flag is hoisted and saluted with twenty-one guns. Secession from Sweden is accomplished. Norway is an independent nation.

The family quarrel is an ancient one, caused by incompatibility of temper. The dual monarchy was born of the Napoleonic era, but the peoples never became cemented. The Norse has been asking for a separate consular and diplomatic service. That was only an excuse for the family fighting. Neither member of the household would give in. Bickering and blacklisting led to open divorcement. It is a pity. There will come a day when the separation will be regretted. Sweden has lost Finland. Denmark is reduced to a few islands. And Norway will be at the mercy of Russia. History will write of Scandinavia that, unlike the United States, it stopped at federalism and failed. It neglected to "form a more perfect union." It was a house divided against itself.—Des Moines News.

Two Duties of the Hour.

NEW occasions bring new duties. The tremendous naval victory of Japan over Russia brings new duties—and grave ones, too—to the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, and the Hon. Theodore P. Shonts, chanrman of the Panama Canal Commission. It is the grave duty of the Hon. John Hay to see to it that the whole influence of the United States government among the powers be used to limit Japan's war indemnity to territory, rather than allow this indemnity to be collected from Russia in money, which would be invested at once in a still larger and stronger Japanese navy. It is the grave duty of the Hon. Theodore P. Shonts to see to it that the Panama canal be completed with all possible speed, so as to double, at the earliest moment, the efficiency of the United States navy.

Self-preservation is the first law of nations, and the possessions of the United States in the Pacific Ocean must be preserved. Japan's sea power in the Pacific has been as bravely won as England's in the Atlantic. But it is an intolerable idea that this country should allow Japan to take in hand the naval keys to the Pacific as England was allowed, through a series of deplorable errors, to take in hand the naval keys to the Atlantic.

The United States has been the first great power to grasp naval supremacy in the great ocean. Perish the hand that, through negligence or weakness, would relax that grasp!—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Census by Guess.

THE Census Bureau has again put out figures to show the population of our large cities, this time for 1904 and 1905. It has not made any count, but simply estimates them by adding to the census of 1900 half the increase shown between 1890 and 1900 for the population in 1905, and four-fifths of that for 1904. The usual dissatisfaction is shown with the results of the system.

The Census Bureau makes the population of Washington city for the year 302,883. It happens there has just been an actual count made there by the police, which showed a total of 322,572. This discrepancy is a curious comment on the system of the Census Bureau.

The government ought not to do for the people what they can do for themselves. Any tolerable mathematician can take the census of 1900, find the increase from 1890 to 1900, and add half of it to the figures for the latter year, and have at once the result of the bureau's estimate for 1905. Why give the authority of the government to an estimate which a schoolboy can make for himself?

It is the business of the Census Bureau to count, and not to guess. Thousands of people will guess free of charge, and many of them will guess better than the salaried guessers of the bureau. The bureau's major premise is that all our large cities are increasing in population just as much per year as they did ten years ago, which is absurd. The system is borrowed from one invented by Procrustes, a robber of Attica, 3,000 years ago.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Expense of Life Insurance.

THE "rake-off" in the Equitable was colossal. Men who on their merits could not earn $5,000 a year, by virtue of favor and pull got $50,000 and $100,000. Tarbell's stenographer got a salary of $12,000. Directors used the money of the society to buy bonds and stocks, and then sold the stocks and bonds to the Equitable for a profit. The loot was so great that the directors wanted all. They toadied to young Hyde to get on the board and to get the use of the society's money and then they resolved to destroy him. Now the whole directorate is exposed as hucksters in the money of the policy holders and the public will have nothing to do with the Equitable until Hyde, Alexander and all the directors who used their offices to graft clear out.

In all the money that was squandered by the Equitable the fact remains that its expense of carrying $1,000 of insurance was smallest of the three big New York companies. In 1904 the cost of carrying each $1,000 of insurance in the Mutual Life was $11.60. The cost in the New York Life was $10.50. The cost in the Equitable was $9.80, in spite of all the money grabbed by the parasites. This shows the necessity of closer government control of life insurance companies, or, what is better for the policy holders, government life insurance.—New York American.

