

IN ABSENCE.

"God lead thee, dear!" The sunrise light
 Strals softly through the gray,
 The dream and darkness of the night
 Are lost in perfect day.
 I smile, and whisper tenderly:
 "God lead thee, dear, away!"

"God help thee, dear!" The noontide hour
 Is golden, glad, and gay;
 The world smiles upward like a flower
 To meet the sun's warm ray.
 I pause and whisper earnestly:
 "God help thee, dear, away!"

"God keep thee, dear!" The sunset flush
 Kisses the dreaming day,
 And in the wondrous holy hush
 The whole world seems to pray.
 I kneel and whisper lovingly:
 "God keep thee, dear, away!"
 —Alice E. Allen, in Good Housekeeping.

Woman Disposes

By
JOHN C. FISCHBECK

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THIS happened 20 years ago, when good Mr. Spotswood was governor of this fair province of Virginia. I was a young gallant then, and not a somewhat sluggish dillard, as I have become. And Mme. Clarendon, whom you may see knitting placidly by the window yonder, was neither elderly nor gray-haired. She was as lissome a young lass as one might wish to see, and when I saw her first, riding along a country lane on her palfrey, I felt that Cupid's arrows had wounded me once for all.

Now, this is a bit of personal history, and refers to Christmas time and stormy weather, such as sometimes happens, though but rarely, in our Virginia. There were many merry-makings in the country in those days, when the example of a pleasure-loving monarch, howbeit he dwelt across the seas, encouraged his people in all such harmless indulgences. It was at a neighbor's place, where we were enjoying a dance, not long before the beginning of the holiday season, that I made my bow to sweet Mistress Prudence Haywood. But she would have none of me, tossing her pretty head and bustling off on the arm of one of her other suitors.

I thought this a bad beginning, but reminded me of the proverb about the brave and the fair, and determined to press my suit. It chanced that her father had been an old comrade of mine in the Indian wars, and I soon found means to visit him. The old man received me cordially, and as we sat over our mugs in the comfortable wainscoted hall of his fine old dwelling, he rehearsed to me the eventful story of his campaigns. I listened with outward respect, but, as I confess with some shame, with small attention; because Mistress Prudence served us from time to time, as the mugs ran dry—talking being thirsty work—as my eyes and ears were for her alone.

I need not say that once established in the good man's graces, I was assiduous in my wooing. But Prudence put me off with the art of which every maid, however country bred, is mistress. At the end of the twelvemonth I knew no better how I stood in her estimation than I did at the beginning.

Christmas eve was approaching, and with the decline of the year came frequent storms and tremendous snows, such as the people of the vicinage had not seen for a time longer than compassed by the memory of the oldest man amongst us. Travel was not only difficult, but perilous, and hardly a morning passed but brought tidings of distress, not rarely coupled with the news that some daring equestrian had succumbed to the cold, or been "whelped in a treacherous creek. I could not leave my lonely hall in such weather without a decent excuse, and for a week searched in vain for a reasonable pretext to dare the dangerous roads and see Prudence again. I was very much in love, and it seemed at length as though I would risk any danger, just to see her sweet face again.

At last I could no longer deny the gratification of my desire. So, saddling my horse, Dobbin, I pushed through the heavy drifts and on to Holloway hall, passing over the great stone bridge across the river which separates the two estates. I noted that the ice had accumulated perilously against the central arch of the bridge, and remarked to myself that there would be risk, and the weather moderated not, of the ancient structure collapsing before the tremendous pressure. At another time or on another mission, I might have dismounted and made an examination of the masonry, but I pushed on, assuring myself that there was no immediate peril, and that the stonework had stood 50 winters, even if none so severe as this, and would doubtless survive a few brief days of stress.

As I brushed the snow from my cloak in the porch of Holloway, I could not but feel a sense of foolishness, for having ventured on a visit at a time so evidently unpropitious. Old Master Haywood was absent, but Prudence met me at the door.

