

# "Forbidden"

On the pale gold  
 "I'll sit in the mirror but not keep the face,  
 The shadowy touch of Dawn's white ting-  
 ere cold—  
 I will not look it is too like her hair.  
 On the eye Moon—  
 That secretly will disclose her maiden  
 glance  
 In the dim lower of the night's deep  
 moon  
 I will not look it is too like her face,  
 On the bright sea—  
 Empurpled by the change of summer  
 sky—  
 And flashing one live, sapphiry, cease-  
 lessly—  
 I will not look it is too like her eyes,  
 Phil Mail Gazette.



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Dollie Milburn was the cutest and happiest and coziest little bride in all Millville. She was so very young and so very innocent, so very inexperienced, and altogether so saucy and dancing and childishly irresponsible, that the older girls still unmarried agreed that it was really a shame that such a bit of a child should be allowed to marry and really it must be a great trial to Harry. Harry, however, managed to struggle along very nicely under the load of his child wife. In fact, shocking as it may seem to appear, he seemed positively to like it. The truth is, Cupid himself had taken possession of the Milburn home and the young couple were living one long dream of bliss. Of course Harry was compelled to spend long hours down town doing foolish things in order that the home could be maintained. But that was only incidental and to be put up with in order that the delightful little doll's house could exist and have its being.

So Harry went whistling to his work among the dusty law books and Dollie sang away the day serene in the assurance that he would soon return.

One bright morning when nature itself seemed in the ecstatic mood of the young couple, Dollie stood on the little front porch, watching for Harry's last salute at the corner, whose turn lost him to view, she noticed with the searching eye of love that he had changed his clothes and wore the gray tweed instead of the blue serge he had been wearing of late. Afterward in clearing up their bedroom, sure enough, she found the discarded blue serge suit piled helterskelter on a chair and left with the carelessness characteristic of the sons of Adam.

It was then that the great tragedy of her life happened. As she was picking up the coat preparatory to hanging it neatly upon a frame, as was her loving custom, a letter dropped from one of the pockets—a faint little square envelope such as women use, and carrying the odor of delicate perfume. It addressed side up, and the superscription lay there on the bed so close before her eyes that she could not help seeing it. The address was written in a delicate feminine hand: "Harry Milburn, Esq., Room 930, Security Building, City," and down in the corner was the word, "Personal."

The incident gave her a distinct shock. She stopped her merry whistling in the middle of a bar and looked at the bit of paper with an expression of annoyance growing on her face. What woman was this, writing scented notes to Harry? And why was it marked personal, and why had he not told her about it? She leaned forward and examined the date stamped on the envelope. It was four days old. And he had not said a word to her about it. Good heavens! was he deceiving her? Was there another woman? Was he un-



A letter dropped from one of the pockets.

true? She gave a little shriek at the very thought. Then she laughed. It was all most ridiculous. She was nervous or something and was making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Surely a lawyer has to receive communications from clients and witnesses and—and all sorts of people. Harry was a man of affairs and not simply a plaything to have about the house. She started to whistle again, when the word "personal" caught her eye. She stopped again in the middle of a bar and her face again commenced to wrinkle with perplexity.

"I will read the letter and find out," she said. Then she blushed and drew back. The very thought of such a thing filled her with shame.

She determined to put the whole matter out of her mind and went on about her work. But the green-eyed monster had slipped one little tentacle into her young heart and somehow she could not whistle or sing as she worked, and her rebellious mind would forever turn to that bit of paper lying on the bed, for she had not had the courage to touch it.



"Dolly," he said slowly, "I hoped you would not find it."

Late in the afternoon she made up her mind to give Harry a good fright anyway. Then he would explain and they would make up in the most lovely manner. And she smiled and blushed softly at the thought of the making up.

So when Harry arrived at early dusk he found no outstretched arms to greet him on the little front porch. Bounding inside in disappointment and alarm, he found Dollie on her knees beside the bed, with her head in her arms, sobbing.

