The Chronicle.

COLFAX, : : LOUISIANA.

TOWSER.

Here's to that dear old, trusty pard,
Comrade of woodland, street and yard,
Who ne'er was wanting in time of need,
And never swerved from his loyal creed;
With his eager tail and his loving eyes,
His ears up-cocked in attention wise,
His ringing bark and his spirit bold,
His clever ways and his heart of gold.

Little it matters how goes his name:
Towser or Rover, 'tis quite the same;
Be sure that in boyhood's catalogue
His figure is blazoned as dog—true dog:
Ready to frolic, to fetch, to fight,
To run all day and to guard all night;
To follow his lord to the world's far end—
Servant and warder and faithful friend.

Where were the odds that he would not face,
Where the path that he did not trace,
Where the stream that he could not swim
If a well-known whistle had summoned him?
Snowy or rainy, cold or hot,
Light or darkness, he faltered not;
Weary his limb or torn his paw,
His master's wish was his highest law.

Oh, stanch companion of by-gone days,
Who asked for naught but a word of praise;
Whose purest bliss, and contentment sweet—
To lie outstretched at his master's feet!
The fields still wait where we used to rove,
The squirrel chatters adown the grove,
The grouse drums loud from the mossy log—
But deep are thy slumbers, boyhood's dog.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's Magazine.

THREE WOMEN AND A MAN

By G. H. PAGE.

"I HAVE something on my mind which is perplexing, rather than unpleasant, but which does preoccupy me a good deal."

"If you were a woman," remarked Mrs. Eden, "I should say you had just received a proposal, and didn't know how to answer it."

"But being a mere man, I'm in the far more difficult position of having a proposal to make—"

Mrs. Eden looked at him with her small and lustrous head on one side.

"Yet of not being able to make up your mind to whom."

His hostess rose.

"The sun is in your eyes, isn't it? No, don't stir; I never allow any one to arrange my blinds by myself; other people only disarrange them."

She stood with her back to Holt while she lowered an inch or two the silken and lace flounced blind.

She returned to the sofa.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have a vague desire to propose to woman in general, or to some indefinite yet-to-be-met-with she?"

"I ought to have said, 'to which.' For there are two girls—"

"Ah, two girls," repeated Mrs. Eden.

"Who are both so charming that I can't decide between them, and so I come to you, as usual, to help me out of my difficulty."

"Then I know these highly fortunate young women, one of whom you intend thus to distinguish?"

"O, it's easy to laugh! But you've so often advised me to get married that it's only kind to help me to put your advice into practice. I think you know Margaret Whelan?"

"Intimately. Did I not see her for a whole day in the country last summer? And I approve your taste. She is good to look at."

Holt appeared pleased.

"Yes, is she not handsome? Such a fine figure, and so tall."

"That's her one fault. She's almost too tall. She's taller than you."

"Dear lady. You're quite mistaken. She is three inches at least shorter than I am. She is certainly not more than five feet eight."

"What are inches?" cried his hostess. "A woman is as tall as she looks, and Miss Whelan looks taller than you."

There was silence.

"Then: "I suppose it's her long frocks," observed Mrs. Eden in a conciliatory voice, but Holt had abandoned the argument.

"Do you like her as well as you admire her?" he wanted to know.

"I adore her. Women never do less than adore each other on so short an acquaintanceship. But I should have got on with her better had I not been so dreadfully afraid of her."

"Why on earth should you be afraid of her?"

"O, she's so clever, so well informed—"

"She is well informed."

"While I, you know, am such a perfect little ignoramus."

"I know nothing of the sort. In your own way you are immensely clever, too."

"But what a commonplace way this is! I can keep house, certainly, and out of debt, and I could make my own clothes, and cook my own dinner, if it were necessary; but, then, any woman can sew and cook."

"I wish to heaven any woman could! I wish my landlady could!"

"But I can't read Greek, as Miss Whelan does. She carries a pocket 'Aristophanes' with her up the river and we could see her now and again enjoying silent laughter as she read. It's being uncommonly clever to enjoy Greek jokes, isn't it? But then, of course, you and she could enjoy them together."

