

MARY'S ANSWER

DICK JERRAM presented himself at the office of Carrington Bros. in no very sanguine frame of mind. He still felt that poor bullet in his right leg and his complexion, as well as his nerves, reminded him of the fever which had brought him near to death's door. Worst of all was the news from Nellerton.

Mary Dudley—his Mary—had inherited £20,000 from her uncle Harold, and, if that letter of the rattle-tongued gossip, Miss Brayshaw, to his mother was to be believed, Mary was on the high road to a title. Sir Tarver Brown was very little other than a baronet; but the attraction of a "ladyship" could hardly help tempting even such a girl as sweet Mary Dudley.

The younger member of the firm received Dick with sympathy, but no enthusiasm.

"You don't look fit for an office desk, Mr. Jerram—oh, I beg your pardon, Lieut. Jerram, isn't it, now?" he said, with a sneering laugh.

"I was offered a commission, but I did not feel that I could accept it, sir," said Dick. "I want to take up my work again—for various reasons."

Mr. Ernest Carrington's eyebrows rose and subsided.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Jerram," he said, "but just at present there is no vacancy. We will, of course, give you the first chance—the very first chance that occurs."

"Do you really mean it?" he asked, faintly.

"My dear fellow, you really are not fit for office work just yet. Take a holiday after your trying labors—your noble and—patriotic self-sacrifice. I dare say, in a few months, at the most, we can squeeze you in somewhere, though I fear even then we cannot offer you the same salary you received in 1899."

With a fort, Dick pulled himself together, and stood up, like the disciplined soldier he had become.

"Your words are final, sir?" he asked.

"Provisional, Jerram—only provisional. But we can't afford to cheer you with hopes that may not come to fruition. Anything we can do in the way of recommendations, it will give us the utmost pleasure to do. Good heavens! It is the least we could do!"

Dick bowed his head. The smile on his lips was just a little bitter.

"Quite so," he said. "It is something to be grateful for that you are so willing to do the least possible. Good morning."

And then Dick found himself in St. Paul's churchyard, and conscious that the last straw had been piled upon his head.

Mary as good as lost to him—more certainly now than before, anyway—his situation filled up, his health broken, and no one to whom he could honorably look for help in his time of trouble.

He found comfort in the recollection that his mother's own poor little income was sufficient for her well-measured requirements.

"As for me—"

He shrugged his shoulders and tottered down Ludgate hill. On his way he noticed a jeweler's window, with watches and chains and pins and rings of price beneath his eyes—especially rings. And the rings reminded him of what hurt him most to remember.

He looked at his left hand with the plain but solid gold circlet, set with a tiny diamond, and the words, invisible to his eyes, but pressing his fingers: "Forever and forever!"

That was Mary's voucher to him for her lifelong love.

At length he moved again. "Yes, that's what I'll do," he murmured. "Poor girl! One can't blame her. She shall marry him with a free conscience, at all events."

Then once again he whispered: "As for me—"

At the Kings Arms inn of Nellerton, that evening, Dick took pen and paper and wrote the letter to Mary which was to accompany the returned ring. It was short and to the point:

"Dear Mary: Somehow, though I would like to keep this, I can't do it, and so I bring it back to you; and you mustn't think I mean to be nasty by making it come to you on your birthday. I quite understand you and things are change between us. Wish you all the happiness life can give you, believe me, sincerely yours always, RICHARD JERRAM."

"No drive in that," he thought, he said, with a pang of pride when he had read it and folded it up. The letter was in a little box and the letter was now wrapped round the box. The whole was addressed to Miss Mary Dudley, 2 Devonshire road.

In the darkness he tottered out in the house and the lighted window in the house and the gazed in at Mary's bedroom—gazed and gazed till he felt silly. And then he tottered back and went to bed.

He lay restlessly, now wishing wildly, now dumbly resigned to all things.

Once it occurred to him to wonder what the maid of the inn meant by smiling like that when she gave him his candle and said a gay "good night." But he had far stronger stimulants to thought than that, and the damsel soon drifted away from him.

His most strenuous moments followed the realization that he had been careless enough to leave Mary's packet downstairs on the mantel-piece in the little parlor.

"Shows what I am!" he said, fiercely, as he made an attempt to get up, light a candle and go down for it.

