

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

The gaunt trees stretch with their beak-
 oning hands
 To the blue of the starry sky;
 In her dainty shallop of silver mist,
 The moon calls merrily by.
 Afar in the distance a trumpet calls,
 With a stirring martial sound,
 And nearer, the tramp of the marching
 feet
 Rings out on the frosty ground.
 The frost-sprite offers its fingers chill
 To the stream beneath the willow strands,
 And its busy murmur is hushed and still,
 At the touch of the icy hands.
 With silvery fringes the eaves are decked,
 And the ice-king's pencil light
 Has etched the windows with magic scenes,
 Which gleam in the clear moonlight.
 But here, in the warmth of our ingle nook,
 Where the freight gleams and glows,
 We dream of the flowers, the birds, the
 bees,
 The blush in the heart of a rose,
 For the wintry tempests may roar with-
 out,
 And the ice-king's scepter sway,
 But the time is summer the whole year
 round
 For the hearts that are young and gay.
 —Mrs. Helen Combes, in N. Y. Observer.

Bumping Against Ideals

By PEYTON WILLIAMS

(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

DORA SPELLMAN was the most profound mystery Joe Mason had ever felt called on to solve. The longer he tried the more hopeless he found the solution. He found his standards so inadequate and the surrounding conditions so unfamiliar and baffling that his characteristic assurance deserted him entirely and he groped in the greatest perplexity.

Joe was a typical city-bred boy. You could not throw him into any situation in a great city where he would not land on his feet. And this made it all the more humiliating for him to acknowledge himself downed, awed—almost terrified by this single country maiden. But Joe was learning faster than he knew.

He was a splendid type of the product of a great city. Born of good parentage, but thrown upon his own resources, he had made much of himself. With but little opportunity for schooling his education had been picked up through the activity of his keen wits. Of course, it was superficial, but was sufficient for business purposes and to give him a good presence and carriage. He had gone into a great wholesale house early in life and by industry, energy and enterprise had been advanced rapidly. His habits and morals were good—for the city. Partly through a fortunate heredity, partly through his sturdy common-sense, he had avoided the great pitfalls of drinking and gambling, the two Molochs of the city born and bred youth. To be sure he was no white-winged angel and took an occasional fly at the ponies and had an occasional "night" with the boys. But he avoided excesses and attended strictly to business. Hence his advancement.

He had the inevitable contempt for the "country jay" common to every city lad and regarded the farmer as a sort of half developed biped, designed by an all-wise Providence for city people to prey upon.

He knew all about girls, too, in his own estimation. He had experienced the adolescent yearnings and gone through the various stages. He had met the city girl of his station, admired and sought her. And her worldly-wise mind had appealed to him and he liked her immensely. But he had shied at the thought of entanglements and while he was ever delighted to meet the fair sex and exchange passages of wit and repartee, he never had been seriously tempted to the himself down to married life.

No wonder the broad-browed, calmed-eyed girl with her maidenly reserve, her simple dignity, her wide range of information, both of nature and books, and her habit of looking so straight out of her clear eyes puzzled him. He had never known a girl that talked so seriously and so intelligently and the utter absence of anything resembling a simper, mystified and bewildered him. Then, too, she so often put him at so humiliating a disadvantage by her accurate knowledge and education, which contrasted so strongly with his superficial information and flippant wit, that he began to feel uncomfortable and to lose his superabundant and over-developed confidence in himself as "the smartest ever."

His translation from the busy city life to the quiet farm in the far west had been sudden and unexpected. The doctor had told him one day that he must give up business for a long time and get away from the city in a dry climate and live out of doors—work out of doors if possible, or he would die. So he had resigned his position and hurried westward, armed with a letter of introduction to Daniel Spellman, who had agreed, with true western hospitality, to take him as a boarder on the big ranch. Spellman was not in the business of taking boarders, but a letter from a mutual friend, coupled with the natural love of companionship, had gained the point.

