

Poverty

A millionaire sat in his study
And figured with pencil and pad;
The cold drops stood out on his forehead—
A scene that was touching and sad.

He charged up as loss a few items,
Result of a syndicate squeeze,
Subtracted some big restitutions
And loss of directorship fees.

Then gently he broke to his family
The awful and terrible news—
They had to stop smashing their auto,
No longer a yacht could they use.

They sobbed as they realized ruin,
The days of their riches were gone;
He only had left of his fortune
The sum he had paid taxes upon.



AFTER THE SOUL WENT OUT

BY EARL INGLE
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Suddenly all was still.
A ghastly whiteness settled over
the thin, yearning face on the pillow,
and peace took the place of pain.

The end of a life of conjugal mis-
matching had come at last.

"Can you not forgive me all the
wrong you have suffered at my hands
before you go?" he had asked.

She had remained silent, with
averted eyes and a faint flush over-
spreading the wan features.

The minister had joined the father
and son at the bedside a short time
before, and was watching the passage
of his parishioner to the world be-
yond.

"It is your duty, Mrs. Marshall," he
had said. "It is a dreadful thing to
go into the other world with unfor-
giveness in your heart. It is so easy
to speak that now, and afterward so
impossible. The consequences to both
of you are terrible."

He had said no more, but waited.
They all waited.

At last she spoke.

"If you have ever wronged me,
Henry," she said, "I forgive you, as I
hope to be forgiven."

"If I have ever wronged you," he
echoed, "I certainly have, and it is
so noble of you to say those words."

"But I have need to be forgiven
also," she had said. "You will not
refuse?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Mary,"
he had said. "But if there were any-
thing for me to forgive in you, it is
given freely. I am only sorry it is
said now, at the close of our lives
together, instead of at the beginning."

The woman had caught her breath
feebly, and all was over.

The physician had entered from
the adjoining room at that instant,
and he gazed at her a moment.

"It is all over," he said. "The soul
has left the body."

"Her soul left her body many years
ago," said the husband, bending over
her and placing his face in his hands,
between the fingers of which the
tears slowly trickled.

When the undertaker arrived he
was led away gently, and the sad ar-
rangements were proceeded with.

"What did they have to forgive
each other for?" was the current form
of gossip through the neighborhood.

No one knew. Neither had ever
mentioned it to any one in the circle
in which they moved.

In the funeral discourse the min-
ister talked very profoundly and feel-
ingly on the subject of forgiveness,
but he floundered in his remarks be-
cause he did not know.

"Father," said the young man, the
evening of the day after they had re-
turned from the cemetery, "why did
you and mother always treat each
other so coldly?"

"Because there was no love be-
tween us."

"But why. Was it always so?"

"Always."

"Won't you tell me why?"

"Let's take a walk down the road
and I will see if I can."



"I had killed him."

and was astonished to see him in
earnest talk with a girl whom I had
never seen before. They were stand-
ing at the open window, and he had
an arm around her. I watched them
a moment, and then turned to go
away. I had gone toward the house
of your mother's family, with the in-
tention of telling my story, when I
met your mother and brought her at
once to the place where I had stood.

We heard him use endearing terms to
her, saw him kiss her, and then heard
him promise to go with her at once.
I took your mother home and left her
almost completely prostrated. She
did not say a word of what she had
seen to any one. She was very proud
and high spirited. The young man
and young woman disappeared that
night; and, as soon as your mother
had recovered sufficiently, I renewed
my suit, and she accepted me, on con-
dition that I should take her away
from the neighborhood. We did not
wait to get married, but left at once,
and were married at the first place
where we stopped.

