LINES TO THE LIVER.

Let poets rave, as poets will,
About the heart and soul,
And in some high-toned sonnet still
Their lofty worth extol.
I, who must walk in humble ways
And modest muses woo,
I write this simple song to praise
The liver good and true.

What's heart or soul to mortal man,
What's anything, alack!
To us poor bilious creatures when
The liver's out of whack?
While sentiment, I take it, is
All well enough and nice,
Yet when we come right down to "biz,"
The liver cuts the ice.

So, don't you to the spooney bards'
Soft sentiment succumb,
For he who highest truth regards
Will keep his liver plumb.
He knows that heart and soul may bless
A mortal, in a way,
But, oh! they're both "N. G." unless
Your liver's all "O. K."

THE TULIP MAN

By MINERVA M. LINDEN.

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He was a tall, gaunt, white haired old man of seventy or more. He lived alone—just across the street, in an old fashioned frame building, covered with vines and creepers. In front was a little plot—a narrow strip of ground—where lilies of the valley grew in summer. Behind was a long garden filled in spring with rows and rows of blazing tulips.

I saw him first working with a little hoe among the bulbs with their long, green leaves. After that I saw him often. I would stop for a few moments on my way home in the evening and watch him while he went up and down the long rows.

He asked me to come in, one evening, and look at his tulips. I went; he showed me the different varieties, stepping among them with infinite care. Then we sat down on a little bench outside of the back door, where hop vines climbed up the side of the house, and he began the story of his life. What prompted him to tell it was my asking if he never tried to grow any flowers except tulips.

"Try, my man," he said, absently, then was silent for a while. A far-away look came into the faded eyes. He took his pipe from his mouth and knocked the ashes to the ground.

"You've never heard then? I thought everybody knew about my Kitty—Kitty and her tulips.

"It happened years ago—ah, me, so long ago; but it's as fresh to me as ever—my Kitty's simple white face and dark, pansy eyes." His coat sleeve went across his eyes as if wiping away a tear.

"When I think of that morning when I left her to go away out west, I can always see the tulips, too. They were something like these, only—ah! such blood-red ones and such white ones, so pure and delicate. Kitty, with her white apron and white linen sun-bonnet, always reminded me of the white ones.

"She lived out in the country. The house stood back from the road and you had to go down a long lane past the sheep pasture and the apple orchard to find it. I went to see her every day. She was all the world to me. I loved her—loved her with all my heart, and we were to be married when I came back—back from the west, with my pockets full of money. I bent down and kissed her and said, 'Well, good bye, Kitty—good bye, my girl. Keep a light heart till I come back. Good bye.'

"But she put her head on my shoulder and cried, 'Oh, don't go, Jim—don't go,' she kept saying over and over to the last. That was on the morning before I went away, out among the tulips, all by ourselves.

I saw him first working with a little hoe among the bulbs.

"I thought of her always. I wrote to her every mail for more than two years, but then I stopped writing, for there had come no answers to my letters for a long, long time—nearly a year. I thought something had happened to my letters—that they never reached her. It was such an out of the way sort of place, where I was. But there was money there if I would only stick to it, and I did for two years longer, and then I went home—home to my Kitty that I knew was waiting for me.

"The little station was only a short way from the house—about half a mile. So I walked. I say walked, but it was more like a run. I shaded my eyes at the head of the lane and looked down, thinking I might see her outside, somewhere—feeding the chickens, maybe, or sitting on the stoop. But I saw nothing of her.

"To the left in the barnyard an old man was milking a little black cow. I passed on up the path to the front door. I knocked; but everything was quiet. The place where the tulips grew was a wilderness of weeds.

"'Kitty! Kitty!' I called; 'Kitty, my girl, where are you?' I opened the door and went in. It was only a bare, smoke scented room, with a table in the center, covered with dirty dishes and newspapers.

"The old man came up the path with a pail of milk in his hand. It

"There she sat at the supper table."

was old Ben. He had worked on the place as long as I could remember. I met him now on the threshold.

"'Hello, Jim, hello,' says he; 'back at last—why, hello, hello. A welcome to ye.'