Mason had not noticed Dora much at first. She was not a girl of striking appearance and her manners were distinctly retiring and unobtrusive. She was but recently returned from an eastern college and had assumed her place as housekeeper for her widowed father. After the first novelty had worn off Mason began to notice the girl more, and the more he noticed her the more worth while it appeared. She was distinctly pretty, if not striking, and possessed a personality that could not fail to impress itself upon those with whom she came into contact.

"Heigho!" remarked Joe, to himself one day after he had been at the Spellmans' a couple of weeks. "That is quite a girl. I see a chance to pass my spare time very pleasantly. Nothing like a little flirtation to add spice to life. She's a simple little thing. She's been away to school and seems to have an idea that she knows it all. I'll have to put on a little city finesse and take a fall out of her nerve. Hope she won't take it too hard, as I'd hate to pass a cold deck to these good people, who are certainly using me white."

So Joe began his summer flirtation, but before he had gone very far he ceased to waste any sympathy on the girl and began to wonder if he really amounted to as much as he had supposed, after all. All the arts of small talk and airy persiflage which he had found to be the expected and effective thing with the city girls of his experiences he found to be of no avail with this western maid, except to leave himself with the uncomfortable conviction that he was an object of amusement, if not of contempt. As to the more ardent love-making he made one attempt one moonlight night on the broad veranda—but no more. The response was so unexpected and decisive that he received what he termed "the jolt of his life." They became very good friends, however, and enjoyed many a ride on the hardy little ponies over the rolling prairies and many an animated talk on the veranda. He began to see a new life of which he never had dreamed and to catch a glimpse of things which had hitherto had no place in his scheme of life.

Finally he discovered that the girl had made a place in his life before he had made a place in hers and that his life before he met her had been hollow and gray, and the thought of a future without her became intolerable. Being given by nature and training to prompt action he proposed to her and was not much surprised when she refused him with a good deal of emphasis.

"I do not know how serious you are, Mr. Mason," she said. "In fact, your sincerity always is a matter of some doubt to me—because you are so different, you know. If you are thoroughly in earnest I am very sorry; if not you are trifling with a very sacred subject and should be ashamed."

He protested his entire sincerity and spoke with so much less flippancy than usual that she begged his pardon for the suggestion and said:

"It is impossible. Our lives and ideals are so far apart that I wonder that you do not see the impossibility. I could not live in your world and you could not live in mine. I am very sorry, because I like you so much as a friend and I hate to lose you."

"Oh, you can't lose me," replied Joe cheerfully, but his face was rueful and he did not regain his cheerfulness for many days. In fact he took to couch-punching with a vigor that did wonders for his health.

Spellman, at his request, put him on regularly with the rest of the punchers and insisted on paying him full wages. He worked like a demon and soon mastered the art. He still occupied his old apartments, when not too far to return at night and saw considerable of Dora. He plunged into reading with a zest he never had felt before and he followed her suggestions closely in the matter of a choice of books. A new world began to unfold to him and the narrowness of his old life and the futility of all the rush and feverishness of the city grew upon him. His health and strength improved apace. He was better than he ever had been, but still he lingered on.

One day he received a letter from his old firm urging him to return and offering him a largely increased salary with a promise of a partnership in the future. He took it to Dora and she was delighted with his good fortune.

"But I don't want to go without you," he said.

"Don't, please," she replied. "It cannot be."

So he went back to the city, but he carried with him new impulses and bigger ideas of life and ideals very different than he had brought with him. His friends marveled greatly at the change.

After he had gone Dora was surprised to find how lonely the ranch was. She missed his cheery, bright breeziness. She had been greatly interested in watching his nature unfold and had felt flattered, quite naturally, at his submission to her as a preceptor. Then, too, the honest love of a good man is not displeasing to any woman. In fact, she thought of him a great deal—rather too much for her peace of mind.

One day about six months after he left she was surprised and not wholly displeased to see him dismount at the door.

"What, broken down again already!" she said, greeting him.

"No," he replied, "Am better than ever. But there's no use trying, I simply can't stand it. I would rather be a couchpuncher where I can see you now and then, than to be a merchant prince where you are no part of my life. I'm going to strike your father for a job. Would you associate with me if I was a regular couchpuncher and lived down at the quarters?"

