

### MY WESTERN LAND.

Great Western Land, whose mighty breast  
Between two oceans finds its rest,  
Begirt by storms on either side,  
And washed by strong Pacific tide,  
The knowledge of thy wondrous birth  
Gave balance to the rounded earth;  
In sea of darkness thou didst stand,  
Now, first in light, my Western Land.

In thee, the olive and the vine  
Unite with hemlock and with pine,  
In purest white the Southern rose  
Repeats the spotless Northern snows,  
Around the zone a belt of maize  
Rejoices in the sun's hot rays;  
And all that Nature could command  
She heaped on thee, my Western Land.

Great Western Land, whose touch makes free  
Advance to perfect liberty,  
Till right shall make thy sov'reign might,  
And every wrong be crushed from sight,  
Behold thy day, thy time is here;  
Thy people great, with naught to fear,  
God hold thee in his strong right hand,  
My well-beloved Western Land.  
—Caroline Hazard in Home Mission Magazine.



## A SERIOUS CASE

By L. E. FRANFORTH.

Copyrighted, 1902, by The Authors Publishing Company.

Three guests from the city were willing away summer's heated time at the Wilmoth homestead. They were Lascar, son of the host, who had early gone to the metropolis, taken up law studies, and was now a rising practitioner before the bar; Benjamin Hammond, a student friend, and Miss Jennie Blakeley.

The latter had been given, by doting and capable parents, every advantage along the line in which she exhibited decided taste and talent—painting—and was now making a collection of country sketches for future use in her studio.

Mr. Hammond reclined drowsily in a seat. From half closed lids was seen the river's shimmering bosom, and to his ears came the sound of approaching wheels. He stirred sufficiently to behold a carriage stop at the gate, smiled, then returned to his doze.

Lascar Wilmoth and Miss Blakeley had been to the adjacent village. Evidently something there transpired to strain the appearance of friendship. As the carriage stopped Lascar sprang to the ground. His extended hand was but lightly touched by the lady as she alighted, and her dark eyes were fixed unswervingly ahead when she walked away. The gentleman's brown orbs danced with the very demon of mischief, and his lips twitched. But he did not dare laugh—gracious, no! The situation was entirely too serious for that.

Ten minutes later Mr. Hammond was startled by a slap on his shoulder. "I require your assistance, Ben," said Lascar, sliding down into the seat beside him.

Ben yawned drowsily, and replied: "It's always on tap for you, old fellow. Want me to ask the girl?"

"Worse than that," and Lascar laughed until the other smiled. "You've got to help develop the minor points of a plot, then carry it out."

When lawyer and college student put their heads together something is bound to result.

While they yet conversed a female figure emerged from the house. Her lithe form was bewitchingly attired in dress of pale blue, and on her head was a broad sunshade.

Mr. Hammond arose and walked away. Lascar called after him: "Take the one painted red, with black belt."

"Yes," she said, as Ben unlocked the boat and shoved it down so she could step in; "I called Mr. Wilmoth a coward, and I think he deserved it."

"Lascar has been an acquaintance of mine for a long time and I never thought that of him," was the grave reply.

"Oh, it sometimes takes years to find one out! He was provoked at me for what I said, I guess, for he flushed



"Want me to ask the girl?"

quite angrily. But the man who wishes to stand well in my favor must have stamina and be willing to dare something in my behalf. When that person ran into me with his bicycle Lascar, Mr. Wilmoth never said a word in censure. I'm sure he even had the audacity to be inclined to laugh."

"No doubt you served him right," in the same grave voice, while a smile lurked about the corners of Ben's mouth. "But here we are, Miss Blakeley. Shall I assist you?"

Placing her hand in his, Jennie timidly found a seat in the boat's stern. Ben pushed off and took up the oars. At first the tiny vessel rocked terribly, and she held on with both hands. But soon came smoother sailing, and her timidity vanished to such an extent that she trailed her fingers over the side as they glided out upon the placid stream. Ben, bending to the oars, remained silent. At last the lady, east-



"I'm simply endeavoring to realize what a whopper you are."

ing up at him a coquettish glance, asked:

"Can you swim, Mr. Hammond?" "Not a bit," was the reply. Then, in a tone which suggested imparting of interesting information, "When I was a boy father whipped me for going near the water, impressed upon me the fact that great men are drowned every year, and I've been afraid to attempt—hello! There's Wilmoth on the bank waving us to come ashore. Shall we?"

