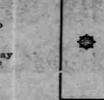
Immortality



There is a calm for those who wee A reat for weary pilgrims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep Low in the ground.

e is calm for those who weep, rest for weary pilgrims found while the smouldering ashes Low in the ground.

soul of origin divine.
I's glorious image, freed from clay eaven's eternal sphere shall shine A star of day.



sun is but a spark of fire, transient meteor in the sky; soul. immortal as its Sire. Shail never die.

(Coryright, 1905, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)

led as superintendent of a "woman's and children's hospital" in a great city tended to cultivate an antipathy toward the stronger sex. She saw so which she deemed that sex the cause, women with blighted lives and little nameless, fatherless babies.

All the more astonishing was it, therefore, when Sister Ellice adopted a baby-Sister Ellice-who never paid any attention to babies in general save to see that they made their proper advent into the world and were properly | vertisement in the paper for men on a cared for.

It happened in this wise. There came to the hospital one day a forlorn looking young creature with the ugly word "forsaken" written all over her, from the pallor of her thin, pretty face to the faded stripes of her shawl and the rents of her shahhy dress. She seemed to shrink away from the scrutiny of Sister Ellice's clear, gray eyes seen austerely through her rimmed glasses and looked relieved when one of the younger nurses took her in charge for a bath and a change

of clothing. Some days later the baby came, a tiny mite of a girl, but before any one realized what had happened the mother was dead.

What was to be done with it? Sister Ellice agreed to take charge of it for a night or two until a decision could be made.

The night or two expanded into a month or two and still the baby did not go, and finally it came to be an understood thing that the baby was not going at all. Of course it was quite unaccountable that the superintendent should have taken such a fancy to that stray bit of humanity. but it was a fact nevertheless.

No mother could have been more devoted; she hovered over it, tended it constantly, whispered all manner of nothings into its pink ears and gave it the name of Blossom.

Blossom was nearly a year old and was beginning to toddle about, to great delight of Sister Ellice, who declared her to be the prettiest, sweetest and most forward child that ever lived, when a man came to the hospital and inquired for the superintendent.

"I came to inquire about a woman had here about a year ago, name of Harriet Watson; I heard she died." His voice grew husky. "They told me two or three days ago when I was before and they said I must you about the baby. then.

The face under the nurse's cap graw as pale as death. Had this man come for Blossom, her baby? Why hadn't they told her so that she could hide the baby where he could never find it. Who are you-her brother?"

"I'm her husband, ma'am." she was not married."

dry lips managed to fashion.

The man fumbled nervously with "I know. They told me the other



day she didn't say nothin' about bein' married, but we was just the same. I prought the certificate"-he drew it ofth a trembling hand from his vest

aby-after deserting your wife and leaving a stigma attached to her name you come to take away the only being ever loved-" Sister Ellice with all her vaunted nerve and courage was

"For Heaven's sake, don't talk tike that, ma'am, but hear my story before you say such hard

Sister Ellice had not very much | things of me. You see when Harfaith in men. Probably the life she riet and I was married we didn't have no great amount of money, but we managed to furnish up a little flat and was as happy as two birds in a nest until I lost my job, through much misery and wretchedness of there bein' a strike on the road-I was a switchman-and then things began to go wrong. I tramped the town over

lookin' for work-any kind of work, I

didn't care what, but I couldn't pick

up enough to keep soul and body to-

gether. Piece by piece our furniture

went for food and by an' by I couldn't

stand it no longer and seein' an ad-



Who are you-her brother?" her dry lips managed to fashion.

road out west an' transportation free I went, tellin' Harriet I'd write her to come if I could make a livin'; if not I was comin' home. Harriet, little woman, God bless her," his voice faltered and he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, "was very bright and cheerful and was goin' to take in washin' or work out as a servant until she heard from me. Well, my bad luck followed me-after a few months I was thrown out of work again. wrote to Harriet, but didn't get no answer, so I guess she never got my letter. Then I got an odd job to do now and then earning barely enough to buy food and a place to sleep, and had about made up my mind to go home when I was taken with a bad case of rheumatism and was laid up in the hospital for months. I was near crazy with pain and sufferin' and not knowing whether Harriet was dead or alive when my luck changed an' I saw a piece in the paper advertisin for one Thomas Watson, son of Joseph Watson, formerly of Pennsylva-Well, it turned out that my un cle in Illinois had died and left me a very good farm.