"Maybe father would sell us part of the ranch and let you help to manage it," she replied dropping her eyes. Mason gazed at her in utter bewilderment. She flushed from neck to temple. He sprang to her side with a glad cry.

"Dora!" he cried, "you are not trifling? Do you—is it true? Great heavens! am I dreaming?"

He gathered her unresisting into his arms.

"A girl has things to learn as well as a man," she whispered.

Patience is all right, but it cannot accomplish much without work.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Michigan and Minnesota are left in a class above all other western teams in the football field as a result of games played Thanksgiving day, but the elusive "championship" is sure to be disputed between the two leaders. As both teams have broken training there is little chance that a post-season contest will be played, and in consequence the question of superiority will be left for long winter discussions to settle.



Rodden, Michigan

The lines of comparison between Minnesota and Michigan are furnished by the game in which they met at Minneapolis and in comparative scores as furnished by Wisconsin. The game at Minneapolis resulted in a tie, 6 to 6. Against Wisconsin Michigan made 16 points, scoring one touchdown and two field goals; while Minnesota made 17 points on three touchdowns, from two of which goals were kicked. The fact that Chicago, which defeated Wisconsin 15 to 6 on three field goals, was defeated by Michigan 28 to 0, furnishes another chance for speculation. Coach Williams, of Minnesota, maintains that in the game at Minneapolis his team gained more ground than Michigan, and that three touchdowns against Wisconsin show more strength than Michigan's one touchdown and two field goals. He says: "So far as comparisons go, it seems to me that three touchdowns against Wisconsin on Wisconsin's own field certainly entitles Minnesota to be placed above Michigan, as they only made one touchdown and two goals from the field on their own grounds at Ann Arbor against Wisconsin." Coach Yost, on the other hand, says that the long trip of the Michigan team to Minneapolis and the early date should be considered in connection with the Minneapolis tie. He thinks that the Michigan team did not show its true strength until the Thanksgiving day struggle with Chicago.

"The whole season's work should be considered in deciding the ranking of the teams," says Yost, "and it strikes me that Michigan's showing is fully as good as that of Minnesota. The fact that Minnesota met Wisconsin after the Badgers had been through three hard games should not be overlooked, and the point that Chicago, which won from Wisconsin by within two points of Minnesota's score, has been defeated by us 28 to 0 is significant."

In the game between Yale and Princeton, won by the latter by the score of 11 to 6, the Tigers demonstrated the possibility of a "one-man" eleven defeating a team probably its superior. According to all reports of the struggle that gave the Tigers the championship of the country, Yale's offense was stronger than that of the orange and black team, and the defense was able to hold them also, but the New Haven eleven counted without its host when it passed over one man—John R. Dewitt, captain of the Tiger eleven and playing right guard. Through his individual ability, stamping him probably the greatest individual gridiron hero of the season, he turned seeming defeat into glorious victory over old Nassau, the first victory over old Ell for the Tigers since '99, when Poe won the game for the Tigers by kicking a field goal from the same spot Dewitt kicked his. Dewitt has been a football player ever since he grew large enough to play the game. In his high school and academy days he played the game, and at Lawrenceville academy, where he prepared for Princeton, he was captain of the team. He entered Princeton in 1900 and played guard a part of the season on the eleven, but was injured early and retired. Since that time he has been one of the regulars, playing right tackle in 1901, but returning to the guard position in 1902. He proved the mainstay of the Tigers. Last fall he was unanimously elected captain of the eleven. He is a giant in physique, standing six feet one inch tall and weighing 195 pounds. He is 22 years old. Even though the new rules had not favored the development of the kicking game, Dewitt has been recognized as one of the best drop kickers in the country. It was through his ability in this department of the game that he was able to wrest victory from the Blues. Princeton's victory places the Tigers at the head of the list of football elevens in the country. Yale is put out of the running by this defeat and Harvard was beaten by a secondary team like Dartmouth. With the Yale game Princeton closed its season. The Tigers played a wonderful game all season and had not been scored on by any of their opponents until Hogan made a touchdown for Yale. Dewitt's aggregation has not been a great scoring machine and has made lower scores against some of the secondary teams than Harvard and Yale made against the institutions, but the Tigers have been consistent at all times, playing steadily, with the one purpose in view of beating Yale.