"No, indeed!"

Followed a short silence. Miss Blakeley pulled down her sunshade, so he could not observe the direction of her glance. She flipped moisture from her fingers, turned and dabbled on the other side. The oarsman stealthily moved one foot. She turned back, face towards the home shore, and continued:

"He need not think we are going to have him with us. It would be too much like surrendering when I've no notion of doing—good gracious, Mr. Hammond! Look at the water!"

"I thought there was something wrong with this boat, it was becoming so unwieldy!" groaned Ben.

There was a tiny gurgle as a small stream continued rushing in.

"We'll drown!" gasped the terrified maiden, as she drew her feet up on the seat, almost lost her balance, and came near upsetting them.

"Sit still, confound it!" grumbled Ben as he saw the watery grave yawning. "Why was I such a fool as to bring you out here when I can't swim! Help! help!"

Lascar Wilmoth heard the cries. He jerked off coat and boots and sprang into the stream. Lower sank the boat. It was almost submerged. In another moment he would have reached it, but Miss Blakeley, suddenly becoming aware of a chilly encroachment, gave a start and over they went.

"That was an awfully close shave!" gasped Wilmoth as he dragged the half-drowned girl up the bank.

"Where—where's Ben? Is he dead?" queried she when her mouth was partially free of water.

"No. He is clinging to the capsized vessel. Despite the fact that I'm almost tuckered I must go to his assistance at once."

"Don't Las—Lascar!" and she clung to his arm.

"I must. Hang it! Do you suppose I'll stand here and see so noble a fellow as he go down without at least an effort to save him. He would do as much—and more—in my behalf, and since you unkindly condemned

me my life don't count for much anyway. Besides—ah, thank heaven! There's a boat putting out from the other bank."

Two months later Mrs. Jennie Wilmoth was reading from a daily paper while her husband lounged in a hammock on the porch of their city home. Presently she said in considerable surprise:

"Here is an item saying Ben Hammond has entered for the Inter-Collegiate swimming race."

"Yes," was the drowsy reply, "he thinks he can win."

"Win! Can he swim?"

"Well, I should say so! Why, the whale that made the mistake of its life in swallowing Jonah could not hold a candle to him."

"Then, sir, what meant that—that—!"

"Heavens!" ejaculated Lascar, endeavoring to disentangle the hammock's intricacies so he could sit up. "I've put my foot in it now!"

"Will you kindly explain?"

"Reckon I'll have to. That boat had a plug in the bottom and he kicked it out while you were watching me from under your hat."

"I was not watching you, sir!"

"Oh, yes you were. Otherwise you would have seen him."

"You are entirely mistaken. However, that's not pertinent to the subject. Why did he kick out the plug?"

"Now, don't get excited, dear. It was done so your coward might have an opportunity to display himself."

The audacity of the thing so amazed Jennie that she sat perfectly quiet, starting at him.

"Well?" observed Lascar at last. "I'm simply endeavoring to realize what a whopper you are."

### SPOILED THE DAY'S SPORT.

Western Hunt Followed a Coyote, Which a Chinaman Killed.

Foxes are few at Burlingame, a fashionable resort in California, and following a dead animal bag on live horses has become rather tame sport; so when the word was whispered recently that a live coyote (price \$2.50) had been secured, there was great joy, much brushing of pink coats and vigorous polishing of horns.

The chase came near being a failure on account of the coyote's ignorance of his duties. Instead of running, he sat still and looked friendly and puzzled.

Noises of various kinds were made, and when the coyote at last decided to move he proved himself a descendant of the animal Mark Twain made famous. When he had a good start the hunt followed.

The chase was hard, and the triumph stolen. The coyote, thoroughly enjoying the sport, was peacefully loping across the San Mateo landscape, in advance of the hounds, where he was seen by a Chinese cook.

There is a Chinese superstition that the flesh of wild animals makes one brave, so this cook obtained a gun and slew the beast just as the hunters were becoming excited over who would be in at the "death."

They were all there, and their wrath was such that the Chinese felt the need of a courage-inspiring coyote steak at once.—Argonaut.

### OLD BELIEF IS REVIVED.

Wearing of Amulets Now in Vogue Among the Rich.

