The Southern Sentinel

BEN COATES, Editor.

WINNFIELD, : : LOUISIANA.

Through Fire

By
MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS

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"CLEARLY I am no wife for you. Take back your ring!" Marion said, with her proudest lift of the head.

Redmond bit his lip in unconcealed vexation as he answered: "Throw it in the fire—if you are tired of it. I won't take it back—not any more than I'll take back a word I have said. You made me say them. Any other man—"

"You need not go over it all," Marion said, wearily. "Nothing really matters—except that you have found out—in time—how little I suit you. But my music does suit you, so let me play for you. Your train does not go for two hours."

"Thank you—I can wait for it," Redmond said, doggedly, rising and moving toward the door. Marion, at the window, suddenly drew back the heavy curtains, letting him see the windy snow whirling and swirling outside. Within, there was only the firelight. The big doctor's lamp at the side of the steps made the turbulence outside clearly visible.

"There is no fire at the station," she said, quietly. "No stove up yet—this blizzard has found everybody unprepared. Don't go out in it, please!"

"What do you care? I'm of no consequence to you," Redmond said, shaking his shoulders unappeased. Still he went back to the fire, and stood looking down into it, while Marion drew out her fiddle and began testing the strings. She also stood—he thought she had never looked so slender, so upright, yet such a figure of grace. Presently she laid her cheek lovingly against the fiddle, sounded a faint bar or two, listened again, then dashed off into a rollicking melody—one of the old breakdowns that have set feet patting, heads nodding, throughout how many years?

Redmond loved the air—still more the wailing minors that came after it.

THEY WERE NEVER DONE SPECULATING.

Insensibly his mood changed and softened. Marion must care a deal for him after all. He might, indeed, have been hasty in speaking so strongly about her friendly association with young Villers. Villers was little more than a boy—a lonely boy, in the shadow of a new and crushing sorrow. If he had not been also so disgustingly rich, so confoundedly handsome—but what was the use of going over all that? He, Redmond, had had it out with Marion—in result the diamond he had hopefully fitted to her slim finger lay sparking faintly in the shifting light upon the mantel underneath the giver's hand.

He would never take it back—that went without saying. He had loved so to see it flash back rainbows as her fingers moved here or there. And he had had not the least thought of serious quarrel—only to let her see that now she belonged to him, she must give no occasion for the slightest gossip. Gossip! There lay the root of trouble. It was his Aunt Margaret, and old Miss Maxon's talk, that had upset him. They were never done speculating as to whether Marion's people, the Lynleys, would really catch young Villers for their girls. Villers' mother and Mrs. Lynley had been like sisters. When Madame Villers died it was to her friend she confided her son. He was five years younger than Marion—but what was that—with a round half million dollars to bridge the gulf?

Thus went on the two ladies. Redmond had heard them outwardly calm, inwardly raging. The upshot of it was his demand that Marion should either marry him out of hand, or at once forever forswear Villers' company. He saw now he had been hasty—mighty undiplomatic. He ought, instead, to have pressed for immediate marriage, and, failing that, to have insisted that all the world should know they were betrothed. All along he had chafed against the secrecy upon which Marion's mother had insisted. The insistence was, indeed, the original root of his jealousy. The Lynleys were not rich, for all the doctor's practice was so big. His heart was of equal size; therefore he made small account of money. His wife was another sort. Naturally, she was ambitious to see her only child well established in life.

"Stop! You—you are playing on my heart strings," Redmond said, at last, half turning away his head.

Marion laid down her bow, with a little, shivering sigh. "I thought I was playing on—my own," she said, very low. "Saying good-by to—so many things."

"With me, Marion! Darling, only come! Let me take care of you!" Redmond entreated, trying to draw her into his arms. She eluded him, and said, with her eyes on the fire: "No! I must try making my own way. Next week I shall be 21—then I shall take the little legacy that comes to me for my name's sake and spend it in finding out if I may have a career. People have said there was a fortune in my finger-tips. I don't care for money so much—but work, real work, will be a godsend."

"Why?" Redmond asked, his lips whitening.