"As soon as I was well enough I took possession of it and then I cam "Her husband! Why, we thought to hunt up Harriet. You don't know the shock, ma'am, when they told me she was dead. To think of how she must have struggled and then when l had my good fortune she couldn't share it with me" The man hurled his face in his hands and the tears

trickled through his fingers. Sister Ellice watched him with seem ing indifference. She had grown hard and bitter. Was he not going to take her baby from her? The man seemed to feel her lack of sympathy for him He recovered himself presently and

"Perhaps you don't blame me so much now-and-I don't want to put you to any inconvenience, but perhaps I might have a look at my baby-

"I will bring her down to you," Sis ter Ellice answered, with a coldness which belied the wild beating of her heart, and left the room. Blossom had just wakened out of a sleep and sat up in her crib in all the rosiness of her dimpled baby beauty. The woman took her in her strong arms and sat down in a chair. She kissed the soft baby hands, the dear curly head, the fat white neck, even the tiny

Then she rose calmly and austerely took the child to its father.

certain dignity and importance, de in general and himself in particular.

Presently Blossom looked up and reached her tiny hands to Sister Ei-

A dull red crept into the woman's "I taught her to say it," she said as if in explanation, "she had no

"God will bless you, ma'am, for you goodness to a motherless baby," the father replied fervently.

father. Sister Ellice went about her within her with longing for her baby. One day she received a letter-it was a strange sort of letter, badly spelled and poorly written and began abrupt-

"Maybe you will think me forward and even insultin', but God knows I don't mean to be. You was an angel don't mean to be. to my baby and the poor little thing cries for you night and day and is white and thin. I'm a plain sort of man, but I have got a good comfort able home, and I could take care of you if you was willin' to be my wife. If you want to answer my letter, my address is

"Thomas Watson "Glendale, W. Va."

Sister Ellice's movements were always unexpected. Perhaps it was the 'white and thin" that did it, or perhaps the feeling that sometimes came over her, that at best she was a lonely

The under nurses were agog with excitement.

"What do you think?" said one. 'Sister Ellice is going to be married, and to a man she never saw but once in her life."

"THING" MEANS MANY OBJECTS.

When Used by a Woman in a Hardware Store-Air Pictures.

"If there were no such word as 'thing' in the bright lexicon of woman," said the salesman in the hardware shop, "woman could never buy Almost everything here is just a thing to the ladies.
"And they get provoked if you don't

understand at once what they mean. They use a great many gestures to help themselves out.

"A woman in here yesterday wanted a 'thing to make a hole.' That's the nearest she could get to gimlet. Another wanted 'a thing to hang over the gas.'

flower over the other. She got pretty angry, I can tell you, when we brought her ceiling protectors. She wanted an incandescent mantle.

"Still another wanted some very fine sides of a picture she wanted to hang creation than a grasshopper or flea, up. She kept up such a lot of thread-instead of being capable of "large disthe-needle gestures to show me how tiny eyed the things were that I got pretty dizzy.

"Lamps give a great deal of trouble. the latest patent in potato cutters or ice cream freezers.'

Used Diplomacy With the Boy. Hall Caine was praising the American autumn.

"I visited in October," he saiad, "the country house of a New York man. It gen of the air on the inflammatory was in New England, on a mountain carbon of the pumped-up oil, and then side, and the splendid colors of the fo- sending up the splendid flame through liage-the scarlets and golds and in the draught of a high glass chimney, numerable flamelike tints-gave to the so crystal clear that its immaculate still forests an indescribable magnifi- purity would drive to despair the cence

the garden, one afternoon, I heard a competition with him in the luster of gardener say to his little son: "'I wish you would rake up these

dead leaves in a pile." ing pains in my leg.'

jump over it.

the rake?'

The Martyrdom of Statesmanship. 000 to be elected."

"Yes, approximately that."

"For a man of my ability it is rather small, but I expect the sacrifice to be not wholly in vain. In fact, I have already been retained as attorney for three large corporations that would have been injured by the passage of bills which I intended to introduce So you see there are honest ways in which a man may be compensated for the annoying expenditures which in this age of graft and chicanery the high-minded servant of the people

serve the foundations of the republic." A Weird Romance.

must make in order to help to pre-

Their woolng had been brief, but passionate. Introduced to each other on Thursday, they had fallen in love at once, and now on Saturday she had promised to be his.

