

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

Oh, the summer days back yonder,
And the white clouds in the blue, dear;
Oh, the days I used to wander
Of across the world with you, dear;
Where the grasses were a-growing
And wild flowers were a-blowing
And the cattle were a-losing
And the world was made for two, dear.

The last was uttered with difficulty,
For he had lifted his eyes to her face,
And she saw that they were haggard
And drawn, even in the soft lamp-light.

"Marian," he said, "must you take
all? I have given you my love, my
honor; must you take my faith, too?
For if you have received me there is
no one whom I can ever trust. Pity
me, Marian! have mercy! tell me that
you did not deceive me, that you do
love me—only that, dearest; only that.
A man can live without love or hope;
he can even die without them; but he
can neither live nor die without faith."

Slowly she gathered her scattered
senses and looked up at him.
"You are right, Philip," she said
softly. "I—I thought I was doing it
the best way, but I didn't know, for
I'm—I'm not good, you know. It is
not because I do not wish to—to do
as you want me to do, but because I
will not, and I will not because I love
you, dear."

"Oh, Philip, my darling, my life, I
love you so—more than anyone else
could ever love you. Yet you will
marry her—the girl who hates me, so
the girl who has always been good
How long would she love you if she
knew of this, do you think? She loves
you only because you are noble and
reverent and good, while I—her voice
was harsh with pain—"Oh, Philip, I
would love you in heaven or earth or
hell."

The man could bear no more. He
caught her hands and pressed the
palms passionately to his lips. His
very touch seemed to soothe her, for
she drew them gently away and when
she spoke her voice was low and
sweet.

"I have never loved anyone, you
know, dear, so perhaps that is what
makes it so hard. I married because
I had no home and he was good to me.
Since then I have not cared whether
men loved me or not. They were
rather amusing, and I was not good
enough for the women to care for me,"
she added bitterly. "But when you
came into my life I knew then what
it would have been to have the love of
a good man." She paused and looked
at him longingly. "Philip," she said,
pleadingly, yet with a note of shyness
in her tone, "may I run my fingers
through your hair? You must be very,
very quiet and not touch me."

The man looked at her with mute
eyes that reminded her somehow of
the eyes of a dog.

"I have always wanted to do this,"
she said. "You have such pretty hair,
so thick and black and wavy. I be-
lieve that I love it best of all, but then
I love all of you best."

She paused a moment and looked at
him critically.
"If you were less good, Philip—if
you had made no struggle against it—
perhaps I would have heard you, for
I love you so. Now I will go back to
him, the one who the law says is my
husband, and you will marry the beau-
tiful girl who does not know what
wickedness means. I could never sat-
isfy all of you, for I am not good
enough." Her lip quivered a little.
"Philip," she cried, "why did God for-
get to put a soul in me when I was

made? Perhaps he did give me one,
but there was no one to help it to
grow. Do you think," she asked sud-
denly, "that she would have loved you
enough to give you up?"

But just then the clock chimed the
hour. There were many strokes, and
each one seemed to beat upon their
consciousness the fact that now they
must part.

"You must go, Philip," she said
gently. The man rose.
"This is the end," he asked in a
hard, dry tone.

"This is the end," she repeated soft-
ly, and held out her hand.
He drew a quick breath and looked
at her hand reproachfully.

"Not that way; surely, not that way
dear? May I not at least tell you
good-by as I want?"

She waved an instant, but looked
up into his face with a brave smile.
"No; it would do no good and only
make it harder for both of us. I know
a better way—the way your mother
would tell you good-by. Lean down a
minute, Philip."

She slipped her arms around his
neck and rested her soft lips for an
instant on his forehead.

"Good-by, my life," she whispered,
so low that he scarcely heard it. "Keep
good always."

He took her hands and reverently
lifted them to his lips, kissing them in
the pretty pink palms.

