

Lord Kitchener gets the glory and the cash in the same package.

The Panama hat puts the old scoff at woman's expensive headgear out of use.

Cecil Rhodes will probably never forgive himself for not holding on a few weeks longer.

The Shah of Persia has passed on up from Italy to Germany. Italy is now busy fumigating.

The dull season has settled down upon Venezuela. Only three revolutions are going on there now.

Russell Sage declares that capital and labor are closer now than ever before. Capital is, at any rate.

Antiseptic paper coffins are to be made by a new concern out in Iowa. Once try one and you will use no other.

That impending visitation of seven-year locusts would not be so bad if they would cut out the orchestral effects.

Norway is disposed to insist on a general adoption of the idea that it is not a mere hyphenated appendage to Sweden.

Montana saloonkeepers are serving what they call the "Mary MacLane highball." It is described as something fierce.

When the Boers get back to farming they will do well if they make furrows with the same facility that they made history.

The fashionable man now wears a Panama hat that cost him \$15; but he can't afford to have meat more than once a day.

Mrs. Lease did not ask the court to restore her maiden name. Mr. Lease might score a point by having his own name changed.

Young King Alfonso wants to substitute horse racing for bull fights as the national sport of Spain. We think ping pong is about their size.

A Chicago man was first to look into Mont Pelee's crater. It must have reminded him of the historic spot where the tunnel caved in.

Rev. "Bige" Slusher of Kentucky has been arrested on a charge of counterfeiting. A man with such a name is sure to fall sooner or later.

The fact that the country is crying loudly for small change would seem to indicate that the man with the large roll is not having everything his own way.

George J. Gould advocates athletics as a preventive of dissipation, but every one knows that the exercise of lifting the high ball has ruined many a man.

A Chicago man went crazy because he inherited \$4,000. It is evident that he would never have been a Morgan even if he could have had Pierp's chance.

The man who gets mad and stops his paper is in about the same position as the man who stops his clock. Time and the paper both go on just the same.

Pictures of Raoul Sartout, the only survivor of St. Pierre, lead the public to feel happy in the thought that the poor man is not qualified to take the lecture platform.

Up to the hour of going to press Hetty Green had not forwarded a reply to the British nobleman who advertises that he wants to marry a rich American woman.

Since President Roosevelt has had his \$1,000 hunting dog sent to the White House, the family cat doubtless has had a chance to learn something about the strenuous life.

Japan is endeavoring to negotiate a loan of \$4,000,000 in America. It is suspected that the crowned heads of the orient are preparing to make an investment in Panama hats.

King Edward has conferred the Order of the Garter upon two more of his distinguished subjects. The king might vary the decorations a little by the bestowal of an occasional pair of suspenders.

It is well to remember, however, that the New York lawyer who dropped dead while playing ping pong might have gone the same way even if it had been nothing more fierce than croquet.

Andrew Carnegie has given away nearly \$70,000,000 in his libraries and similar enterprises, and still is not in sight of a poor man's death. No wonder he is thinking of trying investment in a few newspapers.

The Maryland man who served locust pie at a dinner party discovered that his guests hadn't brought their grasshopper appetite with them, but he had the comfort of knowing that there was enough dessert left for next time.

OF LOVE DIVINE

BY KENNETH F. HARRIS. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

There was still the freshness of the dawn in the air, and in the grass and fern that fringed the woodland road along the ridge was studded with globules of dew that flashed and sparkled in rainbow tints as the sunlight fell upon them through the trees. A little to one side of the road a girl with brown hair was plucking scarlet and black lilies and throwing them into a basket and a young man with black hair was watching her graceful movements with obvious admiration as he leaned against the rough barked trunk of a hickory tree. They were both well looking, she in a placid, gentle way and he after the fashion of the southern man of the best type.

The girl looked up. "I should think you might help me, now that you are here," she said, reproachfully. "I'd rather look at you," he replied, "and I couldn't do that if I were plucking flowers. Besides, I want to talk to you."

She colored under his ardent gaze, but her eyes met his bravely. "That sounds selfish," she said, "—as if you would rather do what you wish than help me."

"There may be a double meaning in that," he returned, "but I'm not going to take it to myself. I'll put you in the wrong—and pick flowers." He knelt in the patch of lilies and began to gather them and she smiled at him gratefully.

"And you'll be reasonable in everything else?" she asked.

"It depends upon what you call reasonable," he replied. "If I thought that you didn't care for me I'd be as reasonable as you please. I wouldn't get up at an unholy hour in the morning in spite of orders and wait for you to come out, and then follow you and inflict my detested presence—"

"Oh, Dick!" said the girl, "and you know how glad I was to see you. But you mustn't. You must be patient."

