

# TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

Although my feet may never walk your ways,  
No other eyes will follow you so far;  
No voice so tender to ring your praise;  
Till the swift coming of those future days  
When the world knows you for the man  
you are.

You must go on and I must stay behind,  
We may not fare together, you and I,  
But, though the path to fame be steep  
and blind,  
Walk, strong and steadfastly, before man-  
kind,  
Because my heart must follow till you die.

Steadfast and strongly, scorned mean  
success,  
Lent to others—to yourself severe,  
If you must fail, fail not in nobleness,  
God knows all other failure I could bless  
That sent you back to find your well-  
come here.

—Scribner's.



# WHEN LILLIAN LOOKED FOR WORK

By OTTO B. SENG.

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Mrs. Barnes put aside the letter she had been reading, and gazed into the fire with a troubled expression.

"What is the matter, my dear?" questioned Mr. Barnes.

"Why, this letter is from Cousin William's children—the twins, you know. It seems that when property matters were adjusted after William's death there was found to be almost nothing remaining, only an annuity for his wife; you know she has been an invalid for years. Not anything for the twins, and they are coming to Boston to look for work. I would really like, Aaron, to invite them to stay here until they secure positions."

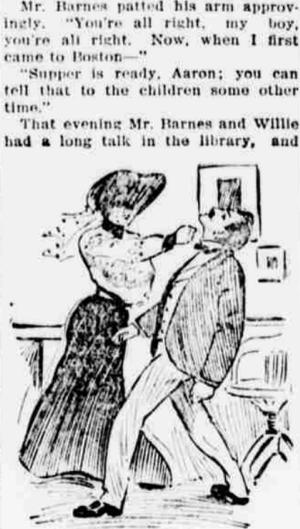
"Suit yourself, my dear, suit yourself. Only don't discourage them in their attempts to find work; it will do them good. They can find something, even if it isn't quite to their liking. Good, strong boys—about sixteen, aren't they?—ought to find employment if they're not too proud to take what they can get, until they can find what they want. Now, when I first came to Boston—"

said I'd have to fight for myself and Lillian, too. See here, Mr. Barnes—my hand doesn't look much bigger than Lill's, but you feel of it—and look here—"

Mr. Barnes patted his arm approvingly. "You're all right, my boy, you're all right. Now, when I first came to Boston—"

"Supper is ready, Aaron; you can tell that to the children some other time."

That evening Mr. Barnes and Willie had a long talk in the library, and



Landed on his chin.

later Lillian was called in for a "confab," as Willie called it.

The next day a tall, stylish young lady called upon several business men who had advertised for bookkeepers and stenographers. She was decidedly handsome. Behind the chiffon veil one caught bewitching glimpses of curling yellow hair, great brown eyes and pink cheeks. One man gazed rather pointedly at her face while questioning her as to her ability, and remarked in unctuous tones, "I think you'll do very nicely, my dear." He was somewhat chagrined to receive the decided reply: "I withdraw the application. I do not care to take the position."

Out in the hall the bewitching vision clenched a well-gloved hand, and Willie's voice muttered: "Confound his impudence! To think of his looking at Lill like that."

The young lady rose gracefully, gripped the back of her trailing skirt in the most approved manner, and sailed serenely out.

The next call brought disaster. The advertiser scanned the young lady closely, asked a few questions, and said: "I will let you try the place. The salary is four dollars."

The young lady rose instantly. "I could not consider it. I must earn enough to support myself."

"Of course," answered the man, coolly, "and with a girl like you, if she knows her business, the matter of salaries is as easily adjusted as your veil." His tone and manner added meaning to his words, and he attempted to raise the chiffon face-covering.

Quick as thought the well-gloved hand shot out—straight head with the left—and landed on his chin. His head was thrown violently against the sharp corner of the bookcase by which he stood, cutting an ugly rash. He threw out his hands awkwardly—the first blow was followed instantly by one from the right hand, reaching him on the side of the body about two inches above the waist. He dropped forward falling avily to his knees. The blows had been delivered straight from the shoulder, with the whole force of the body behind them.

"Get up," said a sharp voice behind the chiffon veil, "get up. I've given you this for my sister, who might have answered your—ad. only to be insulted."

"I'll have you arrested for wearing women's clothes," spluttered the badly punished man.

"Do," said the other; "do, and I'll tell the whole story in court, and show 'em how I did you up." And the stylish young lady calmly adjusted her veil, gathered her skirts and vanished from his sight.

Reaching the street she examined her split gloves ruefully. "This means



"I withdraw my application."

stood beside his sister to show his superior height. "Mother can't tell us apart when we dress alike."

"Willie makes the better looking girl," said Lillian, laughing, "because his cheeks are always red, and I am usually pale."