"Darling," she said, "I have a strange feeling of having known you before. It must have been in some past life-perhaps upon another planet-in ages gone by, you and I wandered, hand in hand-"

"I remember," he cried eagerly, "It was-ah! I see it ail now. You are -yes, it can be no other-you are the girl I was engaged to at the seaside last summer."-Cleveland Leader.

Choice of Evils. Jack-So you are engaged to Miss

Tom-You have said it. Jack-Well. I hardly know whether to congratulate you or not. She is very exacting, I hear, and if you marry her you will have to give uy drinking



KINDLING THE DIVINE FIRE

eautiful and affecting words ever uttered are those of the old Hebrew psalmist: "While I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my Now, everybody in the wide tongue." world is interested in the question of how most effectually to kindle fires, and that, all the way from the most ordinary smoker, at his wit's end to know how to light his pipe in a gale of wind, to the prophet, how to set and keep burning on the altar of his own heart the divine fire of love and righteousness amid all the distractions and contrarities of human life.

On a subject, then, of such universal interest, might it not be worth one's while to ask the psalmist how he contrived to kindle his especial kind of fire? His only answer would have to be the same he had made before: "While I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue." But curiously enough, this answer will be found, on examination, to emphasize a principle of universal application to kindling fires of every conceivable kind-whether on the hearth, or on the lamp-wick, or in the social circle, the student's study, or

the saint's retreat of silent prayer: This present age of ours in America, with its monotony of endless variety and its ceaseless round of activities which drive so many at last "She held one hand like a drooping into mental bankruptcy, has been denominated by many the helter-skelter, skip-jack age, which has changed the old proverb, "Look before you leap," into "Leap before you look, and then don't look, but leap again." As though wire to go through the things at the one were no higher up in the rank of course of reason, looking before and after!"

Now, let any man try-and try for a whole year if he pleases-to think It's easy to forget names of chimneys of any single vital and beautiful proand hard to draw pictures of them in cess of life that is not at the same the air so that the drawing will suggest to the clerk's mind just what kind of persistently concentrating on some of chimney is desired. These air pic- chosen thought, feeling or personaltures are a great aid for them. It's ity, the else-scattered energies of a wonderful-a woman's air picture of thousand rays. He might as well try to think of a Minot's Ledge lighthouse, set on a rock to warn off the mariner, forty miles away, from the perils of shipwreck; yet whose keeper should declare it a matter of no import to keep a flery combustion going on by concentrating the fierce oxymost consecratedly distracted private "And the leaves fell in a rain of housewife in New England color through the transparent air. In should ever dream of entering into

her own lamps. No; there is the one immutable law, everywhere prevailing. The solar 'Oh, I don't feel like it,' whined the heat, for example, is all about us, but boy. 'My back's sore and I've got a so diffused as, through diffusion, to cramp in my wrist and there's grow- prove too feeble for a thousand needful, practical purposes. Collect its "'After you get 'em raked up,' went rays on the surface of a lens, refract nice, big bonfire out of them and ter, and forthwith your gunpowder explodes, your solid oak leaps into "The boy began to whoop and leap. flame and your refractory iron melts "'Hurrah!' he shouted. 'Where's and runs. And just so is it with us poor scatter-brained and wool-gathering mortals. Thoughts and emotions in plenty are there in all our minds, "I hear, Senator," said the inquist- but vague and inoperative through tive young lady, "that it cost you \$20, only fitfully shining on a hundred diverging lines upon a hundred distracting objects. And thence comes-as "Well, that will leave you only \$10, we reflectively survey the thousand 000 for six years' work. Isn't that mechanical devices for concentrating rather small for a man of your abil- force on imperative ends, which the ingenuity of man has devised in cannon, steamship or simple watch-yes, thence comes the tremendous momen-

High up in the scale of the most | tum and striking-home power of tha saying of old, "The children of this world are wiser in their day and generation than the children of light."