"Why, Master Clarendon," she said, saucily, "tis a rough wind that blows you hither. Shall I bid you welcome, or no?"

"As you prefer," I answered, somewhat stiffly, for I was nettled at the mockery in her eyes. "But since I come so far and by such dangerous roads, I may tell you that I have an object in doing so."

A sudden color flamed into her cheeks, and she drew back with a little exclamation, partly surprise and partly coquetry—for such is the manner of girls.

"Fear not," I cried, the sight of her dear face putting to flight all the timidity of the previous moment, "all I have to say may be put in three words: 'I love you, Prudence!'"

I paused for an answer. But never a word said she. She stood there smiling.

"Marry me, my dear," I began again. "I have loved you ever since I saw you first," and then I went on to tell her how

I had seen her riding on a day near 18 months before, and then of the dance where I had first addressed her, and then of her father's long stories of old campaigns, and my inattention when she was within sight. But she interrupted me not at all; merely smiled as she listened. And when I made an end, there fell a silence between us.

"Will make no answer to my suit?" I said, finally. "Well, be it so. But I will ask again, and again, and yet again, till you tell me what I wish to hear. Sweet Mistress Clarendon that is to be, I salute you!"

"You have impudence, sir," she cried, "to take possession of me so cavalierly! I will marry whom I please, and when I please, and it will not be you. I care not at all for you!"

It was warm and snug within doors, but as I swung to saddle again, the cold struck into my bones, and the growing storm made all about black and strange. The wind had sprung up within the hour, and now whirled the snow into blinding clouds, so that my faithful horse picked his way slowly and still more slowly through the increasing drifts. My own mind was full of sad thoughts. Though I was resolved to win Prudence in the end, this did not prevent me from yielding to the deep depression of my mood. I cast the reins on Dobbin's neck and let the good beast proceed at his own sweet will.

I know not how long I had been riding, nor how far I had got on my way homeward, when my melancholy meditations were interrupted by the sound of something following me. In the noise of the wind it was impossible to distinguish clearly the direction from which these sounds proceeded; moreover, the footsteps—for such they seemed—were muffled by the snow. Nowdays I think it strange that I should have heard anything at all. But, my friends, there is a clairvoyance of the heart by means of which we have an instinctive knowledge of many things too subtle to be heard or seen with the gross bodily organs. And so it seems to me in the case I speak of; for, obeying an impulse, the cause of which I cannot even now describe to you, I suddenly caught up the reins and turned Dobbin's head against the wind.

And well it was that I did so. For in a few moments I heard a voice cry out in distress, and by my faith, it was not the hoarse shout of a man, but the shrill treble of a frightened woman. With that, I clapped spurs sharply down and hastened with all speed possible to give what help I could; for under such circumstances it is not well to delay.

And whom do you think I found there, stalled in the snow, half fainting in her saddle from the cold and the bewilderment of the night?

Prudence!

My arms were about her in an instant. As I bore her from her horse, wrapping my cloak about her trembling figure, she put her dear head against my shoulder and began to sob. To my eager question, what had sent her forth on such a night, she made no answer for a long time, and I availed myself of the opportunity to turn in the direction of Holloway hall, leading her palfrey by the bridle. At length, as Prudence regained her composure, I learned why she had followed me.

"A moment after you left," she whispered, hiding her face in my breast, my father rode up, having been out on business at the village. He was full of concern, for, he said, the bridge over the river between your house and ours had gone down during the evening, the weight of the ice piled against it. What time did it go, father? I asked, filled with a sudden apprehension. "Scarce an hour since," he answered; "I heard it as I was leaving the village." At once I thought of you riding home in the night, unable to see what lay before you, blinded perchance, by the snow, and with that broken bridge in your path. Without a word to any, I snatched my hood and cloak, fled to the stable, and saddling my palfrey, started in pursuit. But though I know the road so well, the snow proved too much for us, my horse and I, and had Providence not watched over us, I fear we would have perished. A silly fool am I! I might have sent my father, or one of the men. But, no! I did not stop to think!—"

"Glad am I you did not," I said, "for now, Mistress Prudence, you shall deny me no more. A woman takes no such risks for a man she loves not. Said I not truly you would marry me, after all?"