"I think I am," he said, "but why you won't let me go squarely to your father and ask for you I can't think. The war is over now and it oughtn't to take a man more than thirty years to realize it. I know that my dear dad made up his mind to that long ago. You'll see him at the Decoration services to-day with a bunch of flags and a basket of flowers and he'll be there because he feels like it."

"It's different with him," said the girl. "You don't understand, Dick. They were all secession people where we used to live and it seemed as if they couldn't be unkind enough to him, when they found that he was for the union. All his friends deserted him and when he left they destroyed all his property, and all through the war he suffered so much, and he came out of it broken and crippled and altered so much. They think that he's soured, and I heard someone say once that he couldn't talk about anything but the war and abuse the South and the Democrats. It wasn't true."

"Of course it wasn't," said the young man, and he added, rather lamely, "He's all right. That's what I say. He's too sensible at heart to have prejudices. You just let me talk to him." He tossed the flowers that he was holding into the basket and took her hands in his. She made no effort to release them, but shook her head sorrowfully. "It would kill him," she said.

He dropped one hand and his arm stole around her waist and she turned her face to his and their lips met in a long kiss. Suddenly she broke away from him. "Oh, you should not have done that," she cried. "It can't be and you must never—we must not meet again, Dick. No," as he moved a step toward her, "if you do I shall hate you. You should understand. I am all he has and it would be the greatest unhappiness of his sad life if he thought that I cared for one of his enemies."

"Why, Good Lord!" ejaculated the young man, "I'm no Johnny Reb. I

presided on the girl's face now. "You have said enough now," she said, with cold anger. "I'm going home, and I wish to go alone." She picked up her basket and walked hurriedly away, her head high and her whole carriage expressive of uncompromising determination. Her lover stood looking after her for a moment with the fr—vii, intensified and then turned angrily on his heel and took four or five quick paces in the opposite direction.

The Decoration day services in the hall were over and the procession started for the cemetery on the top of the Big Knoll east of town. A long, winding irregular line of buggies, farm wagons and vehicles of every description and age preceded by the village band and marshalled by a grey-bearded veteran in the uniform of the



The irreconcilable Union veteran took the hand and clasped it warmly.

Grand Army. In one of the buggies, a very shabby one, sat Rachel, driving a colt whose fiery spirit chafed against the foot pace to which her firm, strong hands on the reins compelled him, and by her side, holding the furled post flag, was her father, a bent and withered little man.

"I see that copperhead Pendleton and his boy were at the exercises," he observed to his daughter suddenly. "I think it would look better if they stayed away, but I guess the young fellow wants to make himself solid with the boys until after election. What's the matter with you, Rachel?"

"Nothing at all, father, dear," she said faintly, "unless I got up too early this morning."

"From the cold ashes of fratricidal strife, of hatred, anger and all uncharitableness to a glorious new birth of love divine, a new country, united and undivided forever more," he quoted from Barker. "I don't feel any call for glorious love for the men who tried to kill their country. I say that if they let us alone we are doing well to let them alone, without loving them. Yes, they're united and they had better stay united, too. I'd have been a man to-day and not a wreck if it hadn't been for them."

"Do you take their part?" he asked in a sudden gust of passion. "No, no," she cried. "I'll hate them, too, for your sake and the sake of your wrongs."

"Not hate them, Rachel," said the old man, more gently, "but—"

The fence of whitewashed pickets that surrounded the little cemetery was reached and people were already tying their horses to it and unflocking towards the gates, bearing their baskets and armfuls of flowers with them. As Rachel got out young Pendleton approached her, but her look was so cold and repelling that he drew back with a sinking heart. The veterans of the Grand Army, pathetically infirm and crippled, many of them, were forming into line and Rachel turned to her father and was surprised to see that he seemed oblivious of his surroundings. His gaze was bent thoughtfully afar and his lips were moving. Rachel drew closer to him and caught the words "hatred, anger and all uncharitableness," and again, "of love divine." Then one of his comrades called to him and he limped painfully to his place and unfurled the flag.

The address at the Soldiers' Monument concluded, the people dispersed to lay their flowers on the graves. It had been another of those addresses that Rachel's father had always styled "mushy"—full of the "forgiveness, concord, one country and one flag" talk, but somehow the veteran, leaning on his daughter's arm and moving from one grassy mound to another with the flowers that she carried, did not feel so genuinely indignant as usual because of this, and, presently turning aside, he took from the basket a wreath of white field lilies and, leaving Rachel, walked over to a grave beside which an old man was kneeling with bent head, and laid it beside another wreath that lay there below the headstone that bore the name of Jared Roberts,—th Virginia cavalry, C. S. A. The man looked up. It was the copperhead Pendleton.