Mr. Barnes looked at the handsome boy, admiringly. "So you can fight, can you, Willie?"

"Of course, I'm light-weight," said Willie, modestly, "but I can take pretty good care of myself in an encounter, and with a much heavier man than I, too. Father had me in training the time I was seven. He

another pair of gloves before I make the next call."

This call was soon over. The young lady gave a specimen of her writing, a test of her ease in taking notes, and speed in transcribing them, and was engaged at a moderate salary, but sufficient to enable a self-respecting woman to lead a self-respecting life.

That evening another "confab" was held in Mr. Barnes' library, and Willie gave a graphic description of "How Lillian sailed in."

"You're to go to work Monday, Lill, and you're all right there. The man is square—and white inside. To-morrow I'll start out for myself."

When alone with Mr. Barnes, he said: "You were right, Mr. Barnes; even a nice girl is liable to annoyance, and your scheme was a good one."

The old man delightedly patted him on the shoulder. "You've done well, my boy; you've done well. For yourself, you can work anywhere and at anything. Now, when I first came to Boston—"

## DINNERS TO BUSINESS MEN.

Heads of Departments Remembered in This Way by Employers.

Twenty years ago the president of a big company, the owner of a big business or industry, would as soon have thought of asking his subordinate heads of departments to spend the summer at his country home as of giving them a formal dinner once or twice a year. Now the formal dinner-giving practice is so common that it is almost taken for granted. The big corporations of the country give annual dinners to heads of departments which cost thousands of dollars. Even mercantile firms, small in comparison, are in the habit of meeting their chief employes around the dining board.

There are several reasons for this interesting development. In the first place, Americans are learning to enjoy the formal dinner, with its elaborate menu, its wine and its speeches. Then the capitalist has come more and more to realize how much of his success is due to his heads of departments. Oftentimes he gives them an interest in the concern or corporation, and immediately they begin to work for the concern as well as the company. Anything that will bind them close to the employer's interests is not overlooked, and a dinner once in a while is one of these.

**Taming a Terror.**  
Dick Deadeye was a bandit bold, a bandit fierce was he, who held up stages, trains, and things here in the west country. He'd be in waiting in a place where chaparral grew thick, and when the stage came on a space would turn his little trick.

His game would cause a thrill of fear to sweep the country over, for rumor said he quonched his throat on naught but a blazing gun.

The many men that rumor said he'd downed in gun disputes would fill a graveyard to the brim with skulls yet in their boots.

The cash and treasure he had got from tourists as a loan—was heap times more than was required to ransom Ellen Stone.

"Hands up!" he yelled one day; the man who drove chewed not the rag; he knew the whole would give him ten per centum of the swag.

"Climb down an' git in line!" unto the passengers he yelled. They quick obeyed as tourists do when they are upward held.

From out the sage a female came. Dick Deadeye quaked with fear as near him drew the ancient dame and seized him by the ear.

"You good-for-nothin' wretch!" she cried, "you rascal of the post, I've sought you far, I've sought you near, and here you be at last!"

"I'm impatient now to hear what story you kin tell!" And then she pulled him by the ear into the chaparral!

Aggravated he began to hum, the driver scratched his head. "That mus' be Deadeye's wife, jes' come 'yar from the states," he said.

**Not Taking Anything.**  
"Have you taken anything for your trouble?" asked the doctor of a long, lank, hungry-looking man, who complained of being "run down."

"Well, I haven't been taking much of anything; that is, nothing to speak of. I took a couple of bottles of Pinkham's Bitters a little while back, and a bottle of Quicken's Invigorator, with a couple of boxes of curem's pills, and a lot of quinine and some root bitters. I've got a porous plaster on my back, and I'm wearing an electric belt, and taking red clover four times a day with a dose or two of salts every other day; excepting for that I'm not taking anything."

**Senatorial Gourmets.**  
A party of tourists visited the Senate restaurant in Washington. They peered about in every corner.

"So this is the place where the senators eat their epicurean feasts, is it?" asked a lady with gray ringlets and a determined cast of countenance.

"Yes, ma'am," the guard replied.

Precisely at that moment a waiter gave an order for the two senators from Michigan, who were lunching together.

He said: "Senator Burrows wants an apple and a glass of milk and Senator Alger wants a dish of tapioca pudding."—Saturday Evening Post.

**Unerring Childhood.**  
The child is so often right. It has not the miscellaneous knowledge of the grown-up person who reads newspapers and keeps a tame Encyclopedia Britannica in a carefully devised cage. But the childish mind has an unerring logical faculty, not in any way confused by superfluity of information.

