

LOVE'S GLAMOUR

Oh, love is like the wondrous dawn
Of summer days,
When thro' morn's haze
A purple beauty comes, is gone.
For e'en when short 'tis, Oh, so sweet,
And while it lasts
A glamor casts
Far stretched and fair before our feet.
Ah, love, why need that glamor fade?
Do we not know
Enough of woe,
Of sorrow and of hope dismayed,
Without the crowning loss of thee?
For lone life's ways
And dear its days
To hearts where love has ceased to be.



Octavia's Arrest

Octavia admitted that there were many paths in life, but in the same breath she declared that the only one for her was the bridge path in Central park.

Bobbie, her chosen partner in this path had never asked her to travel it with him, but it seemed to be an understood agreement inasmuch as he showed a decided aversion to going with any one else.

Bobbie was her horse, and Octavia sat him well. Bobbie's rider was not pretty, but in the saddle she was a vision of graceful strength, and she possessed a fascination beyond that of many a ballroom beauty.

Octavia rode alone. Not only did she scorn the idea of a groom herself, but she felt intuitively that Bobbie would consider him a personal insult. Bobbie gloried in the knowledge that his mistress was entrusted solely to his care.

Sometimes Octavia would imagine they were in the open country and that instead of the unimpeded path before them, there were fences and gulleys and all sorts of rough places to clear. And Bobbie seemed to understand that when she caressed his well-arched neck and said, "Now, Bobbie," he was to leap a make-believe fence.

One morning—Octavia and Bobbie loved the morning—they encountered more than the usual number of rough spots in their make-believe field. There were few persons in the path, and Bobbie's small, proud head was held more erectly than ever.

"Now, Bobbie, over," said Octavia, smiling at the sheer foolishness of it all.

Up in the air they went and came down as gracefully as a bird soaring from sky to earth. Before Octavia could pull in her reins Bobbie was scattering the sand in all directions and running at a break-neck pace down the path.

Octavia and her mount might object to grooms to their heart's content, but they could not, with reason, censure the blue-coated man trotting close behind them at this moment. If they violated the speed law they must take the consequences.

All aglow from the excitement, Octavia pulled Bobbie up. Her gold-brown hair was flying about her face and she laughed as she turned to the big policeman.

But as she looked up into his face the color faded, she pulled her reins taut and sat like a statue in the saddle. Bobbie, not understanding this mode of procedure, did some acrobatic maneuvers and dashed madly along the path again.

The policeman's word, "You are riding too fast," were spoken to a dust-filled atmosphere. He sat still on his



Up in the air they went.

mount for a moment, heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Octavia!"

Slowly he turned his horse in the opposite direction and cantered slowly off. "And to think that I almost arrested her. Octavia in New York and—and I like this.

He rode on, hoping yet fearing, that

she would overtake him. Would she speak to him? But why should she? What interpretation would she put upon his position? A policeman!

Norman Rogers had been sent to college a rich man's son. Prior to that, and, indeed, during his first few vacations at home, he had seen much of Octavia Bellamy. They became en-



"Arrest me, please."

gaged only to quarrel over a trivial matter and to grow farther and farther apart.

Norman was studying for the bar. In the last year but one of his college course his father died, not, as everyone supposed, a rich man, but absolutely insolvent.

Norman disliked the idea of spending the summer, his last vacation, in an office, but he determined to make enough money to finish his law course. There was no one dependent upon him, so he might do as he liked. And what he liked most of all in the world was horseback riding.

An idea flashed through his mind! In New York no one would know him. It was far from his home town. Yes, he would do it. He would be a mounted policeman for the summer.

And Octavia? She patted Bobbie's head again and again, using soft, caressing tones to quiet him, but her thoughts were not with the black steed beneath her.

It was incomprehensible. He had given no explanation, but then he had no opportunity. She even wished he had arrested her, for then she might have talked to him. Anything was better than her present state of mind. Norman Rogers, a policeman! She could not understand it.

She threw her head up with a determination to find out, and touched Bobbie lightly with the whip.

He should talk to her, even if she had to be arrested. He would have to do his duty, and she would break all speed laws right under his very nose! If he did not stop her some other policeman would, and Octavia felt that he would not subject her to that humiliation. No, not even after all the things they had said to each other long ago.

She whipped Bobbie up until she was close behind him on the path. "Go, Bobbie," she said, and they tore past him at a lively pace, but no policeman followed. Norman was always stubborn.

Octavia tried strategy. She rode close to him and dropped her crop. He must, at least, be polite. While he dismounted to pick it up she said: "Arrest me, please," and looked so appealingly into his eyes that he mounted, took hold of Bobbie's bridle with one hand, and with the other, guided his own, well-trained animal.

