

The St. Mary Banner.

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PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Practice what you preach.—Young Obedience is the bond of rule.—Tou Dyson.

Remembrance oft may start a tear.—Burns.

All is not gold which seems at first.—Southey.

Blood only serves to wash ambition's hands.—Byron.

Choose an author as you choose a friend.—Roscommon.

THE RING AND THE HEART.

This ring, I give to you, my dear, Is passing quaint and old and queer; Two golden serpents help enthrone Its deep, seductive heart of stone. Pray, if the golden snakes were gone Might not the jewel heart thro' on With sympathetic beat and thrill— Be not, as now, cold, hard and still?

Sometimes about the human heart The serpents play their selfish part, And in the pulseless grip of gold The heart, poor thing, grows hard and cold— A jewel counterfeiting fire And flashing with entranced desire, That nevermore shall find a voice, To make some kindred heart rejoice.

Then let this talisman, this ring, Save you from such a deadly thing; Beware of golden snakes, and strive To keep your tender heart alive; And if you fear this may not be Without assistance, come to me, And in my love will I enshrine That deep, seductive heart of thine. —Chicago Record.

DESERVED.

By BELL BLOSSOM.

Pretty little Rose Castellaine sat at the window, making some trifle out of lace and ribbons, her plump, fair hands graceful and dexterous in their swift motions, and her head occasionally set to one side to watch more effectually and critically the result of her skill.

A very pretty girl, Mr. John Granger had told himself and Mrs. Estey, his married sister, with whom Rose was making her home for a few months. But Mr. Granger did not hesitate to freely ventilate his peculiar views on the subject of love and marriage to Rose and Mrs. Estey, as they sat in the cozy sitting room, Rose with her trifle of lace and ribbons, and the matron busy over a pile of juvenile stockings, whose apertures were fearful and hopeless to behold.

"But you surely never are in serious earnest, John?" Mrs. Estey said, with a little shocked accent in her tones. "I never was in more serious earnest in my life, Anna. I certainly look upon love as—a well, a sort of sickly sentiment, that very few people of intelligence indulge in; whereas marriage is decidedly one of the worst mistakes of the times."

"Oh, Mr. Granger, that is a terrible declaration!" And Rose flashed him a reproachful look from her shining, saucy eyes. "Is it terrible? I can't see how or why. Show me one happy marriage, and I'll show you ten thousand that are miserable failures, in which the contracting parties feel like slaves in the galley, and would give half their lives never to have put their heads inside the yoke. Granted there are some that result differently—Anna's here, for I'll do her justice to say I believe her marriage was based on the only true foundation of esteem and friendship."

"And love, John? Yes, you know I just perfectly love Philip." Mr. Granger gave a little frown, and Rose gave him one of her characteristic looks.

"Oh! so you do believe in esteem and friendship, Mr. Granger?" "Oh, yes! but certainly not in love and marriage. I have remained a firm advocate of my views for many years, and I think I am happier than the majority of men to-day. In my opinion," and he marked off his words deliberately with his finger on the palm of his other hand—"in my opinion, the man is a fool who will barter his freedom and independence for a pretty face and a wedding-ring. I never shall be guilty of such imbecility."

Rose flushed just a little, for away down in her heart she had more than once thought what a fine, handsome gentleman Mr. Granger was, and wondered if—whether—well, whatever vague thoughts she had had were certainly dispelled by that gentleman's dissertation on love and matrimony.

For one second the pretty cheeks flushed, then paled, and the lovely, dusky head drooped nearer the work than was necessary; and then Mr. Cleve came in—a cheery, happy young fellow, who always brought sunshine with him, and who admired Rose Castellaine more than any girl he had ever seen—a handsome young fellow, with laughing blue eyes, and white teeth that showed pleasantly when he laughed, and a heavy blonde moustache, and close-cut, curling blonde hair.

"Who'll let me take them for a drive in the park, this afternoon?" Mrs. Estey? Miss Rose? Will you make one of the quartette, Mr. Granger?"