"Dollie," he exclaimed, "what is it?" "I found the letter," she sobbed. "Oh, Harry, how could you?" He was strangely silent and when he did not come down beside her she glanced quickly up. A great fear entered her soul as she saw his white face and troubled eyes—a fear beside which the worryings of the day were as nothing.

"Dollie," he said, slowly, "I hoped you would not find it. I knew I left it and worried all day lest you should happen to find it. Oh, Dollie, Dollie, I was a blind fool, and the woman got me before I knew what happened, but I hoped to get through it without causing you any worry."

A pall as of the grave settled upon her. She could not have moved if she wanted to.

"Dollie," he said, "cheer up and we will get through this all right." He laid his hand on her head.

She shrank from him and cried fiercely, "Don't touch me. Don't dare to touch me."

He walked silently from the room and the house. She never moved. She did not know how long it was, but after a time he returned and threw himself down beside her.

"It surely is not so serious as all that, Dollie," he said. "I am almost sure I can get the money in such a way that it will not make us pinch very hard. What hurts me most is to have been so gullible as to be fooled by a common adventuress—and the insolent note is the last straw. But you see, Dollie, a man cannot always be wise and we learn some things only from experience. It is a common thing, you know, for a lawyer to go on a client's bond, and I had no suspicion she would run away, with all her social connections here."

Dollie looked up with a bewildered stare.

"What are you talking about?" she asked. "Why I went on the bond of that Mrs. Talson who was arrested for stealing the furs at the Blakeman house during the reception. And now she has run away and leaves me this insolent note saying that I can pay the money and add it to my bill for fees, and then frame the bill. I don't care so much for the money—"

"Money!" shrieked Dollie, springing to her feet. "Money! Is all this about money—only money?"

"Why—what else?" asked Harry, now bewildered himself. And a minute later it would have taken a very close analysis to tell which was Dollie and which Harry.

## AMBITION OF AMERICAN BOYS.

Satisfied With Aiming at Nothing Less Than the Presidency.

"There isn't a decent servant to be had these days; no, not one, and why? Just because every one is so ambitious," complained a comfortable looking woman to her friend who was out in quest of a domestic. "All the American girls are too good to go into service," she continued, "and the foreigners are fast getting into the same way of thinking. Just to show you the aspirations of the young generation—you know my husband is interested in boys. Well, he likes all kinds of boys, big and little, rich and poor. They all appeal to him, and whenever he gets a chance he enters into a conversation with some youngster on the street, in a car, anywhere at all. When we were in England, and traveling on the Continent, it was the same way; he was always scraping acquaintance with the little boys, and he always asked them in the course of conversation what they wanted to be. In the case of the foreigners it was invariably whatever their father happened to be. If he were a valet, why the boy had no ambition to be anything better than a valet, or a tailor, or shopkeeper, and so on up to a member of Parliament. Whatever the father might be, that thing was what the boy wanted to become. Now, in America it's different. There are only two things that the average American boy wants to be. Until he is eleven he wants to be like the policeman on his beat, but after that—he always answer my husband, 'What do I want to be? Why, President of the United States!' Talk about ambition!"—New York Times.

## Gave Him His Time.

A Kentucky congressman tells an interesting tale of the execution of a noted desperado in that state some years ago. Just before the sheriff adjusted the noose he asked the usual question whether the man had anything to say.

"No, I think not," began the convicted one, when he was interrupted by a cheerful voice shouting:

"Say, Bill, if you ain't got anything special to say, would you mind giving me fifteen minutes of your time just to let these good people know that I am a candidate for their suffrages, and—"

"Hold on, there!" shouted the sheriff, "who's that?"

"John Blank," volunteered some one, naming a rising young politician, who has since represented his state for a number of years in the House of Representatives at Washington.

"Who did he say it was?" whispered the condemned man to the sheriff.