"Thanks, comrade," said the ex-Confederate, simply, holding out his hand. And the irreconcilable Union veteran took the hand and clasped it warmly. At the same moment Rachel felt a touch on her shoulder and, turning, met Dick's triumphant smile.

It was a long time before the two old men finished their talk; in fact, they were still talking when Rachel came and silently stood beside them. Dick stood a little aloof. "Father," said Rachel. He smiled at her a little shamefaced-



"I should think that you might help me," she said reproachfully. "I never fought against the Union. I wasn't thought of when the unpleasantness began."

"But you know that your father was," she said, "and you know you are a democrat."

He laughed. "I'll vote the republican ticket from this time forth if that's all the objection," he declared.

"Then I wouldn't respect you," she said promptly, and with a touch of present disdain in her voice.

"You're hard to suit, Rachel," he said, his brows drawing together in a frown. "It seems to me as if there was something behind this. It's too absurd that you should throw me over for such a foolish idea."

There was nothing placid in the ex-

ly and then at his new friend. "It's as I was saying, Rachel," he said. "There's no call to hate. Hate's a bad thing after all, and Barker was right. 'Love divine,' that's it. Love divine." And its divinity Dick and Rachel knew as they looked into each other's eyes at that parting.

ONE POINT HE HAD OVERLOOKED

Capitalist Points Out the Defect in Inventor's Scheme.

A great many curious inventions are recorded at the patent office, and a great many others that the public never hears of are "sidetracked" on the way there. A brisk, eager individual called on a capitalist for the purpose of interesting him in a device for discouraging burglars.

"I want to get the idea patented," he said, "and I haven't the money. I'm willing to go halves with any man that will give me the financial backing. My scheme is this: You first make all your doors and windows secure, so they can't be opened at all from the outside—make all of them tight and fast, except one—there are plenty of devices for doing that nowadays—make all of them tight and fast, except one. Leave that one so it will open easily. Then run a wire from that window to the head of your bed, where you have an alarm bell. The burglar comes along, tries the doors and windows, and when he comes to that one he raises it. The alarm goes off and the burglar hears it and flees, or it wakes you up, and you are ready for him. In either case it accomplishes your purpose."

"But," said the capitalist, "if you can make all the doors and windows fast except one, why not make that one secure, too, and thus keep the burglar entirely?"

"I never thought of that!" replied the inventor, rubbing his jaw.

Education for Hangmen.

England has a school for the education of hangmen. This latest adjunct to civilization in Great Britain was established as the result of bungling work by executioners during the last few months.

The work of a hangman is light and the pay high, so there are already a number of pupils at the school which is in London. A session there is an interesting sight. One of the pupils acts as the subject, the attendants taking turns playing the role of the condemned. Hanging consists not merely in placing a man over a trap door and launching him into space by releasing a bolt. There are various nice preliminaries to be gone through. First the condemned must be artistically pinioned. Then he must be supported on his way to the scaffold in order to avoid painful scenes. After that there is the rope to be adjusted quickly and without fumbling, in order that the agony may not be prolonged on the scaffold. The rope must be strong enough to bear the weight of the condemned, but not so thick as to slowly choke the condemned to death.

Particularly Out.

The old colored man had grown gray in service. He had almost become the custodian of the family secrets, as he was of the family silver.

The married daughter, who lived in a distant town, had come home for a visit. Callers were coming all day long, and old Pompey was kept busy opening the door and receiving the visitors.

One bright morning the ladies of the family went out for a drive. Just after they left the bell rang, and Pompey recognized in the caller a former dear girl friend of his young married mistress.

"Are the ladies in, Pompey?" said the young lady.

"No, ma'am, they're all out, ma'am," responded the old retainer.

"I am so sorry I missed them," replied the visitor, handing in her card. "I particularly wanted to see Mrs. Bell."

"Yes, ma'am, thank ye ma'am. They're all out, ma'am and Mrs. Bell is particularly out, ma'am," was the reply that greeted her hearing as the visitor opened the gate and the front door closed.

Had It All Fixed.

A political orator addressed a club of Italian voters in English and to his surprise and satisfaction his listeners paid strict attention and applauded at the proper places, shouting "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech the orator took his seat beside the chairman. He whispered that he was delighted with his reception and had never spoken to a more intelligent audience. "Ha-ah!" replied the chairman; "me fix all-a dat. Me hol up one-a fanga, evra man say a 'Hurrah!' Me hol up two-a fanga, evra man say a 'Viva!' Me hol up tree-a fanga, evra man say 'Bravo!' Me hol up whole-a hand, evra man say a 'Hiyi!' Lik one great yell. Me fix all-a dat."

Quaint Auctioneering Method.