She answered not. In a few minutes we met Master Haywood, and a troop of his men searching for the missing maid.

"Sir," said I, as we drew rein before the hall, "I crave your hospitality for the night, for my own home is far, and the weather unpropitious. And to-morrow I shall ask you yet another favor still."

"Harry," replied the old gentleman, clapping me on the back, "it hath already been asked and granted. The wench told me months ago she loved thee and would marry thee. 'Twas only a matter of waiting till she was ready. And as for thee—boy, dost think an old Indian fighter hath failed to see through thy pretense of interest in his tales of forgotten battles? Ha! and his cheerful laugh rang out right merrily. And as we stood in the great hall, he took our hands in his, and joined them together, and with the tear drops glistening in his eyes, added: "Take her, Harry, and be happy."

And that, my friends, is how Prudence Haywood made up her mind to become Mme. Clarendon!

Audience to Be Feared.

"He's a great public speaker, isn't he? He's invincible before a vast audience, and—"

"Yes; but you ought to have seen him quell the other day when I was there and his wife asked him to go in the kitchen and give the cook a lecture." Philadelphia Bulletin.

It requires a good deal of nerve to continue to do one thing well all the time.

GREAT FEATS PLANNED.

Engineers of America Will Undertake Some Big Tasks During the Year 1904.

The year 1904 promises to be one of unusual importance in the annals of engineering progress on the North American continent. In all human possibility, says the Engineering News, we will see inaugurated in the coming year several great engineering works, great not only in the magnitude of the operations involved, but in their prospective influence upon commerce and industry, both national and international.

The first of these great tasks to be undertaken is the construction of the isthmian canal. The dimensions of this problem are vast, as measured by similar enterprises in other parts of the world and the opportunity will now be given to American engineers and American contractors and builders of machinery to utilize all that knowledge, skill and experience in conducting public works that has already done so much to make our own country great. The economical solution of the problem calls for mechanical appliances to a degree almost unprecedented, and for this machinery we confidently look to our own engineers and to our own shops.

The climatic conditions will demand the utmost endeavor in the way of organization and the care and handling of labor; and last, but not least, the engineering features involved are so unusual and of such huge dimensions that the latest sum of engineering genius and experience can alone bring about successful results.

Another great engineering enterprise, already started, but to be energetically pushed in 1904, is the plan of the Pennsylvania Railroad company to connect its system with the cities of New York and Brooklyn by tunneling under the Hudson and East rivers. Here again is a problem that in its solution includes new and practically untried engineering methods.

In the state of New York the popular vote technically approves of the expenditure of a hundred or more millions upon the 1,000-ton barge canal, connecting the great lakes with the Atlantic seaboard. In many of the inland states the companies controlling the great railway system have an enormous volume of work either in progress or contemplated, which has for its object the creation of new works to take the place of those planned and executed by a past generation of engineers.

The enormous traffic developed by the growth of our domestic commerce has brought into use heavier locomotives, larger cars and stronger bridges, and the resulting saving in operating expenditures now warrants an outlay for reduction in distances, gradients and curvature that would have been deemed wasteful extravagance by the preceding generation.

Northward, in the Canadian possessions, the coming year will doubtless see a notable beginning made in what will become another great transcontinental railway. This Grand Trunk Pacific railway will be nearly 4,000 miles long, and will connect the Atlantic seaboard at Halifax with the shores of the Pacific ocean at Port Simpson. It will be the most northerly railway line of importance on the continent, practically following for much of its length the great divide separating the waters of the St. Lawrence basin from those of Hudson bay. Its purpose is to open up to population, trade and commerce vast areas of wheat land, timber land and mines that are now valueless by reason of the lack of transportation facilities.