Marion looked at him an instant, then let her eyes fall again to the leaping fire, saying: "Because I do not want to be unhappy—and one must be unhappy, remembering happier things. You love me—I know that—but you do not trust me—your jealousy would always be a thorn in my heart, if I married you. As I said, it is best the parting comes now. But think what it would mean to stay here—and remember—with my mother always fretting to have me take the Villers fortune!"

"Marion! Marion! Forgive me! Let me take back everything!" Redmond entreated, making to lay hold on her hand. She drew away from him, heedless in her stress of emotion that the fierce fire draught caught her skirt and drew it into the heart of the flames. Instantly they leaped at it, seized on it and ran up about her throat. Redmond caught her, held her tight, and beat out with bare hands their perilous red legions. Thus he saved Marion's face from all scathe—thus, too, he saved her from inhaling flame. But her right hand, instinctively clutched amid the fiercest of it all, was piteously scarred; so was the right arm higher than the elbow. Elsewhere the burns were mere red scorches. But Dr. Lynley got white and his hands shook badly as he put on salves and bandages, and thought of what might have been.

Redmond would not go away. All night he sat in his hotel chamber, listening to every sound, starting up a dozen times an hour at a fancied sound of hurrying feet. Marion's danger had cleared his spiritual vision as nothing else could have done. He knew he loved her supremely—that henceforth he must go mourning if, by his mistrust, he had truly lost her. He did not heed the sharp cold, the pelting snow outside, nor the drifts through which he struggled at daybreak toward the Lynley house. Early as it was Dr. Lynley greeted him, smiling tremulously, and holding both hands in a warm clasp, unable to say a word.

It was after breakfast that they let him see Marion—Marion, almost herself save for a bandaged arm. She gave him her left hand, saying, with a wan smile: "You saved my life, John; but you could not save the best of me. Daddy says the chances are I shall have stiff fingers—and that means I shall never play again."

"Never mind; you will be always making music—in my home and heart," Redmond said, kneeling beside the couch to take her, whether or no, to his breast. This time Marion did not draw away. Instead, she nestled to him, her face an April countenance of smiles and tears.

GROWTH OF FOREIGN TRADE.

Exports of the United States Exceed Imports for 1903 by Nearly $500,000,000.

One of the most important documents which has been made public in some time, and which explains very clearly the position which the United States has reached in its international exchange relations, was the statement of the bureau of statistics of our foreign trade for December and for the year 1903. It is a most remarkable statement in every respect, and as highly favorable as the most optimistic could have desired.

One fact contained therein is particularly worthy of notice, and shows how the international ledger has been balanced. The assertion has been frequently made of late that our foreign indebtedness has been practically liquidated, but the figures of the report enable one to tell exactly the manner in which the liquidation has taken place.

A year ago the indebtedness of this country to foreigners was estimated [illegible] trade statement for the year 1903 shows the excess of exports over imports to have been $489,195,026, or just about sufficient to have balanced the highest amount at which our foreign indebtedness was estimated to have been a year ago.

Strange Old Medal.

Attached to a very ancient human skeleton found in one of the old mines in the Wichita mountains was a strangely carved medal. It is four or five inches in diameter. On one side is a raised figure, representing two hands clasped; on one cuff is the American eagle; on the other are three bars extending lengthwise of the cuff. Above the hands are a pipe and tomahawk crossed. On this side of the medal are the words: "Peace and Friendship." On the other side is a bust of President Jefferson, with the inscription: "Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, A. D. 1801." A silver ring is fastened to a post on the top of the medal.—Kansas City Journal.

It is reported that the Manitoba & Pike's Peak railroad will be operated next summer by electricity instead of steam and snowsheds.

Newer Ideals of Peace

By MISS JANE ADDAMS,
Of Hull House, Chicago.

With the gradual spread of brotherly love between nations as between men, with the spread of broader humanitarianism, war will in time become morally impossible, as it is, by the increasing expense of machines and munitions of war, becoming financially impossible.

As Tolstoi and Verestchagin have worked for peace, by presenting to the world, each in his own striking way, the horrors of war, the negative side of the question, as it were, the newer ideals of peace, seem to be the other, the humanitarian side. Our various charitable and benevolent societies and institutions, our laws for the preservation of life and health, all work to teach us the value of human life, and when this new, this broader humanitarianism, is spread worldwide, war will be a moral impossibility.

