

THE ENTERPRISE.

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VIRGINIA. - - MINNESOTA

SINCE BABY CAME.

I love my own dear mother more,
Since baby came;
I understand what once she bore,
Since baby came;
The long, hard nights and weary days,
She knew through all my childhood days,
Since baby came.

I love all other mothers now,
Since baby came;
There seems a halo o'er each brow,
Since baby came;
Their hopes, their joy, their grief, their
care,
I now can comprehend, and share,
Since baby came.

And all the children that I meet,
Since baby came;
Seem far more precious and more sweet,
Since baby came;
A fresher charm for me they hold,
As I watch one small life unfold,
Since baby came.

I honor all true fathers more,
Since baby came;
I know their worth as ne'er before,
Since baby came;
The wealth of love they can bestow,
Their toll, their sacrifice I know,
Since baby came.

My Heavenly Father seems more near,
Since baby came;
His love for me now grows more clear,
Since baby came;
So many things not understood
Reveal themselves through motherhood,
Since baby came.

—Minnie Curtis Wait, in Chicago Advance.

Mororan.

By John Fleming Wilson.

It was a cold, dark morning in December when the collier Aztec left Mororan, which lies in the Straits of Isangar. The ship was dirty, and her officers utterly wearied by the effort to get to sea before an approaching storm should seize their harbor-bound. So when the last load of "coalies" had put off for the shore, the third mate without delay reported to the captain that the steamer was clear of the men and women who for ten days had been dumping their coal baskets in every conceivable opening from the entrance to the engine-room, to the lazarette ventilators.

"Thank heaven!" said the captain. "Up anchor, Mr. Stallard."

When they were clear of the harbor and the grimy Aztec was sniffing the stiff easterly wind, the mate left the deck where he had spent the last 24 hours and went to his room to clean up for breakfast.

In the gloom of his cabin he did not at first notice that the bunk was occupied. When his eye caught sight of a form under the blankets he gasped. A thousand fancies flashed within his mind, but they all vanished when he somewhat roughly turned back the edge of the covers.

He left the room, closing the door softly after him and went around to the third mate's cabin. He found him deep in soap and water, thrust a towel into his astonished hand, and dragged him out on deck. "What in blazes—" commenced the third mate.

His superior deigned no answer but opened the door of his own cabin and pulled him in. "What in heaven's name," protested the third mate, angrily, "what in Heaven's name have I done now?"

"Done!" echoed the mate. "Look here!" and he drew back the blankets.

Sound asleep, with her head on her arm lay a little Japanese girl of perhaps 12 years. The two men gazed and were silent.

"I thought," said the mate presently, "that you had seen to it that the ship was clear of this trash."

His subordinate dried his face with the towel and muttered under his breath: "I did go over the ship, sir, but I begged if I thought it necessary to look in here."

"You're a fool," responded his chief. "You've had experience enough in these places to know that these girls drop their coal baskets when they get a chance and hunt a warm spot to sleep in. Hush, she's waking."

The little one opened her eyes and looked fearlessly upon the officers. "Good morning!" she said softly.

"What are you doing here?" growled the mate.

"It's warm," she answered, patting the pillow. "On deck heap cold."

The third mate threw open the door and pointed out to the waves running by. "We're at sea," he said gently, "and you're leaving home."

Her eyes shone somewhat mischievously the mate thought, and she stretched out her hands. "You be kind, matey, you be good?" They beat me at Mororan. No good."

"What?" gasped the mate.

"You be kind!" she repeated shyly. "I make you nice wife. Can make tea, can make cigarette. Good wife to you," and she nodded her head gravely.

"I don't want you for a wife," thundered the mate. "I've got one home."

There was a child-like note of appeal in the girl's voice when she turned to the younger man. "You like wife?" she asked.

Before the third officer could utter a word, the mate broke in: "No, he doesn't, and if he did, it would not be you, my girl."