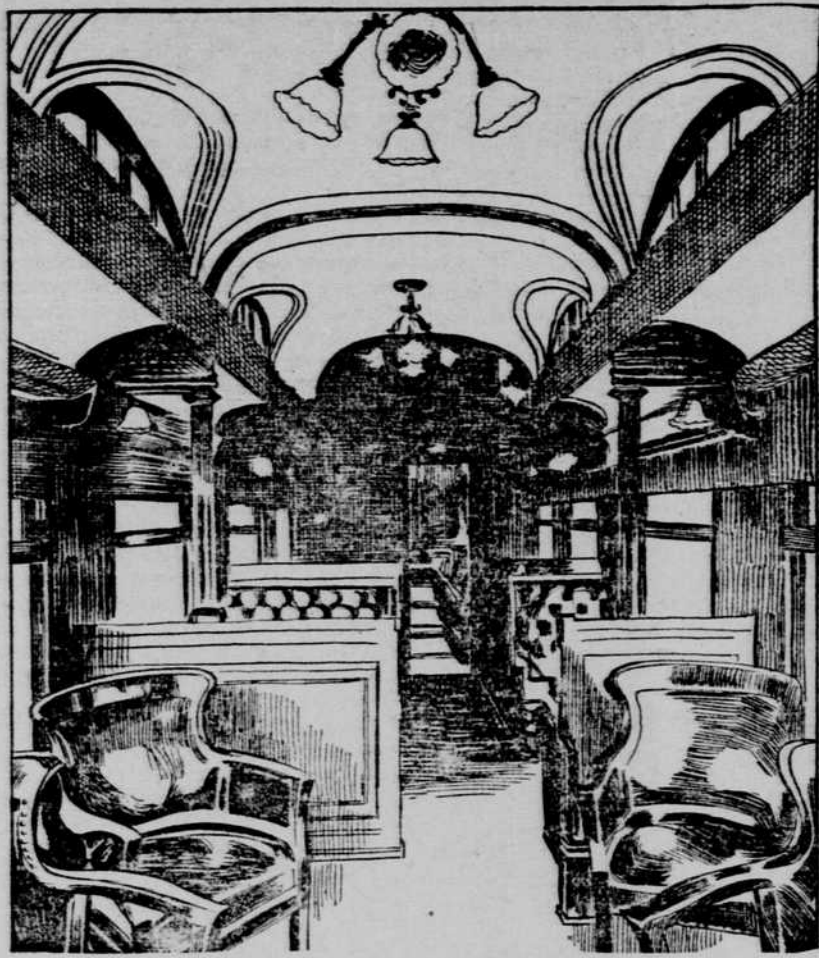
"Just one thing, Philip," she said,
wisely. "Do you think that I have
harmful you much? I would have to
harm the only one I have ever loved,
you know," she added with a pathetic
little break in her voice.

"Strang man as he was, this was too
much for him. Fears choked his voice
so that he could not answer, but he
shook his head.

"Good-night," she whispered, and
watched him as he slowly descended
the stairs without ever turning back.
Then she mechanically went to her
own apartment. The pretty rose-col-
ored lamp went out and left her in
merciful darkness.

"When you awake in the morning
and find the streets strewn with old
shoes," remarked the observer of
events and things, "you are not abso-
lutely certain whether there was a
wedding or a cat fight in the imme-
diate neighborhood the night before."—
Yonkers Statesman.

THE NEW ENGLISH SMOKING CAR FOR WOMEN.



Interior view of the new coaches which have been put on the railroads in England for the accommodation of women passengers who smoke, and which startling innovation has caused such a sensation in this country.

NEW WORLD MUMMIES

SOME IN MUSEUMS TAKEN FROM CLIFF DWELLER RUINS.

Remains of Aztecs and Toltecs Unearthed in Canyons of Arizona—Traces of Ancient Nobility.

Many persons who have an interest in archaeology will be surprised to know that not all the mummies to be seen in museums have been taken from faraway tombs in Egypt or other eastern lands. Well preserved mummies have occasionally been taken from the ruins of the cliff dwellers in the mountain canyons of Arizona, and also in New Mexico and southern California.