"Welcome? Welcome, with no Kitty; no sweetheart to claim my own; no trace of the old times, nothing, nothing—only an old man?

"We sat down on the doorstep and he told me all about it—about Kitty, her troubles with Joe Morgans and how she finally had to marry him.

"Her father and mother were both dead.

"Only Kitty left—only Ben to take care of the place. No wonder my head went around. I couldn't listen. I had to go away. I was nearly crazy—crazy to see Kitty.

"I struck off over the green fields; went over the rail fence at a leap, pushed through the milk-weed and wild gooseberry bushes. There stood the house! A window was open and I could look through it into the kitchen. I leaned against a big cherry tree and looked. There she sat at the supper table—the same white face—the same dark eyes—the same Kitty I had worked and grubbed for through four long years.

"Joe Morgans sat at the head of the table. But I didn't look at him—my eyes were on Kitty.

"Well, I couldn't stay there—there was no use. Kitty looked contented; maybe she was. I waited till I saw her get up from the table and brush the crumbs from her lap, then I crept away and walked all night.

"After that my money went: I spent it; I gave it away—wasted it. Why, I had lots of it. Why not? But I lived longer than I expected, and the money went sooner than I expected. I drifted here and there, but when I came to this spot I settled down, and I've made up my mind to die here with my tulips. They make me think of her—Kitty in the old days, before anything happened, you know—Kitty with her white apron and white sun-bonnet—Kitty kneeling among her flowers, or leaning her little head on my big shoulder, saying she'd never like anybody but me."

The old man's chin sank on his breast, and he was silent for some time. The shadows of night had fallen. Lights were twinkling in the windows.

"It is a sad story," I said.

"Sad? Oh, yes, I suppose," he replied, rousing himself. "But I'm keeping you here listening, my man. It's growing late—time for an old man like me to go to bed; so good night. Come over in the morning and I'll pull you a bunch of tulips to take over home. Well, good night."

"Good night," I said, and left him.

* * * * *

It was a cold, bitter morning in winter. I paused at the gate on my way to the office and looked across the street at the frost starred windows of the old man's house and at the smokeless chimney. He was in the habit of rising early, and I stepped over to see if anything was the matter. There was no response to my rap, so I turned the knob and pushed open the door. A pervasive feeling of cold was in the air. A pile of pine shavings lay in readiness on the hearth.

I went over to the bed, standing in the corner by the stove, and there, with one big hand thrown out over the thick, red comforter, and the blue lips slightly parted, lay the old man. He had gone to wait for Kitty—to meet her, perhaps—who knows?

That day I visited the undertaker and searched the city greenhouses for his favorite flowers. At last I found some white ones, and the next afternoon we laid him away to rest, with a tulip on his breast.

HE SORTED THEM OUT.

Minister Was Satisfied the Knots Were Safely Tied.

A clergyman who has just returned from a trip to England tells a story he heard there of the marriages made on certain feast days, when no fee is charged and the young couples come in great numbers a long distance to take advantage of the custom.

The custom is not general, but local being confined to certain rural places in the vicinity of Manchester and Oldham. "Upon one of those occasions," tells the clergyman, with a chuckle, "a delegation of fifty young people from Oldham and the surrounding country journeyed to Manchester, making a picturesque grouping at the Old English church of St. Mark's. Each one of the men carried a long staff or stick as the people there call a cane, and each of the young women brandished an umbrella, the use of which will be presently seen.

"After the ceremony of marrying the lot was concluded, and the crowd was going down the church aisle, one young woman hurried back and intercepted the rector as he was going to the vestry.

"'I theenk, meenster,' she panted, 'that you have morried me to the wrong felly.'

"Don't let that worry you," said the rector, who was in a hurry, "sort yourselves as you go out, "you're all married fast enough," and acting on his advice, they sorted out the right pairs.

"On their way back to Oldham they bought the things necessary to light housekeeping, stringing the lighter utensils on the sticks and umbrellas, poised on their shoulders."—Chicago Record Herald.

Like the Dog's.

Mrs. Frederick B. Schoff, the president of the National Congress of Mothers, dwelt forcibly in a recent address upon the evil of loquacity.