But to return to our Hebrew psalm ist with his thrilling outcry, "While I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue." What had he been doing to kindle and fan the fire that flamed out in such rant in spiration on his tongue? He had been musing. But what did he mean by mus ing? He had been brooding, incubat ing, quickening to throbbing conscious life a great theme of meditation; and thereby had ben setting on a marvelous, mystically-divine process he had often paused in love and reverence to witness in some little bird-a wren or sparrow, sitting pa tiently in its nest on its little circlet of eggs in prophetic anticipaton of a great joy to break out of them.

Little did the tiny creature reflectively know of the creative function she was subserving, or of the seem ingly miraculous transformations go stinctively, perhaps, than often a Ho Parthenon, a Hamlet, a Paradise Lost, a Fifth Symphony-is all the while building better than he knew."

ist in his brooding, incubating prowas musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue." But it was no rapturous discovery for his personal behoof alone. It was to illustrate and emphasize an experience which must become the inheritance of universal humanity, and apart from which there can exist no rich, deep, varied, genial, grateful interior life in any man or woman. Until one has learned-in some feeble measure, at least-to brood and incubate the profoundest problems of human relations and human destiny, he must remain shallow, trivial, unsympathetic tedious, if not unendurable, to live with. Perpetual surface activity, with no underlying quickening process set on by habits of meditation, is the one sure flinty and dust-whirling highway to intellectual, social and religious

Simply because every isolated thought, object or personality in the years, that we can cry out of them in

No Time to Sort Her Mail.

"The ways of women are beyond the comprehension of mere man," said her companion as after purchasing her stamps at the general post office she carried her mail to the nearest post-"Will you kindly explain why box. you did that?"

"Simply because I hadn't time to sort my mail into 'Letters, Newspapers and Packages, Foreign, Domestic, New York City' and a few dozen other subdivisions and then walk around that monstrous building to find the proper drops for the various articles," she replied. "It takes time, patience and ingenuity to post anything in the general postoffice and I don't possess any of those things. Give me plain, uncomplicated letter box for practical purposes!"

And of course he remarked that that was just like a woman.-New York Press.

Literal Obedience

Dr. Barnardo, the London philanthropist who died recently, used to tell the following story: "At the door of one of the boys' homes was a mat with the words, 'Wipe your feet.' One day as Dr. Barnardo was entering the suse he saw a new boy removing his shoes and stockings and wiping his feet on the mat. He had taken the instructions in a literal sense." London paper comments gravely: "The enecdote reminds one of the notices at American doors, 'Wipe your gums, referring to the galoches unirersally worn in winter.'

ing on underneath her warm, fostering body. As a great mind has said: "It is not always needful for truth to take a definite shape; it is enough if it hovers about us like a spirit and produces harmony; if it is wafted through the air like the sound of a bell, grave and kindly." The little bird was acting on an instinct which yet to her was vague, but delightful, soul-experience; undifferentiated element of the vaguely-apprehended universal soul. And so a dim sacred impulse held her patient and faithful to her often wearisome task. Should she fly away, and, yielding to the fascination of change and novelty, stay away too long, then, bereft of her fostering warmth, the miracle-working process would cease its play as her eggs grew cold and addled. All this she knows or does not know; yet no more inmer, or Phidias, or Milton, or Shakespeare, or Beethoven, involving, each one, his own mightiest creation-8

So equally with our Hebrew psalmcess of so quickening to life his great theme as finally to cry out, "While I

world is by itself trivial and contemptible. It must gather around itself rich, varied, beautiful, cheery and devout associations. And it is only through hours of profound, grateful meditation on all that any single object-wife, child, nature, art, opportunity-really has been to us rapture:

'Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do they come From God, who is their home." -Boston Herald.

Tco Much Perfume.

The fastidious woman with an acute sense of smell came out of the tele-

phone booth gasping for breath. "You surely ought to get some fresh air or a disinfectant in there," she remarked to the drug clerk; "your last patron was a very highly perfumed

morning and the only thing we could think of was to scatter some perfumery around."

"I see," said the fastidious lady, but on the way out she couldn't help observing to herself, "just like a man, of course; a woman would have washed the place out and used a disinfectant."

Sarcasm.

Many years since, Jed Hollis had a store in Cornish, N. H., which was

very prosperous and a great rendez vous for story-tellers. One wild winter afternoon, when there was a quorum present, and each had vied with the others in romances, "Lish" Skinner had the floor and said:

"One time I was out a-hunting to Croydon woods, and I see an all-fired big squirrel. Well, I'd tramped all day and hadn't found no game, so I just follered and follered till I treed him in a big dead hemlock. Then I let her drive—bang. I shot him and tore him all to bits."