"They say it's John Blank." "I thought I recognized John's voice," the desperado remarked calmly. "Well, he can have my time, all of it, but go ahead and hang me first and let him talk afterward."—Lippincott's.

## My Forces.

I'm no self-made man, for I dearly can trace each force that fashioned me. From the years long ago, when a babe new born.

I lay upon my mother's knee. Then God above in his heaven of love To thine angels gave control Life undefiled of this little child.

And they breathed in me a soul. Then the love that lies in a mother's eyes Woke that soul into active life. And from all alarms her sheltering arms Protected me in the strife. Her tender care and her loving prayer My nature drew to a full growth true. As only a mother can.

In no college walls, in no learned halls, Found my brain its forming tool. But in the press of work's hard stress I learned in the world's great school. The soul of life and the evil's strife I struggled on to find. And the labor to gain, the work to attain, Sharpened and shaped my mind.

Then into life with its hardships rife, When success was almost won, Came defeat and a brighter light. As though clouds burst the sun. Work lighter grew, skies were blue. A new light seemed to start— A heaven of this new found bliss— And love awoke my heart! —Baltimore American.

## Squire Taylor's Boots.

Avery P. Taylor, or Squire Taylor, as he was commonly called, was a frequent visitor at my father's store in Fiskdale, in the early sixties, and was almost invariably found with his feet high up on the old wood stove and with stovepipe hat on the back of his head.

One day while in this position John Daly entered the store with his son Johnny, a boy about 10 or 12 years of age, and asked to be shown a pair of boots for the boy. The old squire turned around and asked the old man if it did not cost him considerable to shoe that boy. "Why," he said, "there is a pair of boots I have had for years, and the taps are hardly worn yet."

Young Johnny piped up in reply, to the great amusement of my father and the bystanders: "Yes, but if you had them on the seat of your pants they would have been worn out long ago."—Boston Herald.

## Asked the Wrong Questions.

A native of Erin who used to work near the boiler room of the power station of the Waltham Gas Light Company, Waltham, Mass., conceived the idea that he would like to be a fireman. All his spare time he spent with the fireman, and when he thought he was sufficiently posted he applied for a fireman's license, and in due time he was notified to appear at the State House, Boston, to be examined. He failed to pass.

Meeting him the next day, I asked him how the inspector used him.

"Oh, very well," he replied, "only he didn't ask me anything I knew"

## TO SMASH TARIFF

### PROPOSITION FOR WIDE OPEN SYSTEM OF RECIPROCITY.

#### Bill Introduced Which Would Give the President the Explosive Power to Reduce All Tariff Rates of Duty for a Period of Five Years.

The infinite possibilities of going wrong on the tariff question are strikingly demonstrated in a bill introduced Feb. 27, by Representative Curtis of Kansas. When once the reciprocity microbe or the tariff reform bacillus gets busy in the system there is no telling what may happen. Here is a statesman serving his seventh consecutive term as a Republican in the House of Representatives. He is, moreover, a member of the Republican majority of the Committee on Ways and Means. Yet he is found standing good for a proposition that would wholly take away from Congress its constitutional function of tariff making and transfer that function to a single individual. Here is the Curtis plan:

#### A BILL. Authorizing the President of the United States to enter into commercial agreements, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized, with a view to securing reciprocal trade with foreign countries, to enter into commercial agreements with any other country or countries concerning the admission into any such country or countries of the products of the United States and their use and disposition therein, deemed to be for the interest of the United States, and in agreement or agreements in consideration of the advantages accruing to the United States therefrom, shall provide for the reduction during a specified period, not exceeding five years, of the duties imposed in an act entitled "An Act to Provide Revenue for the Government and to encourage the Industries of the United States," approved July 24, 1897, to the extent of not more than 20 per centum thereof, upon such goods, wares or merchandise as may be designated therein of the country or countries with which such an agreement or agreements shall be made as herein provided, or shall provide for the transfer during such period from the dutiable list of said act to the free list thereof of such goods, wares and merchandise being the natural products of such foreign country or countries and not of the United States, or shall provide for the retention upon the free list of said act during a specified period, not exceeding five years, of such goods, wares and merchandise now included in said free list as may be designated therein, and when any such agreement shall have been entered into and public proclamation made thereof, then and thereafter the duties which shall be collected by the United States upon any of the designated goods, wares, merchandise and products from the foreign country with which such agreement has been made, shall, during the period provided for, be the duties specified and provided for in such agreement, and none other.