But he found the effort quite appallingly severe, and gave it up.

He dozed deliciously, played with Mary in boy-and-girl fashion, danced with her, had her all to himself in the Brackshaw woods, and won her all over again. Off and on he woke, to gasp and groan and utter exclamations.

For the second time the girl knocked at his door.

"Your hot water, sir!" she cried, and set her ear to listen.

She did not listen long, but hurried downstairs, with word for the master that the gentleman in No. 3 was shouting in the queerest way.

"I think he's ill, sir," she said. "He looked bad last night."

The landlord made no bones about entering Dick's room when he, too, had rapped to no purpose. He gazed at Dick for a few moments, and felt his blood chill a little at Dick's furious cry: "I tell you you are dead, Mary, so don't deny it!" touched Dick's burning forehead, and left him.

"He's in a fever—that's what's the matter with him," he said. "You just go for Mr. Barker, Jane, right away."

"Poor young fellow!" said Jane, eagerly. "That I will, sir."

Moreover, being in love herself, she determined to kill two birds with one stone.

"It's maybe a present for Miss Dudley," she said to herself, and putting on her hat, carried off Dick's little packet for No. 2 Devonshire road.

"Nurse!"

The darkness had passed from Dick's brain, and having opened his eyes and seen things as they were, though with an imperfect grasp of the facts, he whispered the monosyllable.

The quick rustle of a dress answered him, and the words:

"Yes, my dear boy!"

"You, mother?" said Dick, looking up at the face that was the best and truest object in life for him.

She clasped his hand—a bony shape, loosely laced with skin.

Suddenly the cloud fell from him.

It all came back—wound, fever, the long weeks in hospital, the voyage home in weakness and anxiety as well as hope, the news of Mary's fortune and Sir Tarver Brown, his rebuff in St. Paul's churchyard and his journey to Nellerton.

He groaned in spite of himself, and turned his face to the wall.

"Now, then, dear, let me raise your head."

"What's the use?" he murmured.

It was his one and only flash of peevishness. The next instant he obeyed orders with a smile. It was a dreary smile, yet a smile.

"How I must have worried you, mother!" he said, quietly, as he settled after the tonic. "I suppose this is Nellerton?"

She kissed him as mothers do kiss their grown sons of whom they are very proud.

"And sleep again, dear," she said, rather tremulously.

But Mary Dudley and her infidelity—her excusable infidelity—were vivid in his mind. How could he sleep amid such realizations?

"All right," he said, shutting his eyes.

Then a sunny gray mist settled upon his brain, and his surroundings were to him as if they were not. It was not so much sleep as translation of spirit.

"O, Mary, Mary, what shall I do with you?" his lips cried aloud, even while his mind was active in some remote atmosphere.

"Nothing, dear Dick; you shall not do without me as long as we live, for we will be always together." A hand was laid on his forehead—a little satiny hand, with love warm in all its pores. And instantly Dick opened his eyes.

"Mary!" he gasped.

This time Mary Dudley laid her face by his on the pillow, smiling, and whispered, with her mouth close to his mouth:

"Of course, Dick, who else should it be?"

But it was not until the evening that she was allowed to give him in full measure the only tonic that could be warranted able to make him himself again in spirit and in truth. Then she did not spare him.

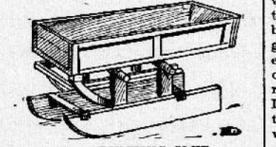
"I ought to feel ashamed of you, Dick," she explained; "for, supposing, if only for one second, that I could care anything for my money apart from you? Sir Tarver Brown, indeed! Why, I was just waiting for a sign from you. And I got it—my own ring! O, Dick!"—London Answers.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

HANDY DUMPING SLED.

For Hauling Manure and Dirt the Device Here Described Will Prove a Great Convenience.

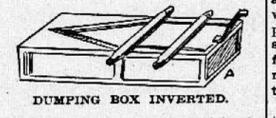
The illustration, Fig. 1, shows a dumping sled for one or two horses, a convenience that will be much appreciated by many for hauling manure, planks, etc. Take two pieces of 5-inch plank for runners, which connect with two cross-pieces of 8 by 4 scantling mortised into the planks. On inside of each runner, nail or bolt securely at required distance apart, two uprights of about 1 1/2 by 5-inch material. The distance apart and length of these uprights will be dependent upon the length of the sled-box. Gauge out a V-shaped notch in top of each of the two rear uprights and make a square or rectangular notch in tops of two front ones. Make a box of the dimensions shown in the illustration.



