

TOO GIDDY FOR HER.

Costume Shocked South Sea Islander's Sense of Modesty.

When the late Bishop Selwyn first went as a missionary to the South Sea Islands he found the natives in various islands very tractable. The fact, however, that the islanders went absolutely naked caused the good bishop some anxiety and he resolved to direct part of his efforts to get them to wear at least the minimum of clothing. He therefore obtained some brightly colored calico and left it lying carelessly about his hut, knowing well that the bright colors would soon attract the attention of the natives. An old native lady soon afterwards called and "bishopy" allowed her to eye the cloth for some time. At last he picked up a piece, and, offering it to the native, said that he would give it to her if she would wear it. She departed in great glee, but returned the following day with a downcast look, and the cloth neatly rolled up.

Handing it back to the astonished missionary, she said, "Me no wear that, bishopy; me too shy!"—Stray Stories.

Good News From Minnesota.

Lakefield, Minn., Jan. 4.—Mr. William E. Gentry of this place is one of the best-known and most highly respected men in Jackson County. For 45 years he has suffered with Kidney Trouble and now at 77 years of age he has found a complete cure and is well. His cure is remarkable because of the length of time he had been suffering. Cases of 40 years' standing might be considered incurable, but the remedy that cured Mr. Gentry seems to know no limit to its curative power. Mr. Gentry says:

"I have suffered with misery in my back for about 45 years and had all the troublesome symptoms of Kidney and Urinary disease. I tried various kinds of remedies, but all to no effect until I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Now I have no pain in my back, and feel quite well in every way. I am 77 years of age and I feel better than I have for the last 40 years. I attribute it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

How to Keep a Cellar Dry.
It is very hard to make a dry cellar. When the soil is not porous the ground about must be well drained. Then the walls must be covered with good cement, while sometimes it is necessary to cover walls and floor with hot asphalt.—Country Life in America.

Millions in Oats.
Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1903 in Mich., 240 bu., in Mo., 255 bu., in N. D., 310 bu., and in 39 other states from 150 to 300 bu. per acre. Now this Oat is generally grown in 1904, will add millions of bushels to the yield, and millions of dollars to the farmer's purse. Try it for 1904. Largest Seed Potato and Alfalfa Clover growers in America.

Salzer's Speltz, Beardless Barley, Home Builder's Corn, Macaroni, Wheat, Pea Oat, Billion Dollar Grass and Earliest Canes are money makers for you, Mr. Farmer.
JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. (W. N. U.)

Tourists Enriched Switzerland.
Tourists have in a decade converted Switzerland from one of the poorest to one of the richest countries, the money per capita being larger than that in the United States.

A Typical Duel.

A typical duel is that reported from the town of Minsk, in Russia. Two old friends, lawyers had been to the theater together. Coming out, one accidentally knocked off the other's hat. He apologized, but the other, very angry, called him names. The result was a duel in which one was killed. Neither had shot a pistol before.

10,000 Plants for 10c.

This is a remarkable offer the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., makes. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow:

- 1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
- 2,000 delicious Carrots,
- 2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
- 2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce,
- 1,000 splendid Onions,
- 1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
- 1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers.

This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 10c POSTAGE, providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a package of the famous Berliner Cauliflower. (W. N. U.)

THOUGHT HE WAS KILLED.

Small Accident Nearly Scares Workman to Death.

A workman in a big building company's yards nearly died of fright a few days ago. The foreman heard a yell and much commotion among a lot of carpenters in the yard and rushed to the scene. He found one of the men on the ground with a two-inch bit apparently sticking through his side, white as a ghost, and practically out of his mind. His fellow-workmen had sent for an ambulance and were about as badly frightened as he. The foreman took out his knife and slit the man's jumper and shirt down the back. The bit came away with the shirt, tightly rolled up in it, and the man was absolutely unscratched. It appeared that he had been standing against an unfinished caisson in which two-inch holes were being bored. The bit was run by compressed air, and when it came through the planking was very hot. It was the heat from the bit which made the workman think it was in his body.—New York Post.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. R. BUNN, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1903.