It so happened that Mrs. Estey could not leave home, and Mr. Granger politely declined, and the two young people had the drive and the exquisite afternoon all to themselves, while Mr. Granger went off to his smoking room,

up in his sister's French roof floor, and in cap and gown, congratulated himself he was not a ladies' man.

"And I gave you a neat little hint this afternoon," he chuckled to himself, under the genial influence of a good cigar. "Anna's cute, and it'd suit her to a T if I'd marry her friend. Nice, pleasant, pretty girl enough, and all that sort of thing, and I dare say the little thing herself has had her eyes on me; but I flatter myself I dropped a neat, little hint as to my view in the case."

While Mrs. Estey, amid her pile of darning, wondered what could possess her brother, who, with his wealth and position, and leisure, was so admirably adapted to take good care of a wife, and just such a wife as pretty little Rose Castellaine would make.

A fortnight later, instead of blue skies and balmy breezes, were several days of easterly winds and driving rain; and instead of Mr. John Granger, smiling, independent, an in the full flush of health and strength, was that same gentleman cross, irritable, to such a degree that little Mrs. Estey cried every day about it—and a prisoner on the sitting room sofa, with a sprained ankle and a broken arm, the result of an accident several days or so before.

"I never, never shall have the patience to nurse him through it," sobbed his sister. "He's—oh, awful disagreeable, and declares I do everything in my power to make him uncomfortable! He says I invariably knock the sofa every time I come into the room, and that I haven't the least talent for dressing his ankle, and he's—he's just as cross as ever he can be; and whatever I shall do I don't know, for he won't allow a hired nurse to bother him, he says; and what with the children, and all the sewing, and never getting a word of kindness from him—"

And she broke down, in a burst of sobs. "I wouldn't cry," said Rose, cheerily. "There's no man living worth crying for. Just you go on with your sewing and your ordinary duties, and leave your dear of a brother to me to be nursed. I'll take care of him, and he shan't make me cry either."

And that very hour, Rose Castellaine went up to her own room to make a few preparations.

"To be sure, I intended bringing my visit to a close this very week," she said, meditatively, taking down a soft gray wrapper from the wardrobe; "but I'd rather stay a little longer than not," and her cheeks flushed, and a happy light shone in her eyes.

Then she laughed softly to herself as she entered the door of Mr. Granger's "prison-cell," as he called it, in his peevish welcome.

"I will do first rate for your jailer," she returned, gaily. "Rest assured you will have to be very docile and obedient!"

It did not take many hours to convince Mr. Granger that Rose was a born nurse. She moved so quietly and so intelligently, never starting him by a sudden motion into a nervous horror lest she should hurt his sensitive ankle, or crash against his arm.

She stepped lightly. She knew by a sort of intuition when he wanted a cooling drink, and when it was agreeable to him to have the room darkened for his little, refreshing nap. She was cheerful, a little imperious, very charming, and certainly as pretty and graceful as could be desired.

She read to him, and read well. She opened the doors leading into the music room, and played and sang for him, once or twice, while Mr. Granger shut his eyes and enjoyed it. She played checkers with him, and—beat him, she ordered, and frequently made, such delicious little meals for him that he began to look upon her as an inspiration, and to quite reconcile himself to the prospect of at least a month of such attendance.

"You're the most sensible little woman I ever saw," he said, toward the end of the first week, and he reached out his available arm and touched her head caressingly, as she sat beside him, holding the tray of food for him.

She smiled, and flushed, and dexterously removed her head from beneath his hand.

"Do you really think so? That's good, Mr. Granger; just see if this pineapple is sugared enough, please?"

When Rose had left the room with the tray, after dinner, Mr. Granger lay in an unusually gentle, meditative mood, and thinking of her, too.

"I never imagined there was such a difference in womankind," he mused. "This girl is the concentration of all that is womanly and lovely, and the fellow would be a brute who wouldn't be happy in her society. If she can make a miserable sufferer feel contented and comfortable, she would certainly make a strong, well man more than happy. I wonder why she don't come back? It isn't like her to neglect me so long."