The tone was harsh. "Don't beat me," she cried piteously.

"Mr. Stallard," ventured the third

mate, "suppose we see if we can't get the old man to put her ashore at some fishing village."

"That won't do," answered the mate, after a pause. "Poor little thing. We can't do that."

"Something's got to be done," said the other.

The little Japanese had followed the expression of their faces, and with a timid assurance she whispered: "You keep on ship. I be good. I know how to be good English fashion. I missionary girl."

There was no answer to her appeal, and with a cry of despair she sat up. "I good missionary girl," she pleaded. "I love God. I sing."

Softly and clearly she sang:

"He has taken my feet
From the mire and the clay
And set them on the Rock up Edgeways."

"That settles it," said Stallard, huskily, when the plaintive voice had ceased. "She's mine. I'll adopt her. Little one, you be a good girl, and I'll look out for you."

It was with much diffidence that the mate sought the captain. To him he explained the situation bluntly and without sentiment. "Simply a case of have-to," he concluded. "Can't put a kid like that ashore in a strange place. She's been ill-treated enough and worse is ahead of her. I'm a married man and I guess I can adopt her."

"You're crazy, Stallard," said the skipper warmly. "You get infatuated with a little coal girl and want to adopt her. What will your wife say?"

The mate flushed. "We haven't any kid, sir, and I give you my word that I mean to do a father's duty by that little girl. She's out of a ditch, I know, but she doesn't know what sin is, and I think, sir, that maybe I can bring her up to be what a girl should be."

"Nonsense," said the captain. "You ought to be acquainted with her sort better. They're no good."

"Trust me, sir," said the mate doggedly.

The captain pondered a great while. Finally he rose and pulled down the log-book. "We'll make it ship-shape. You sign the log, saying you adopt her and I'll certify to it. Stallard, I don't like this business at all, but it seems the best way out of it."

"There is no need," the mate suggested, "of telling the rest any more than that I've taken her to educate."

"We'll put the whole thing in the log," said the captain. "You can tell 'em what you like outside."

So the entry was made and signed and the girl, now christened Mororan, after her birth-place, was installed in a vacant cabin. Few cared to inquire into the matter, beyond the details which the mate saw fit to divulge.

The very first night Mororan stationed herself unobtrusively behind the mate's seat at table and served him. This was against his purpose, but threats and promises were of no avail, and he had finally to accept it.

Within a week little Mororan was perfectly at home, and no smile was provoked when the mate referred to "my daughter." For at sea the unusual is the inevitable.

When the Aztec had worked her slow way down into warmer seas the stalwart mate spent most of his spare time on the after-deck with Mororan beside him. In his awkward way he strove to tell her the things he thought a good girl should know. She listened, accepted and practiced dutifully. It was not long before Stallard found that he was the pupil and she the teacher. She taught him the fancies and longings and purities of a maiden's heart. There was but one aspect of her mind that was always dark to him. "Missionary girl" she evidently was; she talked that kind of English. Her creed was orthodox so far as he knew, but her idea of the God she worshipped seemed so changeable, so misty, yet so human that he failed to recognize any of his own conceptions. He tried to fathom her thought, but it always ended in fixing her eyes upon him and singing:

"He has taken my feet
From the mire and the clay
And set them on the Rock up Edgeways."

"Who has taken your feet from the mire and clay?" he would ask.

"God," she always answered, looking at him solemnly.

"Who is God?"

Then she would look at him with eyes that he could not read, and the catechism was finished.

One day she varied the usual formula, and when he asked her "Who has taken your feet from the mire and the clay?" she answered him with a sob.

He had never seen her cry before, and with an uncontrollable impulse he lifted her into his arms. She lay there choking with emotion. Suddenly she checked herself, and with closed eyes kissed him gently. It was the first caress she had given him and he triumphed paternally. "I thought, little one," he murmured, "that you did not kiss in Japan."

