

THE GREATEST GIFT.

One man would give his soul for wealth
And one craves manly grace;
One sighs for strength and perfect health,
One for a handsome face;
One longs to have the gift of song,
And one would hear the cheer
Of people as he strides along;
But oh that I might be as he
That purts himself up foolishly,
Supposing all men stop to see
How splendid he appears.
One risks his life pursuing fame,
One burns the midnight oil
To make his name a deathless name,
And one for love may toil;
One tries to be supreme in art
And one wastes precious years
For power in the busy mart.
But none has gladness such as he
Has in his heart who blissfully
Boasts of himself and cannot see
How foolish he appears.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

AN OLD SONG

By Mrs. Moses P. Handy.

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ALICE FRAZIER was 22 years of age when she married Silas Hopkins; she was 27 when he died, leaving her sole heir to all his wealth. Strictly speaking, it would be more correct to say that he had married her; she had small volition in the matter.

It had never occurred to her to regard Mr. Hopkins as a possible suitor. Almost as old as her father, his hair nearly as gray, he had been the familiar friend of the family ever since she could remember. As a child she sat on his knee, and he brought her toys and candy; as a young lady he kept her supplied with flowers and matinee tickets.

The Fraziers were well off enough to have all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life, but they could not afford superfluities. Mr. Frazier was a director of the Bull Dog Security bank, in which also his moderate fortune was invested; having implicit confidence in the bank, he had not hesitated to trust all his eggs therein.

It was the old story of a bank president and treasurer speculating with the money of the depositors, and when the consequent crash came Mr. Frazier was overwhelmed, not only because of his personal loss, but by a crushing sense of responsibility for the losses sustained by others. He argued that as a director he should have detected and prevented dishonesty before it entailed ruin.

This was why the shock killed him; not instantly, since he lingered for days afterwards, but the news brought on a paralytic stroke from which he never entirely rallied.

Alice was away, visiting a wealthy relative at a fashionable seaside resort, when the calamity befell. It was Mr. Hopkins who sent the dispatch announcing her father's illness; Mr. Hopkins who with his coupe met her at the railway station when she hurried home.

Alice found her father tormented by anxiety, which amounted to anguish, about his wife and daughter. His life was insured for a trifling sum, so small that it was impossible they could live on it even after his death; meanwhile he was helpless and bankrupt.

Then it was that Mr. Hopkins asked Alice to be his wife, saying, simply, that he had loved her for years, but never thought to tell her so. Now he ventured to beg that in her time of need she would give him the right to provide for her and hers. And, without waiting for Alice to answer, he assured her father that to do so would be the greatest happiness which he could ask.

Oh, the look of ineffable relief which came into the face of the dying man! He did not ask if his daughter were willing, but, bracing himself to a final effort, took her hand and laid it in that of his friend. "God bless you both," he murmured, and then, with a smile on his lips, went out into the Great Hereafter.

After this it was more than ever Mr. Hopkins who did everything. Alice felt herself bound hand and foot; although the bonds were of softest silk, they were strong as steel.

How could she tell them about Dick? Dick, who loved her, and whom she loved dearly, but who had nothing but his youth and strength, his manly beauty and his pay as ensign in the United States navy? Dick, for whom she had promised to wait a lifetime, if need be, and who had sailed away on a three-years' cruise the day before Mr. Hopkins' telegram came.

There was a naval station near the watering place where Alice was visiting, and the officers of the man-of-war in port were coming and going continually. As one of the prettiest girls at the Cape, Alice had been one of the belles of the season. She and Richard Harvie had fallen in love with each other, after the inconsequent manner of young things who take no thought of the future. They had settled it that they were to be married when Dick got his "step;" meanwhile he was to perform prodigies of valor, and it would be happiness to be engaged.