And Mr. Granger began to grow fretful and impatient for her to come, so that when Mrs. Estey entered the room, half deprecatingly, he welcomed her with the old cross fierceness:

"Where is Rose? You can't do what I require done!"

"Oh, yes, John; surely I can light the gas and arrange the drop. And Rose told me just how you liked your evening lunch served—"

"I tell you I don't want it! I won't have it unless it is arranged as I am accustomed to having it. Why doesn't Rose attend to it herself?"

"She hasn't been out of the house for a week, John," Mrs. Estey said, a little reproach in her gentle voice, as she quietly lighted the drop jet. "And Harry Cleve sent her a note to invite her to dine with him this evening, and so—she's gone."

Mr. Granger sank back on his pillows with a grunt of disdain. "That idiot is a young Jack-a-napes! The next thing he'll be making love to her!"

Mrs. Estey looked wonderingly at him. "And why not, Harry?"

"Why not?" mimicked Mr. Granger, wrathfully. "Of course, there's no imaginable reason why not! What fools women are—married women!"

And Mrs. Estey left him to his genial thoughts as soon as possible—just twenty minutes before Rose came back, fresh as her namesake flower, her eyes shining, her dimpled lips all a smile.

"I didn't stay as long as I wanted to," she said, cheerily. "Oh, you didn't eh?" he retorted, crossly.

"No; but I came back entirely on your account, you see."

"Oh, you did! Well," and he lapsed into a smile of relief and content, "we won't quarrel, since you have come. Rose, see here—I can't endure to have you leave me at all. I want you to stay always, Rose—won't you? Will you marry me?"

And Rose's eyes twinkled as she demurely bowed.

"I thank you for the unexpected honor, Mr. Granger, but I am already engaged to be married—to Mr. Cleve."

"No," he almost shouted, in genuine dismay. "It cannot be! It is cruel to me! Why I—I love you, Rose, and I couldn't be happy at all without you."

Rose looked demurely at him. "Harry's own arguments to a word, Mr. Granger, and the difference on my part is that I love him, and I don't love you. It may sound harsh, but you deserve it, Mr. Granger, because you said yourself that you looked upon love as—"

"I was a fool! I was a jackass! Rose, is there no hope now?"

"None. We are to be married in the fall. And I go home to-morrow to begin preparations."

And all the satisfaction Mr. Granger ever had was—it was all his own fault, perhaps—Saturday Night.

Hard Times for Housekeepers.

After mentioning a proposition made by one of the speakers at the great convention of Woman's Clubs at Milwaukee for the training of young women for domestic service, the Evening Post says:

Another speaker amused the audience with the remark, immediately following this statement, "First catch your hare. It is all very well to talk about educating girls for service, but my experience is that there are no more girls left to be educated."

The speaker went on to explain that she came from a large city in central Ohio, and that the supply of girls in that town was wholly disproportionate to the demand. Housekeepers were left often two and three months at a time without any sort of helpers, though both love and money were freely offered.

Other speakers corroborated this statement with a rapidity and earnestness that bespoke bitter personal experience. "In the little village where I live," said one, "nine families in one street are taking their meals at a tenth house, where a widow and two daughters, forced to earn their own living, do the household work. A few of us still have old servants, but when they die, as they must, in course of time, we shall join the profession of 'mealers.'"

An Idiosyncrasy in Trade.

A company that sells over 230,000,000 pounds of lard annually has queer experiences with customers in different parts of the world. For example: Much of the product is packed in tins, which for economy's sake and for durability are held together with iron hoops. For a long time the sales in New Orleans amounted to nothing, though the lard was believed to be the finest in the world, and the price satisfactory, while the efforts to build up a trade in the Crescent City were strenuous. Finally it was learned by accident that the merchants would not buy this lard, because of the iron hoops. Wooden hoops were immediately substituted, with the result that enormous sales were effected. In Tennessee, on the other hand, the same firm is unable to sell a tin of lard with wooden hoops, but must use iron. Similar idiosyncrasies are experienced in the sale of hams, sausages, bacon, etc.—New York Press.

Gold Medal Awarded Walter Baker & Co.