The inhabitants of a village in Surrey, England, recently witnessed a quaint mediæval survival in the sale by auction of a local meadow. Long ago, when the world was not so busy as it is to-day, the landlord of the "white brown meadow" at Bourne bequeathed the meadow subject to an auction sale which every now and again adds to the gaiety of this rural population. At each bid a boy sets out to run to a given point and the "white brown meadow" is let to the bidder whose offer is unchallenged when the last boy returns.

Chance for a Pretty Quarrel.

A few days ago on the Thames an angler hooked a trout while fishing with float and bait. The trout's rush broke the gut above the float, and away went trout, tackle and all.

Later, lower down the river, another angler observed a float violently agitated on the water. He made a slip knot in his line, cast it over the float, played and landed the fish—a fine trout between six and seven pounds weight.

There arises a question for the fishing caustics: To whom did the fish belong, and to whom the boat and tackle?—Country Life.

Fared to Go to St. Vincent.

Sir Robert Llewellyn, governor of the Windward Islands, postponed his intended trip to the island of St. Vincent through fear of further violence from volcanic eruptions and wired the colonial office in London he was anxiously awaiting the arrival of a warship.

There is probably more real enjoyment in a Chicago kiss than there is in a Boston interlabial combustion.—Chicago Daily News.

GHOST GIVES A ROSE

CHARMING STORY RELATED BY THE MEXICAN HERALD.

Gentle Spirit Visits Childhood Friend and Leaves a Gift "for Old Times" and Dear Remembrances"—True Spanish Courtesy.

In the lovely moonlight a few evenings ago a Mexican lady sat within the embrasure of a window in her country house, looking out on a little square where were trees and shrubs and a fountain that murmured plaintively. The moon began to shine behind the towers of a great church near at hand, forming a picture which kept the lady at her window. She had traveled far, in Italy and in Spain, but she thought, "I have seen nothing more beautiful in any land."

While the lady kept watch in the window, drinking in the beauty of the picture which the yellow moon had painted for her, a figure emerged from the shrubbery of the little plaza, crossed the street and approached her. It was a man, thin, very pale, dressed wholly in black. His eyes seemed preternaturally bright, and he smiled as he came to the window where sat one who had known him from childhood.

But a shuddering fear fell upon the lady, for the man, though smiling, spoke not. He had come quite near and was gazing into her eyes intently. She was held as by a spell; an impulse to run from the window seat and hide within the rooms came upon her, but she bravely resisted.

At last she summoned courage, and, with faltering tongue, said: "Pray, come into the house, Señor L.; the raguan door is ajar. We may talk better, perhaps, within the house."

But the man outside, clasping the window bars with two white hands, made no reply.

Then the lady said: "You are strangely pale. Are you ill? May I bring you a copita of brandy; I have some very old and choice."

The man tried to speak, failed, tried again, and then said in a low voice, thrilling, unforgettable: "Did you not know that I was dead? I died a week ago, and there is sorrow and weeping still in my house and I dare not return there, even to see my loved ones. I felt that I must see old friends and familiar faces, so I came here. I have many visits to make to-night." The bright eyes of the dead man shone with a mysterious light.

The lady had summoned up her courage and said: "Yes now I remember that they said you had died. I felt sorry, but we had not of late been good friends, and so I did not grieve as once I might have done. We knew each other in youth and were children together. I am not afraid of you now, and again ask you to come in. Pray enter. Pray enter!"

"I do not need to enter by the door; I can pass through here," said the bright-eyed ghost of the night, and he entered as if the window bars existed not.

Taking the lady's hand the dead man wandered out into a corridor, down into a great garden. The air was full of the perfume of flowers. The dead man plucked a red rose, moist with the dew and gave it to the lady.

"This for old times and dear remembrances of childhood," he said, and he walked away and seemingly through the garden wall.

The lady called a servant; he locked the raguan door, the lady went to her bedroom, placed the rose in a vase with water and soon was sleeping.

In the morning she wondered, on first awakening, if the vision of the night had not been of the fancy, wrought perhaps by the witchery of the moon. But the rose was in the vase, the rose given "for old times and dear remembrances."—Mexican Herald.

There Was a Boom On.

A citizen of a flourishing western town was boasting of the growth and enterprise of the place to a group of strangers in the smoking compartment of a western express train.

"Only eight years old, and one of the finest young towns in the west!" "I don't think much of it," said one of the smokers.

"You don't?" cried the man from the town in question, aggressively. "When were you there?" "Used to live there."

"When did you move away?" "Two weeks ago."

"Oh, well, you ought to see the place now!"—Youth's Companion.

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Dress slowly when you are in a hurry.

The book which is already interesting itself as to who will write the official biography of Cecil Rhodes. Publishers are assuming that, sooner or later, there will be such a work. Their idea is that if Mr. Rhodes has left papers having half the human interest of his will his biography will be a unique book.

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