"O, as to my Greek," said Holt, and with a shake of his head he flung his last memories of it afar. "Margaret, you see, studied at Vassar."

"Could I fail to see it? Vassar is written all over her in indelible ink. It exudes from her manner, which is an impressible manner, an overwhelming one. A manner which puts me altogether into the shade in spite of the fact that I'm a widow with gray hairs."

"Have you gray hairs?" asked Holt, much interested. "I don't see any. It's a mere calumny."

"There was certainly one there yesterday. Well, at least Miss Whelan need never fear gray hairs; her hair is too pale-colored to show any."

"She has curiously colorless hair, I admit," said Holt. "It would almost justify the use of hair dye. Kitty Redfern's hair is much prettier."

"So the other one is Kitty? Dear little Kitty! I like Kitty. Everyone likes her. It would be impossible not to do so, for she agrees with everyone and is of your own opinion even before you've expressed it. She's so beautifully feminine."

Holt assented. "She's like the finest, the most plastic clay, the whitest unwritten page—"

"On which you write all you wish, but the writing dries off immediately, leaving the surface, white as before; while her plasticity is of the kind which takes, but cannot retain an impression. The moment the pressure is removed her mind springs back to its original form—lessness."

"It is true that her innocence of any opinions is sometimes perturbing—"

"For while Echo is charming in the fable you hardly want her seated by your fireside."

"And I shouldn't wish my wife to be a mere mush of concessions."

"You are too intelligent. There are many men for whom Kitty Redfern would be ideal; for the man who merely requires a presentable mistress of his house, a healthy mother for his children. But you need something more than this; you need a companion—"

"With whom I can enjoy Greek jokes Which seems to bring me back to Margaret Whelan, does it not?"

"O, but a companion who is also a good comrade. Some one who can appreciate your own little things as well as those of Aristophanes. Now, I should scarcely venture to try any joke on Miss Whelan which was less than a thousand years old. On the whole, I don't consider her any more suitable than Kitty. Less so, in fact. For if one doesn't want too much concession in a woman, neither does one want a too strenuous opposition. And Miss Whelan can be strenuous. I've heard her."

"So have I," murmured Holt, reminiscent.

Mrs. Eden laughed.

"You're exhilarating!" she told him.

"I'm glad I exhilarate you, for I'm much depressed myself," said he. "I

VASSAR IS WRITTEN ALL OVER HER.

seem unable to pull this affair off. You tell me to get married and I try to obey you, yet my suggestions don't find any favor in your eyes. Perhaps you will make a suggestion yourself?"

"My suggestion would be such an exceedingly obvious one—"

"Which is actually the reason I can't see it for myself."

"It is merely that you should make an effort to obtain the woman you're in love with."

"But surely I'm more or less in love with Margaret and Kitty, too!"

"Believe me, very much less rather than more."

"Dear lady! By what signs do you judge me?"

"By these signs," Mrs. Eden told him. "When you are really in love with a woman you don't weigh her in the balance with anyone else. She stands above everyone, unique and alone. You don't ask other women their opinion of her; you force your opinion on them. You are in her society as often as you can manage it, and you are filled with solicitude for her welfare whenever she is out of your sight. You joke with her, laugh with her, discuss with her, and disagree with her. You quarrel with her and make it up again. You lay open to her the subject you have nearest your heart, and in any difficulty your first thought is to take her advice."

"But there's no woman in the world towards whom I feel like that but you," said Holt with sincerity. "And—and—but why—Lord! What a fool you must think me!"

He moved close beside Mrs. Eden on the sofa and took her hand between his own!"

"Dear—my dear"—he asked her persuasively, "do you think you could ever get to love me the least bit?"

Mrs. Eden turned away to hide her smiles, and having subdued them turned back with a histrionic word of surprise upon her tongue tip, but, looking straight into his eyes, she suddenly threw away play-acting and gave him the warm and happy truth.

"You dear and foolish person!" she murmured, "could you not see I have loved you for long?"

Now Holt, who hid some wisdom beneath much apparent folly, was wise enough to let this query fall.—Chicago Tribune.