FARM DUMPING SLED.

Persons thought most suitable for the object in view, a little longer than broad, however, in all cases. Put a box near the center. Round off the projecting ends of this cross-piece to fit in the tops of rear uprights of runners. Put another lighter cross-piece on bottom of box in front of the other, at right angle to have its projecting ends rest in the top notches of the front uprights. Over the ends of the center cross-piece, that rest in the rounded notches, put iron straps or clips to prevent the ends of cross-piece from moving out of place and yet allow them to turn in the notches. The front of box can now be raised, the center cross-piece on bottom acting as a pivot by reason of its rounded ends.

A framework is put inside of the four uprights, extending under front of box and being braced as is shown in the illustration. To keep box from dumping while the sled is being loaded or in transit, the front end is fastened down to this framework by a hinge-hasp and stout strap, which is used to hold the lid of a chest, a door, etc. If the cross-piece which acts as pivot is placed a little in front of box center, the sled when evenly loaded will dump itself as soon as hasp is disengaged; if a little to the rear of center, the front of box will have



DUMPING BOX INVERTED.

to be raised by hand when desiring to dump it. The exact location of the pivot cross-piece will, therefore, determine the ease of dumping, and the matter may be settled to suit the wishes of the builder of sled.

When the box is in its horizontal position and the hasp is fastened, insert a wooden or other pin in the hasp-staple in the place that would be occupied by a padlock were the hasp used as a door or lid latch. Make an end-gate at the rear of box. In Fig. 2, A shows the box inverted in order to explain fully the manner of applying the supporting cross-pieces.

While this kind of a dumping box could be used of any size of sled so far as the main idea is concerned, it would not be satisfactory if box were made too large, as the increased height of uprights in this case would make the sled inconvenient to load and handle. On a sled of a size adapted to one horse ordinarily or two horses in case of being loaded with very heavy material, the sled is very satisfactory. It is especially convenient to have this sled stand where the manure from the stable can be thrown into the box, and when full, hitch on the team and haul it to the field and dump it.—J. G. Allhouse, in Ohio Farmer.

Cure for Feather Pulling.

It is seldom that a whole flock of fowls will moult at the same time. What is frequently mistaken for moulting is feather pulling—fowls in confinement and which have little or no exercise, being sometimes addicted to the vice. When they pick their own feathers the cause is lice; that is, the kind of lice that eat the feathers. The remedy is to dust the fowls once a day for a week with Derris dust, an insect powder, or with some of the advertised "lice killers." Of course when hens are losing their feathers, or are annoyed by lice, they will not lay, and the farmer or poultryman should endeavor to get at the root of the trouble.—Midland Farmer.

Good Roads and Churches.

Better roads often mean better church attendance. It is not without significance that the Jews were commanded to "prepare the way of the Lord." To "gather out the stones," and to "take up the stumbling blocks," may be as figurative sense. The invitation: "Let us go up to the house of the Lord," would be often more effectual if it were not so difficult a thing to get there.—Rev. D. F. Lamson, Manchester, Mass.

Famous Writer's Comment.

During the winter months I live in Arkansas. I may safely say that good toll roads through that state would be worth more than gold mines to its inhabitants. It is a state where almost every kind of fruit and vegetable can be cultivated; but the lack of good roads does almost as much to hinder a market as the general climate does to help.—Octave Thanet.

MODEL COUNTRY ROAD.

Kept Up by the Farmers Living Alongside of It for Their Own Comfort and Convenience.

One of the best kept roads I know of anywhere is in Caldwell county, Mo., between Nettleton and Hamilton. I have driven over this road at all times of the year, but have never seen it rough or muddy. It is not because Missouri has superior road laws. There are roads in the state that would wreck a leather bag in a spring wagon. Neither is it because the township trustees compel the road overseer to attend to his business. Township trustees and road overseers here are about ordinary, but are ordinarily not about when needed.