"Norman," she said, holding loosely to the reins. An electric thrill seemed to pierce her with the very thought that his hand, too, held the bridle. "Tell me about it. Why—I know your father is dead—" She hesitated.

"You didn't know his son was a policeman," he finished for her. "And

you are not to care. We—we are strangers now, Octavia."

But Octavia noted the slight mark of interrogation in the words.

"I've always cared, Norman, ever since those silly days at home. We are not strangers."

And then, perhaps because they were not strangers, the policeman and his law-breaking young persecutor rode leisurely along the bridge path and explained many things.

And, somehow, they forgot the fine and the arrest, and Bobbie and everything else but themselves.

"Bobbie, dear," said Octavia, as she patted him fondly when she mounted that day, "you're a good boy. You—you like to run fast and be arrested, don't you? And—and maybe, after a long, long while, Bobbie, dear, you and I will get tired riding all by ourselves every day, and we will have another home and rider with us. Eh, Bobbie?"—Boston Globe.

AND HE TOOK SOMETHING.

Convivial Gentleman's Remarks Had a Proper Effect.

A venerable looking gentleman with a bunch of chin whiskers and a sociable condition of mind sat in a hotel one night earlier in the week, but a couple of younger men who were seated on either side of him did not respond to his attempts at conversation. Finally he began to soliloquize: "I have great respect for a mummy; think of one lying there with the dust of centuries about his person and a thirt three or four centuries long. Just think of it!"

"Then, I love the deaf and dumb. There is something so placid about the absolutely meaningless look with which they will gaze over the top of your head when you suggest a little something to pull in your stomach."

"The parrot is not to be despised, either, when you are looking for quiet company and an appreciative listener."

Suddenly, pulling himself together, he turned to one of the young men, and, with all the solemnity the occasion demanded, asked:

"Are you a parrot, or will you come and take something?"

And the barkeeper was a quarter the good.

DANGER IN "HOME REMEDIES."

Their Use Often Attended by Most Serious Injury.

"The trouble with poor persons who try to doctor themselves before coming here," said a physician in a public dispensary, "is that they do not know the first thing about the 'simple remedies,' as they call them, that they use. Oftentimes they do themselves serious injury through sheer ignorance. I had a man in here the other day who had taken half an ounce of cholera mixture. Somebody had told him to take half a teaspoonful. It is the same way with paregoric, sweet nitre, ammonia and other well-known household remedies. Persons who trust to their memory are likely to get mixed, and either take an overdose or use the wrong medicine. A woman came in here suffering from the effects of a drug that she should never have obtained except on a physician's prescription. It was the big overdose and her prompt application for relief that saved her. When I scolded her she showed me a clipping from one of the weekly papers that runs a doctor's column. The dose prescribed was enough to kill a horse."—New York Press.

Immense Chemical Factory.

The largest factory of chemicals in the world is said to be the aniline and soda establishment of Baden, in Ludwigshafen-on-the-Rhine. The works employ 148 scientific chemists, 75 technical engineers, 305 clerks and more than 6,000 workmen. There are 421 buildings for factory purposes and 548 dwellings for laborers and 91 for officials. One hundred and two boilers furnish steam for 253 engines with 12,160 horsepower. Gas is extensively used as fuel. Five large steam hoists on the banks of the river are used for loading and unloading. The works own a vessel with a capacity of 600 metric tons, for the transportation of sulphuric acid. A network of railway, having a total length of twenty-seven miles, connects with the State railroad system. Three hundred and eighty-seven cars are owned by the factory.

American Money Spent Abroad.

The indications are that foreign travel will this summer exceed that of any previous season. Sixty-seven sailings a month of first-class passenger steamships will be made from New York for European ports. This is provision for 86,000 passengers between April and September. An expert estimate puts the amount paid for steamship fares at \$31,000,000 and the expenditures in Europe at \$70,000,000. This weighs heavily against our four to five million balance of trade.

American Emigrants.

The State from which there is the least emigration is Louisiana. Vermont furnishes the largest proportion of migratory Americans.

Foe of Ritualism.

The Rev. R. S. Frillingham, the English clergyman who has caused a sensation by getting into a controversy with Bishop Potter of New York, regarding ritualism, is a short, portly, pleasant looking man, whose appearance suggests the successful drummer. He is a zealous foe of ritualism—"idolrous worship," he calls it—and has been taking a trip around the world by way of a rest.

Gave a Picnic to 26,000 Children.

Senator James John Frawley, the Tammany leader in the 32d assembly district of New York, recently gave a picnic to 26,000 children in Central Park. None was barred in the entire assembly district on account of color or creed. At the picnic there were used 80,000 lemons, three tons of candy, 25,000 sandwiches and 1,000 gallons of ice cream.

