Dakota County Herald tions and is known to have originated and favored certain alliances and un-

BAKOTA CITY, NEB.

dehn H. Ream, * * Publisher

What causes divorce? "Bum grub,' shouts the army of dyspeptics.

Nix on the big hatpins, says Chicato. Now for the protruding unibrella. lack of vigor or interest in serious

The chanticleer fad in this country I chiefly confined to the cold storage warehouses.

King Menelik will have to be dead ome time before foreigners will believe that he is in earnest.

A sound decision. A St. Louis judge has decided that a car seat belongs to the person who gets it first.

Kissing is unknown in Japan. It is not surprising that they have been backward many years in civilization.

That man who enters Harvard at the age of 45 ought to have some bully good times with his classmate, William desire to promote the welfare of his James Sidis.

English papers speak of a man in the Birmingham hospital for skin diseasts who is turning to marble. He appears to be a hard case.

Men and women who cry out loudest against vivisection wear furs of animals and the plumage of birds. Conmistency, thou art a virtue!

It is promised that beef roasts are to be cheaper. They can be a lot cheaper without causing any consumer to feel that it would be a shame not to begin eating roast beef again.

Walk a mile before breakfast to scare up an appetite, advises the doctor. If you want only a light breakfast, walk say from the front of the house to the dining room.

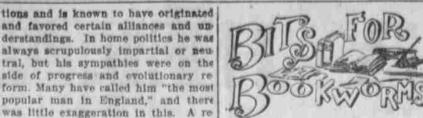
A Missouri judge has decided that

it is criminal negligence to get near a mule's heels. It seems to be a case where the innocent bystander is, like the ultimate consumer, a myth.

Secretary Wilson thinks the sale of foodstuffs in packages is to blame for some of the excessive cost of living. The wives of the men who carry home "packages" will readily agree to this.

A steamship in Florida waters had hard time getting past a school of monster 1,000-pound turtles that showed fight. It is early in the season, but the sea sorpent is not going to be missed.

A little girl who died in Philadelphia twelve years ago left her handful of pennies-37 cents-to start a fund for a new Methodist church. From that tiny beginning much has grown, and work is now going forward on a building that is to cost \$75,000. No gift that is sanctified by love is small.



cent article containing daring, un friendly references to him and charges A new biography of Harrison Ainsof excessive love of ease and sport worth is coming from the press. It is supposed that some of Ainsworth's problems of state provoked genuins forty-one novels are still read-though national indignation. Even radicals they can hardly be called literature. socialists and ardent home rulers ad "Types from City Streets" is the thmit that King Edward had no enemiet the of the forthcoming book in which among the workmen and the masset Hutchins Hapgood has undertaken to of the people. The republican tendendescribe the underworld of New York. cles of a decade or two ago have disespecially what he finds to be its appeared without a trace. King Ed charm.

ward may be said to have strengthen Jane Austin is the newest literary ed the monarchy in England by his discovery of French critics. One of qualities and achievements and to them declares that she forms the one have recovered for it some of the pow striking exception to the insanity of er and prestige it had lost with the genius. He calls her the first of the advance of popular government and realists, a writer absolutely normal radical liberalism. The new king can and sane. but follow in his footsteps and court

In the writing of the authoritative general respect and admiration by life of Karl Marx, which is among the giving like evidence of dignity, tact, spring publications, the author, John a progressive spirit and an earnest Spargo, has had the assistance of Mme. Lafargue, Marx's daughter. people, even at the expense of the an-Marx's friends have also assisted the cient privileges of an effete peerage author in gathering reliable material or aristocracy. for his volume.

THE FAMILY DOCTO

A vivid picture of the state of France at the accession of Louis XVI. sent him into retirement.

A good example of the spelling of

Neuralgia. Neuralgia is a paroxysmal pain in a ert Herrick, to be published soon. Dr. nerve. In most victims of this wretch. Moorman quotes a letter written by the gray-green foliage of the olive trees ed trouble the same nerve suffers in John Eyrick, as the poet's grandfath glistened, while all along the way the each attack, although there are patients with whom the agony travels las on the occasion of the latter's marfrom one nerve to another. The first riage, which reads as follows: "Sonne Nicholas Eyrick, your mother thing to ascertain in a case of persistent neuralgia is whether the trou- and I have us commended unto your ble is due to some underlying organic bedfellowe and you; for I trust now condition, or whether it is simply just that ye be a married man; for I hard a case of a sick nerve calling for help. by your brother Stenford that youe Michael watched him silently. Many weir appointed to marry on Monday The neuralgia which has an organic

gia, and may be present as one of maryed we pray God to send youe leaned against the wall and studied many other symptoms in tumors, or bothe muche joye and comfort togeth- his moody expression, the heavy, rein certain inflammatory affections or er, and to all hir friends and yours." tuberculous lesions which are in such "Some Musical Recollections of Fifty position as to compress the course of Years," by Richard Hoffman, is a late the nerve at any point.