TRIUMPH OF SKILL,

Novel Product of Mechanical Ingenuity in a London Residence.

A curious piece of mechanical luxury has been set up in Sir James Blyth's home in Portland place, London, by means of which the dining-room can noiselessly double its size. One saunters down to drink a cup of coffee (so a contemporary describes it), and finds a spacious and well-proportioned room papered in warm crimson and hung with beautiful pictures. There is a door of communication with the adjoining room, on either side of which hangs a large picture in a heavy gold frame. The floor is polished, and a thick carpet comes within a yard of the wall all round. The coffee is excellent, but one doubts its potency when, on turning round, one is confronted by the partitioning wall, doors, pictures, and all half way through the floor! Silently it sinks below, and no flaw in the polished and even floor is perceptible! Only the crimson walls are twice as long, and there are bordered carpets. It is the most perfect triumph of mechanical skill.

PRICES THAT STAGGER HUMANITY.

—New York World.

LIFE ON THE STAGE.

The Length of the Average Theatrical Career Is Rarely More Than Ten Years.

A new crop of stage people is harvested in the United States every ten years. Each decade marks the beginning of a new epoch in theatrical history.

This fact, says the Chicago Tribune, does not apply so aptly to stars and stage people who dominate in the profession, for the life of these, so far as the public is concerned, is usually somewhat longer. But with the rank and file—those who never rise higher than the level of minor roles — ten years is about the limit of endurance. After having served before the public for that length of time without doing anything sufficiently meritorious or novel to attract unusual attention the actor or actress, as a rule, passes away, in so far as the profession is concerned, and a new crop is harvested among the many anxious recruits on the waiting list to fill the depleted ranks.

Men who deal in the talents of stage people to the extent of reaping financial returns from their labors are better qualified to "size up" the situation than others, and their experience teaches that few ordinary people of the theatrical profession remain longer than ten years in the business. They either achieve distinction—although this is the exception rather than the rule—or else drop into other lines after having been convinced by experience that the stage, so far as they are directly concerned, offers practically no opportunities for advancement. For this reason the rank and file of the profession is constantly changing, and the popular idea "once an actor always an actor" is easily disproved.

It is the office of the theatrical agent—the man who mediates between the stage people and managers—that presents the truest phase of stage life. In this little clearing house, where talent is the standard of consideration, the mask is removed, and everything goes for just what it is worth. By reason of this fact those who manage the affairs of stage people are better able to judge of the vagaries and allurements of the profession than persons on the outside, and in their opinion ten years is the average life of the person who chooses the stage as a profession.

This condition is more evident among specialty people than among those who adhere to the beaten paths of legitimate drama. The latter field is less exhausting, because it is less original than the former, and changes from one line to another are more easily brought about. The stock and trade of men and women on the variety stage is originality, and when this endowment has been exhausted the resources of the person cease unless he has succeeded in building up a reputation which he can live on after he ceases to be a drawing card with the public.

The theatrical agent is brought into touch with both sides of the shifting life of the stage. He meets an enthusiastic "raw recruit" one minute and the next turns to face an actor or actress who has outlived his or her stage usefulness and is searching diligently for an engagement. The agent's life is, in fact, a better drama than the average stage production, and he has enough comedy thrown in to relieve the monotony. And there is a good deal of comedy about a theatrical exchange, and comedy goes.

The sole business of the theatrical exchange is to supply attractions to managers for every kind of show, and as most specialty people are under contract with one agent or another during the season this is done with as much system as prevails in a well-regulated banking institution. Whole programmes are made up by the agent as a manager is required to do but one thing—sign a check covering the cost. The price of complete performances ranges from $190 to $1,150, not including transportation expenses, which the manager is required to pay.

Individual acts are naturally rated according to the ability and popularity of individual actors. Specialty people draw much higher salaries than those engaged in legitimate work, but, even at that, they are admittedly underpaid considering the character of some of their acts. For instance, a woman will stand against a board and allow a man to hem in her body with sharp knives, thrown a distance of 15 feet for $20 a day (list price), and two knockabout comedians will beat and batter themselves unmercifully for $65 a day (list price). This is a sample of the salaries paid to men and women who appear on the variety stage, yet the market is overstocked with them all the time.