PARIS, Aug. 20.—The Judges at the Paris Exposition have just awarded a gold medal to Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., for their preparations of cocoa and chocolate. This famous company, now the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world, have received the highest awards from the great international and other exhibitions in Europe and America. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

The Whistling Tree.

The musical or whistling tree is a native of the West Indies, Nubia and the Sudan. It possesses a peculiar-shaped leaf and pods with a split or broken edge. The wind passing through these causes the sound which gives to the tree the name of "whistler." In Barbados there is a valley filled with trees of this character, and when the trade winds blow across the stands a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it. A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in the Sudan, is also called the whistling tree by the natives.



You will never find our Doctor out. He is here to give advice without charge to those who need him—to those who don't, sometimes. He doesn't always recommend the Ayer medicines, because the Ayer medicines are not "cure-alls."

Perhaps if we rear a leaf from his correspondence it will show you what we mean. Here is a letter which came last March.

"DEAR DR. AYER: I want your advice for my little boy. He is getting very thin. He has no appetite. He is fifteen years old. When he was four years old he had lung fever, but his health was good until two years ago. Since then he is failing fast. The doctors here say he has the bronchitis. He spits all the time awful bad. The spits are big, thick, and white. Yours truly, MRS. MARGARET MURPHY, March 30, 1900. Kinbrae, Minn."

And this is the way the Doctor answered Mrs. Murphy:

"DEAR MADAM: We enclose our book on The Throat and Lungs, in which we trust you will find just the information you desire.

"You should begin at once the use of this Cherry Pectoral for your son, giving it in moderate doses. Then procure some good preparation of cod liver oil, as Scott's Emulsion, and give him that, as well. Pay particular attention to his diet, giving him such nourishing foods as rare steak, lamb chops, good milk, eggs, etc. Above all, keep him out of doors all the weather permits. There is nothing that will do him more good than plenty of fresh air. Let him live out of doors all that is possible. By carrying out these general suggestions we shall hope to hear soon that your son is improving in every way. Very truly yours, J. C. AYER, April 5, 1900.

You see, it wasn't only the Ayer medicines that we recommended. The first idea of the Doctor was to cure that boy. The result is told in this letter:

"DEAR DR. AYER: My little boy has improved so much since I received your advice that I want to write and tell you how thankful I am. "When I first wrote you, on March 30, he only weighed 50 pounds, but now he weighs 82 pounds, and all this gain since the 8th of April, when I first began to follow your directions. "Please let me thank you again for what you have done for my boy. July 17, 1900. MARGARET MURPHY."

Perhaps it was the cod-liver oil; perhaps it was the Cherry Pectoral. Probably it was both. But, more than either, it was the good, sound advice the Doctor gave in the first place. We are here to serve you in just the same way, and we will tell you the medicine for your case or tell you what medicines to avoid.

Five out of ten of our correspondents need a doctor rather than a prepared medicine, and we tell them so. If the doctors only knew it, we are working with them every day.

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Serrapilla Ayer's Hair Vigor Ayer's Pile Cure Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Ayer's Constancy

All the Serrapilla of Living Mass. is the matchless pure Murray & Latham Florida Water.

MITCHELL'S



Price, 25c. Mitchell's EYE SALVE

Alarm Among the Punny Japs.

The Japanese are getting anxious about their physique, which is deteriorating so much that the land of flowers may in course of time become a land of babies. The military authorities have discovered that their men cannot use the ordinary rifle because it is too long for them and have been compelled in consequence to arm them with special short firearms. Recent investigations have shown that the students are among the worst developed specimens of humanity on the face of the earth, the finished product of the Japanese university generally presenting the appearance of a puny, sickly, undeveloped youth.

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A \$5 SHOE FOR \$3.50. A \$4 SHOE FOR \$3. The real worth of our \$3 and \$3.50 shoes compared with other makes is \$4 to \$5. We are the largest maker and retailer of more \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more \$3 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the United States.

Having the largest \$3 and \$3.50 shoe business in the world, and a perfect system of manufacturing, enables us to produce higher grade \$3 and \$3.50 shoes than can be had elsewhere.

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