

THE WIND AND THE DREAMS.

Across the dew-sweet meadows and over  
vales and streams  
The wind is not a dreamer, but he's ever  
whispering dreams!

In quiet, hidden places—fields where they  
sow and reap,  
Forever and forever he stags the world  
to sleep!

And it's love-time and dream-time  
By valleys, hills and streams;  
And life is with the dreams!  
And Love is with the dreams!

He waits to you the music of the dove's  
delighted wings,  
In the swaying vines he's saying just in-  
numerable things!  
And he knows the sweet home-places  
where the morning glories creep—  
And the children's rosy faces, and he  
sings them all to sleep!

And it's love-time and dream-time  
By all the hills and streams,  
And life is with the dreams!  
And Love is with the dreams!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

IN THE USUAL WAY

By JULIA ELEANOR ANDERSON

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"No," said Miss Southwell, pulling  
with unnecessary force a petal from  
the rose she held, "there is no such  
thing as Platonic friendship!"

"Pardon me for the contradiction,  
and with all due respect to your  
opinion, still I am sure it has existed—  
and does exist to-day—between man  
and woman," persisted he in the golf  
suit.

"But I have no proof of it, save your  
word; and I have never seen it dem-  
onstrated. Invariably the ending of  
so-called 'Platonic friendship' is in the  
sneering chimes of wedding bells,"  
laughed Miss Southwell.

"Stuff and rubbish!" The young  
man did not express himself audibly  
in these words, but he thought it with  
great emphasis. Aloud he said:

"Do you mean to tell me you really  
believe that a woman and a man can't  
continue on terms of friendly equality  
without coming out at the finish in  
that homely old way? If, as you say,  
it usually ends by falling in love, it is  
my opinion that the woman is the first  
to discover that she has been the one  
to nurse the flame."

"But women never propose!" Miss  
Southwell's dark eyes flashed mean-  
ingly, and a row of pearly teeth set  
themselves with cruel force into the  
soft, red lip beneath.

"Positively you frighten me, Miss  
Southwell. Dimities that tragic air and  
let us talk the matter over sensibly—  
at least we won't quarrel about it. I  
think you are a very obstinate, little  
'daughter of Eve,' but we each be-  
lieve our individual opinion to be the  
correct one. Suppose we demonstrate  
it—you and I—suppose we form a  
compact of Platonic friendship. There  
is sufficient affinity between us, I  
think, to make it interesting and not  
dangerous—don't you know—to make it  
enough. Come, what say you?"

"Oh, that would be quite impossible!  
Can't you understand that it would  
place me in an absurdly conceited  
light, believing as I do that Platonic  
friendship does not exist? Were I to  
agree, it would mean that your heart  
must fall a victim to mine, and the  
thought is quite unpleasant."

"Unpleasant! Thanks, very much.  
I admire your candor. But according  
to my views, there is no end—no el-  
lipse, you understand. Just in our  
case, I assure you. Now, will you  
consent?"

There was a slight hesitancy—an  
undefinable reluctance—in her man-  
ner; but he had wished it to be so: the  
compact was made, and she closed it  
with a faint "Yes," and sealed it by  
giving him her hand.

This was at the beginning of the  
watering season, and they had known  
each other three whole weeks.

The hot days and cool nights rolled  
by in monotonous success, but the day



"There is no such thing as Platonic  
friendship."