Neuralgia pure and simple is called cences of Mr. Hoffman are prefaced "idiopathic," and may be compared to by a memoir by Mrs. Hoffman which the screams of an angry baby, who de- gives briefly and very pleasantly the clares its needs in the only fashion it main facts of her husband's long cacan command.

The only person competent to judge torily the reminiscences themselves. whether a particular case of neuralgia Mr. Hoffman begins his story with the saw her, but he did not check the is "symptomatic" or "idiopathic" is of account of how as a boy of 14 he made monotonous sweep of his arms. course the physician, and if the pain is the journey from Manchester, Entraceable to some organic trouble, any gland, his native city, to Birmingham, my son," she said, her voice soft and treatment directed to removal of the to hear Fellx Mendelasohn conduct wistful. In the years gone it had pain alone would be simple loss of the "Elijah." When 16 years old he been perhaps more gentle, but it was came to America, and from that time yet one to persuade and win. There

In a case of simple neuralgia the on he gives most entertaining and in- was in her appearance little sugges-Thomas A. Edison says in Popular first thing to do is to find out the teresting accounts of all the musical tion of relationship to the broad shoul-Electricity that "there is absolutely no underlying cause, for it may be ac celebrities who came to America and dered young man. Celtic, the son; cepted as an axiom that perfectly well gave concerts and toured the country.

"THEY SHALL NO MORE GO OUT."

"They shall no more go out," O ye Who speak earth's farewell through your tears, Who see your cherished once go forth, And come not back through weary years; There is a place-there is a shore, From which they shall go out no more.

"They shall no more go out." O ye Whose friends have journeyed farther yet-Whose loved will not return again For all your pleading of regret; They walt you at the sheltered door From which they shall go out no more.

No charlot wheel rolls from those gates, No bridled steed impatient stands, No stately caravans move forth, To cross through silent desert lands, No swelling sail, no dropping oar. Rejoice! They shall go out no more. -Kate Tucker Goode.

The Hand in the Moonlight

For more than an hour Michael Con- | chael, I know it is dear to you, and to nor had not raised his eyes from his your brother, too. But there are other work. His head and shoulders were thoughts in your heart. Put down

bent over the broad slab of marble. your work for a day and rest. Go, His hands gripped the heavy iron ingot that ground the face of the stone old and can find pleasure in the memis to be found in the Marquis de Se- and his arms, bare and sunburned to ory of the years gone by. You are gur's new book, "The Setting Sun of the elbows, moved back and forth with young, and your look is forward." the Monarchy." The author apparent- a steady sweep. His jaws were set and believes that Turgot might have his face, broad and freckled, was now saved the monarchy had not Marie so dark that the yellow red hair above glance from under his brows at his Antoinette's prejudice against him it, clinging damp with sweat, seemed more than ever flame-like by contrast.

The morning was not yet old. On hree hundred years ago as well as an the garden and farther down the hillinteresting presentation of the cus- side on the western slope of the valtoms and manners of the period is ley the spring sun shone warmly. A given in F. W. Moorman's biographi- mile away and a thousand feet below, cal and critical study of the poet Rob- the sunlight was reflected from the narrow, winding river, and on its bank

er spelled his name, to his son Nicho- tender green of vines and shrubbery marked the early season. Only the pines here and there, on the sparsely wooded descent, were dark shadows. From the window of the little stone house, but a few steps from the open shed where he worked, the mother of times had she paused in her labor to basis is called "symptomatic" neural- the tenth of December; and if you be glance toward her son, and now she lentless force of his movements. " He had been used to whistle cheerily as he shaped and polished the marble but at last he returned to his place publication. The delightful reminis. slabs, but there was no longer joy or even content in him.