Blushes stole over her cheeks, and she knelt at his feet. With her head bowed on his knees she whispered:

"He has taken my feet
From the mire and the clay
And set them on the Rock up Edgeways."

The mate was puzzled and thought great thoughts. All his dreams now were of living ashore with his newly found daughter. He decided that he would keep her in a good boarding school where he would call every afternoon; he wondered if his wife would quite agree to take Mororan to the country with them for dinner of a Sunday; he tried to fancy how the girl would look in European dress, and most often he simply smiled upon her largely. So he dreamed and she grew into his heart.

Within a week's sail of Honolulu it was discovered that the cargo of coal was a fire. For two days and two nights they fought to quench it, but their efforts were futile, and the hour came when they must abandon ship. They launched the boat into a summer sea and lay by till the Aztec was gone. Then with dreary faces the occupants of the several boats hoisted the lantern sails and started on the long voyage to the land.

In the mate's boat were Mororan and five sailors. They were but scantily provisioned with food and water, but still there was enough to last with good weather.

For two days fortune favored them, and though the other boats disappeared, Stallard's heart grew lighter. The disaster had put his dreams to flight, yet now while they rocked on the cradling swell of the southern seas he dreamed again about his daughter. And she sat before him and sang cheerfully little scraps of songs such as the coalies sang at their work, or slept by his side the sleep of careless childhood. The men, in a world quite apart, listlessly trimmed the sail or pulled at the oars when the breeze died with the colors of the sunset.

On the third night the wind rose and with it the sea. In spite of the utmost skill of the mate the boat shipped seas heavily, and in the morning they discovered that the fresh water was spoiled.

When Stallard had tasted of it, he ordered it all thrown over the side, and shifted his revolver into a handier pocket.

Days passed, and drying lips commenced to mutter dangerously. At a week's end two men crouched in the bow of the boat, and when they gazed at the mate and remembered the death of their companions they strove to form words that would move him out of his impassive attitude of authority.

Human strength was failing, and Stallard prayed over the upturned face of the daughter that God would grant him to kill these also without murder. Then, open eyed, he slept and dreamed of walking in the Park with little Mororan. And he tasted the water of the fountain under the trees, and saw the dew of its cool draught upon the little one's lips. That dream faded, and his mouth was parched. But in another scene he felt upon his hot lips a kiss from her he loved. That kiss awakened him.

He awoke in time, and without the guilt of murder he came to be at last alone with her. She lay unconscious between his knees, her hot face to the implacable sky in mute appeal. Over that form the gaunt mate strove to call in prayer; but his jaws sat in agony, and his tongue refused to say anything but "Mororan! Mororan!"

The sun flamed toward its setting and the ocean shone as brass. From the far horizon dark shadows beckoned to the solitary man in the boat. Strange ships hailed him and unknown gods chattered out of the sky. Still he called: "Mororan! Mororan!"

The form of the girl stirred and she opened her eyes. With a quiver she tried to speak.

No sound came, and the mate thrust his knife into his arm and bathed her lips in the blood. "God!" she murmured.

"Who is God?" asked the mate thickly.

There was a blind outstretching of the hand, and then the voice rang out:

"He has taken my feet
From the mire and the clay
And set them on the Rock of Ages."

"Who is God?" cried the mate, struggling with Death.

Mororan stretched out both her arms toward him and whispered:

"You have taken—"

But her arms never met about his neck, and her final act of worship was unaccomplished. She and her God were dead.—Overland Monthly.

Requirements for a Physician.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle practiced medicine before he began to write, and in one of his scrapbooks he has a newspaper advertisement that he cherishes because it shows well the low standing of many doctors in the eighteenth century. Sir Arthur clipped the advertisement from a newspaper of the year 1787. It reads:

"Wanted, for a family not blessed with good health; a sober, discreet and steady person to act in the capacity of doctor and apothecary. He must often act as steward and butler, and occasionally dress hair and wigs. He will be required to read prayers, and sometimes on wet Sundays, to preach a sermon or two. A good salary will be paid, and a preference will be given to such an one as, besides the above qualifications, can mend clothes."