There were moments when Alice felt impelled to tell Mr. Hopkins the story and throw herself upon his magnanimity, which she felt sure would not fail, but she refrained for the sake of her mother. Crushed and broken-hearted, Mrs. Frazier had but one joy left, the satisfaction which she took in her daughter's engagement to Mr. Hopkins. When it came to the point, Alice felt that she must suffer anything rather than deprive her of that.

She wrote to Dick and waited feverishly for an answer, her letter being scarcely more than an incoherent appeal for advice. Weeks passed, bringing no reply, and Alice bethought herself bitterly that it had been generally understood at the Cape that Miss

Frazier was the only child of well-to-do parents.

She let Mr. Hopkins and her mother fix the wedding day, and resigned herself to the inevitable. It was on her marriage morn that the expected letter came:

"I am deeply grieved to hear of your loss and sympathize with you and your mother. In justice to yourself, since you ask my counsel, I must advise you to accept your wealthy suitor; a poor devil like me cannot expect to count."

"May you have all the happiness you deserve."

"Sincerely yours,"

"R. S. HARVIE."

Alice read the note twice, seeing only the sarcasm, and not the pain between the lines. It stung her to the quick, yet she felt relief that he had accepted the situation so quietly.

Then she burned the note and set herself steadfastly to forget the writer.

The majority of women are like cats, in that they purr to the hand which strokes them gently and accepts life's cream graciously.

Mr. Hopkins adored his young wife and rejoiced to gratify her every whim. Moreover, Alice had always been fond of him, and to her surprise she found herself by no means unhappy. It would be too much to say that she ceased to remember Dick, but that young man was thousands of miles away, and the thinking did no harm, even though, during the Spanish war, she searched the newspapers for news of him, and felt a little thrill of pride and pleasure when she saw that Ensign Richard Scott Harvie had been promoted to a lieutenantcy for distinguished gallantry in action. She could not guess that Dick, pierced to the core by what he considered her mercenary course, had made up his mind to let her see that the loss had been hers.

That was shortly before Mr. Hopkins was taken ill—a long and serious illness—and Alice's wifely anxiety drove everything else out of her mind. Her husband's death was a genuine grief to her, all the greater because she felt that in return for his whole heart she had given him so little of her own. She missed him even more than she had done her father, and fell into a sort of apathy which lasted until she was roused by the discovery that her mother's health was failing.

"It is nothing serious," the doctor told her. "She needs change of air rather than medicine. Take her to Old Point Comfort. This climate is deadly at this time of year."

The change did good to both mother and daughter. Alice soon found herself taking more than a languid interest in life. The proximity of Portsmouth, with its navy yard, made naval uniforms a frequent sight, and revived old memories.

It was scarcely a surprise to her when, as she entered the hotel parlor one evening after dinner, she found herself face to face with Dick Harvie. Involuntarily she extended both hands.

"Oh, Dick!" she exclaimed, and recovered her self-possession almost instantly, feeling the chill of his manner. Mr. Harvie barely touched her hand with one of his; the other arm rested in a sling. "Mrs. Hopkins?" he said, coolly. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

Alice shrank into herself, like a sea anemone, but she managed to ask, politely: "You have been wounded?"

"Only a trifle. My ship and I are both in dock for repairs. Excuse me," and he left her to join a group at the further end of the room.

Thereafter, although they saw each other almost every day, their intercourse was of the scantiest. Alice was persuaded that Dick wished to avoid her, and kept carefully out of his way. This was not difficult. All the other women lionized him as a hero, and Alice, as befitted her widow's weeds, held herself aloof from gay company.

She had no idea that the old wound rankled still in her lover's heart, that he shunned her as a burnt child dreads the fire.

"He despises me too much to notice me," she told herself, bitterly, and devoted herself more tenderly to her mother.

A week went by thus; then fate led Dick Harvie past the door of the music room, where he heard a well-remembered voice in song. He paused behind the heavy portiere in time to hear Alice sing the last line of "Annie Laurie."

"How beautifully you sing those Scotch ballads," said one admiring voice.