The mother came out, a corner of her apron turned up over her hand and arm and raised to shade her eyes reer, and supplements most satisfac. for the sun. She sat upon a rough block of marble near him. Michael

"You give yourself no rest, Michael,

red geranfums banked at the side and no recognition. a tangle of nasturtions at the corner. and pulling his shapeless hat down over his eyes, turned and strode away

by a side path toward the wooded depths of the valley. The shadows gathered close and cool in the lower reaches before the last

rays of the sun left the little house day drew to a close, the mother came scanned anxiously the openings where lonely but patient,

needles in the gloom about the trunk cisco Augonaut. of a low-limbed pine, lay Michael Con nor, tormented in heart and brain. His

misery seemed more hopeless as the darkness thickened about him. Hours he had lain where he had thrown himself, with no thought but of his loss, his years of silent worship that had gone for nothing, his brother's success and promised joy. Envious he had been since they were boys together, but not altogether without comfort. In strength, in height and weight, even in the schoolroom requirements of their youth, he had always ranked he younger; but the lightness and making friends, the gift of drawing gayest music, were possessions of "He will come to-day. Perhaps not till nightfall. When he went away he Florence alone. He had been proud of

told me. But soon, Michael, we shall with a soreness at his heart, through not have him with us. Soon he will the years that had seen them grow Met." slowly apart. Now the irreparable break had come, and almost without 'Yes, do you not know? For him, warning. Not only separation, but a deeper hurt. Victory in love. The one Kenyon cited other instances where The work stopped now. "Luisa! woman who should have known his adoration, who should have waited his disfigured. For instance, many of the Michael's face grew darker still, and his sinewy arms ridged with the tightapproach, had never given him more

thrown herself into the arms of the brother who had everything else worth having It seemed to Michael that life could The mother looked away now, but her voice betrayed no knowledge of the night was over, and for weary years the ache of that struggle with unut- really did intend that word to repregan with fury, but faltered and broke. terable joy. He straightened his bent shoulders and

On the shadows of the night a girlish voice broke suddenly with laugh and chatter. Michael heard and raised his head. Again came the music of tones he knew tob well, and this time he distinguished a lower, graver accompaniment. He held his breath that he might miss no sound, however faint, and waited. The mountain road path came a happy pair, arm in arm-Florence and Luisa. From his hiding place Michael could not see them, but he could mark their progress. They passed him going upward toward the

Long the miserable listener sat with bowed head and fiercely clenched analogy or ignorance; misapplied; due hands. At length he arose and fol- to faulty articulation; mistakes due to lowed the two up the road. Here and

worked, at the low stone cottage with | ered his cheeks and chin. He feared

But from the open door rose a shout with the sudden ending of the music. A lithe, still boyish figure came running to the gate.

'It is Michael, my brother, the saints be praised."

For a moment the two men stood clasped, heart to heart, then the on the mountain side. Often as the younger spoke again; "Would that our mother could greet you, but she to the door or the open window and is at rest. She knew that you would come. This was her message for you, the winding road showed as it climbed and times beyond counting she bade the heights. Her eyes had caught no me give it to you in the first moment glimpse of a moving figure when the of our meeting: 'Michael, my son, and sunset glow had faded. A little later best beloved, for your father's eyes. the full meon came up from behind the | Glad am 1 that you were far away Sierras far off to her left, and a flood when I was stricken. You were my of radiance bathed the sombre walls of right hand for years, and so would have the cottage and made fantastic shad- been.' Those her very words. You ows before the familiar objects of the may not understand till I tell you dooryard. Still the mother waited, how sadly she was wounded two days after you went away. But not till you

Half a mile away, on a mat of dry have rested. Come in."-San Fran-

AS SOME STUDENTS WRITE IT.

Skeletons in Spelling Closet Revealed in Examination Papers. "He sat in the hot son"-now wasn't that a terrible affliction to come to a professor in the University of Michigan in an examination paper? Or how would you like this: "His heart was filled with whoe"? Isn't that enough

to stop even a heart? These skeletons in the spelling closet of several of the prominent families represented in the different engineer grace, the case of speech, the art of ing classes were recently laid bare in a written examination given by H. A. from the violin the sweetest, saddest, Kenyon before a meeting of the Schoolmasters' Club, says the Ann Arbor cor respondent of the Detroit Journal. Mr. this darker, handsomer brother, though Kenyon told the story in an address entitled, "Some Wild Spellings I Have