The theory of evolution of the survival of the fittest and all the brute struggle that lies behind that theory, is now known to thinkers, sociologists, philosophers, to apply only to the animal world, to brute life.

The fittest man in a community is not the man who crushes his rival in business, who survives all his rivals, but the man with the greatest and broadest sympathies. The desire to crush out others, whether commercially or physically, is a sure sign of arrested development. As we go on to a deeper understanding of the philosophy of life we avoid combat more and more.

People understand one another better when they do not combat one another, and as they understand one another better they see more and more the uselessness of combat, the desirability of peace. It will be so with nations; it is becoming so. As the bravest individual is not the man who goes about armed and looking for trouble, but is the man who goes unarmed and trusting his fellows, so is the bravest nation the one that trusts other nations, not the one with the largest standing army. Switzerland to-day is the bravest nation in the world, and the world will in time come to realize this truism.

What To Do With the Boy

By HON. LESLIE M. SHAW,
Secretary of the Treasury.

It may always have been so, but it is especially true to-day that the world is producing a higher type of womanhood than of manhood. In all our towns and cities there are more young women whom you would welcome to your homes as daughters-in-law than young men whom you would welcome as sons-in-law. There are reasons why this is so, but there is no excuse. There is nothing in the world so neglected as the boy. There is little place, scant room for him. He is welcome in the home as a baby and he is welcome as a man, but there is scant welcome for him as a boy.

We chaperon our girls—and not too carefully—but we leave the boy to choose his associates and his environments, with much advice and very little guidance. Girls are naturally winsome, gentle, companionable, and they win their way to and are welcome in all homes. But I do not know of many homes where boys are invited. About the only door that swings with sure welcome to the boy, about the only chair that is shoved near the fire especially for the boy, about the only place where he is sure of a cordial greeting, is where you do not desire him to go.

It is about the hardest thing in the world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure grip on him. It's pretty hard to win the companionship of your boy. You think you know something about him, but perhaps that is very little. Very likely he knows more about you than you do about him. Yet that boy is hungry for companionship, and he will have it. He wants the companionship of boys. Nothing will take its place. I think boys as a rule prefer boys' schools. If permitted to they will quit the public schools if given nothing but young girls as teachers. They may remain under the tuition of matronly women, but not under the tuition of girls. It is not a question of who is the better teacher. It is a question of companionship.

If the twentieth century shall succeed in finding the boy, it will be because the boy succeeds in finding himself.

Why Women Should Vote

By HON. JOHN L. BATES,
Governor of Massachusetts.

WOMEN receive the benefits of our educational system. They outnumber the young men in all our schools, colleges and universities. Equally with men do they pay their taxes, and they are held equally accountable for infractions of the law. They are equally interested in the economic and efficient management of civic affairs. They should have the same right as men, if they so desire, to vote for those who are to represent them in that management—and that, too, irrespective of the question whether other women similarly situated desire to exercise that right.

I respect that conservative feeling entertained by many, who, while convinced either as to the benefit or the harm that would result from a complete extension of the suffrage to women, fear the consequences involved therein, and therefore object to the adoption of a constitutional amendment, with its practically permanent settlement of the question. But that there are subjects on which the women should have the right to vote has been recognized for years in the granting to them of that right in the elections of school boards, and it cannot be said that in its exercise they have not shown equal wisdom with the men.

Industrial Education

By DR. WILLIAM A. COLLEDGE,
of Armour Institute, Chicago.

IT IS a trite saying that we live in a wonderful age, when the marvels of inventions, of science and of art have sprung from the brain of civilized man in a manner unknown in the history of the past, and yet I am of the opinion that the majority of us permit these words to slip from our lips without a clear realization of their meaning. No country presents such industrial opportunities as the United States, but let us remember that these opportunities are not for every person. They are for those men who have trained and disciplined their ability. Never in the history of man has the industrial world presented such opportunities to honest endeavor as to this generation, but these opportunities are for educated ability.