"Farmer" Burns, champion middle-weight catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world, threw John Berg, Pacific northwest champion, three times within an hour at Whatcom, Wash., recently.



De Witt, Princeton

HARRY MARTIN.

AN EVIL IN FOOD THE LAW SHOULD REACH

In reference to the use of alum baking powders Prof. Schweitzer, of the State University of Missouri, says: "The deleterious effects of alum and the soluble salts of alumina upon the human system, even when used in small quantities, are too well known to need relating; their use in baking powder is dangerous, and should be restricted."

The effects of the continuous use of alum baking powders are thus summed up in a medical publication:—

"Alum taken into the stomach retards the digestion of the food."

"It is an irritant which inflames and irritates the stomach and intestinal canal."

"It is an astringent and tends to constipate the bowels, which interferes with digestion."

"It renders the albumen of the food partially insoluble, and therefore takes away from its nutritive value."

"It is absorbed into the blood, which it tends to thicken and coagulate. The free flow of the blood through the organs of the heart is thus retarded."

"Its continued absorption into the system causes some forms of nervous prostrations and many of those affections of the nerves from which both women and men suffer."

"Fourteen grains of alum have caused the death of a child. Larger doses have frequently resulted fatally in the case of adults."

"No drug so powerful and deadly, no matter in what proportions it may be employed, can safely be used in any article of food."

WAY STATIONS.

There will be 36 tunnels on the route of the new Denver, Northwestern and Pacific railway within a distance of 26 miles, through the Rockies. It is estimated that it will require 600,000 pounds of powder to blast 2½ miles of this route.

The Highland railway company of Great Britain announces that it has completed arrangements for telephonic communication between trains and stations on its line, thus not only greatly lessening the danger of wrecks on the road but also enabling its passengers to communicate with friends and business associates while traveling from place to place.

At the beginning of the last century the royal college of Bavarian physicians sought to forbid steam railway travel, because it would induce delirium furiosum among the passengers and drive the spectators crazy; while an English quackery said that it would as soon expect the people to suffer themselves to be tied to one of Congress's rockets as to trust themselves to the mercy of a locomotive going at the prodigious rate of 12 miles an hour.

ARMY AND NAVY.

Admiral Bowles is to receive \$25,000 a year from the private ship building concern with which he is to be connected. As chief constructor of the navy his salary was \$5,500 a year.

Watchdogs are to be employed to guard the German dockyards. A dog is to accompany each sentinel, and the animal will be set upon any stranger who fails to respond to the challenge.

The new Belgian military system, established on the basis of voluntary conscription, has already proved a failure. Notwithstanding the active efforts of the enlistment committee but few volunteers have come forward during the last year.

Gen. Joe Wheeler is an enthusiastic believer in the value—the "incalculable benefit" is his own phrase—of the army maneuvers. "Many things," he says, "that are necessary in actual warfare are being attempted now in these experiments, and when one side or another fails the failure shows what may be expected next time. In other words, to learn why you have failed or succeeded in a thing is just as important in warfare as in anything else."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Borrowed trouble commands the highest rate of interest.

An absent-minded woman forgets everything—except herself.

When the members of a woman's club quarrel they call it a debate.

Some theories are like gunpowder—most useful when exploded.

No amateur play is satisfactory unless all the feminine parts are heroines.

There are on the Swiss lakes 65 steamers, of which the largest can carry 1,200 passengers.

EVERY WALK IN LIFE.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says:

"A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and I must say I was more than surprised and gratified to notice the backache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all dealers or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHERE PEACE REIGNS.

Money is Not Needed and No Disappointment or Irregularity Permitted.

The long haired young reformers were holding an informal debate, and when they had agreed that the world was just about as corrupt and bad a place as it well could be, a grim-faced man arose, relates London Tit-Bits.

"What you seem to want, friends," he said, "is a place where everyone has to be good by law."