A Cheerful Expression.

"I wish I could always look as cheerful as you do," said the sweet young thing as she dropped down beside the attractive widow.

"There are times when it is embarrassing—that cheerful expression of mine," said the widow. "Let me tell you. When my husband died I was journeying alone to his home, where he was to be buried. I was much annoyed at the persistency with which the man across the aisle attempted to flirt with me. Finally he took a seat in front of me and said, 'I beg your pardon, but I thought I'd like to talk with you a while, because you have such a cheerful expression.' And there I'd been weeping my eyes out for two days. So don't cultivate that cheerful look too much or you'll find some one accusing you of looking happy at a funeral."—Detroit Free Press.

PRINCE OF WALES DISLIKED.

Heir to the British Throne Is Said to Lack the Elements of Popularity.

Far and away the three most popular members of the royal family today are the king and queen and little Prince Edward, eldest son of the prince of Wales. That the king and queen would be popular every one expected; they always were as prince and princess of Wales. But the present prince and princess are about the least popular members of the house of Hanover. Prince George, the "sailor prince," was once almost idolized by the crowd, says the New York Times, but that was when he was a sailor. Since he gave up the sea he has drifted back in public regard. It is some years ago that, after a prolonged period of inactivity, he suddenly took it into his head to command a battleship and started on a cruise. The British press wept tears of joy and he was the hero of the hour. But after a few weeks "the ship came back" and the royal commander has given himself leave of absence on shore ever since.

When he was younger he took his profession very seriously and never shirked the disagreeables connected with it. There is a perfectly true story of his ship, when he was a lieutenant, touching at a Turkish port. The local governor at once came to pay his respects to the royal prince. The ship was coaling, operations being commanded by the officer of the watch, black as a negro from coal dust and perspiring freely. The admiral received the pasha, who explained that he came to pay his respects to the queen's grandson.

"He's on duty just now," explained the sailor; "there he is," pointing to the hot and dirty officer. No wonder the public liked a man who did his day's work and never flinched nor sheltered himself from irksome tasks behind his title.

The trouble with the prince to-day seems to be that his health is indifferent. Whether his severe attack of fever just after his elder brother's death has weakened him, or whether, as some say, it is a matter of weak digestion, one cannot tell, but he is not strong and has to take great care of himself. At Buckingham palace they keep late hours; the king seldom retires before midnight. At Marlborough house the prince goes to bed much earlier and never sits up late. He hates horse racing and never goes to Newmarket or other races if he can possibly avoid it. The present king's death will be a great blow to the popularity of racing.

All members of the royal family avoid witnessing cricket or football matches, but the prince seems to dislike agricultural shows as well. His chief hobby is fishing and this gives a hint to his character, for a fisherman is, as a rule, quiet, reserved and fond of solitude. The long and short of it is there will be a slump in loyalty when George V. comes to the throne, unless he comes out of his shell and imitates his royal father's geniality.

AUTOCRACY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

Present Strenuous Conditions of the Czar's Domain Are Due to Ancient Causes.

From the earliest times until within the last century and a half Russia was almost continually subject to foreign invasion, according to the Chautauquan. Wave after wave of barbarians from the great northern plains of Asia dashed against the Muscovite state and several times completely overwhelmed it. There were no means of protection—no lofty mountains, no inaccessible fastnesses, no streams difficult of passage. There was not even stone or other material to construct walls or castles for defense.

The inevitable tendency under such circumstances was for the power of the Muscovite princes over their subjects to be greatly augmented. The people looked to the princes for protection, in return for which they undertook to serve in the army, pay large taxes and in other ways strengthen the princes' position. It so happened that in this business of defending the people against the depredations of the marauders the princes of Moscow were more successful than any others.