DIGGING UP THE PAST.

Talk Was All About Others, Yet There Were Personal Reflections in the Allusions.

"Do you know, my dear," she suddenly said, as she looked up from her work—"do you know that next week will be the twentieth anniversary of our wedding?"

"Is that so? By George! how time flies. Why, I had no idea of it."

"Yes, we have been married almost 20 long years," she continued, with something of a sigh. You have been a good husband to me, darling."

"And you have been a blessed little wife to me, Susan. Come here and let me kiss you. There!"

"I was thinking to-day—I was thinking of—of—"

"Of that sickly-faced babboon who used to walk home with you from church before I knew you?" he interrupted.

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, that Brace fellow?"

"Why, George, he wasn't such a bad fellow."

"Wasn't he? Well, I'd like to know of a worse one, and there you were as good as engaged to him."

"Yes, George, and you were keeping company at the same time with that Helen Perkins."

"That Helen Perkins! Wasn't Miss Perkins one of the loveliest and prettiest young ladies in Liverpool?"

"No, she wasn't. She had teeth like a horse!"

"She did, eh? How about that steep-shouldered, white-headed Brace?"

"And such big feet as she had! Why, George, she was the laughing stock of the town."

"Nothing of the kind—nothing of the kind! She was a young lady who would have made a model wife."

"Then why didn't you marry her, and all her moles and warts and mushroom eyes?"

"Don't talk that way to me! Her eyes were as nice as yours!"

"They were not!"

"They were. I believe you are sorry because you didn't marry that Brace."

"And I know that you are sorry because you didn't marry that beautiful and accomplished Miss Perkins!"

"I am? Oh! I thought you said I had been a good husband to you?"

"And didn't you call me your blessed little wife?"

Then he plumped down and began to read the mortgage sales and advertisements in the paper, and she picked up her sewing and gave the cat a gentle kick. These old things will come up now and then, and somehow neither side ever gets entirely over them.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S DRESS.

Women of Refined Tastes Gown Themselves in a Fitting Manner for Work.

The disheveled housewife, with faded calico wrapper much shrunken in skirt and out at elbow, apron torn and stained, shoes cracked and overrun, and hair half tumbling down, who answers our knock at the kitchen door on a week-day morning, is to many of us a familiar personage. We pity her, but more those who are about her daily. We are tempted to offer an apology for our early call. As a matter of habit with her, her excuses are readily forthcoming. "Really, I have had such a time this morning. Baby is cutting her teeth, and is so cross. I haven't had time even to comb my hair." But we whisper to ourselves that it was the same before there was a baby; it would have been better had she attempted no excuse.

If there is ever a time and a place for a woman to be well dressed, it is in her own home and in the morning hours, says Good Health. The slovenly habits into which so many housewives fall are studiously avoided by every woman of refined tastes. What pleasure can the husband derive from his breakfast if his wife by her appearance reminds him more of the women who go about begging than of the girl he once asked to become his wife? And what an example to set before her children!

"When one is dressed for his work, no occasion demands an apology," someone wrote, and very truly. When the housewife is properly gowned, no neighborly call, either received or given, or errand to the nearest shop, will demand of her an apology for her appearance.

To Marinade Steak.

If there is any doubt about the steak, or if fish, marinade it. It is easy enough. Make a dressing of three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two of oil, a teaspoonful of onion juice, one saltspoonful of pepper, and lay the meat or fish in this for an hour before cooking. Turn it so that it will be seasoned on all sides. The most tasteless kind of fish will be delicious after its bath of marinade dressing, and steak will prove more tender. Cooking is to proceed as if there had been no marinading done.—Country Gentleman.

A "Fairy" Egg.

A trained nurse cooked a "fairy" egg for her patient in this way: Beat the white to a stiff froth, butter a moderately hot frying-pan, and put the white in, making a depression in the top, into which drop the unbroken yolk. Cover, and cook for three minutes. Before eating, the yolk was stirred through the white with a fork, and seasoning was added. The crust that forms underneath should not be eaten by an invalid with a weak digestion.—Farm and Fireside.

Premature Fatigue.