These mummies, states the Pittsburg Dispatch, though poor specimens of the mummifying art, are considered great treasures by scientists because they give the anthropologist a vague idea of the strange people who had the earliest civilization on the American continent. The best of them are almost entirely ignorant of who the Aztecs and Toltecs were, how they looked and lived, and why they have been so entirely obliterated from the face of the earth.

The reason for this ignorance is found in the fact that no satisfactory remains of the dead Aztecs have been found. These people were cremationists, and they probably burned household effects with the dead, leaving little or nothing for the scientist to build a theory upon.

Frequently a party of explorers in the valley of Arizona will come upon sealed jars of burned bone dust. But the mummy which was found by two gold mine prospectors in a lonely canyon along the Gila river, in the heart of the country once occupied by the Aztecs and Toltecs, has excited much attention.

The hollow in the rocks was about seven feet deep and four feet high. It was evidently made for the purpose of burial of the body found there, for no other mummy has ever been found within 100 miles of this lonely spot.

At the rear of the cave the miners found what appeared to be a chamber in the solid granite wall. The mouth of the chamber was sealed. When the cement-like substance was broken away and a flat stone lifted it was found that a human mummy was within. There was a smell of rosin and balsam when the miners raised the little body which had lain there for 500, perhaps 700 years.

The body was evidently that of a child, the offspring of prehistoric royalty. When the coverings had been removed it was found that the body was that of a girl about five years of age.

There was no doubt that she was of noble family and that her costly and elaborate burial, instead of cremation, had been for some extraordinary reason. Wrappings that filled five bushel baskets were unwound from the remains. As the hands were removed peanuts and mesquite beans rolled out.

Both were in as good state of preservation as if they had been placed there a few months before. A child's plaything, a curious bone affair, was found placed between the arms. The little shriveled hands were clasped about bits of mesquite wood, and a thick mass of raven black hair, much finer than that of an Indian, covered the head. The legs were drawn up in the position of a child creeping. The finger nails were perfect and the teeth intact. The nose, ears and eyes were gone and the skin was broken on the right knee and on one of the wrists, exposing bones, sinews and dried flesh.

So fine a mummy had probably never been found before in the valleys of Arizona. It has been photographed more than 100 times. Many scientists and archaeologists have traveled long distances to see it, and say it is the most interesting and instructive of all things found in that part of the country in a decade. It has been made a gift to the Smithsonian institution.

Crown of Gold. "The late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet," said an editor, "once addressed a Sunday school in New York. An odd incident happened, though, at its end, an incident that Dunbar laughed at as heartily as the rest of us.

"Dunbar, toward the close of his remarks, said: "'And, my little friends, if you do all these things some day you will wear a gold crown. Yes, each of you some day will wear a gold crown.'"

"A little chap in the front row, catching the poet's friendly eye, piped: "'My fader wears one now.'"

"No!" said the poet.

"Yes, he does—on his toof," said the little chap.

MARINE NOISE MAKERS.

Tin Horns, Mechanical Fog Horns and Other Modern Contrivances.

Tin horns, such as vendors bring out by the wagon load in the city's streets on election night, are stock articles of sale the year around in the stores of dealers in marine supplies, says the New York Sun.

Thousands of tin horns of various sizes are annually sold to fishermen, oystermen and men using boats, in many waters, in various pursuits, and such horns are sold, as well, for boats used for pleasure. A big horn of this kind might be heard a mile.

For larger vessels, such as schooners sailing in open water and not equipped with power with which to blow whistles, there are provided mechanical fog horns that can be operated by hand, and that can be heard three or four miles away.

With the multiplication everywhere within recent years of pleasure craft there have been introduced still other sorts of noise makers. One of these is a bellows horn, with the horn attached to the top board of a trimly finished bellows of oblong shape, to the top board of which also is attached a handle. This bellows horn can be put down anywhere and operated simply by pressure. Though not as big as the mechanical fog horn it can be heard for a considerable distance.

A still smaller bellows noise maker has in place of a horn an air whistle. Another whistle contrivance has a small upright metal cylinder in which air is compressed by means of a handle worked like a plunger. The whistle, which may be one of a single tone, or a chime, is attached to the outside of the cylinder.