was never too hot for Jack Blair to  
spend the choice portion of it with  
Miss Southwell—she was the recipient  
of all his joys and his sorrows; they  
rowed together, frolicked in the surf  
together; sat together on the beach  
where the dashing waves murmured  
something which they could not under-  
stand, and where the moon came out  
and cast their shadows in bold relief  
against the cliffs, yet never did they  
deviate from the true course of Pla-  
tonic friendship, although "their set"  
—because they did not understand—

associated their names with significant  
and knowing winks.  
And thus the season drew to a close  
and the time for parting came—as it  
always will. On the eve of her de-  
parture, Blair called to bid her good-  
by. He felt a vague regret at this  
separation, but consoled himself with  
the thought that it was a most natural  
regret—such as he would have felt at  
a long separation from a beloved sister.  
But with all respect to his sincer-  
ity in this belief, let it be said that he  
never possessed a sister.  
As he came into full view of the ho-  
tel veranda, he was annoyed to find  
that his last evening with her must

be shared with another. Under the  
banner of Platonic friendship, he had  
fully made up his mind to kiss her at  
parting, but now as he realized that  
even this could not be carried out in  
the presence of anyone who did not  
understand their relations, he dug his  
heel viciously into the gravel.

"Oh, Jack!" joyously exclaimed Miss  
Southwell, as she came within close  
range of them, "Mr. Noyes has kindly  
offered to assist me to the station in  
the morning. Kind of him to be will-  
ing to carry my bird cages and hand  
boxes, isn't it?"—this with a thorough-  
ly appreciative glance in the direction  
of Mr. Noyes, upon which subtle flattery  
that young man blushing took his  
immediate departure.

"Well, it's a wonder that cad had  
sufficient decency to know when to  
make himself scarce!" irritably com-  
mented Mr. Blair, "and as to seeing  
you to the station, anyone would be  
glad to do that, but I don't know who  
has a better right than I."

"Why, Jack! Such conceit is quite  
unpardonable. Positively, you say  
that as though you were jealous. Re-  
member, there is no such thing as  
jealousy in Platonic friendship," said  
she sweetly.

"Platonic friendship! The d—; I  
beg your pardon. What a blind fool  
I have been! I might have known  
that no sane man could for any length  
of time look into those eyes with-  
out—"

"Please don't say 'falling in love,'"  
pleaded she mercifully, "with a sub-  
dued twinkle in her eye—that would  
spoil everything, and on the very last  
night, too."

"But that is just what I meant to  
say. I yield, dear; I don't believe  
there is any such thing as Platonic  
friendship, either; both right, and  
might as on your side. Come let us  
be Platonic lovers, instead."

Strangely, the veranda was deserted,  
and even the moon was coquetting  
among the flecks of clouds, leaving the  
two for an instant in absolute ob-  
scurity.

"I cannot help saying, I told you  
so," came in a muffled voice from out  
the darkness.

When a few moments later, the  
moon threw off her fleecy draperies,  
she illumined a picture of another pair  
of pilgrims entering Eden; and alas!  
The immortal Plato had lost his two  
disciples.

Paris Loses Old Elm.

Paris is mourning the loss of its  
oldest tree, an elm planted by order  
of Sully in 1600, in the Rue St.  
Jacques. It is leafless this year.

"Please don't say 'falling in love,'"  
she pleaded, mercifully.

Gen. Howard's Bravery.

In the corridor of the Senate wing of  
the capitol a day or two ago Senator  
Daniel of Virginia ran across Maj.  
Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A., retired.

As the story was told in print after-  
ward, Gen. Howard asked Senator  
Daniel, who served as chief of staff to  
the Confederate general, Jubal A. Early,  
in what battle it was that he re-  
ceived the wound which made him a  
cripple. The senator told the general  
that he was shot at the Wilderness,  
and then, pointing to the Union sol-  
dier's empty sleeve, asked: "Where  
did you leave your arm, general?"

In printing the story the newspapers  
said that Howard told Daniel he had  
left his arm at Gettysburg, a fight in  
which he knew the senator also had taken  
part. Then the senator and the gen-  
eral agreed to go to Gettysburg next  
May to look over the field.

Gen. Howard did not tell Daniel that  
he had lost his arm at Gettysburg, for  
Gen. Howard is given to truth. He  
said he lost it at Fair Oaks, and fur-  
ther than that he said nothing. But  
had he so chosen, and had he not been  
the modest soldier that he is, he could  
have told a story of heroism that per-  
haps was greater than that shown in  
his leadership of the charge which re-  
cost him his arm.