And it was for this reason chiefly that the princes of Moscow attained a prestige surpassing that of all the others and eventually became the head of the Russian state. In the great struggle to throw off the Mongol yoke in the fifteenth century the people were quite willing to commit the most absolute power into the hands of the grand prince of Moscow, for they knew that every resource and prerogative at his command would be needed for the achievement of the task. Whatever would strengthen the prince's position was considered desirable, whatever would weaken it deleterious. Thus the Russians, who in very early times had republican government in their petty city states, accustomed themselves for the sake of their national deliverance to autocracy.

Reasonable Guess.

"Oh, mamma!" said little Frances, "I know why some people wear crapes on their arms."

"Why, Frances?"

"To show where they are vaccinated."

—Judge.

Queen Alexandra's Epigram.

"It is a pity," said Queen Alexandra to the late bishop of London one day, "that women are not as devoted to the birds in the air as they are to the birds in their hats."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Embryo Mosquitoes.

Certain species of mosquitoes hibernate in the adult state, others in the larval state and some in the egg. Larvae live through a winter in solid ice.—Nature.

MINNESOTA NEWS.

Stabbed.

James Mackie, proprietor of the Mackie barber shop, was probably fatally stabbed in the right breast by one of the proprietors of a skin game which was operated at Luverne during the celebration of the Fourth.

Mackie had watched the game for some time, and after seeing a farmer drop about \$30 he asked the man running it why he did not give the man a chance for his money. Hot words followed, and one of the men on the outside, who was capping for the concern, pushed through the crowd to Mackie and, drawing a dagger, deliberately plunged it into his breast.

He then attempted to escape in the crowd, but was grabbed by bystanders and arrested by Officer Bert Benton. The knife entered the right breast, penetrating the lung and inflicting a serious wound.

Owing to the serious condition of the injured man, his assailant will not be given a hearing until there is decided change in his condition.

The prisoner gave his name as G. Wright, and stated that he lived in Minneapolis. Further than this he refused to talk. When he was searched, something over \$2,000 in bills were found upon him.

Will Help the State.

Federal authorities will co-operate with the Minnesota dairy and food commission in preventing the practice of misbranding Minnesota butter and cheese. The attention of the secretary of agriculture has been called to this, and he has informed Commissioner McConnell that any such cases will be prosecuted by the department of justice under the law of 1902, which imposes a fine of \$500 to \$2,000 for introducing in any state or territory dairy or food products falsely labeled as to state or territory in which they are produced.

Minnesota cheese is fully equal in quality to the best of New York or Wisconsin, but is not so well known, and the product of Minnesota factories is often displayed for sale with the New York or Wisconsin label. The law furnishes protection against such a deceit, which works injury to the Minnesota dairymen.

Kills the Law.

The state supreme court decided that the inheritance tax law passed at the special session of 1902 is unconstitutional. The decision was handed down in the case of Alice Adams Russell, executrix of the estate of Sol Smith Russell, respondent, vs. Frederick C. Harvey, probate judge of Hennepin county, appellant.

The court held that the law, since it fixes the rate of taxation at 10 per cent, is a violation of article 9, section 1, of the Constitution which provides that the rate on inheritances, devices, bequests and gifts shall not exceed 5 per cent. The decision is in accordance with an opinion rendered by the attorney general and also with the ruling of the Hennepin county district court.

Chance for West Point.

A competitive examination for the selection of a candidate for West Point will be held July 30 at the custom house, 5th and Wabasha, St. Paul. Young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two years and residents of the state are eligible to take the examination. The person receiving the highest average will be nominated. The person with the next average will be selected as first alternate and the third man for second alternate. The examination committee will consist of Dr. G. H. Bridgman, Gen. R. M. Adams and Dr. Henry M. Hutchinson.

News Notes.