Ben Miller spoke up and said: "Did you kill him?"

AILING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kid-

neys Will Keep You Well. Sick, suffering, languid women are earning the true cause of bad backs



and how to cure them. Mrs. W. G. Davis of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Backaches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick beadaches were frequent and the action of the

kidneys was irregular. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Fills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong and my general health better." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Motorist Used Trumpet.

A motorist in Bayaria has had to appear before the authorities at Munch on the ground that he had used a trumpet to give warning as his approach, instead of the more usual horn, blown by rubber 'pear." He argued that, though the law stated that a horn was necessary, it did not define how the horn was to be blown. After a long discussion he was acquitted.

THE EARNING CAPACITY.

happiness, and success, of a man is greatly affected by the health of the woman of his household, the wife especially. Viavi, used in the privacy of the home cures disease of woman permanently, and enables her to fill her place in church, society and the home as wife and mother. Sixty-four page book on Health, explaining fully, mailed free. Viavi Co., Century Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Late in "Coming To." "Truth crushed to the ground, will rise again," is a consoling axiom, but the general tendency has been for it to remain crushed until after a fellow has paid all the costs and is gathered to his fathers.-Denver Times.

AN AWFUL SKIN HUMOR.

Covered Head, Neck and Shoulders-Suffered Agony for Twenty-five Years Until Cured by Cuticura.

"For twenty-five years I suffered agony from a terrible humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulders, discharging matter of such offensiveness to sight and smell that I became an object of dread. I consulted the most able doctors far and near, to no avail. Then I got Cuticura, and in a surprisingly short time was completely cured. For this I thank Cuticura, and advise all those suffering from skin humors to get it and end their misery at once. S. P. Keyes, 149 Congress Street, Boston,

Trouble Coming. Adam had come out of the deep slumber and noticed the absence of

a rib "Well." he sollloquized, "now I have a bone of contention. But he started resolutely for the

club. Cures Blood, Skin Troubles, Cancer, Blood Poison. Greatest Blood Purifier Free.

If your blood is impure, thin, diseased, hot or full of humors, if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scrofula, eczema, itching, risings and lumps, scabby, pimply while hone pains catarrh, rheumatism. skin, bone pains, catarrh, rheumatism, or any blood or skin disease, take Bo-tanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) according to directions. Soon all sores aches and pains stop, the blood made pure and rich, leaving the free from every eruption, and githe rich glow of perfect health to the blood skin. At the same time, B. B. B. improves the digestion, cures dyspepsia, strengthens weak kidneys. Just the medicine for old people, as it gives them new, vigorous blood. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special free medical advice also sent in sealed letter. B. B. B. is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases of impure blood and skin disease, and cures after all else fails. skin. At the same time, B. B. im-

Quanity.

Diggs-Swiggs seems to have an unlimited capacity for champagne. He can get away with any given quantity.

Biggs-Any given quanity? Diggs-That's what I said, I never knew him to pay for any.-Chicago

person. That odor of white rose made me quite ill."

"No, that's not exactly it," explained the clerk; "you see, somebody spilled some awful smelling stuff in there this morning and the only thing we could FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presentials 6th day of December, A. D., 1885,
A. W. GLEASON, | BEAL NOTABY PUBLIC Hail's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimoslais, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hail's Family Pilis for constipation.

Half the time when a man thinks he is having fun it is only because he

is forgetting his misery. A word of cheer and sympathy spoken to those in trouble is worth far more than all the tears you may drop, and all the flowers you may spread on the casket of the dead. The dead has no appreciation of your tears or flowers. Give these to the living before it's too late.-Spalding

Walking is said to be an excellent exercise for those who are employed mentally. It also seems an excellent exercise for men who want to get home from the race track.



No mother could have been more devoted.

pocket—"to show you."
"And now I suppose you want your

well-worn shoes.

How proud and happy he looked and how tenderly he held the child! Even in Sister Ellice's eyes he took on a spite her antagonism toward his sex

"Mamma," she said again

Gotrox, I understand.

and smoking. Tom-Oh, well, it might be wors If I don't marry her I'll probably have to give up eating.