"Your mother never returned to the
old place, her family having removed
also a short time afterward. They had
lived there but a short time and had
no intimates, so none of them ever
heard from the neighborhood again.
I went out there to settle up some of
my affairs, and heard that Hubbard
had been there, learned the story, and
inquired my address. A few weeks
afterward, I went out during the late
afternoon, for a walk, as we are doing
now, and met him right here. He
accused me of treachery to him, and
said that the lady whom we had seen
him in company with was his sister,
who had come after him to aid her in
untangling some property matter,
which required their immediate atten-
tion. He made some slighting remark
to me, saying he was going to the
house to see your mother, with whom
he would have an explanation, wind-
ing up with the remark that I had de-
frauded him of her, and he would have
her yet. One word led to another
and finally he struck me. I returned
the blow with interest, and he fell,
striking that rock there," pointing to
a large rock by the roadside, "after
which he never stirred. I had killed
him, but had not intended to do so.
I dug a grave over there," pointing to
a mound so slight as not to be notice-
able, "and buried him."



They all waited.

"Certainly, father, so do not speak
if it is anything against her."
"It is nothing against her."
"I am so glad, because you know
how dearly I loved her, and how I re-
vere her memory."
"The trouble began from the very
beginning of our married life—in fact,
before our marriage."
They had walked till they reached
the edge of a little wood by this
time, the cool breeze from which
came out with insistent refreshment
to their heated brows and faces flush-
ed from the tears which had covered
over them from their streaming eyes.
"I had presumed to think that I

might make your mother my wife, but
had little prospect of success. Sev-
eral other sought her hand. The only
difference was, maybe, that I was the
most persistent of the lot. A young
man came into the neighborhood from
Chicago. He was a summer boarder
at a neighboring farm house. His
name was Hubbard—Sidney Hubbard.
He met your mother, and she fell in
love with him at once. None of us
had any chance then. Practically,
we all gave it up. But one evening,
toward the close of the season, I was
passing the house where he boarded

"Did mother ever know?"
"No, my boy."
"Did any one else?"
"No."
"But that is why you and mother
were always estranged from each
other?"
"Yes."
"Oh, well, cheer up, father. It
was not so bad—the killing. I mean,
you did the only thing you could do.
The estrangement was terrible. It
might have been better if you had told
mother."
"It would not—under the circum-
stances."
"Well, don't dwell on it now. We

will go home now, and make the best
of it, dear old father."
"But I am not your father."
"You—are—not—my—father? Then
who is?"
"The man sleeping under that
mound there."
And the elderly man walked delib-
erately into the dark wood, leaving
the younger one sitting on the rock where
his father had breathed his last.

GAVE SAILOR COIN; GETS \$8,000.
Girl Will Cash Bond on Bank of Por-
tugal for That Amount.

Eight thousand dollars' reward for
an off-hand kindness conferred four
years ago on a destitute and partially
sick sailor in Uncle Sam's navy is the
Christmas present that pretty Annie
Josephine Saucier, a shop girl and
former mill hand of the city of Lewiston,
Mass., is to receive soon, says the
Philadelphia Inquirer.

The day of fairyland wonders is
not past, so the Lewiston girl thinks,
for to-day she is the practical possessor
of nearly \$8,000 that is to come to
her on account of the simple giving
of a 20-cent piece at Newport, R. I., to
a strange man wearing the uniform of
the United States navy.

At the moment that she granted the
strange request of the sailor he passed
to her a small scriptlike piece of pa-
per, saying: "Keep this for your kind-
ness. Some day you will find that
you have lost nothing by the favor you
have done me."

Carried in her pocketbook and laid
about her home among many of the
most worthless trifles that might
easily have been thrown away, this
scriptlike keepsake has now brought
a fortune to this poor shop girl of
Lewiston.

The piece of script that the young
girl carried with dress samples, cards
and small odds and ends that fill the
pocketbooks or reticules of young
ladies has proved to be a bond of the
Bank of Portugal, calling for payment
to the holder of \$5,000 in the year 1903
with interest at 5 per cent., compound-
ed annually, and as the note matures
this month the sum total she will re-
ceive from the bank shortly will be
very nearly \$8,000.

For Editor's Benefit.
"Mark Twain," at the dinner in
honor of his seventieth birthday, ad-
vised a young novelist not to shun
judicious self-advertisement.

"On one of my first visits to New
York," he said, "I was taken on a
sight-seeing tour by a successful joke-
writer. I learned during this tour
something about the way to succeed.