It seems that the students of the University of Michigan can do other things better than they can spell. Mr, English as she is "writ" was terribly same sixty-four papers contained the than a passing thought, but had word "weary" spelled "werry." This examination occurred two months ago and there is still one word in the papers that Mr. Kenyon is studying over, the word "mysily." Before the hold no darker hour. Yet, before the end of the year, if Mr. Kenyon is unable to study it out, he is going to beg thereafter, he would have called back the student to tell him just what he

ont. Four sets of examination papers were handled by Mr. Kenyon at the close of the last semester. Three of these sets were final "quizzes" and the students writing these papers represented all classes in the engineering department, a majority of them under classmen. Out of sixty-four papers but three were written without errors was but a few paces away. Along that Others ranged from one to twenty-four misspelled words. Good students made as many as from six to twelve mis takes each in spelling. In all there were 223 mistakes made in the sixtyfour papers.

The speaker classified the mistakes thus: Mistakes due to carelessness, n attempt at elegance; use of simila

or similarly pronounced words, correct



work, and no friends.'

seek young friends for a time. I am

"Florence has not been home for

three days." Michael shot a quick

mother's face as he spoke.

"He will leave us?"

and for Luisa."

it did not move.

make a home nearer the town."

Does he say he has her promise?"

ening of his grip on the iron, though

They will be married as soon as

"It is not-" the man's voice be

passed his hand across his forehead

Twice he turned and started away

and bent doggedly over his work.

he can make a house ready for her."

thrust her words had given.

reason why horses should be allowed within the city limits, for, between the of health and cleanliness is working we shall have decent streets instead of stables made of cobhlestones bordered by sidewalks." Horses are pretty bad, and then there is the man who tears his letter up and throws it out into the street. He should go, too,

while we are about it.

A pessimistic old shipmaster of New York has been confiding his discouragement to a reporter. Boys no longer go to sea, he says. American steamship lines have the greatest difficulty in getting the right sort of lads for training up into officers. Public school education unfits boys for the sea. The present-day eagerness in the pursuit of money makes the youngsters unwilling to follow a calling the sacrifices and perils of which are rewarded by the scantiest of livings. But it may be a lack of opportunity rather than a dislike for the scafaring life that keeps the boys ashore. The action of economic forces has swept our merchant ships from the ocean. The small margin of profit on which commerce is nowadays conducted has apparently diverted American capital from shipping to business in which more money can be earned. Only ten per cent of our imports and a much smaller proportion of our oversea trade come in American bottoms. But given the opportunity to go to sea, the boys are fairly ready to go. The navy has less trouble than the army in finding recruits. Nevertheless, the collapse of the American merchant marine is a great misfortune. No great nation is satisfied to have its foreign trade alis a sad loss to any country when so independent, adventurous and courageous a race as that of the deep-sea mariners declines and disappears. There is much discussion concerning the best means of restoring American shipping. It may be necessary to wait, for changing economic conditions to undo the harm they have already done. But we may all hope that the day when the flag shall again hold the place on the high seas which it held half a century ago may not long be delayed.

The death of King Edward, so sud-

den and startling, was a profound

shock to Britain and her colonies and

to the world at large. Nothing had

prepared even the men and women

nearest to the throne for such an un-

fortunate and disturting event, for

forty-eight hours before few knew that

the king was ill at all, and those who

did considered the indisposition tri-

fing. It is true that in England the

people do not have painful nerves. His account of his own concert at gasoline and electric car, no room is Young children and old people are Castle Garden, New York, and his left for them. A higher public ideal rarely sufferers from neuralgia. It is tour of the West and East (including grippe.

time.

Persons with the so-called rheumatic charming review of the musical hisdiathesis seem more disposed to it, tory of America. and any great emotional shock or un-

due fatigue may bring on an attack in a neuralgic individual. Besides the paroxysmal pain of neu-

ralgia, there is generally a dull ache all the time of the attack, with tender spots along the line of the nerve, that will be found very sensitive to slight pressure with the finger tip.

Neuralgia may attack any nerve in the body, but it perhaps causes its Hurts me ten times as much as it does greatest torture when it takes the form known as tic-douloureoux. This is neuralgia in the face, along the line of the sensitive nerve which supplies all this part of the head. Another exquisitely painful form of neuralgia is that known as sciatica, in the sciation nerve, which runs down the back of the leg .--- Youth's Companion.

WOMAN AS A FACTOR FOR GOOD.

Philadelphia Prencher Believes Fair Sex Angels of the Earth.

