

The Mutual Life Insurance Co Of New York

Richard A. McCurdy, President.

Waxahachie, Texas, June 27, 1905.

Mr. Geo. H. Alderman, Agent,
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.
Waxahachie, Texas.

DEAR SIR:

I wish to extend to you and the great Insurance Company you represent, my sincere thanks for your kind and courteous treatment and very prompt payment of claim under policy No. 510288 for \$1000 held by my son, Wm. Shepard, in your company. I received today the Mutual Life Insurance Co's. check for \$1260, settlement in full for the above claim.

I unhesitatingly recommend the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, to any one who contemplates taking life insurance.

Yours very respectfully,

MRS. MARTHA SHEPARD.

Geo. H. Alderman, Agent.

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A LESSON IN LOVE

The professor pushed aside his volume of Chaucer to make room for his slender young daughter on the arm of his chair.

"Where tonight, Estelle?"

"To the ball with Mr. Denton and Mrs. Mills," she answered blithely.

"With Mr. Denton? Isn't Teddy Variel going?"

"I suppose so—yes."

"They say this Mr. Denton is a very wealthy man," he said.

"Oh, it's true. He has riches beyond one's dreams."

The note of personal triumph in her voice was harsh to her father's listening ear. He regarded her thoughtfully.

"Sit here on the hassock, dear. I can see you better." His voice became almost a whisper. "This is the anniversary."

"Not of your marriage, father?"

"No. My marriage was a subsequent date. You do not know—I have never told you—that your mother was married before she became my wife—married and widowed."

"Why, no, father, dear," said the girl, with quick, sympathetic interest.

"On this night years ago, Estelle, your mother first went out of my life. She was placed very much like you—in a comfortable home in a college town, where her father, too, was a professor."

"She and I had discovered the purple twilight. In every blossom I saw her face; the dewdrop beamed with the luster of her eyes; her voice was the warbling of the birds; her smile was in the sunshine. Somehow I feel, Estelle, that is the way Teddy Variel feels of you."

"Her mother forbade our engagement. I was only a struggling student, and, though her father believed that I should win fame, he did not check his wife's ambition for her child."

"There came to the town, very much like the coming of this young Denton, a man with gracious personal gifts and riches which at that time seemed immense. He had just come into his inheritance."

"They met—and he loved her. At first she would not listen, but her nature was gentle, her mother determined and her father, poring over ancient tragedies, overlooked the one creeping into his home. I was powerless. She could not receive me when I called, and at the functions where we met she was zealously guarded by her mother and the man."

"She accepted him. She told him frankly that her love was mine; that in promising him she was acceding to her mother's will. But he was buoyantly confident that love would come. They were married, and he took her away to a mansion filled with treasures of art. She had jewels and gowns and horses—all the things that money could buy—but love did not come."

"For a year I did not care what became of me. But I loved her and could do nothing of which she would be ashamed. I went to Egypt and began the researches that have brought me fame."

"Five years passed. The longing to see her again, to hear her voice, became intolerable pain. I went back to London and haunted the streets, the shops, the theaters, where she might be. Then one night when I had almost despaired I saw her in her box at the opera."

"She surpassed even my dreams. Her gown was soft and white. Above her shoulder a red rose lifted with the same proud tilt of her own pretty head. I thrilled at the thought that on her I had never seen a faded flower."

"I hurried out and stood in the obscuring crowd, near enough to see my lost girl and to hear her voice as she passed. She turned her head restlessly from side to side it was perhaps the magnetism of my gaze; I suppose my heart and soul were in it, and then, before I realized it, the crowd had parted, and she stood before me with outstretched hands."

"I could not speak. The old joy had gone from her eyes, and in them was a sadness that never lightened. Her husband stood waiting under the portico. He had grown coarse and worn, and on his face were the lines of a tyranny which would deal humiliation for her guiltless taking of my hand."

"I did not try to see her again. I felt it was better for us both. But I stayed near her best some time she would need me, and somehow she knew I was always waiting."

"She found her husband dead one morning—shot by his own hand. He had speculated, lost his wealth and died heavily indebted."

"I waited some months, and then I claimed her. I shall never forget her words that night nor the sorrowful eyes smiling into mine. She gave me her hand and whispered:

"Once, long ago, I looked into the heart of a purple twilight and dreamed a dream of my life—and you. Tomorrow I shall look again and see the realization of my dream. The flowers are asleep tonight, dear; but, see, the stars are shining!"

"We had two short years together, pitifully short, yet sometimes I think a day is worth a lifetime."