"As we rode down Broadway on a
car my friend suddenly looked up
from the comic paper he was reading,
gave a hearty laugh and then read
aloud to me a joke.

"Isn't that great?" he cried. "Oh,
ha, ha, ha, ha! Isn't that the fun-
niest joke—ho, ho, ho!—you ever
heard?"

"Just then we rose to get off. When
we reached the sidewalk I said to
my friend:

"You showed me that joke before,
you know. It is one of your own, isn't
it?"

"He smiled at my puzzled face and
answered:
"Yes. But you didn't notice the
man who sat opposite us, did you?
He is the editor who buys most of my
stuff and he doesn't know me person-
ally. See?"

Maimed Birds Did Well.
"Maimed birds show remarkable in-
telligence in getting food for them-
selves," said a naturalist.

"I once found in my garden a blue-
bird that a stone had wounded badly.
The poor little creature could neither
walk nor fly. I put it in a cucumber
frame and fed it regularly, but I sup-
pose I didn't give it enough, for it
foraged industriously all the time.
Lying on the earth, it would cover it-
self with leaves—only its small eyes
would be visible. Then, when a fly
alighted somewhere near—swoop, the
bluebird's head and neck would dart
from the covering of leaves and the
fly would be devoured.

"A finch with a broken wing lived
high all one summer in my garden at
the expense of the spiders. It pillaged
their webs. It made a round of some
twenty webs a day and fattened on
the contents of those filmy larders."

Not Darkest Before Dawn.
The idea that the darkest hour is
just before dawn is poetical but in-
correct. The darkest hour is mid-
way between sunset and dawn, and
the legend is of a piece with the
statement often made that the hour
preceding dawn is the coldest.

In many countries there is a fixed
belief that just before the break of
day there comes an ebb when nature
grows cold and pulseless and life flut-
tering in the breast of the dying man
finally expires.

According to science such dissolu-
tion should occur between three and
four o'clock, investigation extending
over a period of several years having
proved that the temperature is lowest
then.—Montreal Herald.

The Next Ice Age.
Sir Robert Ball, professor of astron-
omy at Cambridge, England, says that
80,000 years ago the track of the earth
was oval. In the terrible journey
away from the sun to the far end of
the ellipse the hemisphere turned
away from the source of light, and
kept accumulating more ice and snow.
The brief summers failed to melt it,
and so the great ice cap was formed
and its duration we now call the Ice
Age. "We are a long way from the
last Ice Age," Sir Robert added, "and
it is equally certain that another Ice
Age will come on the earth, but it
may be some satisfaction to us to
know that we need not expect it for
more than 200,000 years."

MERRY LITTLE QUIPS

**HUMOROUS HAPPENINGS CON-
DENSED INTO BREVITIES.**

**Where the Neck Joke Originated—
Boy Wanted Compensation After
All His Trouble—Timid Suitor in
Very Hot Water.**

In Chicago.
They were near a dark alley, both
with revolvers drawn.

"Just ready to give the warning
"money or your life!" they recognized
each other.

"Hello, is that you?" asked one. "I
didn't recognize you."

"Beg pardon," said the other, "I
was just about to hold you up, too.
No offense."

"Met any live ones?"
"A cop, and I worked the pocket-
book game on one guy."—Indianap-
olis Star.

Neck Joke Origin.



**Gentleman Monk—They say woman
wants to be loved.**
Lady Giraffe—Yes, but I always get
it in the neck.

Lazy Philosophy.
Mrs. Ascum—Doesn't that lazy hus-
band of yours work for you at all?
Mrs. Jackson—Deed, ma'am, he say
he ain't gwine ter, kase he's a-tryin' to
lib up to the bible teachin'.

Mrs. Ascum—What bible teaching?
Mrs. Jackson—He say de bible done
tell us dat "Contentment an' bettah
jan great riches," so he des nacherly
bound ter be contented.—Philadelphia
Press.

Not the Millennium.
"Here!" shouted the depot official,
"what do you mean by throwing those
trunks around like that?"