"Loquacity — talking overmuch," she said, "that is a fault inherent in too many mothers, and in too many fathers, too, if you come to that. Silence is a blessed thing and we should cultivate it when we have nothing to say. Silence is always better, to my mind, than a buzz of empty and meaningless talk. I used to know an old lady who talked overmuch. She was out walking one August afternoon when a man passed her with a dog. The dog's tongue hung out a little and the old lady stopped and said: 'That dog is not safe. It should not be at large. Its tongue hanging out of its mouth is a sure sign of rabies.'

"The old man, who knew the meddlesome old lady well, retorted: 'It's only a sign that the dog's tongue is too big for its mouth, the same as some old folks'."—Los Angeles Times.

An Incorrigible Dog.

The intelligence of the dog suffered somewhat by an Athens narrative in which it is made to appear that an old dog owned by F. Holcomb recently engaged with a rattler on the low grounds near the town, and was severely bitten. Mr. Holcomb was familiar with the formula for snake bites. He had some of the medicine on hand, consisting of whisky and quinine mixed in quantities to suit. Opening the dog's jaws he turned a liberal dose down him. Two or three days elapsed during which the animal was unable to walk straight, yet he seemed not to have any pain, and in fact appeared to enjoy himself. But at last he was sober again. One would naturally think that having been bitten once he would have fought shy of the swamp afterward, but the moment he was able to navigate he was back among the boys again watching for more snakes. This is why he seems unintelligent.—Detroit (Mich.) Tribune.

Condemned Murderer's Last Wish.

"I should like my relatives to have a photograph of me as they remember me four years ago; a picture of me not in the garb of a felon, nor with my prison number pinned on my breast, but one that will bear upon it no association with my terrible plight. This is all I ask." Burt Ross, condemned to die for the murder of Deputy Sheriff William J. Ward of San Diego, made the above request of Warden Tompkins. It is the first time in the annals of San Quentin prison that a condemned man has made such a request. It was granted by the warden, and a photograph of the murderer, in citizen's attire, was taken in the prison gallery, and copies will be given to Ross' relatives after his death, in accordance with his last wish.—San Francisco Examiner.

There was a card on the business man's desk. On it was printed in large black type:

TIME IS MONEY.
DON'T TAKE MINE UNLESS YOU CAN GIVE VALUE RECEIVED.

The business man propped this up conspicuously against a bill file and then said wearily to the office boy: "Show him in."

A large, florid man entered.

"How are you, Simpson?" he said, cordially. "Are you busy?"

"Busy pretty much all the time."

"I calculated you would be, but there was a little matter I wanted to see you about. I don't suppose I'd have thought of it hardly but Tom Dempsey—— By the way, did you know Tom was married? Yes; he married some southern girl—a Miss Avery. I got a bid to the wedding but I didn't go. Lampson went and he says she's about as pretty a girl as he ever met. Comes of one of those high-toned old families, you know. They only got back from their honeymoon trip about three weeks ago. But I guess you didn't know him very well."

"What was this little matter he reminded you of?"

"Bless your heart, he didn't remind me of it! That's a pretty good joke. Ha, ha! No. I was going to say that Tom Dempsey and I had been to lunch together at the Tolferino and as it was so close by I thought I'd come up and see you. I had it on my mind some time."

"What did you have on your mind?"

"This matter I'm talking about. I thought possible I might see you at the Tolferino. It's pretty handy for you. But the prices are steep. What do you think our check was? We had julienne soup and chops—just plain lamb chops—nothing fancy about 'em—and——"

"What was this business you wanted to see me about, Keppler?"

"Well, I was just going to tell you. To begin with—— I'll tell you, maybe I'd better look in some other time. It isn't really a matter of any great importance and you may be too busy to listen."

"Go ahead. I'm busy, but if there's anything I can do for you——"

"That's just what I told Tom. We were talking about one thing and another over our cigars. Do you smoke, Simpson?"

"No. What did you want to ask me about?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Honestly, I think you're busy now and I'd like to talk this over at leisure with you some time. No, I won't bother about it now."