Webster Was Willing.
When Daniel Webster's market man had sued him for a long unpaid bill and got his money he was so scared at his temerity that he stopped calling at the door for orders. The Godlike Daniel asked him why, one day, and the man confessed that he supposed Mr. Webster would never trade with him again. "Oh," said Webster, "sure me as often as you like, but for heaven's sake don't starve me." There was never a time when the great man was not willing to owe as much as anybody was willing to let him owe.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Cats' Well.
In the south of Ireland, near Inchigeelah, is the "Cats' Well," the waters of which are supposed to exert marvelous remedial effects upon ailing tabblers.

No muss or failures made with **PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.**

A DEFENSE OF SLANG.

Writer Believes It to Be the Language of Sincerity.

So far from being an evidence of a national levity and lack of seriousness slang is the language of sincerity. It is the result of an instinctive effort to get as far away as possible from everything like pretentiousness. It is the antipodes of bathos. It is the language of the whole people, because it is expressive of the national sense of humor that is never so keen as when it contemplates with a joy like-wise unutterable the spectacle presented by a fake exposed. It is blunt, it is crude, it is brutal sometimes, but it is always sincere. It directs against the citadels of evil the mighty enigma of laughter. It does for our nascent abuses what the mordant satire of Martial and Juvenal failed to do for decadent Rome.—Prof. Herman Spencer in Booklovers' Magazine.

Corn Sauce.
Cook a dozen ears of sweet corn for five minutes, then cut from the cob. Add to this corn a head of cabbage, cut fine, two chopped green peppers, one red pepper, chopped, a cup of sugar, five cents' worth of ground mustard, a tablespoonful of celery seed, three pints of vinegar and salt to taste. Mix well and boil for twenty minutes. Put up in air-tight cans.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Habitual Criminal Law.
Great Britain is to have an habitual criminal law resembling those of some of our states. The plan now under consideration is that of an industrial penal settlement for the special benefit of such "habituals," where special efforts would be made to reform them, and opportunity given of regaining their liberty by industry and good conduct, but only on probation.

THE LION'S WHELP

A Story of Cromwell's Time

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "I, Thou and the Other One," "The Maid of Maiden Lane," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Cromwell wants only that Parliament should know its own mind, and declare itself dissolved. God knows it is high time, but Vane, and more with him, would sit while life lasts. Martha, my heart is troubled with me. Have we got rid of one tyrant calling himself King, to give obedience to a hundred tyrants calling themselves Parliament? It shall not be so. As the Lord liveth, verily, it shall not!"

There was a meeting of the Council at the Speaker's house the night after Israel Swaffham's indignant protest against Parliament, and Cromwell, sitting among those self-seeking men, was scornfully angry at their deliberations. His passion for public and social justice burned, and in a thunderous speech, lit by flashes of blinding wrath, he spoke out of a full and determined heart. Then he mounted his horse and rode homeward.

CHAPTER VIII.

Upon the Threshold.

If we believe that life is worth living, our belief helps to create that fact, for faith is in matters of the spirit all that courage is in practical affairs. To Jane and Cluny this belief was not difficult, for limitation always works for happiness, and during the ensuing year life kept within the bounds of their mutual probation and of Cluny's military duties, was full of happy meetings and partings; days in which Love waited on Duty, and again, days in which Love was lord of every hour; when they wandered together in the Park like two happy children, or, if the weather was unfit, sat dreaming in the stately rooms of Sandys about the little gray house in Fifeshire, which was to be their own sweet home.

So the weeks and months went by, and though they were not alike, they had that happy similitude which

news, Jane. That is one of your faults, Cymlin was here last night. He spent a couple of hours with me," then she smiled so peculiarly, Jane could not help asking her:

"What is there in your way of smiling, Matilda? I am sure it means a story of some kind."