Amulets are much in favor at the present moment, and the wearers of them are by no means only of the feminine community. They are worn in all manner of quaint designs. Each precious stone is supposed to contain some property peculiar to itself, and it is needless to say that one of the most sought after is that which is said to ward off appendicitis.

It seems hardly credible that people of common sense should believe in such things, but true it is that the amulet is at present much in vogue, and apart from their superstitions, it is one of the daintiest presents imaginable. The emerald is credited with a host of good influences, the crysolite is a cure for insomnia, the onyx produces peaceful existence. But the luckiest amulet of all is that containing a turquoise, whether by reason of its "true blue" color or not it is hard to say. There is an old proverb which states that "he who possesses a turquoise will never lack a friend." Certainly, from time immemorial, the turquoise has never ceased to be regarded as a lucky stone.

### The Book of Hours.

Come, let us read the Book of Hours, illuminated by his hand,  
Who taught the waves their serenade,  
Who prompts the thrushes, shuts the flowers.

He sends the wind into the grass,  
And leads the man and maid to meet;  
He treads the storm with fire-shod feet,  
And at his nod the clouds amass.

To use he gave swift hand and eye,  
"Made flowers and faces good to love;  
Said, 'Go, and take your joy hereof,  
And I shall call you by and by.'"

So, love, prepare we, lowly wise,  
By spelling out his grandeur here,  
That day his Presence to receive,  
Nor stand at gaze in paradise,  
—Christian Gauss in the Century.

### Our New Office Boy.

The new office boy has the hardest time that ever. In the first place, every other boy feels his superiority by reason of long service in the business. The new boy looks to learn and learns to look, but first digging is a bit awkward, and he feels it. This morning the information bureau called up the editorial department to inquire the date of Abraham Lincoln's birthday. The new boy received the message. He went off on a jerky little circuit around the room, got himself befuddled and finally landed back at the telephone with this message:

"Mr. Lincoln isn't in now, but when he comes in I'll ask him."—Balt more News.



### Teach Me to Wait.

So many years to wear the river's way  
Through the slow-carved canons down  
To find the sea!  
And I have murmured at a single day  
Of pause and waiting measured out for me.

So many years preparing of the soil  
For one wee flower to blossom in thy sun!  
And I have murmured at an hour of toil  
Filled with dear tasks Thou gavest to be done.

What knew the river, following slow thy hand,  
Of might and beauty in its years to be?  
The blessing it should bring a barren land.  
The glory of its welcome in thy sea?

What guessed the crumbling sand, the moldering sod,  
Of all that they should bear in one glad hour—  
Color, and light, and incense unto God,  
Uplifted on the petals of a flower?

They know not; yet, obedient to thy will,  
They fashioned forth thy glory strong and slow.  
Ah, patient Christ, be patient with me still,  
Who murmur in my waiting, when I  
—Mabel Earle.

### The Home and the Child.

Except the Lord build the house, in vain do its builders toil thereon.—Psalms, cxxvii, 1.

Man is more the creature of environment than of inheritance. The doctrine of innate evil is at variance with the teachings of science and of higher theology. In some subtle manner climate and food affect and even control the spiritual as well as the physical life of a people. In a similar way the character of a man is conditioned by the home into which he, as a child, was first ushered, and where was unfolded to him all that he for many years knew of life, of humanity, of the world.

The child and the home are the two most important figures of the world—the very cornerstones of humanity. The child—the picture of sweet helplessness and wonderful potentiality. The home—its creator, its protector, its providence, its all but God. These two, the child and the home, are the makers of posterity and will condition the weal or woe of unborn generations.

Why, then, are we so busy with crops and stocks, with commerce and industry, politics, armies and navies, effete monarchies and new republics, while millions of babes are being misshapen, myriads of children are growing into bad ways, because thousands of homes are schools of ignorance and nurseries of weakness and wickedness? Let us withdraw for a while from the maze of political scrambles, business struggles and sordid strifes and look into our homes and attune them to the sweet harmonies of heavenly virtues.

The home is the preliminary battleground where evil is to be fought in its incipency and conquered. There Satan must first be met and overcome and the young soul taught how to retain its native innocence. From the sacred precincts of the domestic hearth every impurity or taint must be expelled. Let no word be breathed there save that which the angels may unblushingly hear. Truth, simplicity, love and modesty are the weapons of the fireside with which we fight the demons of unrighteousness. The home in which the young are taught gambling by precept or by example is not a true home, but an agency of the gambler's den, preparing the recruits who shall later become its patrons. The real home is an exemplar of simple and holy living.