The business man sighed. "Well, if you won't," he said, turning to his desk.

"Tom Dempsey——" began the visitor.

"Say, you'll have to excuse me now," said the business man, looking at his watch. "I've got some work here to finish in a hurry. Good-by. Call again."

"Oh, good-by," said the visitor, rather stiffly. "I didn't mean to take your valuable time."

He walked out of the office with an air of offended dignity and as soon as he had gone the business man took down the sign that he had propped up against the bill file and threw it into the waste basket.

Road to the Mines

This was the road between the silver mines
And the old smelter, twenty years ago;
A fading path beneath the slender pines
And the far summits of eternal snow.
Here, where the iron-roofed sheds have dropped to rust,
The quest of treasure claimed man's brawn and nerve;
The teamster's whiplash cracked through clouds of dust,
And the long mule team swung the plunging curve.

A score of years have passed since grating wheels
Slid down these rocks, held by the strident brake.
Unvexed the meadow-lark his anthem peals
To-day where yonder silvery aspens shake.
The underbrush grows thick as summers pass;
The ruts grow fainter with each winter snow;
And creeping ferns and flowers and mountain grass
Blot out the road men traveled years ago.

No more the rumbling, jarring wagons bear
Their freight of wealth. Abandoned lie the mines.
No more the fevered throngs come crowding there
Beneath the snow-peaks and the purple pines.

Long since they hastened on athirst for gold;
In far-off mines and streets they toil and plod,
While here unchanged the guardian forests hold
Eternal riches from the stores of God.

Silver and gold the mountain gives no more;
Such as it has, it gives, unasked, unbought.
Infinite wealth passed by of men before,
Mad for the petty baubles which they sought.
Nor hands of greed shall clutch the treasures stored.
Nor foot of pride come near to wreak man's will
On these, the treasure chambers of the Lord,
Locked in the fastnesses of sky and hill.

The pure in heart shall see them. Those who lift
Unto the hills their eyes shall find again
Healing for soul and body, gracious shrift
From the old burdens of life's soil and stain.
Infinite wealth of beauty, boundless store
Of fragrant gifts outreached from tree and sod.
So shall the fading roadway be once more
A road of treasure, leading up to God.
—Youth's Companion.

A Triumph of Nerve

"When I was a young man in the business," said Mr. G. S. Whitson, vice president of the National City bank, "I knew a chap who was a sort of a promoter-before-his-time. That is, if he had lived to-day he would have been exploiting industrial combinations. As it was he did the best he could in the small way his opportunities offered, and had plenty of money sometimes and none at all at others.

"He was a great fellow to talk impressively of his resources and his standing at the bank—my bank. He did have an account there, and I was very careful to see it was not overdrawn. One day he went to a simple-minded fellow who kept a grocery store and got him to cash a check for $50.

"The grocer sent his check to the bank. The chap who made it didn't have a dollar to his credit, so I promptly sent the check back to the grocer marked 'N. G.' in big, black letters.

"The grocer knew dimly that his check hadn't been paid, and he waited for the promoter. Finally he came strutting along, a few days later.

"'Here, you!' shouted the grocer, 'I want to see you. The bank sent back that check I cashed for you.'

"The grocer produced the check. The promoter looked it over carefully. He observed the big black 'N. G.' I had scrawled on it.

"'Why, my dear sir,' he said, reaching down in his pocket, pulling up a big roll of bills and handing $50 in cash to the grocer, 'allow me to supply the deficiency. I see the difficulty. All my checks are payable in gold. It is evident the bank had no gold on hand when you presented the check, for they marked it "N. G.," which means "No Gold." Pleasant weather we're having, isn't it? Good morning.'"—New York World.

Story Got the Money

So apt was the story told by the Rev. Robert S. MacArthur in the pulpit last Sunday that it resulted in one of the largest collections of the year, says the New York Times. He spoke in warm terms of the character of John Eliot, the missionary to the Indians, one of whose most lovable traits was an unbounded generosity.