"I shall have to tell you the story, for you could never guess what that smile was made of. Forst, however, what did you see and hear at the Cromwells?"

"I heard in a passing manner that Prince Rupert is off the seas forever—that he is at the French court, where he is much made of."

"Jane Swaffham, have you no fresher news?" she pulled out of her bosom many sheets of paper tied together with a gold thread. "I had this yesterday," she said, "by the hand of Stephen, and I may as well tell you to prepare to meet Stephen de Wick, for he vows he will not leave England again until he has speech with you."

"Then he is forsworn; I will not see him."

"It will be no treason now to speak to your old servant. The Amnesty Act will cover you. But I fight not Stephen's battles; I have enough to do to keep my own share of your friendship from fraying. Now, I must tell you something concerning myself. I am going to France."

"France?" cried Jane in amazement.

"Yes, France. I have persuaded my uncle that he ought to go there, and look after his affairs. I have persuaded my aunt that it is not safe for my uncle to go without her, and they both know my reason for going with them, although we do not name Prince Rupert."

"When do you go, Matilda?"

"To-morrow, if Stephen be ready. And let me tell you, Jane, Stephen's readiness depends on you."

"That is not so."

"It is. I hope you will be definite, Jane. You have kept poor Stephen



"I wish to see your face no more."

leaves little to chronicle. Jane's chief excitement came from her visits to Mary Cromwell and Matilda de Wick.

The affection between Jane and Matilda had the strong root of habit as well as of inclination. They could not be happy if they were long apart. Jane visited frequently at Jeverly House, and Matilda quite as frequently at Sandys.

One morning in the spring of 1653, Jane was returning from a two days' visit to the Cromwells. The air was so fresh and balmy she went to Jeverly House, resolved to ask Matilda to drive in the Park with her. As she went upstairs she wondered what mood she would find Matilda in, for there was a certain mental pleasure in the uncertainty of her friend's temper. She found her lying upon a sofa in her chamber, her little feet, prettily shod in satin, showing just below her gown; her hands clasped above her head, her long black hair scattered loosely on the pillow. She smiled languidly as Jane entered, and then said:

"I have been expecting you, Jane. I could not keep the thought of you out of my mind, and by that token I knew you were coming. Pray, where have you been? Or, where are you going?"

"I have been spending two days with the Cromwells, and the morning is so fair, I wondered if you would not drive an hour in the park. Do you know that Cymlin arrives from Ireland to-day? He would think the journey well taken, if he saw you at the end of it."

"You are a little late with your

dangling after you since you were ten years old."

"What about Cymlin and yourself?"

Then Matilda laughed, and her countenance changed, and she said seriously, "Upon my word and honor, I was never nearer loving Cymlin than I was last night, yet he was never less deserving of it. 'Tis a good story, Jane. I will not pretend to keep it from you, though I would stake my last coin on Cymlin's silence about the matter. He came into my presence, as he always does, ill at ease, and why, I know not, for a man more handsome in face and figure it would not be easy to find in England. But he has bad manners, Jane, confess it; he blushes and stumbles over things, and lets his kerchief fall, and when he tries to be a gallant, makes a fool of himself."

"You are talking of my brother, Matilda, and you are making him ridiculous, a thing Cymlin is not, and never was."

"Wait a bit, Jane. I was kind to him, and he told me about his life in Ireland, and he spoke so well, and looked so proper, that I could not help but show him how he pleased me. Then he went beyond his usual manner, and in leaving tried to give me a bow and a leg in perfect court fashion; and he made a silly appearance, and for the life of me I could not help a smile—not a nice smile, Jane, indeed, 'twas a very scornful smile, and he caught me at it, and what do you think he did?"

"I dare say he told you plainly that you were behaving badly?"