Government Reports a Basis for Gambling.

THE entire crop of cotton in the United States is grown in the South. The price, however, is fixed in New York. Not a hundred thousand bales are sold for consumption in that city. Men make the price who would not know a bale of cotton from a bale of hay. During the last year the chief impetus to gambling in futures has been the monthly government report of the condition of the crop or the progress of cotton picking and ginning. This report is compiled in Washington. Planters and speculators in other cities charged that the government's report fell into the hands of a band of New York speculators before it was made public.

Now the charge has been formally made to Secretary Wilson. The secretary thought the charges were absurd. He finally consented to make an investigation, and he did not get far until he got serious. Now there is a scandal brewing. When government statistics are used for future gambling they should be abolished. Secretary Wilson ought to shut up his cotton statistics bureau. It is useful only as a thing to bet against.—Chicago American.

Lax Bank Inspection.

IF national bank inspection were as rigid and as intelligent as the law prescribes, the Bigelow defalcation would have been discovered earlier, and the damage inflicted would have been less. It is by the use of the banking funds placed at their disposal that the Keenes, Leiters, Harpers, Hutchinsons and Gateses are enabled to subvert for the moment the natural laws of trade, make food dearer to the community and inflict hardship on the people. All the bankers know this. All know that the funds which they lend to the gamblers are employed for dishonest purposes. They sin against the light and thus deserve the censure of the community, while they again establish the truth that "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."—Illustrated Home Journal.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The "oldster" regarded the youngster thoughtfully. "So your teacher doesn't whip you? What's the reason of that?" he asked, eagerly, for he was not one, or so the Chicago News intimates, who recoiled in horror from any discussion of the principles and practices of education. "Don't you ever do anything that calls for a whipping?"

The youngster grinned. "Teachers sin't allowed to lick the children. If she licked us she'd get suspended," he explained. "She reasons with us, and if we don't behave she suspends us."

"Hum!" said the oldster, rubbing his chin. "I've heard of something of the kind, but I never quite understood exactly how it worked. How often have you been suspended?"

"I never was. Ethan Taylor, he was suspended once. He set fire to a girl's hair with a match, and when the teacher wanted him to say he was sorry he said bad words at her. They suspended him for two weeks."

"Hum!" said the oldster again.

"And once we all got to hollering and laughing in the geography lesson, and when Miss Watson told us to stop we just kept right on."

"Why?"

"Oh, just for fun! Jimmy Willing, he was soaking paper balls in his ink and throwing them at the map whenever Miss Watson turned her back to point to it. She got awful mad, and she said she'd suspend us all if we didn't behave ourselves. She didn't, though," with faint scorn. "She weakens easy."

"She must be a pretty harsh sort of a person even to talk of suspending you for a little thing like that," said the oldster, with irony that glanced off its object. "I suppose you whisper in school sometimes, and punch the boy in front of you in the back, and stick pins in him, and make faces, and shoot beans and peas and putty and things like that?"

"I should say!"

"And then you get suspended, eh?"

"Oh, most generally we get marked down on our deportment."

"Barbarous!" commented the oldster. "I don't see how a teacher can have the heart to do such a thing. It must be pretty painful, isn't it?"

"Oh, that don't hurt! You just get sixty or sixty-five average on your deportment card."

"Well," said the oldster, "it may be all right, but it sounds brutal to me. When I was at school the master we had never marked us down."

"Didn't he?" asked the youngster, in surprise.

"No," resumed the oldster, reflectively. "He always marked us up. He had several ways of doing it. He could leave tolerably well-defined marks with his bare hand. His thumb and finger when they closed on a boy's ear could lead that boy along the path of knowledge irresistibly. But his marks of absolute disapproval he usually laid on with a hickory stick.

"He did suspend a boy occasionally, however—by the collar of his jacket—but never for as long as two weeks. We never made it necessary for him to speak to us twice. In fact, he never spoke to us at all—he barked. When he cleared his throat our knees knocked together.