Owing to the fact that an immense amount of coal is being shipped into Duluth early in the season, that the boats may rush the wheat in the fall, a blockade has resulted and the coal docks are unable to handle all the fuel that is being received.

St. Paul is pushing Minneapolis hard for honor along the divorce line. Seven divorce cases were called before Judge Jaggard in the district court. The calendar has had 40 divorce cases of this month, and 20 new cases have been filed for the October term.

Edward Clark, alias Phol and Henry Sounders, wanted at Bemidji for safe blowing, were arrested in South St. Paul. The robbery was committed June 8.

The state auditor received the following vessel tonnage taxes: Peavey Steamship company, four large grain ships, \$449; American Navigation company, \$231; Lake Superior Contracting and Dredging company \$230; other companies \$225.84.

William Nyhart, 168 Fillmore avenue, St. Paul, is suffering from blood poisoning caused by the bite of a rat, which his dog had caught.

The Duluth & Iron Range has filed with the Minnesota railroad commission a new tariff, naming reduced rates on general merchandise to all stations on its line, in accordance with the order recently made by the commission.

The ore shipments from Minnesota are now 279,034 gross tons greater than they were on the same date one year ago and the heaviest for any corresponding period in the history of iron mining in this state.

Andrew Manning, while stringing electric wires at Faribault from a pole, narrowly escaped decapitation. The end of the wire on the ground had formed a loop and encircled Manning about the neck. A passing engine struck the wire, which jerked him up the pole several feet, causing severe bruises about the head and shoulders.

For Aged People.

Bellflower, Mo., July 24.—Mr. G. V. Bohrer, of this place, has written an open letter to the old men and women of the country, advising them to use Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy for those forms of kidney trouble so common among the aged. Mr. Bohrer says: "I suffered myself for years with my kidneys and urinary organs. I was obliged to get up as many as seven or eight times during the night. I tried many things with no success, till I saw one of Dodd's Almanacs, and read of what Dodd's Kidney Pills were doing for old people. I bought two boxes from one druggist, and began to use them at once. In a very short time I was well. This is over a year ago, and my trouble has not returned, so that I know my cure was a good, genuine, permanent one. I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills are a splendid medicine for old people or anyone suffering with kidney and urinary troubles, for although I am 84 years of age, they have made me well."

The more conspicuously the jewel of consistency is worn the more likely it is to be paste.—Indianapolis News.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Some things seem easy till you try to do them.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

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

If a man is old, don't call him "old man."
—Atchison Globe.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable."

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restored my strength and appetite, and took up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.

CUTICURA OINTMENT

Purest of Emollients and Greatest of Skin Cures.

The Most Wonderful Curative of All Time

For Torturing, Disfiguring Skin Humours

And Purest and Sweetest of Toilet Emollients.

Cuticura Ointment is beyond question the most successful curative for torturing, disfiguring humours of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, ever compounded, in proof of which a single anointing preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases, by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly humours, permit rest and sleep, and point to speedy cure when all other remedies fail. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, cleansing, soothing and healing the most distressing of infantile humours, and preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp and hair.

Cuticura Ointment possesses, at the same time, the charm of satisfying the simple wants of the toilet, in caring for the skin, scalp, hair, hands and feet, from infancy to age, far more effectively, agreeably and economically than the most expensive of toilet emollients. Its "Instant relief for skin-tormenting babies," or "Disinfectant, antiseptic cleansing," or "One-night treatment of the hands or feet," or "Best treatment of the hair," or "Use after athletics," cycling, golf, tennis, riding, sparring, or any sport, each in connection with the use of Cuticura Soap, is sufficient evidence of this.

Well-documented by the Cuticura Ointment, the fact that it is the most successful curative for torturing, disfiguring humours of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, ever compounded, in proof of which a single anointing preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases, by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly humours, permit rest and sleep, and point to speedy cure when all other remedies fail. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, cleansing, soothing and healing the most distressing of infantile humours, and preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp and hair.