"Out of his salary of fifty pounds a year he gave large sums to charity," said Dr. MacArthur. "On one occasion the secretary of the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel, when paying Eliot his quarterly stipend, sought to do him a service. He hit upon a plan of safeguarding the missionary's money, knowing that in all likelihood Eliot otherwise would give away every penny of it before he reached his home." (Here Dr. MacArthur stepped forward to the side of the pulpit and drew out his pocket handkerchief.) "The wily secretary took Eliot's handkerchief and tied up some of the money this way in one corner, and some so in another, and so on with the four corners. And firm, hard knots he made of them before handing the handkerchief over to its owner.

"It chanced that Eliot on his way home fell in with a worthy woman whose appearance told of dire poverty and distress. He stopped to speak to her and pretty soon, his heart being touched, pulled out the handkerchief. He intended to give a sovereign to her. For some time he tugged and strained at the knots, but, try as he might, the corners refused to come untied. Then, calmly rolling the handkerchief up into a ball, the missionary placed it in the astonished woman's hands, saying: 'My good woman, I think the Lord meant you to have it all.'

"The ushers," Dr. MacArthur added, "now will pass the basket for collection, and you can imitate John Eliot's example—if you are so minded."

And the congregation dug deep.

ALL DONE OUT.

Veteran Joshua Heller of 706 S. Walnut street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1899 after taking Doan's Kidney Pills I told the readers of this paper that they had relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of a lame back with pain across my loins and beneath the shoulder blades. During the interval which has elapsed I have had occasion to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of an attack. On each and every occasion the results obtained were just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. I just as emphatically endorse the preparation to-day as I did over two years ago."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

More Private.

"I suppose," said the rural postmistress' friend, "you get lots of enjoyment out of reading the postal cards."

"Oh," replied the postmistress, "not near so much as I get out of the letters I steam."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Poker Helped Him.

Hewitt—There is no royal road to wealth.

Jewett—Oh, I don't know. I got my start with a royal flush.—New York Times.

In Emmons Co., Dakota.

We can sell you 160 acres fine land. You can break 100 acres this spring, sow it to Salzer's Flax and reap enough to pay for your land, etc., having a fine farm free the first year. Have ten such pieces for sale.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.,
(W. N. U.) La Crosse, Wis.

Humane.

Dyer—Why don't they limit the speed of automobiles in this town?

Deddun—Because they think it is better to kill a man than to maim him.

As We Find Him.

We came upon the college man in the green sweater.

"Studying much?" we asked.

"Studying?" he echoed, his eyes dilating with astonishment. "Well, I guess not. I finished up football in the fall, now I'm playing hockey, soon it will be polo, then lacrosse, and later on baseball."

"When do you expect to open your books?"

"Well, during next vacation, if I get a chance."—Chicago News.

Too Much, Indeed.

"What's the trouble, Harker?"

"Too much raising."

"How's that?"

"Why, I raised the car window for a very pretty young lady, and then she raised her eyes."

"That was nice."

"Then I raised my hat, and her father came in and raised cane."—Chicago News.

A Boston Couple.

Joklin—When I'm away from home I get a letter from my wife every day.

Milmak—But you're not obliged to read them.

Joklin—You don't know my wife. She catechises me about them when I get home and I have to be letter perfect in every one of them.—Boston Transcript.

WORRY

A Sure Starter for Ill Health.

Useless worrying (a form of nervousness) is indirectly the result (through the nerves) of improper feeding. A furniture man of Memphis says:

"About a year ago I was afflicted with nervous spells, would worry so over trivial things.

"I went to consult one of the best physicians in Memphis and he asked among many questions if I drank coffee.

"His advice was: 'Go to some provision store and get a box of Postum, drink it in place of coffee, and as you are confined to your desk to a great extent try and get out in the open air as much as possible.' I followed his instructions regarding the Postum.

"At that time my weight was 142 and I was taking all kinds of drugs and medicines to brace me up, but all failed; to-day I weigh 165 and all of my old troubles are gone, and all the credit is due to having followed this wise physician's advice and cut off the coffee and using Postum in its place.

"I now consider my health perfect. I am willing to go before a notary public and testify that it was all due to my having used Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reson for quitting the drug-drink coffee, and there's a reason for drinking Postum. Trial 10 days proves them all.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."