"We strove to please him. We never walked out on a strike, as I recently read some of your school fellows did. He had a monopoly of the striking. Yes, I think it would have done you good to attend his school."

"Did it do you good?"

"Well, come to think of it," I don't know that it did," replied the oldster, candidly, "but," he added, grimly, "I don't think we needed licking as badly as the present generation does."

THE FALL OF MAN.

East African Natives Have a Legend That Tells the Story.

Among the Masai, a native tribe in German East Africa, is found the following story of the creation, which, according to Dr. Emil Reich, they could not have got from missionaries. Dr. Reich thinks that the Christian, Masai, and Babylonian accounts had a common origin in Arabia: "In the beginning the earth was a waste and barren wilderness in which there dwelt a dragon alone. Then God came down from heaven, fought with the dragon and vanquished it. From the dragon's blood, which was water, the barren rock wilderness was made fertile, and the spot where the struggle between God and the dragon took place became paradise. Thereafter God created all things—sun, moon, stars, plants and beasts and finally two human beings. The man was sent down from heaven and was called Maitumbe, and the woman, Naitergorob, sprang from the bosom of the earth.

"God led them into paradise, where they lived an untroubled existence. Of all the fruits therein they might eat by God's permission; of one tree alone they might not taste. Often God came down to see them, when he climbed down a ladder from heaven. But one day he was unable for a long time to find them, but finally discovered them crouching among the bushes. On being asked the meaning of his conduct Maitumbe replied that they were ashamed because they had eaten of the forbidden fruit. 'Naitergorob gave me of the fruit,' he said, 'and persuaded me to eat it after she had eaten of it herself.'

"Naitergorob sought to excuse herself by saying, 'The three headed serpent came to me and said that by tasting the fruit we should become like unto thee and almighty.' Then was 'Ngai (God) wroth and banished the two first human beings from paradise. He sent Rilegen, the morning star to drive man out of paradise and to keep watch thereover."

A DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE.

"I have got a downright hard cold," Mrs. Judkins admitted to her caller. "But I haven't any business to say such a thing," she continued, glancing guiltily toward the kitchen door, through which her oldest daughter had just disappeared.

"You see," she explained, in answer to her caller's surprised look, "Elizabeth has a boil on her right arm, very painful; William has been having a spell of biliousness for two weeks; Emeline has hay-fever; Sue is troubled with dyspepsia, and Joe is all swelled up from poison-ivy. And since that last wet spell father's rheumatism is about all he can stand.

"So you see there isn't one in the family who hasn't some ailment. And, land sakes!"—Mrs. Judkins threw up her hands—"if you had dropped in day before yesterday you'd have heard every one—myself, too—moaning and bewailing and complaining. We were all talking about what ailed us, and no one was left to listen to anybody else. Finally I put my foot down. 'This has got to stop,' I told them, 'or we shall all land in the asylum.' We talked it over and agreed that we'd calm down, and that each one should worry along with his or her own ailment, and not pester the rest to death. And dreary me, now one can hear oneself think! And sure's you live, I believe everybody's picking up and actually feeling better. Father says he guesses it's a kind of mind-cure business.

"Yes, it is a fine day," said Mrs. Judkins, with a meaning look at her caller and raising her voice slightly as Elizabeth returned to the room. "I guess we're going to have good weather now."—Youth's Companion.

Folly of Longevity.

The centenarian is a man who has mistaken quantity for quality. The centenarian's life is not always life at all. It is sometimes no more than a bad habit. They live longest who live least.—London Tatler.

People now say: "Dr. Cutter will commit an operation at the hospital to-morrow."

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL

DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS

Thousands Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and Receive Valuable Advice Absolutely Confidential and Free

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private ills, even when those questions are asked by her family physician, and many

continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female disease.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every detail of their illness, and from her great knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female ills, Mrs. Pinkham can advise women more wisely than the local physician.