Wealthy American Father-in-law—Look here, count, I'm getting tired of paying your debts.

Count Boylon de Bakkovisnek—So soon? Sare, you haf not paid ze half of ze debts yet!—Chicago Tribune.

Fixing the Limit.

"No," said the editor, "we can't [illegible] your story. There's too much orig[illegible] about it."

"Too much originality!" echoed the contributor. "Why, I thought you wanted original matter."

"So we do," answered he of the [illegible] pencil, "but we draw the line at spelling."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Three Doctors' Opinions.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 15.—Physicians have accepted Dodd's Kidney Pills as a standard remedy for diseases of the kidneys and kindred complaints. R. H. [illegible] away, M. D., of Benton, Ill., says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of diabetes after everything else had failed and I was given up to die. I have since prescribed them in my regular practice for every form of Kidney Trouble and have never as yet known them to fail."

Jesse L. Limes, M. D., St. John, Kansas, says:—

"I prescribed Dodd's Kidney Pills for the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Bride of this place who suffered from Epileptic fits following Scarlatina; the results were miraculous; I have never seen anything like it."

Leland Williamson, M. D., Yoncalla, Ark., says:—

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine I know of for all forms of Kidney Disease. I believe in using the remedy that relieves and cures my patients, whether ethical or not, and I always prescribe Dodd's Kidney Pills and can testify that they invariably accomplish a permanent and perfect cure of all Kidney Complaints."

Music of the Spheres.

Mrs. Gusher—Don't you think my daughter has a heavenly voice?

Mr. Weereigh—Well—er—it certainly sounds unearthly.—Woman's Home Companion.

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture gives to Salzer's Oats its hearty indorsement. Salzer's New National yielded in 1903 from 150 to 300 bu. per acre in 30 different States, and you, Farmer, can beat this in 1904, if you [illegible] Salzer's seeds are pedigree seeds, bred through careful selection to big yields.

Per Pkg.

Salzer's Beardless Barley yielded [illegible]
Salzer's Home Builder Corn... [illegible]
Speltz and Macaroni Wheat.... [illegible]
Salzer's Victoria Rape..... [illegible]
Salzer's Teosinte, the fodder wonder ..... [illegible]
Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass... [illegible]
Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes..... [illegible]

Now such yields pay and you can [illegible] them, Mr. Farmer, in 1904.

SEND 10c IN STAMPS

and this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and you will get their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples free. [K. L.]

"Some men," said the quoter, "are great, some achieve greatness—" "And the great majority," interrupted the cynic, "believe they come under both of the heads."—Philadelphia Ledger.

80 Bu. Macaroni Wheat Per Acre introduced by the U. S. Dept. of Agr. It is a tremendous cropper, yielding on good land 80 bu. per acre, and on arid lands, such as are found in [illegible] Idaho, the Dakotas, Colo., etc., it yields from 40 to 60 bu. This Wheat, Speltz and Hanna Barley and [illegible] Inermis and Billion Dollar Grass make it possible to grow and fatten hogs and cattle wherever soil is found.

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to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and they will send you free a sample of this Wheat and other farm seeds, together with their great catalog, all worth $100.00 to any wide-awake farmer. [K. L.]

"Did she tell you the number of the [illegible] she wears?" "Oh, no; just the number she tells people she wears."—Cincinnati Star.

A Father's Protection.

Father, it is as essential for you to provide a safeguard against that fiend to your children, croup, as it is to guard against hunger. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy, Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure croup and colds.

At druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00 bottle.

When the villain hissed to the hero, "Do your worst!" he had no idea he would be remorseless enough to sing the latest popular song.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

To Wash China Silk Dresses.

China silk dresses may be quite successfully washed. Remove all spots with benzine. Then wash in warm suds, rubbing between the hands; rinse in several waters. Use Ivory Soap. Do not rub the soap on the dress. Wring dry as possible, wrap in a sheet or cotton cloth and when partially dry iron.

ELEANOR R. PARKER.

Hojack—"You don't really imagine girls actually propose sometimes, do you?" Tomdik—"Well, all I know is that it is leap year, and some girls are getting married who never got married before."—Town Topics.

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