With the increasing prominence o the cause of woman suffrage, the ques tion of woman's work and woman's in fluence is being much discussed. It is argued by the advocates of equal rights that suffrage would "broader woman's sphere" and "make her a fit ter companion of man," and it is conmost wholly in foreign hands; and it | tended with equal positiveness by the opponents of suffrage that it would make her less inclined to attend strict- But lay it on as hard as you know ly to womanly duties. Of the many interesting sermon

preached from Philadelphia pulpits the other day, one by the Rev. Clinton B. Adams, Congregationalist, deserves more than passing attention, the Philadelphia Times says. His theme was "A Young Woman's Religion," and among other things he described women as the angels of earth, the inspiration of men in whatever they undertake and responsible for whatever they achieve.

Men have accomplished great thing without help from or thought of women. Other men have failed through their very devotion to or their control by inferior women. Those, however, are the exceptional cases. Generally woman is the inspiration, the cause And she is a tremendous individual factor for good-for all that is good and beautiful.

In one sentence the clergyman has king reigns without governing, and that no perceptible constitutional or spoken a great truth. He declare that "men are disposed to be what political changes are to he apprehendwomen they love admire in them." But while democracy rules and This is profoundly true and in her policies, foreign and domestic, are diewondrous, indescribable influence over tated by essential needs, traditions and man, she becomes a powerful agent for fixed principles, fi would be a mistake to undersestimate the tersonal and sogood or evil.

cial influence of the king. In diplo-What has become of the old-fashionmacy especially is this influence ant ed horse that was afraid of automoto be strong, and King Edward took a particular interest in foreign rela- biles?

Latin, the mother, for her skin was olive though faded and worn, her dark Young children and old people are Castle Garden, New York, and his eyes still liquid and eloquent. "I've no time for rest," he answered,

a trouble that attacks those who are Canada) with Joseph Burke, of their his look averted. "The stone is promtoward such banishment swiftly, then living the active adult life, and espe- expenses and receipts, and the recep- isel Meltzer, at the meatmaket, tocially people in middle age, when the tion they met with, of Jenny Lind's morrow. It is still to be polished, various fatigues of that life are most arrival and singing in New York and and when done it must be put on the prone to overtake us. It is often one of her tour with him under P. T. truck and be dragged three miles to of the sequels of a long illness, such Barnum's management, of Thalberg the town." His voice was full and as typhold fever, and often follows and Gottschalk, von Bulow, and their deep, but there was a complaint in tours, make this a most valuable and the tone.

"Yet a day more would not put him to loss. He has bought and sold for years without the stone."

"It is promised, and he shall have "My naughty little son," quoth I as he ft." Michael deftly scattered a hand-Lay flat across my stiff paternal knee ful of white sand upon the marble, Face downward, and for some small bit flooded it with water from a basin reating on a convenient shelf and but he would not tell her till he had again pushed and swung the iron smoothing-block.

her father's house. Now it is all ar-"So did your father toil," urged the ranged. It had been Florence's secret. mother. "He would not rest. With even from me, until the morning he his drill and hammer, and with blastwent away." ing powder, he took from the moun-"Let him keep his secrets. But it

tain side the stones that made this would have been more honest to let house. From the first corner to the his brother know his will, Am I nothlast walls and roof, it is his making, ing? Have I no share in the affairs Here the marble ledge he opened, and of our family?" Michael's face was for the church and the chuchvard, for dark no longer, but red and angry. the shops of the town and even for "Peace, Michael. You know you are the palaces of the rich in the city a the head. Florence asked me to tell hundred miles away, he was ever cutyou. He will bring Luisa here to-night ting and grinding. His eagerness for that we may say to her how welcome gain was greater than his strength, she will be as his wife."