"When she lay dying in my arms the morning you were born she looked at your tiny pink face and said:

"Some time it may come to you, my little one, to choose, to weigh the wealth of love against that of gold. If that time ever comes," she whispered to me, "tell her the glory of my sunset. I think she will understand!"

The din of a bell intruded on the soothing silence. He turned to his awed young daughter.

"Good night, Estelle."

She kissed him fondly. Then, as she had done every night since she was a limping child, she went to the window, drew aside the drapery and reverently raised her eyes to the stars.—Illustrated Bits.

Station Brigs.
A German gentleman was one evening riding along the public highway near Inola when his horse threw him and bolted. He picked himself up and lighted a match to see what time it was, but found that his watch had stopped. Just at that moment two bicyclists hove in sight, and he went forward, making signs for them to stop, but the men pedaled furiously of sight. About two months after the gentleman was reading an account of travel in Italy when he came across the following passage:

"One evening we had an adventure with a brigand. We were bicycling near Inola, when an individual in a long dusty cloak suddenly sprang from the ground and with a small lighted torch, which he flourished with furious gestures, demanded our watches. We with great agility, but by the skin of our teeth, avoided the ill intentioned fellow and, shouting that we had no watches, made off as fast as we could. Whether followed or not we did not wait to see."—Rome Letter to Pall Mall Gazette.

The Old Man Cactus.

Nature indulges in an occasional joke. There is found growing in the desert region of North America a species of cactus known to botanists as Pilococcus senilis, or the "old man cactus." There is in this plant a wonderful resemblance to a human head covered with gray hairs. The plant is slow of growth, and small specimens are more frequent than large ones. The plant is covered with long white hairs, which completely hide the body or stem of the plant. These hairs are frequently gathered into locks, adding to the resemblance of the frowsy head of an old man. Plants known to be twenty-five years old are but a few inches in height, yet specimens are found which are twenty-five feet tall and a foot in diameter, representing, it is believed, the growth of several hundred years. In these gigantic specimens of "old man cactus" the term "old" is quite the most appropriate part of the title.

His Seidlitz Powder Cartridge.

How a man's life was saved by a common seidlitz powder is described by a German physician, Dr. Franck, who was called to treat a man who had swallowed a large piece of tanned meat which stuck in his gullet. As it was impossible to dislodge the meat by natural means and as the patient's condition was critical, the doctor tried the efficacy of the gas which is generated when the constituents of a seidlitz powder are mixed. He directed the man to swallow the two halves of one of the powders separately, and the resulting pneumatic pressure, aided by the man, who shut his mouth and closed the nasal passages, was sufficient to drive the piece of meat out of the gullet into the stomach.

Making Wives Happy.

"It seems to me that the way to make a woman happy is to give her all your sympathy and affection," says Dr. Edward Brooks in Rochester Herald. "As for overlooking any faults, a man ought not to see any faults in his wife. If it does happen that there are a few very patent ones—and I suppose there are some women who are not exactly angels—a man ought not to see them any more than he sees the spots on the sun when it is shining brilliantly in the heavens, and he ought to remember that no matter what dissensions be may experience after marriage it was he himself who undertook the responsibility of taking to himself a young woman that he promised to love and honor."

Hidden Treasure in England.

In England when hidden treasure is found the law requires the coroner to hold an inquest over it. Formerly it was a coroner's duty to hold an inquest in case of a burglary. A statute of Edward I decrees that "when coroners are commanded by the king's bailiffs or by the honest men of the county they shall go to the places where any be slain or suddenly dead or wounded or where houses are broken or where treasure is said to be found and shall forthwith command four of the next towns, or five, or six, to appear before him in such a place."

The Abashed Shark.

In a recent article on Americans an English writer gives the following as a characteristic American after dinner story: The subject being a politician in talking: "All at once a shark, a man enter, was crossing the other way and swam up squarely in front of him. They eyed each other for a moment, and then the shark—blushed and sped away."

Out of Season.

Mrs. El Upper: Dear, did you see any of those fine old acquaintances while you were in Italy? Mrs. New Rich: Never seen a duck. And while we was riding across Germany we kept a lookout for some of them German penansia, but I never seen such a scarcity of fowl no place.—Kansas City Drivers' Telegram.

True Friends.

"A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hid in adversity. True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without an invitation."

At His Own Option.

Prosimist—Yes, sir, I hold the most gage on most of the troubles of this world! Optimist—Well, you don't have to fussise if you don't want to!—Detroit Free Press.

It depends on education to open the gates which lead to virtue or to vice to happiness or to misery.—Jane Porter.



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