

## One Night.

BY ENFIELD JOINER.

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The little duchess looked out of her window on a world made most beautiful by springtime. It was the last day of April, and she, Julie Marie, was to be married before May was half gone. The house in the woods was still—a sweet silence, imposed not by the April sunset, but by the absence of the small but noisy court, pervaded the place like a perfume.

She turned away from the window with a sigh as a comely maid-servant with a tray in hand came into the room. Both girls were of the same height and figure—Julie Marie was 18, and Clothilde, who served her, was 23.

"Is my lady hungry?" the maid asked, moving a small table so that the softened sunlight might fall upon it.

"Not to-night," said Julie Marie, smiling and shaking her little head. "I'm tired of everything, everything. Clothilde, I don't know what is the matter with me!"

Clothilde stooped and affectionately kissed her mistress' hand. She recalled that the duke of the adjoining duchy was 45, and stout and homely. "It's warm today. It makes my lady languid," was what she said.

Julie Marie drank her golden tea in silence. "Clothilde," she said, at last, playing with her cup, "is Heinrich returned?"

The maid blushed. "Yes, my lady. He has been here a whole week, my lady!"

"And that is why, my Clothilde," said Julie Marie, with a smile, "you have sung at your work every morning for a whole week."

"My lady," said Clothilde, gathering up the tea things.

"Does your father still forbid you to see Heinrich?"

"Still, my lady!"

"And you never see him?" pursued the little duchess, looking hard at her.

Clothilde flushed again. "Sometimes from your window, my lady, and sometimes at the servants' mass. Heinrich wanted me to meet him in the forest—but is it not written: 'Children, obey your parents?' The good father told me at the last confession that God would reward me some day if I strove to please my parents."

"You never told me why your good father hates Heinrich so, Clothilde."

"It was all about the trees, my lady. Heinrich has been about the Fatherland much, my lady, and he knows, because he has worked at one of the palaces of the emperor himself, which old trees ought to be cut down and where new trees ought to be planted. He and my father quarreled about the trees, my lady. And then his highness, your father, said that Heinrich should have full charge of the park, and that my father should do nothing but keep the gates. And that's why they are not friends, my lady!"

"And you never see him?" said Julie Marie again.

"I never meet him, my lady. But at night, when my lady is at dinner—when it is warm, I steal out to the summer-house—you know, my lady—along the poplar path—and Heinrich comes and sings—and sometimes leaves a flower for me under the tallest poplar at the end of the path. I never suffer him to come to me—I must obey my father, my lady! But Heinrich loves me, my lady!" And Clothilde looked full into the little duchess' face with shining eyes.

A something, born of the something which had made her a reader of rhymes and romances, held Julie Marie sympathetically silent. She, too, must obey her father. Clothilde had spoken to her of Heinrich before. And love had never come nearer than that in the little duchess' life.

She pushed back her chair and went to the window. The sun had disappeared—the little dancers were waving their exquisite green skirts—the forest called to the little duchess.

"Say to my aunt that I am still ill and will not come down to dinner to-night. My father returns tomorrow, Clothilde, and the duke comes with him. And, another thing, I may need you, so do not go out to the summer-house to-night. You may take the tray away now, Clothilde, and stay within reach so that you can hear me if I ring."

There was a late moon that night,

so that it was a twilight that Julie Marie stole out into as my lady, her aunt, sat down to a solitary dinner. Julie Marie ran down the prim walk and plunged into the forest by way of the stately poplars. It was glorious to be out alone in this sweet darkness. She threw off the hood of her cloak and ran for gladness along the path. The air was damp, but with that marvelous exhilaration which April gives even to the dampness of her nights. Everything seemed so close to the little duchess—the trees seemed almost to embrace her—the stars seemed so near and so friendly—



It Was Glorious to Be Out Alone in the Sweet Darkness.

and even the sweetness of the budding orchard and of the flowers blooming in beds under the palace windows seemed to come down the poplar walk. Presently she came to the summer-house and entered and sat down on one of its rustic seats. She smiled gayly. O, surely it was not the Duchess Julie Marie who was to marry the stout duke, 45 years old, in two weeks, but just a girl waiting there for her lover. Stories the nuns had told her—romances she had read in the green and white room looking out on the forest—dreams that often came to her—all were incarnated in her mood.