Gen. O. O. Howard never drank a  
drop in his life, never smoked a cigar,  
and never swore, except once, and that  
was at Chancellorsville, where some  
foreign-born troops of his ran, and he  
has been quoted as saying on that oc-  
casion: "Damn the Dutch." Gen.  
Howard not only believed tobacco and  
liquor to be bad, but he believes the  
use of audacity which deadens the  
senses is bad and unmanly.

In the charge at Fair Oaks a bullet  
shattered his arm below the elbow.  
He kept on leading. Another bullet  
came and shattered the bone in the  
same arm above the elbow. He kept  
on leading. When the charge was  
over and success was assured Gen.  
Howard walked over to a hospital tent  
where a surgeon in attendance, after  
looking at the arm, said: "It must  
come off."

"Take it off," said Gen. Howard.  
The hospital attendants began pre-

parations to give the wounded soldier  
ether.

"None of that," said the general.  
"Cut it off and I'll look out."

The surgeon obeyed orders and  
Howard chatted with him to smother  
the sound of the saw.

When Sherman Relaxed.

"The only case in my experience  
where Sherman relaxed one of his  
orders," said Gen. Dodge, "was during  
the march from Chattanooga to At-  
lanta. We were very short of all  
kinds of provisions, canned fruits, veg-  
etables, etc. We lived on bread, beans  
and bacon. I had been suffering dur-  
ing the whole of the campaign, was  
run down a good deal physically, and  
I thought if I could get a change of  
food it would help keep me up."

"I went over to Gen. Sherman's  
headquarters and asked him to allow  
me to send by Lieut. Bailey (who had  
been detailed from my command in  
charge of the mails running from  
Nashville to the front), to bring me  
down some dried fruits and vegeta-  
bles. I told Sherman that I was run-  
ning down; that I had a very bad  
wound in the side, and it seemed im-  
possible to keep it from sapping away  
my strength."

Sherman looked at me and said:  
'Dodge, all you want is some good  
whisky,' and took me to his tent. Good  
or bad whisky just then was entirely  
different to me from what it is now,  
but, of course, I submitted. I urged  
my necessities upon the general, but  
he said it was impossible to allow me  
to bring forward anything; that if he  
did it for one he would have to do it  
for others; and I went away a good  
deal disappointed, which Sherman  
saw. There was no way to get any-  
thing without his permission.

"It was not more than a day or so  
after that that Col. Dayton, his ad-  
jutant, happened to be at my head-  
quarters, and asked one of the staff  
doctors if I had sent to Nashville for  
anything. The staff officer informed  
him that I had applied and could not  
get permission, and that under the  
circumstances I would not send. Day-  
ton told the staff officer if they could  
get it through by Bailey, to do so,  
that Gen. Sherman, he knew, would  
not object, but says he 'You don't  
want to say anything to Dodge' and  
the first thing I knew there came to  
my headquarters a box of supplies.

WITH THE VETERANS

The Sailor's Song.

Oh, the wind's to the west and the sails  
are filling free!  
Take your head from my breast; you  
must say good-by to me.  
You'd my heart in both your hands, but  
you did not hold it fast.  
And the mill cannot grind with the water  
that is past.

O it's I must away, and it's you must  
bide at home!  
I am sped like the spray, I am tickle as  
the foam;  
It was sweet, my dear, 'twas sweet, but  
'twas all to sweet to last.  
For the mill cannot grind with the water  
that is past.

We have clasped, we have kissed, but you  
would not give me more;  
I must win what we missed on some  
other, farther shore.  
You can never hold the gray gull that  
swings about the mast.  
And the mill cannot grind with the water  
that is past.

You will mourn, you will mate, but 'twill  
never be with me;  
I am off to my fate, and it lies across the  
sea.  
For it's God alone that knows where my  
anchor will be cast.  
And the mill cannot grind with the water  
that is past.