Not Ready to Makeup.

They had been having a discussion concerning the necessity or otherwise of purchasing a new silk dress in order to be on a level with the De Moneys next door. Banks had vetoed the purchase on the ground of extravagance and want of funds, and his wife was much put out.

"Dinner ready, my dear?" he asked, in his most conciliatory manner. Her face had been like a stale thunderstorm ever since the disagreement, and Banks wanted to change it.

"Yes," answered Mrs. B—, shortly.

"Must try again," said Banks to himself. Then, aloud: "Ah, I'm glad of that, my love. I have what the poets would call 'an aching void,' Sarah."

"You often suffer from headache," she returned, in a cutting tone.

Banks drew his chair up to the table with unnecessary noise, and refrained from further attempts at conciliation for the rest of the day.—Stray Stories.

Setting Her Right.

"Oh, George," exclaimed the fair maid with the lemon-tinted bangs, as she accepted the bouquet, "what lovely flowers! And they look as if they had just been gathered, too. See, there is a little dew on them."

"Now wouldn't that jar the filling out of one's back molars?" exclaimed George. "My dear girl, I paid 30 cents in good hard coin for those budlets, and I beg to assure you there isn't a cent due on them."—Chicago Daily News.

Cared for Their Own Drunkards.

Lord Avebury inebriated 50 ants, 25 from one nest and 25 from another, and put them all into the nest from which one lot had been taken. The inhabitants at once took the helpless strangers and threw them into the water, while those who were citizens of the nest were carried tenderly away into remote corners to recover from their festivity at leisure.—Science.

POSSIBILITIES OF AERIAL NAVIGATION

By M. SANTOS-DUMONT.

Not only is it possible to cross the Atlantic ocean in an airship, but it is possible to perform the feat in two days' time, and to carry 100 passengers.

To do this $1,000,000 is required. With such an amount I will readily undertake to build an airship that will do all I have said is possible, and the time is not far distant when this $1,000,000 will be forthcoming for this purpose from the capitalists who have shown an interest in the subject of aerial navigation.

THE NAVIGATION OF THE AIR AS A MEANS OF RAPID TRANSPORTATION IS IN KEEPING WITH THE PROGRESS OF THE AGE. Given the opportunity to test its utility and the people of to-day will take up with it more readily than did our ancestors of three-quarters of a century ago take to the railway train and the steamship. They not only expect but demand progress, and accept it when their demands are complied with. The science of aerial navigation is keeping pace with the public demand, and the public are ready to accept it as a means of travel just as soon as the capitalists of the world are ready to provide the means for carrying out all the inventors have made possible.

A word more as to the possibilities. My small balloons, those used for exhibiting purposes, have developed a speed in the air in excess of that shown by the great ocean liners in the water. With size comes power. It is because of the size of the fast ships between Europe and America that they are able to produce the power that drives them across the Atlantic in from five to seven days. THE SAME WILL BE TRUE OF THE AIRSHIP. With a million dollars it will be possible to build an airship sufficiently large to carry the power to drive it across the Atlantic in two days' time.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Sweet peas, lilac, clove, pinks and aromatic flowers, such as lavendar, are best for the sick room. Hyacinths and tuberoses are probably the worst.

It is probable that at lunar midday the heat on the moon's surface is something like 750 degrees Fahrenheit; while at midnight it falls to 250 degrees of frost.

Besides the skylark, a number of other birds sing as they fly. Among these are the titlark, woodlark, water peppet, sedge warbler, willow warbler and whin chat.

The highest magnifying power obtained with the object glass of a microscope enables the eye to distinguish one two hundred and four million seven hundred thousandth part of an inch.

Charles T. Schoen, of pressed steel car fame, announces that the pressed steel car wheel has demonstrated its utility by a severe test in actual service, and the new plant projected for the manufacture of the wheels will have an initial capacity of 500 wheels per day.