The baggageman gasped in aston-
ishment and several travelers pinched
themselves to make sure that it was
real. Then the official spoke again to
the baggageman.

"Don't you see that you're making
big dents in this concrete platform?"
—Smart Set.

Making It Worse.
Suitor (timidly)—I—I wish to—to
marry your daughter, sir.

Pater (angrily)—What's that, sir.
Where's my cane?
Suitor (hastily)—Oh, sir—I didn't
mean that—I don't want to marry her
—I—

Pater (furiously)—Don't, eh?
Where's my gun?—Cleveland Leader.

Full Strength of Ice.
"That ice cream freezer you sold
me," complained the irate customer,
"is a fraud. It doesn't do the work
you claim for it at all."

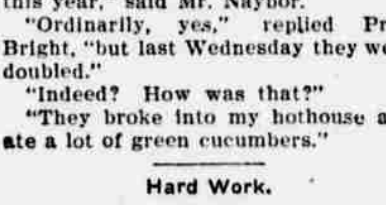
"No?" replied the new salesman.
"Perhaps you'er—didn't use the best
quality of ice. It's very important to
have the ice very cold, you know."

Doubled Up.
"I understand, professor, that you
have thirty-five boys at your school
this year," said Mr. Naybor.

"Ordinarily, yes," replied Prof.
Bright, "but last Wednesday they were
doubled."

"Indeed? How was that?"
"They broke into my hothouse and
ate a lot of green cucumbers."

Hard Work.



Bystander—You shouldn't hit him
when he's down.
Boy on Top—Say, mister, if you
knew all the trouble I had to get him
down you wouldn't talk like dat.

No Tip.
"Your card asks your customers to
"report to the cashier if dissatisfied,"
said the cranky diner, "and I want to
say that I don't like the way that
waiter served me."

"How odd," replied the cashier. "He
was just telling me he didn't like the
way you served him."

The Solitaire.
Tess—Brookleigh proposed to her,
didn't he?
Jess—Yes, but she sized him up for
a counterfeit.

Tess—How was that?
Jess—Why, he didn't have the prop-
er rine about him.

Dyersville Doings.
Lady Grimmel has a very sick
horse.

Jane Hunter commenced working
for Mrs. A. Foell Wednesday.
Mrs. Kilmartin was seen at our
depot recently.

Paul Duster has finished working
for Matt Pfeifer and is now resting up
for spring.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bumper went
to Dubuque Friday.—Dyersville (Ia.)
Commercial.

Be Genteel.
"Now the vested interests," began
Mr. Nuritch.

"Oh, don't talk that way, pa," re-
monstrated Mrs. Nuritch. "Vested in-
terests sounds so vulgar. Say waist-
coated interests."

No Changes.
"A college professor says that twen-
ty years from now women will be rul-
ing the world."

"I don't doubt it. I see no immedi-
ate prospects for man gaining the
supremacy."

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is
good quality all the time. Your dealer or
Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Bread-baking tins, made of alumi-
num, and in the use of which the us-
ual "greasing" is quite unnecessary,
are now being placed on the market.
It is also claimed for these tins that
the loaves and biscuit escape that
burned smell which often accompanies
them when made of the ordinary tins.

There is a sweeter side to both the
orange and the peach, and this is the
side which is farthest from the stem.
The stem half of the orange is usu-
ally not so sweet and juicy as the
other half, not because it receives less
sunshine, but probably because the
juice gravitates to the lower half.

**DIED SUDDENLY
OF HEART DISEASE.**

How frequently does a head line simi-
lar to the above greet us in the news-
papers. The rush, push and strenuous-
ness of the American people has a strong
tendency to lead up to valvular and other
affections of the heart, attended by ir-
regular action, palpitation, dizziness,
smothered sensations and other distress-
ing symptoms.