—Josephine Dodge Daskam in Scribner's.

Sheridan's Horse.

This repeated question as to the  
color of the horse ridden to Cedar  
Creek by Gen. Sheridan sharply shows  
how very careful we ought to be about  
doubting the truthfulness of a comrade  
who tells of something that we do not  
remember. It affords indisputable evi-  
dence that our memory is not always  
the very best authority and the very  
best thing upon which to rely when  
we write or correct history.

Some comrades positively declare  
that they know that Sheridan did not  
ride a black horse that 19th of Octo-  
ber, 1864, because they saw him on a  
gray. He perhaps changed horses, and  
the comrades saw him on only one of  
those he rode? Some say they do not  
remember to ever have seen Sheridan  
on a black horse. That may be true,  
and yet they may have seen him on a  
black horse.

Let us take the general's word for it  
and let it go at that. I have no doubt  
that he had memory, affection and  
documents to rely upon when he wrote  
his Memoirs. In June, 1862, while  
colonel of Second Michigan cavalry, he  
was stationed at Rienzi, Miss. In his  
Memoirs, Vol. I, Chap. 10, pp. 177-84,  
he says:

"Shortly after this affair Capt. Arch-  
ibald T. Campbell of the Second Mich-  
igan cavalry presented me with the  
black horse called Rienzi, since made  
historical from having been ridden by  
me in many battles, conspicuously in  
the ride from Winchester to Cedar  
Creek, which has been celebrated in  
the poem by T. Buchanan Reed. This  
horse was of Morgan stock, and then  
about three years old. He was jet  
black, excepting three white feet, 16  
hands high, and strongly built, with  
great powers of endurance. \* \* \*

I rode him almost continuously in  
every campaign and battle in which I  
took part, without once finding him  
overcome by fatigue, though on many  
occasions his strength was severely  
tested by long marches and short rations. \* \* \*

Although he was sev-  
eral times wounded, this horse es-  
caped death in action and, living to a  
ripe old age, died in 1878, attended to  
the last with all the care and sur-  
rounded with every comfort due the  
faithful service he had rendered."—  
National Tribune.

Prayer by a Southern Woman

While the Third Indiana cavalry  
rested at Lookout, Companies G and I  
went out one afternoon on scout.  
After dark three of us rode in advance  
of the advance squad—of which I had  
charge—to make inquiries at a cabin  
in which we saw a light. As we ap-  
proached we heard a woman praying,  
and soon we could hear her words. She  
was evidently very devout, and soon  
we learned that she was loyal to the  
Confederacy, and we stood silent, not  
interrupting her.

When you ought to have heard a  
part of that prayer! She begged the  
Almighty to let loose His lightning and  
sink to the bottom of the deepest sea  
every ship that the "terrible barbarian  
'Abe Linkin' rules; that the blockade  
might be raised, so that 'the people  
of God who are fightin' Thy battles  
may be able to procure the necessaries  
of life of which the Northern fiends  
have despoiled and deprived them;'  
that "the Yankee barbarians, who  
know not God and serve only the devil,  
be effaced from the earth with all the  
hordes of their randaia."

I wrote several sentences of that  
prayer in a letter the next morning,  
which was Sunday, and it was hot de-  
votion! When she said Amen I rapped  
on her door with the muzzle of my re-  
volver, and made inquiries, but did not  
learn anything. Jim Cowell and I took  
breakfast with her the next morning,  
and Jim—a terrible man for outbreaks  
of language—asked a blessing. We  
told her we were Methodists, and she  
was greatly surprised to find out that  
there really were "believers" among  
the Yankees!—Martin Dashiell, in Na-  
tional Tribune.

A Veteran's Reminiscence.