This is "playing it wide open." Indeed, it would place in the hands of one man the power to smash to atoms the Dingley tariff law for a period of five years, and if, perchance, during a portion of that period, the one man should chance to be a free trade Democrat—Mr. Bryan, for example—while the Senate and House, either or both, were Republican, no special power of foresight is needed to tell what would happen to the policy of protection. Even though the one man were to be and continue a Republican and a protectionist, the Curtis plan would confer and impose a responsibility which no patriotic President would be willing to assume. Mr. Bryan might be glad of such a chance to install free trade with the whole world with one stroke of his pen. Grover Cleveland would have gloried in such an opportunity.

THE ONLY MOURNER.

We suppose there are some reasons why Mr. Charles Curtis should have been seven times consecutively chosen as representative in Congress from Kansas. He may have qualities and qualifications that are not to be ascertained by examination of the Congressional Record, that are not visible to the naked eye. Let us hope so. It is certain, however, that a fairly intelligent familiarity with the tariff question, to say nothing of a level-headed grasp of the principles of protection, is not to be numbered among this statesman's claims to distinction. The terms and provisions of the Curtis bill make this fact clear beyond peradventure. The bill should, if possible, be widely circulated and carefully digested in the First Congress district of Kansas prior to the nomination of a successor to the present incumbent.

#### All a Bluff.

In one of the campaigns of the Civil War a Union general made elaborate plans of offense and defense against the enemy which was in front of him and which he imagined was strongly fortified. One morning it was discovered that the enemy had withdrawn during the night. The army opposed moved forward to take possession of the fortifications and guns. When the latter were reached it was seen that the most of the guns which had looked out from these ramparts and caused the extra cautious general to cry vigorously for reinforcements and await their arrival were painted logs as harmless as wooden Indians. To be thus deceived was bad enough, but suppose that all along this general who was holding back his army had known that these huge muzzles sticking out from these earthworks were but impotent logs? Well, we very seldom build monuments to that kind of fighting men.

This incident is recalled as we contemplate the German tariff bluff and the loud outcry from the noble array of patriots who were so scared of Germany's wooden guns. The worst thing about these fellows was that most of them knew just how little there was behind this German demonstration. They knew there was nothing but form and paint there. Yet they demanded unconditional surrender.—Cedar Rapids Republican.

#### Welcome News in Louisiana.

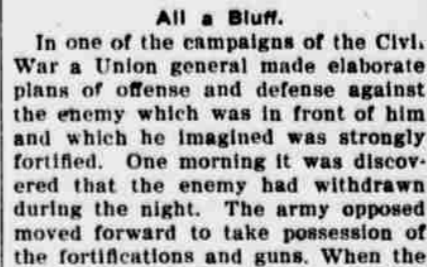
The plan of the administration to sacrifice American interests for the benefit of its pet scheme with respect to the Philippines has met its just and proper due. It was a cold blooded scheme, pure and simple, without a single valid argument to commend it. It was railroaded through the House of Representatives by a liberal application of the executive lash and with the assistance of complaisant Democrats who failed to see the difference between bona fide tariff reduction in the interests of the whole people and the sacrificing of a prosperous domestic industry in the interest of a horde of semi-barbarous people who cordially detest everything American.