And presently the silence was broken by a song. Julie Marie clasped her hands, bent her head forward, and listened. Of course, it was only Heinrich the forester, singing a ballad to her maid, Clothilde. But the little duchess had found out at last what such a song was like.

"I'll talk to Clothilde's father tomorrow," thought Julie Marie. "They shall be married next week."

By and by Heinrich went away—clumsy Heinrich, who did not know that that night he had been chivalier and troubadour for ten minutes. Julie Marie, wrapping her cloak around her, lay down on the longest seat and looked out at the kindly stars. All the revolt in her soul, the pain of which she had been conscious, without acknowledging the cause, died with her. She was alive, she was alone, the air was sweet, the darkness was restful, a bliss ineffable stole over her. And after awhile the moon, like a mother coming home to her waiting children, Julie Marie fell asleep.

She awoke with a start. She was a little stiff, because she had never slept on aught save down in all her life before. She yawned and shivered slightly. "I must go back," she said.

The mother moon was radiant now. Under the tallest poplar at the end of the path Julie Marie saw a bunch of yellow wild flowers.

Clothilde, waiting patiently in the dressing-room was sent to bed about midnight by a repentant little mistress. No, Julie Marie would brush her hair herself—she wanted nothing.

Next morning while her mistress was still asleep Clothilde stole in to darken the green and white room. The morning sky was saffron; echoing through the dim woods was the sound of the forester's at. Clothilde leaned out the window and threw a kiss toward the sound. Passing out, she paused at the foot of the bed to look on the face that she adored. There was a bunch of faded yellow blossoms in the little duchess' dark hair.

### APPROPRIATE.

He—I want to give Miss Sharp a palm for her parlor. What kind would you suggest?

She—Why don't you give her a cactus plant?—Detroit Free Press.

## Farmers' Co-Operative Union Of America

You have no right to stay away from the meetings. If you can't learn anything, you can teach something; if you can learn something, you should go out and get the benefit of your neighbors' knowledge and experience.

These nights are getting long enough for quite a decent programme to be carried out at your meetings. See to it that your meeting is interesting, and that the members are anxious to attend. Keep something doing all the time.

There is nothing coming to the kicker. He is one of those elements which happen sometimes to do good by stirring things out of a comatose condition. He sometimes keeps people from going to sleep. Just be good to him, and when his kick does happen to be in the right direction, help him.

If you sell your cotton at the price the other man names, that is your fault, if you make him pay your price, it isn't anybody's fault, but it would be nothing more than any successful business man would do. You will have to put some business sense into your business, or else it will not be business at all.

Say, for goodness' sake get your tools and vehicles under shelter this winter. All over the country wagons, buggies, plows, reapers and so on, are standing out in the weather. Any man who has no more sense than to let such things go to ruin, ought to be put on the feeble-minded list and have the benefit of a guardian—he needs a guardian badly.

Time to meet now and do some planning for the year of 1907. "The wise man foreseeth danger and hideth himself," and he also provideth himself for the coming need. You are going to plant something. Go get together and plan to plant and market together next time, and you will be sure to make more money than you ever have made, and do it with less worry.

Because you have to look close after your rights against some people, don't get the idea into your head that all the people are rascals. There are just whole cowpans full of good men and women still on earth, and there will be some of this sort here all the time. Just hunt them out and make them your friends. It is one of the sweetest things on this earth to have a number of friends whom you can trust to the end of the earth. Get you some of this sort and then get busy with your distrustful self and become worthy of such friendship as you crave. There are plenty of 'em all over the country.

The spread of the Union is now on throughout Illinois. Let 'er spread, for if there is a people that do need organization it is the farmers of Illinois especially. The move is on from the corn lands of "Egypt," down about Cairo, to the "Land o' Murphies," along the great lakes, and the corn raisers need some cooperation, and they need it right now. The big potato raisers have always been the victims of the commission merchants, and until they organize along lines of selfhelp, they will continue to feed the commission men along Water street, while the public pays full value for all the "Murphies" they get.

### CO-OPERATOR COGITATIONS.

If you would be a Co-operator, never be a dumper.

Let's never let the procession pass by us. Let's keep up with it all the time.

That perfect understanding will make us free. All producers should be brethren.

We are all now on the main track and are bound for the same depot of profitable prices.