**Must Protect Forests.**  
The Russians are awaking to the fact that a less reckless deforesting has become absolutely imperative. Their forest resources are not only less than those of Sweden, but even less than those of Austria-Hungary and of the United States.



THEY ALWAYS GO TOGETHER.

## NOT ALL THE TRUTH

WHAT PRESIDENT M'KINLEY DID NOT SAY.

Improbable Story by a British Free Trader That the Late President Had Reached the Conclusion That Tariff Must Be Reduced.

Americans familiar with the tariff legislation of this country will read with surprise the statement made by F. O. Schuster, the governor of the Union Bank of London, that in an interview which he had with the late President McKinley two years ago the latter said:

"My tariff bill has done its work. We have been able to build up many great industries in a short time and now gradually, but inevitably, our tariff must be reduced."

It hardly seems the proper thing to call into question the statement of so distinguished a person as the governor of an important London bank, but we are forced to observe that Mr. Schuster's assertion is in the highest degree improbable. It is inconceivable that the late Mr. McKinley should have used the expression, "My tariff bill has done its work," at the time mentioned, for in 1901 the McKinley bill was a memory of the past, and the good it had accomplished more than a decade earlier had been in a measure counteracted by the retroactive Gorman-Wilson bill. When Mr. Schuster had the honor of talking to the late President McKinley the Dingley act was in force, and he would not have committed the unpardonable act of assuming that its accomplishments reflected credit upon himself. As a matter of fact Mr. McKinley always expressed himself with great modesty in discussing his own work, and was never guilty of bragging.

But the main thing in Mr. Schuster's statement is the opinion he attributes to the late president that our tariff must be reduced. That we shall also take the liberty of discrediting, because it is at variance with Mr. McKinley's repeatedly expressed view that so long as the tariff performed the work it was cut out for—that is, of promoting domestic production—it conferred a national benefit. No protectionist was more firmly convinced than Mr. McKinley that the chief function of the policy was to preserve the home market for the domestic producer. He was strongly opposed to any relaxation of the tariff laws which would permit foreigners to successfully compete in American markets. In short, he planted himself squarely on the proposition that the world would be better off if external trade was limited to an exchange of non-competing products. He believed that there would be room for a great development of foreign commerce along these lines, but he took no stock in the free-trade idea that a people can be benefited by giving a chance to foreigners to undersell them in their home market.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**How Not to Mend Matters.**  
Being greatly moved to compassion for the unfortunate millionaire packers whose products are required to pay increased duties on entering the French market, the Chicago Tribune says:

"This would not have happened if the reciprocity treaty with France, negotiated a few years ago, had been ratified by the American senate. Many domestic producers would have secured tariff rates lower than those then in force, and would have been protected against an increase during the life of the treaty. The senate would not ratify it, and American trade suffers as a consequence.

"There is one way to mend matters. It has been hinted at by French officials. If the United States will make concessions on some French goods in a reciprocity treaty the French government will be quite pleased to make concessions on its side."

That is characteristic "reciprocity" doctrine. In order to swell the profits of the meat barons the Tribune would assassinate any number of other industries. But is there not another and a better way to mend matters? How would it do to clap double duties on all "imports" from France until such time as the French government

could see its way to treat American products as fairly as it treats the products of any or all other countries? We have a tariff that is the same for everybody. Why not compel other nations to be equally fair to us, or suffer the consequences? Why not? That wouldn't be "reciprocity," to be sure, but it would be fair play and common sense.

## WANT IT FOR THEMSELVES.

Canadians in No Hurry to Lose Control of Their Own Market.

The movement headed by Chamberlain in England to-day may be described as a movement for reciprocity with the colonies. At the same time a strong movement for reciprocity with Canada is being carried on in the United States. We published yesterday a circular issued by the Minnesota branch of the National Reciprocity League. Its officers are some of the most "solid men" of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth. The circular says that reciprocity with Canada will be more valuable than with any other country, and that there is a large market here for farm machinery and other articles used by a farming community. But unless a reciprocity treaty is soon arranged, Canadian tariffs will be raised, especially on American manufacturers.

American manufacturers are, therefore, urged to prepare for the international Joint High Commission. The work is to be done "quietly and without parading its efforts before the public." Unnecessary publicity is to be avoided. A fund of \$100,000 ought to be raised. The members of the commission "must be impressed with the conviction that the commission must make a treaty," then members of Congress must be pressed to support it. "A great market is growing up north of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and we should go after it."