Three of the prominent ingredients of
which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery is made are recommended by some
of the leading writers on *Materia Medica*
for the cure of just such cases. Golden
Seal root, for instance, is said by the
United States Dispensatory, a standard
authority, "to impart tone and in-
creased power to the heart's action."
Numerous other leading authorities re-
present Golden Seal as an unsurpassed
tonic for the muscular system in general,
and as the heart is almost wholly com-
posed of muscular tissue, it naturally
follows that it must be greatly strength-
ened by this superb, general tonic. But
probably the most important ingredient
of a Golden Medical Discovery, so far
as its marvelous cures of valvular and
other affections of the heart are con-
cerned, is Stone root, or *Collinsonia Can.*,
Prof. Wm. F. Fernald, author of *Fernald's*
Epitome of Medicine, says of it:

"I, not long since, had a patient who was
so much oppressed with valvular disease of
the heart that his friends were obliged to
carry him up-stairs. He, however, gradually
recovered under the influence of *Collinsonia*
(medical principle extracted from Stone
root), and is now attending to his business.
Heretofore physicians knew of no remedy
for the removal of so distressing and so dan-
gerous a malady. With this it was all
gone, and it fearfully warned the
afflicted that death was near at hand. *Collin-*
sonia unquestionably affords relief in
such cases, and in most instances effects a
cure."

Stone root is also recommended by Drs.
Hale and Ellingwood, of Chicago, for
valvular and other diseases of the heart.
The latter says: "It is a heart tonic of
direct and permanent influence."

"Golden Medical Discovery," not only
cures serious heart affections, but is a
most efficient general tonic and invigora-
tor, strengthening the stomach, invigora-
ting the liver, regulating the bowels
and curing catarrhs, affections in all
parts of the system.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure Constipation.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

**Vegetable Preparation for Assi-
milating the Food and Regula-
ting the Stomach and Bowels of**

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-
ness and Rest. Contains neither
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by
J. C. FLETCHER
NEW YORK

Fac Simile Signature of
J. C. Fletcher
NEW YORK

35 Doses—35 CENTS

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Always Bought**

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Signature
of
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For Over
Thirty Years**

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REPEATING SHOTGUNS

No matter how big the bird, no matter how heavy its plumage or swift its
flight, you can bring it to bay with a long, strong, straight shooting
Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Results are what count. They always
give the best results in field, fowl or trap shooting, and are sold within
reach of everybody's pocketbook.

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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PILES—NO MONEY TILL CURED.—SEND FOR FREE TRACT. TREATING ON PATENT
SUGAR-SALT PILLS. PREPARED BY DR. THOMAS & MINOR, 1031 ONE ST. KANSAS CITY, MO. (BRANCH OFFICE AT ST. LOUIS)

Uncle John's Great Record.
Uncle John Holder is the longest
bearded, longest haired and tallest
human curiosity of the old Fort Ar-
buckle neighborhood. He smelled lots
of Yankee powder while serving in
the Confederate army; he took part
in the very last battle fought on the
Rio Grande during the Civil War; he
helped eat six dogs, thinking it was
goat meat; he attended the Texas
whiskey college, where he learned to
drink all the whiskey he could get
without getting drunk. Mr. Holder
is a naturalist. He has a petrified
rattlesnake, and one of his cottonwood
trees is adorned with an eagle's nest
as big as a straw stack.—Oklahoma
State Capital.

Duty on Scotch Pipe.
There is a duty of \$5.35 on Scotch
pipe coming into Canada. This, of
course, would be adequate protection
to the Canadian concerns were con-
ditions affecting the manufacture of
pipe equal in the two countries, but they
are not. Scotch pipe can be
manufactured much cheaper than Can-
adian.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUKAS GORTY,
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior
partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing
business in the City of Toledo, County and State
of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every
case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of
HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence,
this 6th day of December, A. D. 1905.
W. GLEASON,
Notary Public,
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts
directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the
system. Send for testimonials free of charge.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

George's Punishment.
Quoth Mr. Washington, quoth he,
Quoth Mr. Washington, quoth he,
"You neither dine nor sup,
Since you've cut down my cherry tree,
Until you've cut it up."

"Could there be anything more
brutal than a six-day bicycle race?"
"Not without breaking the Sabbath."
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Money has a mighty persuasive
tongue, but a sadly deficient hand,
when it comes to delivering the goods.**