The defeat of the Philippine tariff measure will be welcome news to the Louisiana sugar industry, as it holds out the hope that at length congress has come to realize the unfairness of constantly sacrificing the domestic sugar producers in the interest of the refiners' monopoly and of capitalists interested in exploiting our distant possessions. The reciprocity treaty, whereby Cuba was relieved of 20 per cent of the duties on her sugar, was a gross injustice of much the same sort as the proposed Philippines measure, and the defeat of the latter holds out the hope that when the treaty expires at the end of the original five years the senate will refuse to renew it.—New Orleans Picayune.

#### A Better Way Should Be Found.

This was a case in which the interests of the American and the Filipinos could not be reconciled. An injustice had to be done to some one, and the Chief Justice is glad that the Colorado beet growers were not selected as a scape-goat to be laid upon the altar of national honor. We hope, however, that some method will be found by which the national obligations to the Filipinos may be discharged without putting the cost upon such a promising industry as beet sugar making.—Pueblo Chieftain.

EX-MAYOR CRUMBO RECOMMENDS PE-RU-NA.



"My Endorsement of Per-una is Based on Its Merits." —Ed. Crumbo.

ED. CRUMBO, Ex-Mayor of New Albany, Ind., writes from 511 E. Oak street:

"My endorsement of Peruna is based on its merits.

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"I know that it will cure catarrh of the head or stomach, indigestion, headache and any weary or sick feeling.

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Mr. Crumbo, in a later letter, dated Aug. 25, 1904, says:

"My health is good, at present, but if I should have to take any more medicine I will fall back on Peruna."

#### FREE

Oh, Boys! Oh, Boys!

Earn this newly invented BRUCE'S LEADING GUN OR BASK BALL OUT-FIT, consisting of large Mts. Cap and the Base Ball, by selling 24 splendid lead pencils at 5c each. It's dead easy; boys we trust you. Write for pencil and circular showing Gun, Indian Suit, Target and other premiums. Thirtyninth Street, New York City, Company, 230 W. 19th Street, NEW YORK.

#### KIDDER'S PASTILLES

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An undertaker never complains that he is worked to death.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. W. Parke*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

No man cares to be the silent partner in a matrimonial firm.

#### Good Health!

How to get it. How to maintain it: Take nature's medicine, Castoria, the mild laxative. It is made of herbs. It purifies the blood and establishes a normal action of liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

Eva—I hear that they eloped at midnight by a dark moon. Edna—Yes; and her father detected the elopement and ran after them with a whip. Eva Gracious! And did he catch them? Edna—Oh, he wasn't trying to catch them—he was merely trying to speed the horse.—Judge.

#### The Best Guaranty of Merit Is Open Publicity.

Every bottle of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines leaving the great laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., has printed upon its wrapper all the ingredients entering into its composition. This fact alone places Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines in a class all by themselves. They cannot be classed with patent or secret medicines because they are neither. This is why so many unprejudiced physicians prescribe them and recommend them to their patients. They know what they are composed of, and that the ingredients are those endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities.

The further fact that neither Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart regulator and blood purifier, nor his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, overworked, broken-down, nervous women, contains any alcohol, also entitles them to a place all by themselves.

Many years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that chemically pure glycerine, of proper strength, is a better solvent and preservative of the medicinal principles residing in our indigenous, or native, medicinal plants than is alcohol; and furthermore, that it possesses valuable medicinal properties of its own, being demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic, and a most efficient anodyne.

Neither of the above medicines contains alcohol, or any harmful, habit-forming drug, as will be seen from a glance at the formula printed on each bottle wrapper. They are safe to use and potent to cure.

Not only do physicians prescribe the above, non-secret medicines largely, but the most intelligent people employ them—people who would not think of using the ordinary patent, or secret, medicines. Every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines has the strongest kind of an endorsement from leading medical writers of the several schools of practice. No other medicines put up for like purposes has any such professional endorsement.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." Easy to take as candy.



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