A new species of violet has been discovered by Miss Lillie Angell, of Minton Place, Orange, and Charles Louis Pollard, curator of plants at the Smithsonian Institution, has named the species Viola angellae, after the discoverer. The leaves attain large dimensions.

At Egg Rook, Lynn, England, a bell was hung 50 feet below a buoy moored in 15 fathoms of water, and the bell was struck by electricity from the Egg Rock light station power house. A person on a ship hears the signal by placing a rod in contact with the hull of the ship, and the first experiments show that the signals can thus be heard at a distance of five miles or more.

MUSIC FOR THE CORONATION.

Prize Offered for March to Be Played When England's King Is Crowned.

In the temporary absence of Sir Frederick Bridge, from London he has been employing his time, with Sir Walter Parratt, master of the king's music, in making a preliminary selection among the 150 or so of scores that have been submitted for the prize of 50 guineas offered by the Worshipful Company of Musicians for a coronation march, and it is expected that the work of the fortunate winner will be performed at the great ceremony in June.

At present very little has been done, however, with regard to the selection of music for the stately rite, though it may be pointed out that certain hymns and canticles have established themselves as a part of the office. This is notably the case with the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus," which appears in the service of the Liber Regalis of Richard II., or even earlier, though it has had some curious variations of rendering at the different coronations. At that of Charles I. the form used was a rather more archaic translation than the second one, to be found in the ordination service, in common meter. In the coronation order of James II. the hymn appears in Bishop Cosin's couplet form exactly as it stands in the ordination service now, and familiar to all churchgoers at Whitsuntide to an ancient plain song.

Both at the coronations of William and Mary and Queen Victoria several verbal variations were introduced, and at the latter the extremely singular choice of Pelham Humphrey's "Grand Chant" was made for the "tune" to which it was sung. Its place in the service is before the anointing, and the sovereign kneels at the fald stool while it is being rendered. Even older is the Te Deum in the service, which is to be found in an eleventh century manuscript at Cambridge, representing probably the office used for William the Conqueror, though in the earliest services it came at the commencement, whereas in later ceremonials it appears before the enthronization and homage.

At Queen Victoria's coronation, says the London Telegraph, no fewer than five anthems were sung, but with the exception of "Zadok, the Priest," which has always been sung since the coronation of Charles I., and the eighty-ninth Psalm since that of James II., it would seem that some latitude has been permitted in this matter, and the last solemnity concluded with the "Hallelujah" chorus. Owing to the great length of the service, especially when a queen consort is crowned also, it is deemed probable that some reduction in this number will be made when the office is finally drawn up in all its details.

The Youngest Princess.

The youngest princess at the coronation services will be Victoria Alexandra of Wales, who has just kept her fifth birthday. She was the most charming of all Queen Victoria's diamond-jubilee gifts, the great-granddaughter in succession to the throne. Her latest photograph represents her as a very pretty child, and she is said to be fair-haired and blue-eyed, like so many of Victoria's descendants. While speaking of age, the youngest peeress is a mere babe of three years, and though it was hoped she might figure in the assemblage at the abbey, her sovereign has ordered it otherwise, and little Baroness Clifton will not assist at the coronation. Neither will the oldest peeress, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has just attained her eighty-fourth year as she fears the effect of so much fatigue upon her still hale and hearty age. It would be interesting could these two baronesses, marking the extremes of time, be present for one was witness to the last coronation, and the other might like to remember she saw King Edward's.—Boston Herald.

Joke Better Than the Grammar.

Mr. Bloobumper—My boy, Bennie is getting to be a good artist.

Mr. Spatts—Is he?

"He drew a picture of a hen which was so true to nature that when I threw it in my waste basket it laid there."—Stray Stories.

British Importations of Cheese.

Great Britain and Ireland import about 265,000,000 pounds of cheese each year. Canada supplies about 60 per cent. of the whole.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A JUDGE'S WIFE CURED OF PELVIC CATARRH

MRS. JUDGE MCALLISTER.

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

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 catarrhal 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.

We would caution all people against accepting substitutes for Peruna. Insist upon having Peruna. There is no other internal remedy for catarrh that will take the place of Peruna. Allow no one to persuade you to the contrary.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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