We have him no longer, you and L "He will bring her here? No! They And you are like him." shall not. If they come, I will never Michael hesitated for a moment. His cross its threshold again. She-sheeyes turned down the valley. The Again hls passion choked his voice churchyard of which his mother spoke He bent his head upon his arm, and was on the way toward the river. his shoulders heaved with the emo-Among the trees the spire of the tion that conquered him. church could be discerned. "Five

The mother smoothed his hair with years and more now," he said, "I have a caress. "Michael, do not fear to let me read your thoughts." she said. "No son could have done better." "It was sorrow for me to see that "There was a need." His lips closed both my sons looked after the same

tn a hard line. woman. I would have changed it if "All our wants are more than satis- I could. But Luisa knew it not. You fied," went on the mother. "My sons never spoke of love to her. She did

not dream of it. Hold no bitterness "There is still need that I should against her. Do not meet her with an work." The man spoke of himself angry face. Choose another for your-

self ... There are many." "Ah, I know what you will not say He was still silent when she slowly It is because Florence has no love for turned and went into the house.

the stone cutting. He goes from us In a little time he took up his work often, but it is not in idleness. With again. As the hours went by he lahis violin he earns money and he bored steadily, with vigorous move brings if to me. I keep it for him as ments, never raising his head. At the I keep for you the pay you have for noon hour he rested only long enough the marble. Were there need, his for a hasty luncheon, spread and gone mad and was skipping about. The money would be for you and for me, served with special care by his mother. So long as we have health, you and He spoke no word, and she could not

choose any that would help him. Before the afternoon had worn away want that we shall feel.' "I wish I was like him, then," said the stone was finished. With much Michael. "He sees the pleasures of lifting and sleight of management, unthe town. The singing, the dances: aided he let it down from the trestles the nights of merry-making. But for and set it upon its edge on the low me, tonely work up here on the moun- truck built for carrying such loads. tain, and when the night comes I am He was hardly conscious of the effort

if my father had built his house far- cushioned trough at the side of the ther down, where we might have had rude carriage, and to fasten it tightly a vineyard, and olive trees and figs." against the triangular rack that held "Your father knew little of vines it in an inclined position safe from and trees. He was a stone cutter, jar or jolt on the mountain road. Leanas you are after him. His own work ing one shoulder to the load, he pushed kept his thought and his strength. the truck slowly forward on the beaten

Here he brought me when we were way a dozen steps, till it stopped clear violin. Involuntarily the wanderer both young, and here he died. His of the shed and its surrounding array 'Now what share of that do you in- sons grew up here, and the spot should of marble pieces. Then he stood erect, was in rough seaman's garb, and a yel-

there along the way the moon struck down through the leafy recesses and silvered his worn, toll-stained garments, but his face was white even in the deepest shadows. He reached the FOR HIM, MUSIC AND PLAY. home clearing just as the pair, still arm in arm, paused at the door of the wish him joy of her!" 'he growled. cottage, and he saw them enter and "She was easily won. What is it to

ottage.

heard his mother's voice raised in the me! For him, music and play, and greeting. quick earnings. Now a wife. For me, Jealousy and envy clutched his throat and almost stopped the beating "There are more than one of the of his heart. Irresolutely he wavered young women who would be glad to for a moment, then he went cautiously have your love, Michael, my son, if forward, passed around the house and they could win it. But you are shy crouched at the corner by the nasturwith them. Florence, blame him not, tium vines, in the broad shadow cast is more like my father's people. He by the marble slab resting on its caris ever smiling and talking, and makriage. From within came the muring merry. Long ago he chose Luisa, mur of voices. He could distinguish

them-his mother's, gravely tender: more money. She wants to live near his brother's, loudest of all, gay, almost boastful; Luisa's, shy, now, but clear and musical. Their words he could not always catch.

> He drew nearer the window, inch by inch. Upon the stone sill, drooping over the edge in the moonlight, was a long slender hand. Michael thought he knew it. To him it was the hand of Florence, the hand whose magic with the violin bow won all hearts, the hand which had stolen the richest prize in the world.

A wave of mad bate swept over him His shoulder touched the marble slab. and as he leaned against it he felt it tremble with his convulsive effort to be silent. As a lightning flash lights the sky for a moment, so a fiendish desire darted across his consciousness. He threw his weight against the stone and it rose and fell forward across the window and upon the hand hanging over the sharp-edged sill. With the grinding shock as it struck the wall came a plercing

scream, a woman's cry of agony. Michael stood, exposed for an in stant in the full radiance of the night, and in that instant he saw his mother's face, white and drawn; framed in the open window. He met her eves big with anguish, gazing straight into his. Then he turned and for the sec ond time that day plunged down the path into the wooded valley. And as he ran, panting with sudden terror, of he knew not what, his threat of the

early afternoon came again to his lips, and he muttered, over and over, "I will never cross its threshold again. Wanderers come back by force of ome inner mystery. So Michael Connor came back, after years. More than once he had sailed into the bay of San Francisco, and each time he had looked north and east toward the mountain home a hundred miles dis-

tant. At last he left his ship and afoot retraced that last fearful land journey. The little town was changed less than he had imagined. Beyond a mile or more, toward the heights the road passed a frame cottage with many roses in the yard, and an acre

of thrifty vines surrounded it. Two When a child dies, the father does dark-haired children played in the not seemingly take it as hard as the shade of a pepper tree near the door. mother, but in a short time every one From the house came the sound of a begins to notice that he is looking old.