Still another modern noise maker is an air-blown whistle with a light contrivance attached. When the whistle cord is pulled the light shows as the whistle blows. Obviously the light attachment is for use at night to locate the boat from which the whistle is blowing.

While these latter sound producers, designed more especially for yachts and launches and tenders and other pleasure craft, are rather more elaborate, they are used for precisely the same purposes as the old tin horn, namely, to give warning in case of fog, for signaling in crowded waterways, for blowing for landings or for bridges.

THE APARTMENT HOUSE. Result of a Growing Inclination to Evade the Cares of a Household.

Considering the tremendous fashion for it really can be called nothing else—of the apartment house, it comes like a cold douche to hear its neighbors would curb its vaulting ambitions, if not seriously objecting to its near presence, says the Boston Herald.

The erection of apartment houses is the result of a growing taste for immunity from household cares; not that the demon worry can be excluded from them, but the burden of living is mitigated by degrees when one occupies a teacup of a flat or suite in an apartment house. It is painful, then, to hear that owners of "whole houses" are resenting the invasion of their neighborhood by these popular human hives, for it bodes ill for the social community if antagonism is aroused by living according to our means.

Everybody can't live in a "colonial mansion," nor does he want to. He may prefer a chalet or a villa, and he may even like the fifth floor, with elevator attachments, better than the imposing establishment where servants never cease from troubling. Therefore, it behooves the apartment house to keep up its highest standard and make itself as cheerful and agreeable as possible to its neighbor it may have to overshadow.

There are citizens who should retire to desert islands for comfort and contentment, but as long as the world's spaces continue to shrink, let us try to make the best of the apartment house's proximity. Who knows but you'll have to live in it yourself one of these days?

First Woman Voter. Beatrice Sacchi, a professor at Mantua and the holder of a doctor's degree, is the first woman to vote in Italy. It seems that there is no law there to prevent a woman from voting. Miss Sacchi discovered this and went to the polls and voted.

Plurality in the Future. "Really," said the callow youth, "I am no longer a mere youth. I've got a little hair on my lip now."

"Yes," replied Miss Peppy, "and perhaps in a few weeks you may have another one."—Philadelphia Press.

A CHILD'S REMARKS

YOUNG AMERICA TOO MUCH IN THE FOREGROUND.

Children Are Wont to Blurt Out Factless Bits of Truth—Parents Are Often Loath to Check These Inopportune Speeches—Well-Bred Children Must Be Taught Not to Interrupt Conversation—American Children Too Much in the Foreground—Impertinent Questions Should Never Be Allowed—Hotel-Bred Children Likely to Be Frequent.

BY MARGARET E. BANGSTER. Everybody is familiar with the infant terrible. Du Maurier occasionally drew him for our amusement, and he figures in many jests and anecdotes.

This sometimes uncomfortable specimen of childhood is not necessarily disagreeable or spoiled. He simply at his best has a habit of appearing on the scene when he is not wanted, and of blurring out bits of truth that more tactful elders know enough to suppress. A child of this variety was one day sent by his mother to carry an extremely beautiful pair of slippers to a gentleman living in the neighborhood. She wrapped the gift in tissue paper and placed it in a box, with her card, addressing it carefully, but she forgot to tell her little messenger to leave the box at the door, and returned directly. The boy had his own friendliness toward the neighbor, and waited to see how he would receive the gift. "Your mother is wonderfully good," said the gentleman. "These slippers are just what I wanted most. It was lovely in her to make them for me."

"Oh," exclaimed the child, "mother didn't make them for you; she made them for my father, and as they did not fit him she was so vexed she did not know what to do. At last she thought she would send them over here, and she wouldn't be bother about buying you a Christmas gift." This rather dulled the edge of pleasure in the case, and made the recipient's thanks a trifle perfunctory.

"Ask your father," said Bobby's mother, "if he does not want to come to the library and see dear Aunt Fanny, who is soon going away." Or rushed the child, "Go back in a minute, saying: 'Father does not care about coming in to see Aunt Fanny. He says she is an old cat.' When a little later, with an air of gentle bonhomie, Aunt Fanny's nephew by marriage presented himself, the situation was awkward and the old lady's manner a little strained.

