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When lengthened... some music sweet,
And listening souls in passive silence wait.
The true musicians then anticipate—
Not heedless of the leader's rhythmic beat—
Those new, harmonious measures that shall fleet
Past them in all their grand responsive state.
And smile when there come pealing soon or late
The very notes that they had hoped to greet.

So from earth's music grand true souls divine
Through Life's strange silent pulses, deeply felt,
Celestial strains that all the soul shall melt
To floods of rapture. Ah! how eyes will shine
And greet them thus: "O heavenly songs of mine
I knew and loved ye while on earth I dwelt."
—Edmond Burke.

TWO LILIES

By J. A. TIFFANY

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After I had been admitted to the bar, my father considering it best that I should have the opportunity of gaining experience in a large city before entering his own office, I went west, where I became associated with a law firm, the head of which was an old college friend of father's. Though they had lost sight of each other for some years, they had always retained the most pleasant and kindly recollections of each other.

It was drawing on toward evening when I arrived at Dr. Marsden's house on Madison avenue, in the city where I located.

Mr. Marsden impressed me at first as my beau ideal of a man; while Mrs. Marsden was one of those matronly ladies, with a certain old-world courtliness of manner, sweet and endearing. There was a son, named Fred, about two years older than I, who appeared to be a jolly good fellow.

"Lillian," said Mrs. Marsden, as a young lady entered the room, "this is Mr. Donald Fairchild. My daughter, Donald."

Miss Marsden and I shook hands. I am not a lady's man, but up to this time I had never met a girl who caused me to be other than self-possessed and natural in my manner. Now I was at a loss for something to say.

There was nothing haughty, or even stately about Lillian Marsden—just a bright, fresh, plump girl, a year or two younger than I, as I judged, but with something about her that immediately convinced me of my own inferiority.

She moved with ease, grace and distinction. Without boldness or any suggestion of coquetry, she had a way of looking direct into a fellow's eyes; and, in a musical voice she spoke with a frankness and direction—free from self-consciousness or affectation—that took the starch out of a fellow, making him feel limp and fatuous.

"This is Lillian's twentieth birthday," Mrs. Marsden observed, evidently for the purpose of relieving my embarrassment. "She is our only daughter, Mr. Fairchild."

"I am sure, Miss Marsden," I said, finding my tongue at last, "I wish you many very happy returns of your birthday."

It would be impossible to convey

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any adequate idea of the unalloyed delight of my first few days in the city. At the end of a week I had accomplished three things: I had secured nice room for my private quarters; been assigned a place in the offices of the firm, to which I was admitted as a junior partner, and fallen head over ears in love with the head of that firm.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden must have known how things were going, but the knowledge appeared to cause them no uneasiness. Indeed, there was nothing that Mrs. Marsden better liked than to talk about her daughter.

"Lillian is so different from most girls of her age," she remarked one



Had a way of looking direct into a fellow's eyes.

day. "She is light-hearted and full of fun, but there is no giddiness about her."

I had been here about six months, when I was entrusted with a commission that took me to Massachusetts—which, by the way, was the place where Mr. Marsden first became acquainted with his wife. It was there that they were married.

My business was to look up the title to certain real estate in Boston, and to obtain authenticated records proving the validity of a client's claim thereto; which work, in addition to details to transfer, involved a search of vital statistics.

Before starting on my journey, I declared my passion to Lillian, and became her accepted suitor, with the approval of her parents.

At the end of three days I had finished my search in Boston and armed myself with certified copies of the entries discovered.

But—alas, for my success! I had found something else—something for which I was not looking—something that took all the interest out of my mission and made life seem a hideous mockery and burden.

Standing out, as if written in letters of fire borrowed from the nether regions, I found this entry in the record of births in Boston.

"December 14, 1860—Lillian Agnes, daughter of John and Katherine Marsden."

And this was January, 1896!

My affianced, who had been introduced to me on her twentieth birthday, six months ago, was a charming damsel of thirty-six!

She was old enough to judge for herself; had been her father's naive concession, when first I spoke to him of my love for his daughter.

"Lillian is so sensible—no giddiness about her!" Oh, yes! Very sensible, my dear madame. Sensible enough to ensnare the virgin affections of a young blockhead like me!