"Pray don't stop," cooed another.

"You know 'Auld Robin Gray,' do you not, Mrs. Hopkins?" asked the accompanist, a musician in the pay of the hotel. "Pray sing it for us; it is so admirably adapted to your voice," and she played the prelude without waiting for yea or nay.

There was a little tremor in Alice's voice as she began, or at least Dick fancied so, but as she sang it disappeared, and she held her little audience spellbound. Dick, listening behind the curtain, scarcely breathed while the thrilling tones rehearsed the pathetic tale of filial self-sacrifice. It moved him to the depths, and his eyes were moist as she sang the last verse:

"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin; I daurna think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin; For I'll do my best a gude wife to be, For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me."

As the song ended, with a half sob which was the perfection of artistic finish, there was a murmur of applause and earnest requests for more. But Alice excused herself, smilingly; she had already left her mother too long.

As she passed through the portiere, on her way out, her eyes cast down to hide the tears which were ready to start, a hand was laid on her arm, and she lifted her lashes to meet Dick's eyes with the old love-look in them which she knew so well.

"Was that really and truly the way of it, Alice?" he whispered.

And Alice could only sob, under her breath: "Oh, Dick!"

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"In what way did he lose his self-possession?" "Very simply. He gave himself away."—Philadelphia Times.

"What you doin' now, Eben?" "I'm barberin'." "Well, I always said you'd be a barber ever since you was a little shaver."—Indianapolis News.

Tact.—Weary Waggle—"Dey ain't no sich a t'ing as hydrophobia." Willie Wontwork—"Aw, I'm on ter youse; youse wants me ter tackle de houses where dey got dogs, don't yer?"—Ohio State Journal.

"Say, Madge," remarked her slangy brother, "if I tell you a secret can you keep it 'way down in your boots?" "Yes," she replied, demurely; "if it isn't a very big secret I can."—Philadelphia Record.

Delays Are Dangerous.—"It's time, Emil, that we thought of Hulda's getting married. She is already 18 years old!" "Oh, let her wait till the right sort of a man comes along!" "Why wait? I didn't!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Did She Accept Him?—Tess—"He proposed to her in rather a grown-up way." Jess—"Why, I understood he merely asked her to share his fortune." Tess—"No, he asked her if she would care to share his lot. They were walking in the cemetery at the time."—Philadelphia Press.

"Brethren and sisters," concluded Rev. Washington Johnson, "I have demonstrated abstrusely dat de Lord hates a thief—dat he is not to be propagated by no offering, thefo' I beg de pusion or pussions who stole yo' pastor's hog to make no contribution at de circulation of de offertory platter." Note: The collection beat all previous records.—Princeton Tiger.

SILVER OF THE NAVY.

Walden Fawcett Tells of Beautiful Silver Services That Are Kept on Uncle Sam's Battleships.

In Woman's Home Companion Walden Fawcett has an article on "Presenting a Silver Service to a Battleship." He not only describes some of the most interesting pieces of plate, but goes into the details of the presentation. The following is an extract:

"The method of procedure when a sovereign state undertakes to procure some handsome tableware for the jolly tars whom it regards as specially under its care is an interesting one. It is customary, almost as soon as the navy department has announced that one of the battleships building or projected will bear the name of a certain state, for her representatives in congress to hold a meeting and launch a project for presenting the vessel with a silver service. Next prominent naval officers have to be consulted with regard to the number of pieces considered desirable, and as to their design and finish. It is notable that the authorities consulted under such circumstances are certain to be almost unanimous in their advocacy of simplicity of design. The naval officers are also very likely to suggest the desirability of securing massive ware and pieces large enough to prevent their being easily lost. The regular committee, which has meanwhile been appointed, embodies this advice in a circular, and invites all the leading silversmiths of the country to submit competitive designs. Not infrequently these sketches are all completed and on exhibition long before the funds have been raised. Thus there is ample opportunity for the thorough discussion of the artistic merit of the various suggestions. Then comes the award of the contract, and finally, after a year or two, the formal presentation ceremonies, which are attended by prayer and music and much speech-making. The presentation address is made by the governor or some other state dignitary, and the captain commanding the new vessel endeavors to express the gratitude of the ship's company."