This is the explanation. On each side of that road are fine farms. Beautiful farms with clean-cut hedges, well-kept orchards and fine meadows. On these farms are well-built, well-painted and nicely ornamented farmhouses, with beautiful lawns and trees about them. In those houses live progressive men, who have agreed that this road shall be well kept. Each man owns a scraper. Each farmer takes the piece of road along his farm just as the city resident does his sidewalk. When one is busy, another takes care of his road. When a bridge is to be built they all come together and build it. The road is graded in the middle, so the water runs off at once. When it begins to get rough they run a scraper over it. During parts of the year they go over this road from three to six times a week. Sometimes even oftener.

It takes some time? Yes, but not half as much as it does some other men trying to sell their farms when they want to change. An average of three hours per week for each farm 2 by 4-inch crosspiece, which are used to hold the lid of a chest, a door, etc. If the cross-piece which acts as pivot is placed a little in front of box center, the sled when evenly loaded will dump itself as soon as hasp is disengaged; if a little to the rear of center, the front of box will have

USE HOME MATERIAL.

A Road-Building Hint Which Applies with Equal Force to Character Building.

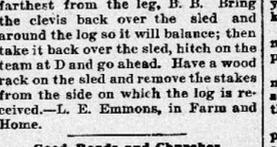
It is reported by the director of the office of public roads inquiries that a costly mistake is sometimes committed by districts which are anxious to improve the condition of the local roads. Through not having scientifically determined the comparative value of different materials, they use an unsuitable substance to harden the surface of the highway, when all the time there is at hand a more suitable material which can be obtained at less expense. If they knew their own resources they would not send away from home for what, after all, can not be turned to as good account as the substances easily within reach.

If we are ever tempted to lament the lack of educational advantages—or whatever the particular drawback may be—in our neighborhood and to envy some more fortunately endowed locality, let us postpone our discontent until we have made the best of such things as we have. The library of our district is small, perhaps, in the number of books, but have we extracted all the marrow out of its Shakespeare and Milton? The society is unenlightened, but has not the narrowest member of it something to teach us? To build up a strong and even beautiful character, it is not necessary to travel very far; we may find all the material for it very near home.—Wellspring.

FOR LOADING LOGS.

An Arrangement Which Saves Lots of Labor and, in Some Cases, Lots of Profanity.

Arrange two stout timbers, A, A, with one end of each on the ground and the other on the sled or wagon. Double a 1 1/2-inch rope of suitable length. Loop the middle through a clevis, so it will not slip. Tie the ends of the rope to the side of the sled



EASY WAY TO LOAD LOGS.

farthest from the leg, B, B. Bring the clevis back over the sled and around the log so it will balance; then take it back over the sled, hitch on the team at D and go ahead. Have a wood rack on the sled and remove the stakes from the side on which the log is received.—L. E. Emmons, in Farm and Home.

PERSONAL MENTION.

James N. Lann, of Middletown, N. Y., a preacher, doctor and author, is 90 years of age and has been married 13 times. His first marriage occurred at Milford, Pa., in 1850.

Gen. Shattuck, of Ohio, chairman of the committee on immigration and labor of the house of representatives, has long been professedly a socialist, and is a fanatical admirer of all which adorns his expansive front.

It was particularly noticed at the recent New England dinner in Philadelphia that the speech of Chinese Minister Wu easily outshone all the others so far as good English was concerned. Among the orators of the evening were Justice Brewer, Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Hill and Mr. Cokeran.

W. Scott Miller, of Louisville, Ky., has been granted by the courts of that state the right to control and collect the money yielded through visitors to the Mammoth cave. The matter has been in litigation and the four daughters of the late Dr. George Greengarden, who own the cave, are widely separated, one of them living in Switzerland and the other in California.

Dr. George Fitel, of Clamhansen, Carver county, Minnesota, who has just taken his medical degree at Berlin university, has already had diplomas from the universities of Minnesota, Oregon, California, Pennsylvania, Washington, Idaho and Montana—probably the record in the medical profession. The Berlin press gaudily banners him, hoping that before long he will be able to celebrate his 43rd birthday by passing his medical studies 16 years ago.

Where the Difference Lies. "What is the difference between photography and courtship?" he asked, philosophically. "I don't know," she replied. "In photography," he explained, "the negative is developed in the dark room, while in courtship that is where the affirmative is developed." She blushed, but made no answer.