"Thirty-nine years ago," said a vet-  
eran, "I started on my last raid on  
Richmond. I was in the Fourth Wis-  
consin artillery at that time in But-  
ler's army of the James. On the 23rd  
of September two corps of Butler's  
army, including Gen. Kautz's division  
of cavalry, were to cross to the north  
side of the James, capture the rebel  
positions, and attempt a rush into  
Richmond. The rebel positions were  
captured and held, but we didn't get  
into Richmond, and I was put out of  
action."

"We took four guns of our battery  
into the fight and lost them. We lost  
also a good many men, and I came  
out with a bullet hole through the  
shoulder. Yes, it disabled me then,  
and was a good deal in my way for  
some years. The wound was a severe  
one, but here I am as active in busi-  
ness as my old comrades who were  
not wounded."

Five States Bar Women Lawyers.

To-day women are admitted to the  
bar on equal terms with men in thirty-  
four states of the Union.

FOR THIRTY YEARS  
Congressman Meekison Suffered With  
Catarrh—Read His Endorsement  
of Pe-ru-na.



CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON, OF OHIO.

Hon. David Meekison is well known, not only in his own State but throughout  
America. He began his political career by serving four consecutive terms as Mayor  
of the town in which he lives, during which time he became widely known as the  
founder of the Meekison Bank of Napoleon, Ohio. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth  
Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his  
section of the State.

Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman,  
Catarrh with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only uncon-  
quered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal  
enemy. At last Pe-ru-na came to the rescue, and he dictated the following letter to  
Dr. Hartman as the result:

"I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and I feel greatly benefited  
thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if  
I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of  
thirty years' standing."—David Meekison, ex-member of Congress.

THE season of catching cold is upon  
us. The cough and the sneeze and  
nasal twing are to be heard on every  
hand. The origin of chronic catarrh,  
the most common and dreadful of diseases, is  
a cold.

This is the way the chronic catarrh gen-  
erally begins. A person catches cold,  
which hangs on longer than usual. The  
cold generally starts in the head and  
cold generally starts in the head and  
cold generally starts in the head and

throat. Then follows sensitiveness of the  
air passages which incline one to catch  
cold very easily. At last the person has a  
cold all the while seemingly, more or less  
discharge from the nose, hawking, spit-  
ting, frequent clearing of the throat, nos-  
trils stopped up, full feeling in the head  
and ears, inflamed throat.

The best time to treat catarrh is at the  
very beginning. A bottle of Pe-ru-na  
used never fails to cure a common  
cold, thus preventing chronic catarrh.

While many people have been cured of  
chronic catarrh by a single bottle of  
Pe-ru-na, yet, as a rule, when the catarrh  
becomes thoroughly fixed, more than one  
bottle is necessary to complete a cure.  
Pe-ru-na has cured cases innumerable  
of catarrh of twenty years' standing.

It is the best, if not the only internal  
remedy for chronic catarrh in existence.  
But prevention is far better than cure.  
Every person subject to catching cold  
should take Pe-ru-na at once at the slight-  
est symptom of cold or sore throat at  
this season of the year and thus prevent  
what is almost certain to end in chronic  
catarrh.

Send for free book on catarrh, entitled  
"Winter Catarrh," by Dr. Hartman.  
"Health and Beauty sent free to women  
only."  
If you do not derive prompt and satisfac-  
tory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write  
at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full state-  
ment of your case and he will be pleased to  
give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The  
Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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condition, the result of Con-  
stipation.

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"I saw that your catarrh remedy, Pe-  
ru-na, was doing others so much good,  
that I thought I would try it and  
see what it would do for me. My  
case is an old one and I have none  
of the acute symptoms now.  
I have used it, however, and I have  
had the disease so long that I had  
none of the aches and pains, but a  
general rundown condition of the  
whole body—sore nose and throat  
and stomach."

I had a good appetite but my food did not nourish my sys-  
tem. I had come down from 140 to about  
75 pounds in weight. I now feel that I am  
well of all my troubles."—Mrs. A. Snedeker.

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