We do not blame our American friends for "going after" our market, but that is all the more reason why we should strive to retain it for ourselves. Our tariff is much lower than that of the United States all along the line, and we buy from them twice as much as they from us. If they really want reciprocity, they can get a very large measure of it by simply reducing their own tariff, and this is the course suggested by the New York Sun. There is no doubt that the opening of the Canadian west creates a new situation in regard to trade. Although we have been accustomed to say that the international boundary is an imaginary line, the Great Lakes have been a real barrier to trade and communication. In the West we shall for the first time have to deal with an imaginary line of great length, with a large population on both sides.—Toronto World.

## True But Not Strange.

It is discouraging to New England reciprocityists to find that among Canadians there is a growing coolness on the subject of preferential trade arrangements with this country. Not long ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the course of a speech in the house of commons, said that the best way for Canada to remain friendly with the United States was to be absolutely independent of it. Obviously he meant to convey the deduction that the surest way to get into hot water would be to enter into a reciprocity scheme. Evidences are increasing daily that Canada does not yearn for reciprocity. She wants to make more, not less, of the manufactured goods required for home consumption. And she is right. Sad as it may be for those who want to "control the Canadian market" from the south side of the boundary, it seems to be true that Canada prefers to control her own market.

## Invariable Results.

The Democrats are getting into a useless sweat over the tariff. When it needs reforming the people will let the Republicans have control of the job. The Democrats have been tried—with free soup, Coxey armies and such like results.—Valley Mills (Tex.) Protectionist.

**How to Pay the Debt.**  
If we owe any further debt or duty to Cuba it should be paid out of the national treasury and not taken from our sugar and tobacco growers.

**Ballooning.**  
Modern ballooning, by universal consent, dates from 1783, when the Montgolfiers, two brothers, made their first ascent in France. They used hydrogen gas, which Cavendish in 1766 had discovered was only about one-seventh the weight of air.

**Fows Farm 54 per Acre Cash.**  
Balance 1/4 crop still paid. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

**Astor Makes an Enemy.**  
Lady Henry Somerset is withdrawing gradually from her career as a reformer. She is very sensitive on the subject of her hobbies. Her pet aversion is William Waldorf Astor, who once said of her: "She must be the sort of a woman who drives a man to distraction." The remark was repeated to her ladyship, who has never forgiven the self-expatriated American.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When a woman has twins, all the other mothers of twins want to call and offer sympathy, but haven't time.

**ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS**  
Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

It is safer to twist a lion's tail than to call a woman's attention to her first gray hair.

**A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.**  
Itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles positively cured or money refunded. ALLEN'S DISCOVERY FOR PILES, a new discovery that absolutely cures all kinds of Piles. Prepared for Piles only. All Drug Stores, 50c. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Lock Box 852, Le Roy, N. Y.

It will ruin any man to be henpecked. We never knew such a man to amount to anything.

**Why It Is the Best**  
is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

Few poems would be written but for the inability of poets to live without eating.

**GINSENG** I grow, buy and sell ginseng. One square rod will yield \$1,200 worth of seeds in one year. An illustrated publication that tells all about it, is sent for 25c. E. D. Atwell, Aurora, Mo. 175

It is every man's secret fear that he will become delicious some day, and his wife will be his nurse.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

**When Your Grocer Says**  
he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. in the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

Subtle minds are usually submissive only when submission serves their own interests.

**MONEY refunded for each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES if unsatisfactory.**

No, Cordelia, a woman isn't necessarily out of yarn when she knits her brows.

**Smokers find Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar better quality than most 10c brands.** Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The people who are slow but sure, about their motto prate; But though the prize they may secure, it comes to them too late.

**Pine's Cure** cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Hara, 32 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1901.

When a mule kicks he generally accomplishes something, which is more than can be said of a lot of men.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**  
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The average mother is color blind; she always says of her brand new baby: "He isn't red like most babies."

**RED CROSS BALL BLUE**  
Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

If some types of beauty were more than skin deep they might prove fatal to the possessors thereof.

**More Flexible and Lasting,**  
won't shake out or blow out; by using Defiance Starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

No man can serve two masters unless he is a low down politician.

**Insist on Getting It.**  
Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has on a shelf the 16 oz. pkg. Defiance Starch for same money.

The jollier general managers to make both ends meet.

**THE K. C. S. ALMANAC FOR 1903.**  
The Kansas City Southern Railway's Almanac for 1903 is now ready for distribution. Farmers, stock-raisers, fruit-growers, truck gardeners, manufacturers, merchants and others seeking a new field of action or a new home at the very lowest prices, can obtain reliable information concerning Southwestern Missouri, the Cherokee and Choctaw Nations in the Indian Territory, Western Arkansas, Eastern Texas, Northwestern Louisiana and the Coast country, and of the business opportunities offered therein.

Write for a copy of the K. C. S. Almanac and address, S. G. Warner, G. P. A., K. C. Mo.

When twins arrive we imagine that even the doctor laughs.