Let us be suggested, "proceed to develop an affirmative." There being no objections, it was ordered.—Chicago Post.

Awakened the "Sleeping" Painter. There is a point to this story: A burglar whose night entry into the narrow hallway awakened the sleeping painter, said to his helpless victim: "If you stir you're a dead man! I'm hunting for money." "Just let me get up and strike a light," pleasantly replied the dominie, "and I shall be glad to assist you in the search."—Boston Watchman.

The Bible Revised. The new revision of the Bible recently completed brings it up to date without changing its meaning. There are thousands of people, however, who will always prefer the old original copy without any modifications. There are also thousands of people, who, having once used Huester's Standard Bible, will never use any other Bible, because they know its value in cases of sickness, headache, nervousness, indigestion, dyspepsia or liver and kidney troubles. Be sure to try it.

So Stupid. "Who was that you just spoke to?" asked the first Chicago woman; "his face was rather familiar to me." "I believe," said the other, "his name is Jenks—Jenks Jenks." "Oh! To be sure. How stupid of me! He was my first husband."—Philadelphia Record.

The minutes saved by hurry are as useless as the pennies saved by parsimony.—C. B. Newcomb.



Rev. Marguerite St. Omer Briggs, 35 Mount Calm Street, Detroit, Michigan, Lecturer for the W. C. T. U., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—My professional work has for the past twenty years brought me into hundreds of homes of sickness, and I have had plenty of opportunity to witness the sufferings of wives and mothers who from want, ignorance or carelessness, are slowly but surely being dragged to death, principally with female weakness and irregularities of the sex. I believe you will be pleased to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women than any other agency that has come under my notice. Hundreds of women owe their life and health to you to-day, and, therefore, I can conscientiously advise sick women to try it."—MARGUERITE ST. OMER BRIGGS.

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE. When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine. Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

WITCH SALV

PRICE, 25c.

Teeth—"One's teeth require lots of looking after, don't they?" "Yes, a maid had her upper set yesterday and it took us two hours to find them."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Fleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs in Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, Fike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Fair Warning—He (nervously)—"Who is that tramping around overhead?" She—"That's papa. He always gets restless toward morning."—Town and Country.

PUNNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing.

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.—Johnson.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—W. O. Emsley, Vanuren, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Better to lose your argument than your friend.—Ram's Horn.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect it.

To prove what The Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, will do for YOU, every reader of this paper may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail.

Women suffer untold misery because the nature of their disease is not altered, they are not cured; in many cases when doctoring, they are led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for their ills, when in fact disordered kidneys are the chief cause of their distressing troubles.

Nervousness, headache, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine, frequent desire to pass it night or day, with scalding or burning sensation, these are all unmistakable signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

When the heart is acting badly, have you ever thought that it may be due to kidney trouble, as is often the case?

Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are sleeplessness, dizziness, sallow, unhealthy complexion, plenty of ambition but no strength.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere.

HAZARD GUN POWDER

There is absolutely no other powder in the world so pure, so uniform, so safe, so reliable, so economical, so easy to use, so sure to give you the best results. There are no objectionable fumes in the powder. It is the best powder in the world. It is the best powder in the world. It is the best powder in the world.

DOCTOR AFTER DOCTOR.

"None of Them Suspected that the Cause of My Trouble Was Kidney Disease."

Verona, Iowa, July 15th, 1900.

My trouble began with pain in my stomach, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutting me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the county, and consulted another. None of them suspected that the cause of my trouble was kidney disease. They all told me that I had cancer of the stomach, and would die. I grew so weak that I could not walk any more than a child a month old, and I only weighed sixty pounds. One day my brother saw in a paper your advertisement for Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. He bought me a bottle at our drug store and I took it. My family could see a change in me, for the better, so they obtained more and I continued the use of Swamp-Root regularly. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable time to build me up again. I am now well, thanks to Swamp-Root, and weigh 140 pounds, and am keeping house for my husband and brother, on a farm. Swamp-Root cured me after the doctors had failed to do me a particle of good.

MRS. GERTRUDE WARNER SCOTT.

ascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

None stamped C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

PILES ANAKISIS

READY ROOFING

Dropsey New Discovery

FANCY POULTRY

WHEAT

Consumption