INSECT PESTS OF HAWAII.

Many Destroyers of Humanity's Peace Have Come to the Islands from Other Lands.

No spot on earth has suffered so much from the importation of insect pests as the islands composing the Hawaiian group. Time was when it was a pleasure to live there because of the absence of such plagues; now it is different, says a recent report.

The two chief products of these islands are sugar and coffee, while a considerable amount of fruit is also grown. Along with the imported trees came their insect enemies, notably the scale insect and the aphids. In the course of time these increased so prodigiously that they threatened to destroy the industries of the country. Man is doomed to a constant struggle against nature and he is often compelled, so to speak, to fight her with her own weapons. So it was in this case. The trees were being destroyed by insects; remedy, import more insects. So in 1890 a certain ladybird (vedalia cardinalis) was sent over from Australia. It became completely naturalized and increased prodigiously, feeding on the scale insects, which it soon reduced in numbers until they became comparatively scarce.

But there were other insect plagues—aphides and others of different orders. The government therefore employed a naturalist to import more insects. These were brought from Australia and many of them were ladybirds. Several of them have established themselves and done good service. One of the most useful is a ladybird which feeds on the aphides, which had seriously attacked the sugar canes. It has done such good work that there is every prospect of the canes being speedily cured.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

St. Petersburg, Russia, is discussing a \$100,000,000 overhead railroad.

France bought \$800,000 worth of toys of Germany in 1900.

Residents in England have \$110,000,000 invested in mortgages in foreign countries.

Holland has 10,100 windmills, each of which drains 310 acres of land, at an average cost of 25 cents an acre a year.

The exportation of beer from France has increased in ten years from 947,421 gallons to 2,144,030 gallons.

The recent census of Malta gives the total population, including troops, as 185,000, an increase in ten years of about 8,000.

New Zealand has so many rapid streams and rivers that their water might be easily utilized to supply motive power for machinery.

A German correspondent at Moscow says the Russian police have come to the conclusion that in student riots the female students are always the most aggressive persons.

At a meeting of the National Poultry Organization association it was stated that the annual consumption of eggs in the United Kingdom averages 130 per head of the population.

The largest sponge ever sent to market was from the Mediterranean. It was ten feet in circumference and three feet in diameter.

There will be representatives of 42 different tribes of Indians in the Indian congress at the Pan-American exposition, at Buffalo, this summer.

Distilling seems to be profitable in Russia. A Moscow firm, "Widow Popova," has distributed 1,200,000 rubles as dividends for the year 1900 on a capital of 500,000 rubles.

Judge Jenks of the supreme court of New York, told the law students of New York university the other day that "the man with furrows in his brow wins against the man with creases in his trousers every time."

Take a ton of good canned coal and distill it in a gas retort. It will give 10,000 cubic feet of gas, 25 gallons of ammoniacal liquor, 30 pounds of ammonium sulphate, 13 pounds weight of coke, and 12 gallons of coal tar.

A Balloon Ascensionist Killed. A balloon ascensionist was recently killed while making one of his daring trips. Life is too valuable to trifle with in fool-hardy adventures. It is better to employ ourselves in peaceful pursuits, where we may be secure. Then if we take care of our health, we can live to a good old age. The best means of promoting health is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine cures dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, flatulency and insomnia. Be sure and try it.

Insignificant. She—I don't believe you're telling the truth. He—You are most annoying sometimes. I suppose you think you can read me like a book. "O! no. Like a paragraph, I should say."—Philadelphia Press.

CAUSE OF FALLING HAIR. Dandruff, which is a germ disease—Kill the Germ.