To create such a home of love, holiness and intellectual life, to make of it a battery where our children can be charged with that spiritual force that can fortify them against all the temptations and allurements of the world, something more is needed than is found in the average home. Wealth, culture, music, literature, education are not enough. "Except the Lord build the house, in vain do its builders toil thereon." In too many instances has that spiritual life that made our ancestors proof against the encroachments of worldliness been lost. The old familiar device, "God bless our home," is disappearing from its wonted place. That is the secret of unhappy and inefficient homes.

May God come to his home again! Parenthood is but a feeble substitute to the child of Deity. The heavenly Father must stand by the earthly parents to aid in the sacred work of preparing the child for true manhood or womanhood and developing it for life and eternity.—Joseph Silverman, D. D.

### The Power of Compassion.

There is something marvelous in the spirit of compassion. I do not mean that it seems to feel a positive pleasure in breathing the atmosphere of distress, nor that it seems to find time for every kind of well doing, nor that the heart and memory are so enlarged that a range of interest, ten times wider and more varied than personal interest finds room, but that compassion, though it is not talent nor energy, stands in the stead of these and does their work. The social good that is done in the world is not the work of its greatest minds. These set themselves one great task, and gather up all their powers for its accomplishment. They are jealous even of the minutes. They resist all distractions. The compassionate man gives up his time to others, and yet seems to find time for all things. Like the bread miraculously multiplied, he gives and yet he gathers up for himself more than he gave. How great, again, is its power to find its way to the miserably heart. Convince the wretched man that you know his mis-

ery and would ease his burden, and you have already made it lighter. Show the vicious man that you can see in him something worth caring for, and you thereby take off the despair that is at the bottom of so much vice. Let your enemy see that you have no room in your heart for any bitterness against him, and his arm will fall powerless.—Archbishop Thomson.

### Control Your Thoughts.

Until you have learned to control your thoughts, you will never be able to live a right life. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and it is because the thoughts we entertain in the hostility of the soul are worthless and vain ones that your words and acts often bring so heavy a disgrace on the name we love.

Well might the Wise Man say: "Keep thy heart above all keeping, for out of it are the issues of life." When the heart is right, the ear and the eye and the mouth and the foot will necessarily obey its promptings; but when the heart is wrong, filled with tides of ink, like the cuttlefish, it will envelop itself in the impurity to which it gives vent.

If you habitually permit evil things to have their right of way through you, or lodging within you, remember that in God's sight you are here equally guilty with those who indulge in evil acts, because you are withheld, not by your fear of him, but by your desire to maintain your position among men.

### Be Cheerful.

By enduring hardship cheerfully, or by accepting discomfort without a murmur, we may be of more real service to our fellows than by performing acts of ministry while we appear to begrudge the required effort, or while we ourselves are in an unloving mood. The way in which we do our most generous deeds is sometimes of as much importance as the deeds themselves. Many a one has been made more glad by the pleasant looks and words of one who had to refuse a requested favor, than by the reception of a desired favor from one who gave it with a sneer or a frown. The importance of the right way of doing good, in the line of giving or of withholding, should not be forgotten or undervalued. Charles Buxton says in this line, "You have not fulfilled the duty of being pleasant." How does that apply to our service to-day?

### "If Ye Abide."

Would that we were all more taken up with the personal Christ, less occupied with things about Him, more concerned with the Lord Himself. It is one of the most subtle snares laid for our feet to get us so busy with the schemes and systems, possibly good in themselves so far as they go, as that we lose sight of the one great necessity as well as crowning privilege of true discipleship—communion with the Lord. Out of touch with Jesus we are powerless for good, and destitute of blessings. If, Enoch-like, we talk with God, our path becomes like that of "the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Continuance with Christ is the sine qua non of power with God and men; to abide with the King is the best possible way both to anticipate and to hasten the kingdom.

### Hand in Hand With God.

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or those of our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings slip by and we miss half the flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?—Phillips Brooks.

### Tribulations Have Value.

Who can estimate the value of trials to a man? Dwight L. Moody once said: "I have an idea we will thank God in eternity for our reverses and trials more than anything else. I believe John Bunyan thanked God for the Bedford Jail more than for anything that happened to him down here. I believe Paul thanked God for the rods and stripes more than for anything else that happened to him. Are you passing through the waters? Don't get discouraged! God is with you. He was with Joseph when he was cast into prison. I had rather be in prison with the Almighty than outside without Him. You needn't be afraid of prison, or the grave, or death, or anything else. Cheer up, child of God; the time of your redemption draweth near!"