With these enterprises once fully started—as they will be in 1904—there should be abundant demand for the services of the engineer, for the designer and maker of all types of engineering machinery and materials, for the men who handle machines and labor, and for labor itself.

Hawks and Owls Useful.

A scientist of the department of agriculture has demonstrated that hawks and owls are the friends and not the enemies of farmers. These birds were formerly shot because of the belief that they lived on young chickens and ducks, and in other ways acted the role of pirates. After spending the greater part of ten years in examining the contents of the stomachs of hawks and owls, however, this scientist announces that these birds belong to the category of beneficial and not harmful species. He scrutinized the food in the stomachs of thousands of owls and hawks. It was found that while the hawk will occasionally pick up a young chicken, it depends largely for food on the animals which are known to be highly injurious to farm crops. The owl lives almost entirely on field mice, which are great pests in certain sections.

Shylock of the Trolley.

"Yes," said the conductor on the Gay street car, as he called Etwas street, and gave the motorman the double ring. "I can tell what day of the week it is by the size of money these young fellows have. Now, there is that kid in front just gave me a five note and made me hustle for change. That's his salary. He'll be walking down-town next Friday morning. That young woman there, who just gave me a dollar bill, had to look through a pocketbook full of samples on Saturday morning to find a nickel."

"But this is Monday," remarked the observant patron, "and I saw a man give you five pennies just now. How do you account for that?"

"Oh! that's carried," said the knight of the cord; "he's married."—Baltimore News.

Japan Second in Book World.

In the publication of books and pamphlets, Germany leads with 26,609, Japan is second, with 21,255, and, surprising as it is, Russia makes a good third, with 17,895; France, 12,199; Italy, 9,975, and the United States is sixth on the list, with an output of 7,993, or about the same as British India.

AND HE GOT IT.

But It Proved to Be Something He Didn't Care to Hold Very Long.

An indulgent mother of the Tuxedo colony was traveling on a local train one day in company with her three-year-old son, his nursemaid, and a copy of a society magazine which absorbed her attention, relates the New York Times. The son was occupying the seat behind her with his attendant, who attempted every once in awhile to curb his restless and restless spirit by a gentle denial of his latest whim, but each time the mother, noticing only that some argument was in progress, and without looking up from her book, would remark: "Let him have it."

The nursemaid thereupon would yield to this double demand. Finally a strong and rather venomous looking wench against the window pane, and the youthful hunter reached out to grasp it, and wailed dejectedly when he was once more restrained by the watchful caretaker. Against the loud mother, without raising her eyes, exclaimed: "Oh, do let him have it!"

And the howl which followed the nurse's compliance caused an amused smile to pass around the car.

FOOTWORK ON THE PIANO.

"First Steps in Music" by a Youthful Artist with Too Much Pedal.

Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," is not himself a musician, but his ear is delicate and sensitive, and noting annoyances him more than to hear bad singing or bad playing says the New York Tribune.

He was visiting a cousin of his in London, and this cousin has a son, a boy of 12 or 13, who practices on the piano every morning. The muscular lad, hanging false notes from the instrument with tremendous vigor, tried Mr. Bingham not a little.

"What on earth are you playing there, Jimmy?" the song writer called from the next room one morning.

"An exercise from 'First Steps in Music,'" the boy answered.

"I knew you were playing with your feet," said Mr. Bingham, "but would you mind stepping a little lighter on the keys?"

Gratitude Well Expressed.

Sault St. Marie, Mich., Feb. 8th.—Mr. C. L. Smith, painter and decorator, whose home is at 309 Anne street, this city, makes the following statement:

"I was laid up with some kind of pains. Some said it was La Grippe, others Sciatica, and others again Rheumatism. A few of my friends suggested that it was lead poison, but whatever it was it gave me a great deal of pain, in fact, almost completely crippled me. I had to use two canes to walk about and even then it was a very painful task.