Read how Mrs. Pinkham helped Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Ia. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude in words. Before I wrote to you telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years steady, and spent lots of money in medicines besides, but it all failed to do me any good. I had female trouble and would daily have fainting spells, backache, bearing-down pains, and my monthly periods were very irregular and finally ceased. I wrote to you for your advice and received a letter full of instructions just what to do, and also commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have been restored to perfect health. Had it not been for you I would have been in my grave to-day."

Mountains of proof establish the fact that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.

No Veto Power in Ohio.

Ohio is the only State in which the governor does not possess the power of veto, according to the Brooklyn Eagle.

The story dates back nearly 100 years to the time when Arthur St. Clair was the territorial governor of Ohio. In those days the fee for a marriage license in Ohio was $2, and according to the law such a fee went into the pockets of the governor. The general assembly finally decided to repeal the statute, and not desiring to deprive the governor of this particular source of revenue, two bills were passed, one repealing the law permitting the governor to annex the marriage license fee and the other increasing his salary a proportionate amount. But the governor, with a keen eye for the main chance, signed the bill raising his salary and vetoed the bill depriving him of the marriage fees. The general assembly passed the vetoed bill over the governor's protest, but Mr. St. Clair was sustained by the legislative council. There was a general mixup for a while and later the constitutional convention met and abolished the veto power. Fifty years later, in 1852, another constitutional convention was held, but all attempts to incorporate a veto power into the State constitution were defeated.

Undoubtedly.

Smith—I understand that Green is speculating on a large scale.

Jones—Well, he will at least have something on which to weigh the consequences.

What To Do If Constipated

Summer Bowel and Stomach Trouble

Q. What is the beginning of sickness?
A. Constipation.
Q. What is Constipation?
A. Failure of the bowels to carry off the waste matter which lies in the alimentary canal where it decays and poisons the entire system. Eventually the results are death under the name of some other disease. Note the deaths from typhoid fever and appendicitis, stomach and bowel trouble, at the present time.
Q. What causes Constipation?
A. Neglect to respond to the call of Nature promptly. Lack of exercise. Excessive brain work. Mental emotion and improper diet.
Q. What are the results of neglected Constipation?
A. Constipation causes more suffering than any other disease. It causes rheumatism, colds, fevers, stomach, bowel, kidney, lung and heart troubles, etc. It is the one disease that starts all others. Indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhea, loss of sleep and strength are its symptoms—piles, appendicitis, and fistula, are caused by Constipation. Its consequences are known to all physicians, but few sufferers realize their condition until it is too late. Women become confirmed invalids as a result of Constipation.
Q. Do physicians recognize this?
A. Yes. The first question your doctor asks you is "Are you Constipated?" That is the secret.
Q. Can it be cured?
A. Yes, with proper treatment. The common error is to resort to physics, such as pills, salts, mineral water, castor oil, injections, etc., every one of which is injurious. They weaken and increase the malady. You know this by your own experience.
Q. What then should be done to cure it?
A. Use the free coupon below at once. Mull's Grape Tonic will positively cure Constipation and in the shortest space of time. No other remedy has before been known to cure Constipation positively and permanently.
Q. What is Mull's Grape Tonic?
A. It is a Grape Compound that exerts a peculiar healing influence upon the intestines, strengthening the muscles of the alimentary canal so that they can do their work unaided. The process is gradual but sure. It is not a physic. It is unlike anything else you have ever used, but it cures Constipation, Dysentery, Stomach and Bowel trouble. Having a rich, fruity grape flavor, it is pleasant to take. As a hot weather tonic it is unequalled, insuring the system against diseases so fatal in hot weather.
Q. Where can Mull's Grape Tonic be had?
A. Your druggist sells it. The dollar bottle contains nearly three times the 50c size, but if you write TO-DAY you will receive the first bottle free with instructions. This test will prove its worth.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOTTLE TODAY

Good for ailing children and nursing mothers.

FREE BOTTLE COUPON

Send this coupon with your name and address and druggist's name, for a free bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic for Stomach and Bowels, to

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO.,
21 Third Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois
Give full address and write plainly.

The $1.00 bottle contains nearly three times the 50c size. At drug stores.

The genuine has a date and number stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.