"So different from other girls of her age!" Very, very different, I



I flung at him a copy of Lillian's certificate of birth.

grant you—you fond, foolish mother. "Lily!" Oh, grossest satire of all! "Evergreen," "Aloe," "Hardy Annual"—anything but "Lily."

Had this sweet maiden discovered the Elixir Vitae?—or what was the secret of her perpetual youth?

When I reached the office on my return to the west, I found Fred busy poring over a pile of musty documents.

"Glad to see you back, Don," he said, "I'm just looking over some interesting family papers. Father is at work on our genealogical history.

I suppose you know we came over in the Mayflower?"

"I wasn't aware of it," I replied; "but you wouldn't surprise me if you told me you came over in the ark. How did your sister stand the voyage?"

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Fairchild?" Marsden asked, coloring.

"Nothing," I answered. "Are you trying to be funny or offensive?"

"It all depends how you like to take it," I replied.

"Oh, that's it, eh?"

"Yes. Tell me, Marsden, how old is your sister?"

"D—n you!" shouted Marsden, "don't you know that a gentleman doesn't talk with other men about his sister?"

"I know more about the habits of gentlemen than you can tell me, Mr. Fred Marsden," I answered. "Perhaps, you would like to add this to your collection of family documents. It's very interesting, I assure you," and I flung at him a copy of Lillian's certificate of birth.

"Well, what of it?" Marsden asked, with a puzzled look, as he glanced from the paper to me.

"What of it?" I almost screamed. "Do you remember the day I came here?"

"I do."

"And that your mother told me Lillian was twenty years old that day?"

"Yes?"

"Well—don't you see—this paper proves she is thirty-six?"

Marsden whistled, and then he laughed.

"Look here, Don," he said; "I think I ought to break your neck, instead of laughing at you;—but it's too absurd. My parents' first child was a girl, who was christened Lillian Agnes. I was born nine years later; and five years after that came another girl. Lillian was a favorite name with my father; and the first child having died in infancy, they decided to revive the name. Accordingly, the second daughter was christened Lillian as the first had been christened Lillian Agnes. Now—what are you going to do about it, before I punch your head?"

"Punch my head first, please," I pleaded.

"No; I won't do it," Fred replied.

"It's a pretty dangerous thing to talk to a fellow about his sister, you know, the way you talked to me, just now. But I'm glad you saw me, before any of the folks; and I'll keep mum about the whole business, for everybody's sake."

"And you won't punch my head?"

"No—I'll see you hanged first."

"Then, I'll do it myself!"

And I gave my head two or three good bangs against the wall. After which, I felt better.

Those who have no good qualities can neither appreciate nor comprehend them in others.—Rochefoucauld.

"Souvenirs" Stolen From Hotels.

The average high-class hotel in New York is said to lose \$15,000 a year from the practice by its guests of the arts of spoliation. There are many elegant ladies who carry from the tables the salt shakers that charm them, or any small article of table furniture that arouses their esthetic admiration. The great transatlantic liners are also sufferers from the beautiful and often cultivated grafters. It is generally an easy matter to arrange. A tip to the waiter, who suddenly becomes blind, and my lady is off in triumph with her spoil.

Lost strayed or stolen! A small bay mare with a white spot in forehead and the right hind foot white. A five dollar reward for her return to Amos Watkins, care Dr. F. E. Girard.

Was Once Term of Reproach.

"Prime minister" is one of the many terms in English which seem to have been slang at one time. It was first applied to Sir Robert Walpole, but in a reproachful sense. Feb. 11, 1742, after twenty years' tenure of office, Sir Robert resigned all his employments. "Having invested me," he remarked, "with a kind of mock dignity and styled me prime minister, they impute to me an unpardonable abuse of that chimerical authority which they created and conferred." Such a personage as the prime minister or the premier is not even mentioned in the official table of precedence and is unknown to the written constitution of Great Britain.

Aren't You Glad She Wasn't?

If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew be to my older brother's first cousin's son-in-law? Answer: As your mother's mother is to my elder brother's cousin's son-in-law, so is my mother's sister's aunt to your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew. Divide your mother's mother by my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law, and multiply my mother's sister's aunt by your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew, and either add or subtract—we forget which—and you will have the answer—in the spring.—Old Scrap-book.