Eleven cents is the price. We have only to stand firm and this price will be realized. Never sell for less.

Success this year means success for all time to come. Failure this year would set us back many days. We will succeed.

Scientific marketing alone will save the producer. Congested markets mean our undoing. If the law of Supply and Demand is to govern, let's make the Supply and Demand equal at all times.

Will the producers stand idly by and see John D. Rockefeller and his associates get into control of all? That is certainly the fate which awaits us if we do as we have always done. Let us be up and doing.

Are you pushing your young men to the front? If not, you are not doing your full duty. This is a great school. Let's teach the youth of the land, not only the dignity of labor, but teach them how to get the proper reward for labor.

Plenty of good reading matter will keep you out of the tips of the fakir. Moral: read the newspapers.

### MERCURY'S MUSINGS.

Regardless of what the present crop may be there is money, good money for cotton growers in keeping their cotton of the market till the minimum price is obtained.

In 1906 we exported 250 million pounds less of cotton than in 1905. Yet we received 21 million more dollars for it. This is one of the results of the Farmers' Union holding cotton till the demand made a satisfactory price.

Are you doing your part toward building the organization? Are you talking organization? If not, better begin now! Never too late to commence doing a good thing, you know.

It is necessary rather than choice which drives so many thousands of farmers' wives and daughters to the fields. This is certainly the general rule notwithstanding there are individual instances to the contrary.

The Farmers' Union aims to make farming sufficiently profitable that there will be no strong temptation—much less a necessity—to force women into the cotton patch.

Attend your local regularly. Be on time. Bring wife and daughter along. Devise plans for quickening the interest among your members and among outsiders. Enlist the ladies and this can easily be done.

The farmer's relation to the markets bears points of similarity to the darky's bear trap, which was set to catch "a-comin' and a-gwine." When the farmer buys the other fellow does the pricing. When the farmer sells the other fellow does the pricing. The farmer is caught in the commercial trap "a-comin' and a-gwine."

### SOUTHERN FARMER SAYINGS.

Now that the crops are all finished and "laid by," of course the plows are all safely housed.

"Will you walk into my parlor," is the song sung by cotton gamblers to catch the farmers, "Prettiest little parlor." Oh no!

The producers have the right to price their own products. When they do this they will take a long step toward financial emancipation.

When the producers of cotton demand that gambling in futures of their staple crop shall cease, it will be done, and not till then.

The most important element that goes to the making of large crop yields is the farmers' brains. To attain uniform success in farming requires broader and more practical knowledge, more enterprise and sound judgment than is possessed by the average merchant, or banker.

The New State Farmer, published by our friend, A. T. Evans, at Salsaw, L. T., has reached our desk. This copy before us, Number 2, is all right, a credit to our great organization and also to our friend Evans. May it live long to battle for the great cause.

We are for just and reasonable prices and never for gamblers' prices. These just prices can be had only by an understanding of the producers themselves.

The great National meeting put every body on the main track. Some had been on sidings before. The sidings are never safe. Never be side-tracked again. Stay on the main track and the race will soon be won.

Wealth should belong to him who creates it. Have the creators of wealth ever received their just reward? Never. And they never will till they take charge of their affairs and have an understanding. It is up to them.

Do not sell on a declining market.

No one is really defeated until he surrenders.

One of the best preventions of bee moths is strong colonies of bees.

Parched wheat is one of the best curative agents for fowls of all kinds.

It takes off the profit to be unkind to the poultry or frighten as surely as it does to abuse the cow or the horse.

Flour of sulphur used freely upon cabbage is said to destroy the cabbage worm. Begin to dust the heads as soon as the white butterfly appears. When the dew is on or immediately after a rain is the best time.

Too much of one kind of grain should not be fed. It takes away the relish for food. A variety keeps the appetite keen.

Fall pigs, bred the following spring, make the best brood sows. They acquire the necessary age, size and strength to make good mothers.

The kizzard of a fowl is made to grind its food. Poultry will do better if fed unground grain, after they are large enough to swallow it.

### WANTED TO BEAT MACHINE.

Old Men Proved Themselves Unable to Resist Temptation.

"Every man is more or less a thief," said Lecoq, the detective.

"I was hanging about the railroad station the other morning to see if One-Thumb Mike, the safe breaker, was in town, and all of a sudden the appearance of two farmers struck me."