Falling hair is caused by dandruff, which is a germ disease. The germ, in burrowing in to the root of the hair, where it destroys the vitality of the hair, causing the hair to fall out, dig up the cuticle in little scales called dandruff or scurf. You can't stop the falling hair without curing the dandruff, and you can't cure the dandruff without killing the dandruff germ. Destroy the cause, you remove the effect. Nechro's Herpicide is the only hair preparation that kills the dandruff germ. Herpicide is also a delightful hair dressing.

Both Had One. An enthusiastic Louisiana fisherman had great luck while fishing on the Illinois river recently. During the day he wired his wife: "I've got one, weighs seven pounds and is a beauty." He was considerably surprised to receive the following reply from his wife: "So have I. Weighs ten pounds. He isn't a beauty. Looks like you."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. Low Rates to Buffalo via the North-Western Line.

From Minneapolis and St. Paul: \$24.50—Return limit, ten days. \$31.35—Return limit, fifteen days. \$38.80—Return limit, Oct. 31. Tickets, illustrated pamphlets and all information at city ticket offices: 383 Robert street, St. Paul; 413 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis; or address T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Men with Weak Intellects. The claim on a Cunauder forced a "skin" gambler to give up his gains. The gambler, of course, regards it as an unjust discrimination, as a man who does not read the papers enough to keep away from steamboat poker is pretty sure to give his money to the first bunco man he meets after he goes ashore.—Washington Star.

Best for the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Bloodshed Avoided. Jones—What would you do if your burglar alarm went off in the night? Brown—Well, in the dark, you know, it would take me a good while to find my shoes and my pistol, and that would give the burglar time to get away.—Detroit Free Press.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy, Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Smarting, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Drugists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Don't swear at the mercury. May be it has been climbing up to find a cool place.—Indianapolis News.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Selfishness runs in families.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

A JUDGE'S WIFE CURED OF PELVIC CATARRH.

She Suffered for Years and Felt Her Case Was Hopeless—Cured by Pe-ru-na.



MRS. JUDGE MCALLISTER.

Mrs. Judge McAllister writes from 1217 West 33rd st., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"I suffered for years with a pain in the small of my back and right side. It interfered often with my domestic and social duties and I never supposed that I would be cured, as the doctor's medicine did not seem to help me any. 'Fortunately a member of our Order advised me to try Peruna and gave it such high praise that I decided to try it. Although I started in with little faith, I felt so much better in a week that I felt encouraged."

"I took it faithfully for seven weeks and am happy indeed to be able to say that I am entirely cured. Words fail to express my gratitude. Perfect health once more is the best thing I could wish for, and thanks to Peruna I enjoy that now."—Minnie E. McAllister.

The great popularity of Peruna as a catarrh remedy has tempted many people to imitate Peruna. A great many so-called catarrh remedies and catarrh tonics are to be found in many drug stores. These remedies can be procured by the druggist much cheaper than Peruna. Peruna can only be obtained at a uniform price, and no druggist can get it a cent cheaper.

Thus it is that druggists are tempted to substitute the cheap imitations of Peruna for Peruna. It is done every day without a doubt.

Dilatory. "It's kind of discouraging, Ethel," said Mr. Cumrox, "kind of discouraging." "What is, father?" "It's nearly a month since you read your graduation essay, and they haven't taken your advice on how to run the government yet."—Washington Star.

The Boss—"If we are to retain your services, Mr. Lambkin, you must take more care of your appearance. You look as if you hadn't shaved for a week." The Clerk—"But, sir, I am growing a beard." The Boss—"That's no excuse. You must do that sort of thing out of business hours."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Prevent Baldness

And Cleanse the Scalp of Crusts, Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with



And light dressings with CUTICURA; purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions of Women

USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure; for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chaffing, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEW, 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Sole U.S.A. Agents: CUTICURA SOAP, THE SET, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, sold by all druggists and chemists.

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