Prospects of Longevity.

Out of every 1,000,000 persons who are born in the same year, 312,000 live for seventy years, 107,000 for eighty years, and 8,841 for ninety years. Two hundred and forty-five persons out of every 1,000,000 live for ninety-seven years; 119 for ninety-eight, fifty-four for ninety-nine, twenty-three for 100, nine for 101, three for 102, and one for 103 years.

Russian Wheat in Good Shape.

Consul General W. R. Holloway writes from St. Petersburg, May 15, 1903, that, according to data compiled by the Ministry of Agriculture, the outlook for wheat in European Russia is satisfactory. Winter wheat is fair, especially in the southern provinces. The spring has been unusually mild.

Lord Minto Not a Social Success.

The rumor is revived that Lord Minto will shortly resign the lieutenant governorship of the Dominion of Canada. He confesses that he has been a social failure at Ottawa, through inability to comprehend the lines of social demarcation that obtain among the elite of Ottawa.

Home of Fine Laces.

Some of the finest laces being used this season come from Idria, a small mountain town in Italy with about 6,000 inhabitants. It has been for some centuries the usual house industry of the women, who formerly worked from old Croatian patterns and Slav designs.

Various Alcoholic Beverages.

Powerful alcoholic beverages are distilled from bananas, the milk of coconuts, rice, and peas. The Japanese distill spirit from plums, peaches and the flower of the motherwort. The Chinese make an alcoholic drink from plums.

Bicycles in France.

The number of bicycles in France last year was 1,250,000, or ten times more than in 1895. Roughly speaking, the number of bicycles has increased by 125,000 yearly for some years. The last census showed 6,000 automobiles.

The Cat Didn't Show It.

"Yes," Mrs. Stayathome told Mrs. Godback, "your husband took awful good care of the cat while you were away, and he had lots of help, too. Almost every night I heard them calling, 'Fatten up the kitty.'"

Few Have Good Teeth.

According to a German paper, out of 3,000 soldiers recently mustered into rank and file in Breslau, Silesia, only 184 had good teeth. The number of bad teeth of the other soldiers was no less than 26,394.

Turbine Engines.

Faith in the new steam turbine engines is shown in the fact that two manufacturers have contracts to furnish in the aggregate, approximately 540,000-horse-power capacity of them.

It So Happens.

The man who talks the most about a woman keeping to her sphere is generally the one who is obliged to hustle to keep up with some woman competitor.

Her Hopes.

When a girl is in doubt as to which man squeezed her hand in the dark it is because she hopes it was the one who didn't do it.—New York Press.

It May Be So.

Pittsburg uses over \$1,000,000 worth of water each year. You would not think it to look at her face.—Louisville (Ky.) Post.

Up to New Jersey.

How can it be possible that mosquitoes are killed by music when they are so fond of a little song of their own?

Where the Frost Takes Hold.

A returned miner from the Klondike states that at a depth of 225 feet he found the ground frozen hard.

Embryo Acquittoes.

Certain species of mosquitoes hibernate in the adult state, others in the larval state and some in the egg. Larvae live through a winter in solid ice.

MANY CHILDREN ARE SICKLY.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists', 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch is fast taking place of all other brands. Others say they cannot sell any other starch.

A little girl was asked to write an essay about man. The following was her composition. "Man is a funny animal. He has eyes to see with hands to feel with, and is split up the middle, and walks on the split ends."

"Of course, we needn't believe everything we hear about our friends." "True. But, thank heaven, we can repeat it!"

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

"Jennie brags that she's got two strings to her bow." "Well, she'll need several more if she expects to hold him."

TELEGRAPH OPERATORS IN DEMAND. Telegraphy thoroughly taught in the CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Denver. Write for Journal.

It is unlucky to have thirteen at the table when the dinner set has only twelve knives, forks and plates.

If you have smoked a Bullhead 5-cent cigar you know how good they are; if you have not, better try one.

"Are you blind, by nature?" asked the charitably inclined citizen. "No, sir," candidly replied the beggar. "I'm blind by profession."

Pico's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. EXTON, Vanuren, Ind., Feb. 10, 1902.

"Do you think you can ease these terrible pains, doctor?" asked the patient. "Yes, I can," answered the doctor cheerfully. "As soon as my medicine takes effect you'll suffer no pain."

Storekeepers report that the extra quantity, together with the superior quality of Defiance Starch makes it next to impossible to sell any other brand.

"Elder Baggs is a good man." "Yes, but he'll be surprised when he gets to heaven, to find there are several other people there."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Teacher—Now, when a thing is repeated and accepted as a fact by everybody, what do we call it? Chorus of Pupils—A chestnut.

The secret of the popularity of Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigar is revealed in one word—"Quality."



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.