### Never Hides His Face.

The abiding presence of God is the heritage of every child of God. The Father never hides his face from his child. Sin hides it, and unbelief hides it; but the Father lets his love shine all the day on the face of his children. As the sun is shining day and night, so your sun will never go down. Come and live in the presence of God.—Andrew Murray.

Siberia. Siberia is yet the land of mystery. Popularly, it is supposed to be a country clad in ice, of dreary wastes of snow, barren plain and jagged mountains. This popular idea is not altogether correct. True, there are mountains and barren deserts; but there are vast plateaus and immense stretches of fertile, well watered plains. The climate is extremely cold in winter and excessively hot in summer.

**IF YOU USE BALL BLUE.**  
Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

It would be awfully foolish for women to dress the way they do if they weren't built the way they are.

### When You Buy Starch

buy Defiance and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

Occasionally a man manages to beat a woman in an argument by keeping his mouth shut.

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

One dollar isn't much money, but it's a lot for some men to win on the races.

### Chance for Eulogy.

Why don't some of our poets dash off a few lines in eulogy of that benefactor (or factress) of the race, that all around good fellow and untimidated rival of the cold storage trust—the hen that lays in winter?—Albany Argus.

### Marble in Washington State.

It is said that marble quarries as rich as those of Italy or Vermont have been discovered in the hills of Stevens county, Washington. The entire region is covered with a dense growth of lofty pines.

### Two Dilemmas for a Woman.

A woman can stand it much better to have a rainstorm come up when she is out in her best clothes than to have it clear up when she is out in her old ones which she wears only in bad weather.

### "Seasons" for Beggars.

Even beggars have their "season" in Constantinople. During the winter months the city harbors a much larger number of them than in the summer, when many migrate to the country.

### For Growing Girls.

West Pembroke, Me., March 21—Mrs. A. L. Smith of this place, says that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for growing girls. Mrs. Smith emphasizes her recommendation by the following experience:

"My daughter was thirteen years old last November and it is now two years since she was first taken with Crazy Spells that would last a week and would then pass off. In a month she would have the spells again. At these times she would eat very little and was very yellow, even the whites of her eyes would be yellow.

"The doctors gave us no encouragement, they all said they could not help her. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, she has not had one bad spell. Of course, we continued the treatment until she had used in all about a dozen boxes, and we still give them to her occasionally, when she is not feeling well. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the best medicine for growing girls."

Mothers should heed the advice of Mrs. Smith, for by so doing they may save their daughters much pain and sickness and insure a healthy, happy future for them.

A woman's idea of a stingy man is one who let's her pay car fare after she insists on doing it.

**All Up to Date Housekeepers** use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

A woman without a streak of jealousy in her make-up is like an engine without steam.

**The Best Results in Starching** can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting 4 oz. more for same money—no cooking required.

The shop lifters have organized a Steel Trust.

**Salzer's Home Bolder Corn.**

So named because 60 acres produced so heavily that its proceeds built a lovely home. See Salzer's catalog. Yielded in 1903 in Ind., 157 bu., Ohio 160 bu., Tenn., 85 bu., and in Mich. 226 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in 1904.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE YIELDS PER ACRE!**  
120 bu. Seedless Harley per acre.  
810 bu. Salzer's New Nat. Oats—per A.  
80 bu. Salzer's Speltz & Macaroni Wheat.  
1,000 bu. Pedigree Potatoes per acre.  
14 tons of rich Billion Dol. Grass Hay.  
40,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—acre.  
140,000 lbs. Teosinte, the fodder wonder.  
44,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn—rich, juicy fodder, per A.  
Now such yields you can have. Mr. Farmer, in 1904, if you will plant Salzer's seeds.

**SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c** in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their great catalog and lots of farm seed samples. (W. N. U.)

It's ever so much easier and less expensive to get married than to get un-married.

**PUTNAM EADELESS DYES** cost but 10 cents per package.

Some infants might cry less if their mothers wouldn't attempt to vocalize

I do not believe Pius's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. W. F. Brown, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1900.

Hush money seldom works as a bribe with the talkative barber.