"My dear Jane, he turned back, he

walked straight to me and boxed my ears, for 'a silly child that did not know the difference between a man and a cockcomb.' I swear to you that I was struck dumb, and he had taken himself out of the room in a passion ere I could find a word to throw after him. Then I got up and went to a mirror and looked at my ears, and they were scarlet, and my cheeks matched them, and for a moment I was in a towering rage. I sat down, I cried, I laughed, I was amazed, I was, after a little while, ashamed, and finally I came to a reasonable temper and acknowledged I had been served exactly right. For I had no business to put my wicked little tongue in my cheek, because a brave gentleman could not crook his leg like a dancing master. Are you laughing, Jane?"

Well, I must laugh, too. I shall laugh many a time when I think of Cymlin's two big hands over my ears. Had he kissed me afterward, I would have forgiven him—I think."

"I cannot help laughing a little, Matilda, but I assure you Cymlin is suffering from that discipline far more than you are."

"I am not suffering at all. This morning I admire him. There is not another man in the world who would have presumed to box the Lady Matilda de Wick's ears; accordingly I am in love with his courage and self-respect. I shall laugh and cry as long as I live, and remember Cymlin Swaffham."

"It was too bad of Cymlin—but very like him. He has boxed my ears more than once."

"You are his sister. That is different. I will never speak to him again. There, let the matter drop. I wish now, you would either take Stephen or send him off forever. I am in a hurry to be gone, and Sir Thomas also. Go and send Stephen with a 'Yes' or 'No' to me. I am become indifferent which, since you are so much so."

Many letters were promised on both sides, and Jane was glad to notice the eagerness and hope in her friend's voice and manner. Whatever her words might assert, it was evident she looked forward to a great joy. And as long as she was with Matilda, Jane let this same spirit animate her, her ride home, however, was set to a more anxious key. She was a little angry also. Why should Stephen de Wick intrude his love upon her? Twice already she had plainly told him that his suit was hopeless, and she did not feel grateful for an affection that would not recognize its limits, and was determined to force itself beyond them.

She entered Sandys with the spring all about her; her fair face rosy with the fresh wind, and her eyes full of the sunshine. Cymlin and Stephen were sitting by the fireside talking of Irish hounds and of a new bit for restive horses which Cymlin had invented.

When Jane entered, Cymlin and Stephen both rose to meet her. Cymlin was kind with the condescension of a brother. He spoke to her as he spoke to creatures weaker than himself, and kissed her with the air of a king kissing a subject he loved to honor. Then he made an excuse to the stables and gave Stephen his opportunity. The young man had kept his eye fixed on the beautiful face and slender form of the girl he loved. He went to her and clasped her hands and said with a passionate eagerness, "Jane, dearest! I have come again to ask you to marry me. Say one good, kind word. When you were not as high as my heart, you did promise to be my wife. I vow you did!"

"Stephen, I knew not then what marriage meant. You were as a brother to me. I love you yet as I loved you then. I cannot be your wife. I am already pledged."

"To Lord Neville. You shall never marry him. I forbid it. I will hunt him to the gates of death."

"It is sinful to say such things."

"Let my sins alone. I am not in the humor to be sorry for them. I say again, you shall not marry that scoundrelly Scot!"

"He is not what you call him—far from it."

"I call things by their right names. I call a Scot a Scot, and a scoundrel, a scoundrel." He threw her hands far from him and strode up and down the room, desperate and full of wrath.

"You shall marry no man but myself. Before earth and heaven you shall!"

"If God wills, I shall marry Lord Neville."

"Oh, Jane! I shall go to total ruin if you do not marry me."

"Shall I marry a man who is not lord of himself? I will not."

"You have made me your enemy. What follows is your own fault."

"'Tis a poor love that turns to hatred; and you can do no more than you are let do."

"You will see. By my soul, 'tis truth! Oh, 'tis ten thousand pities you will not love me!"

"It is nowise possible, Stephen. He flung himself into a chair, laid his arms upon the table and buried his face in them. "Go away, then," he sobbed, "I wish to see your face no more. For your sake, I will hate all women forever."

(To be continued.)



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