"They were old men, and it was plain that they didn't often get to the city. I knew they were religious because one carried the Christian Advocate and the other Sunday at Home, and because they called each other brother."

"What's that Brother James?" says the first.

"We'll look and see, Brother Henry."

"It was a weighing machine. They had never seen a weighing machine before. They studied it carefully, read the notice that a penny was to be put into the slot, and then they cast a quick glance around to see if any one was looking."

"I'll just step on, Brother James," says the older farmer.

"And he stepped on without dropping in his penny. He wanted to cheat the machine."

"Be careful, Brother Henry. Some one might be looking."

"James hopped off."

"It don't seem to work," he said, in a disappointed tone.

"Then Henry got on without paying."

"No; it don't work," said he.

"I put on a terrible frown and bore down on the two old men, showing my star."

"Say, I said, 'I've got a good notion to lock youse up.'"

"My, but they were scared—showed me their credentials—both 'keacons.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### THE MODERN STYLE.



Mr. Fickle—Is this then to be the end of our romance?

Miss Slick—No. My lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### FORGET FALSE TEETH.

The chambermaid handed to the head clerk a little packet wrapped in brown paper.

"Another set of false teeth?" the man asked, as he put the packet in the safe.

"Yes, sir."

"That makes the second this week, doesn't it?"

"The third, sir."

The clerk turned to a guest.

"It's amazing, sir," he said, "how many of our male guests, in quitting the hotel, leave their false teeth behind them in a glass of water. In the outrush of departures at this season there are always some half dozen sets of false teeth left behind. They are always men's. You can tell women's false teeth by their greater strength and solidity, and by their greater breadth across the jaw. Women never forget their false teeth, even in fires or shipwrecks."

### AS LONDON SEES US.

It is too bad that the fascination of bridge whist should be the alleged cause of the abandonment of their business by the New York security insurance companies. Gambling among the women of New York is on the increase, and a not unusual thing is for a woman who has incurred debts in play or in horse racing to take out a burglar policy for several thousand dollars, representing to her husband that she was in fear of being robbed. After a short time the woman goes to a pawnshop, gets a loan and raises the cry that she has been robbed. The husband in turn makes a claim upon the insurance company, and usually some sort of evidence is produced to support the burglar theory. But such women are happily black swans in New York.—London Evening Standard.

## Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED  
Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained.

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into the perfection of misery, the blues, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way. She has been feeling "out of sorts"



for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart beats fast; then that bearing-down feeling and during her periods she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up, you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting blues.

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, U.S.A. She writes:

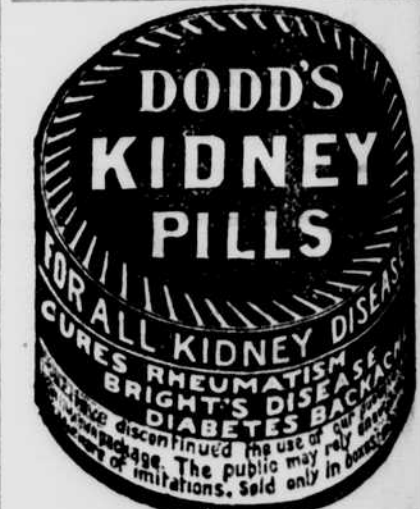
"I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme lassitude, the blues, nervousness and that all-gone feeling. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it not only cured my female derangement, but it has restored me to perfect health and strength. The buoyancy of my younger days has returned, as I did not feel any longer with despondency, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

### Bird Breeding Islands.

During the last year the Audubon Society of Louisiana has rented some 17 bird breeding islands, located in the waters of the gulf. Last year the islands were watched by two wardens, whose wages were paid by the national committee of Audubon societies, and although they were not wholly able to prevent trespassing and egg-stealing nevertheless the results obtained were well-nigh marvellous. On their own and the neighboring islands of Breton reservation, owned by the federal government, by these simple preventive measures, there were hatched and raised all of 40,000 birds composed of the following species: Common terns, forsters, terns, royal terns, laughing gulls, black skimmers.—Country Life in America.

And no man realizes what a valuable asset a wife is until he has occasion to put his property in her name.



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Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Drug and Grocers; Trial Size 10 cts., by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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