"That's it!" chorused the reformers. "Where smoking isn't allowed, and such a thing as drink is unknown? Where no one need worry about food and raiment, and where money does not exist?"

"We do!"

"Where everyone has to go to church on Sundays, and everyone keeps regular hours?"

"That is just what we do want. Oh, to find such a place!" said a soulful young fellow, speaking for the others.

"Well, I've just come from such a place."

"You have?" cried the soulful one. "Oh, tell us, tell us, man of wonderful experience, where it is, that we may also go!"

"It's a place called prison!" said the grim man.

Acceptable as a Juror.

A murder case was on trial, and the jury was being selected. Among the venire was a negro who had a passion for listening to socialistic speeches when not otherwise engaged, which was "generally always."

The attorney asked: "Do you believe in capital punishment?"

"Yes, sah, I does."

"Do you know what capital punishment is?"

"Course I does," the negro replied.

"Well, what do you understand capital punishment to be?"

"It means a-gitten eben wid de rich, who are a-rulin' ober de pore. I ble'be hit's right, an' you can't make me ble'be nuttin' else."

"Accepted!" shouted the attorney.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Bright's Disease Cured.

Whitehall, Ill., Dec. 7.—A case has been recorded in this place recently, which upsets the theory of many physicians that Bright's Disease is incurable. It is the case of Mr. Lon Manley, whom the doctors told that he could never recover. Mr. Manley tells the story of his case and how he was cured in this way:

"I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills after the doctors had given me up. For four or five years I had Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles; I was a general wreck and at times I would get down with my back so bad that I could not turn myself in bed for three or four days at a time."

"I had several doctors and at last they told me I had Bright's Disease, and that I could never get well. I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am now able to do all my work and am all right. I most heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills and am very thankful for the cure they worked in my case. They saved my life after the doctors had given me up."

He—"Do you remember when we were children, and I used to come over to your house to play? Weren't those jolly times?" She—"Weren't they! And your mamma never let you stay more than an hour."

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Some chronic grumblers find fault with a photograph on the ground that it lacks originality.—Judge.

To Care a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Walt Whitman.

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Honor is too big a price to pay for any honor.—Chicago Tribune.

Self-indulgence is the secret of indigence.—Chicago Tribune.

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 The main muscular supports of body weaken and let go under
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BRIEFLY DESCRIPTIVE.

Not Many Words Required to Tell How the Whole Thing Happened.

"Private" John Allen, according to the New York Times, is responsible for this one:

Last year there were a number of claims for damages brought against one of the railroads in Mississippi by the farmers in a certain county of that state. These claims arose out of the fact that many hogs had been killed by the trains of the railroad in question. A mixed commission was formed of railroad men and others to determine the equity of these claims. Among others questioned by this commission was an old drayman who claimed to have been an eye-witness of the annihilation of one hog.

Said the chairman of the commission to Zeph:

"Tell us, in as few words as possible, how this hog was killed."

"Old Zeph said in a huge cud of tobacco from one cheek to the other, cleared his throat, and then replied:

"Well, sah," said he, "as nearly as I kin make it out, it was this way: De train tooted and den tuk him!"

Inconsistent.

"I'm so glad you chose the subject of 'Chinese Women,'" said Mrs. Flusby to Mrs. Gushly, who had just finished reading her paper. "The subject is so interesting, I never tire of hearing about the poor things."

"Mercy," thought the author of the paper. "I hope no one else stops to congratulate me before I get home. These new shoes pinch me so I can't stand it another minute!"—Detroit Free Press.

Saved by Frost.

"I hear," said Hi Tragedy, "that while you were playing in one of the western towns a fire broke out in the theater."

"Yes," replied Lowe Comedy, "and there might have been a horrible panic but for one thing."

"What was that?"

"There weren't enough people in the audience to create one."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Homeleigh—"Your husband is at his club a good deal, isn't he?" Lady Gadabout—"Yes. The poor boy hates being at home alone, you know."—Punch.

"This is where we part company," said the comb to the brush, as they were set out in the guest's bedroom.—Columbia Jester.

Self-indulgence is the secret of indigence.—Chicago Tribune.

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