If you chew tobacco, do you realip be dear to them. Forgive me, Mi- looked once at the shed where he had lowed beard, grizzled with white, cov- how much of a nuisance you aret

themselves, but incorrectly used: original inal phonetic spelling; really original spelling, which could not be placed in any of the above divisions.

FROM CRADLE TO THE GRAVE

We Are All, States German Profest sor, in a State of Hypnotism.

That we are all, each and every ond of us, in a state of hypnotism from the cradle to the grave is the rathe startling theory which a soled Ger man professor of Gottingen, M. Ver worn, by name, has established to his own complete satisfaction at least How the world of science will look upon the professor's latest doctrine is yet to be determined but, at any rate he works it out logically enough in the following way:

All our thinking life, he says, haw for its foundation in our brain the suggestions put into it by our child hood's educators. And what are these suggestions? Nothing else, according to the professor, than conceptions which are artificially put into our minds without their being in any way subject to the mind's critical control. They are adopted by the mind without any of that reflection to which we subject our ideas in after life. We are in short hypnotized, for the essence of hypnotism consists in suggestibility,

the capacity, namely, for being imposed on by suggestion. Thus "a very large part of our correct and incorrect conceptions, of our knowledge and prejudices has been instilled in us in childhood by the process of suggestion, and out of habit

we never ask ourselves when we are grown up whether what we have learned as children will stand the test of criticism." Religion and political beliefs are

cited by the professor as instances of the results of this early and lasting hypnotism. He even descends to such lowly instances as those of yawning and itchiness, the yawn of the behold. er being, he considers, due to mere suggestion, and it being only necessary to mention a certain insect with which Fido and Tabby wage war constantly to cause a decided uneasiness to affect the listener.

Funny for Her.

A New England lad was intently watching his aunt in the process of making ples and cake. He seemed very much inclined to start a conversation, an inclination, however, which the aunt in no way encouraged. She continued in stience to assemble the ingredients of a mammoth cake

"Tell me something funny, auntie," finally ventured the boy.

"Don't bother me, Tommy," said the aunt. "How can I when I am making cake?"

"Oh, you might say, 'Tommy, have a piece of the pie I've just made.' That would be funny for you."

drew near the gate and looked in. He

too tired to go to the town. Better required to place it in the shallow,

Was tasting discipline, 'Pray bear in mind that every single herewith lay athwart your aching Each stinging slap of all the twenty-

Is like a hundred lashes unto me And pains me grievously."

His roars he stayed, and to the dampened floor

My Son and L.

of sin

whack

back

two

The tears that he'd been shedding ranno more,

"Is that true, father, dear?" he cried with glee, His squirmings ceasing quite perceptibly. "I grieve to say it is, my lad," I cried,

As justily the hair brush I applied. 'Each whack of this small hair brush

gives me pain The like of which I hope that ne'er again

I'll have to suffer." Whereupon the child

Right sweetly smiled. tried to do his work." And then he thus apostrophized me; Pop

If that's the case I beg you will not stop.

I rather like it now."

Exact Obedience.

A lady staying in a hotel was frightened by a noise like that of a person running about in a room over the one she occupied. In "How to be Happy Though Civil," the Rev. E. J. Hardy tells the story: The noise went on at intervals for

two nights, and then changed, as if the occupant on the floor above had lady did not believe in ghosts, but she was afraid of them, so she asked the he and I, so long can/there he no proprietor to investigate the mystery. It was a sick foreigner obeying the imperfectly understood directions of an English medical man. "Take the medicine two, nights running, then

skip a night." The Reason.

Guest at a restaurant-Excuse me, sir, can you let me come to the telephone? You have been there twenty

minutes without sawing a word. "Sorry, sir, but I'm talking to my wife."-Pele Mele.

When a man makes a lot of money, the people look at him as if to say. tend to give to your wife's kin?"

are good to me." with a stress of impatience.

John Kendrick Bangs in Success.