"A friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and I began the treatment. After I had used the first box I was able to throw away one of the canes and was considerably improved. The second box straightened me up so that I could go about free from pain without any assistance and very soon after I was completely cured, well and happy, without a pain or an ache. Dodd's Kidney Pills seemed to go right to the spot in my case and they will always have my greatest praise."

Clean Sweep.

Sister Lillian—Well, Bob, how's the rival football team shaping up?

Brother Bob—Aw, say, Lil, they're a lot of rags. We got up a scrub eleven and wiped the floor with them.—Judge.

PILL TRADE MARK IMITATED.

Druggist and Clerk Ared Held in Jail for Court.

Charged with infringing upon the trademark of Carter's Little Liver Pill Company, Joseph T. Griffith, a druggist at the southeast corner of Eleventh and Vine streets, was held in \$500 bail for Court this afternoon by Magistrate J. W. York, at the same time Griffith's clerk, Joseph C. Fore, was held in \$500-bail for Court on the same charge, and also for selling certain articles the sale of which is prohibited by law.

The men were arrested this morning upon warrants issued by Magistrate Jerome at the instance of Brent Good, No. 129 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, and Charles C. O'Leary, No. 1 West Terrace, New York, representatives of the Carter Company. They stated that the latter had spent \$3,000,000 in advertising and getting their pills known, and did not purpose to permit others to reap the benefits.

The label in question is a small one containing a large letter L, and the one used by Griffith is an exact copy, except that it does not contain Carter's name.

The prosecution showed how easily the imitation product could be palmed off on the would-be purchaser of Carter's pills, owing to the similarity of the labels, and held that it was evidence of a deliberate attempt to deceive.—Philadelphia Telegraph, Jan. 27, 1904.

Rather Lively.

Tingaling—Hello, old chap! Haven't seen you for some time. How's business?

Jogalong—On the jump. I've got three frog farms in Missouri.—Chicago Daily News.

Historic Route to Florida.

The shortest and most attractive route from Chicago or St. Louis to Florida is via Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta, over the historic Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Ry. and Western & Atlantic R. R., via Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga Park, and through the famous battlefields of the Civil War. This is the route of the "Dixie Flyer," the all-year-round train that carries sleepers between Chicago and Jacksonville and St. Louis and Jacksonville. It is also the route of the "Chicago & Florida Limited," a solid vestibuled train operating during the winter season between Chicago and St. Augustine, with sleepers between St. Louis and St. Augustine. If you contemplate taking a Southern trip, and desire interesting literature about the route, write to B. F. Hill, N. E. A., N. C. St. L. Ry., 350 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"I don't take any stock in these trusts, anyway," you can't believe there are such things." "Oh, yes; but I haven't the money to buy the stock."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Teosinte and Billion Dollar Grass.

The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 80,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre. [K. L.]

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"Have any trouble with your pipes freezing?" "No; they freeze all right; the trouble comes after they thaw out."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Marat Grass, February 10-16.

Rates via Mobile and Ohio Railroad from Chicago to New Orleans and return, \$25.00; Chicago to Mobile and return, \$24.00. Low rates from all points. For particulars, write Jno. M. Beall, M. & O. R. R., St. Louis, Mo.

Straight running makes better speed than the swiftest circling.—Ram's Horn.

Stops the Cough
 and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.
 The best armor is to keep out of gunshot.—Bacon.



Fibroid Tumors Cured.

A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor, which baffled the skill of Boston doctors. Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in the following letter tells how she was cured, after everything else failed, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—although she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take her medicine—which she knew would help her—her letter contained a mass of additional instructions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring about the happy result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman. The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt.

Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness. Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too great for her to take in return for her health and happiness.

Truly it is said that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; don't forget this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

\$100.00 Reward

will be gladly paid to anyone who will furnish convicting evidence against imitators and substitutors who try to sell you worthless preparations when CASCARETS are called for. Don't ever take substitutes, but insist on having

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