At a table where several friends of the family were gathered, a young lady remarked to little Percy, eight years old, "If you won't play games with me I shall not come again."

"I hope you never will," frankly answered the child. "I don't like you, and I shall be glad when you go away."

There lives in a southern family a tradition that soon after his famous duel with Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr was a guest beneath its hospitable roof. Duelling was not in those days regarded in southern households as necessarily disgraceful, if preliminaries had been properly arranged, and the affair of honor had been conducted according to the code. Nevertheless, a good deal of comment of an unkindly nature followed Burr after that fatal ending of his duel with the popular Hamilton. The survivor was less fortunate than the victim. A child of the house wandered into the guest's room and, seeing there a silver-mounted pistol, possessed himself of it and, entering the drawing room abruptly, inquired: "Is this the pistol, Col. Burr, with which you killed Gen. Hamilton?"

One may imagine the confusion and dismay of the older people at the innocent and inopportune remark.

Conscientious parents are often puzzled what to do with the infant terrible. He would be less formidable if they remembered two time-worn and homely adages, namely, Little pitchers have big ears and, Children should be seen and not heard.

Well-bred children do not interrupt conversation, say disagreeable things, or repeat what they should early learn will wound the feelings of others. American children are far too much in the foreground. Their pace is not where it should be in the happy privacy of the home, for foolish parents trot them out and make them show their wares and importance. The pendulum in its swing from the severity of an earlier time, has gone too far in an opposite direction. Children are not happier for having unlimited liberty of speech. Unless a child is exceptionally stupid, and the infant terrible as a rule is exceptionally clever, he does not put himself in evidence when he ought to be silent.

The parent in whose eyes truth is to be cultivated at any cost, rather prides herself on the candor of her offspring, when he tells a visitor that she has a wart on her nose or asks her why she wears such a queer bonnet. "Do your teeth come out at night?" inquires one of these little terrors, to the annoyance of a bashful man, who does not wish attention called to his looks. And the child goes unrebuked, because his mother is afraid that reproof may tend to make him deceitful.

The fact is that virtues and good qualities are relative and that in training children we must not lay the emphasis on one point more strongly than on another. What we need to do is to teach children the art of speaking only the truth at all times, while at the same time they must learn the lesson that all truth is not always to be spoken. Neither has anybody, child or adult, the right to ask impertinent questions or make impertinent comments. Truth is one item in home training, a foundation-stone is character—charity and courtesy are foundation-stones equally as indispensable in preparation for the intercourse of the family, of business, and of society.

One of the greatest misfortunes that can occur in a child's life is the loss of a sweet and simple home-life. When children are brought up in hotels and

ATTACKED THE HEART

Awful Neuritis Case Cured to Stay Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Neuritis in any form is painful but when it attacks the heart is frequently fatal. Complicated with indigestion of a form that affected the vital organs it threatened serious consequences. An instance just reported. The case is that of Mr. F. L. Graves, of Pleasantville, La., who tells of his trouble and cure as follows: "I traveled considerably, was exposed to all kinds of weather and was irregular in my sleeping and eating. I suppose this was the cause of my sickness, as at that time, in May, 1906, I had got so bad that I was compelled to quit work and take to my bed. I had a good doctor and took his medicine faithfully but grew worse. I gave up hope of getting better and my neighbors thought I was surely going to die."

"I had smothering spells that it is awful to recall. My heart fluttered and then seemed to cease beating. I could not lie on my left side at all. My hands and feet swelled and so did my face. After reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a newspaper I decided to try them and they suited my case exactly. Before long I could see an improvement and after taking a few boxes I was entirely cured. I am glad to make this statement and wish it could cure every sufferer to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not simply deaden pain; they cure the trouble which causes the pain. They are guaranteed to contain no narcotic, stimulant or opiate. Those who take them run no danger of forming any drug habit. They act directly on the blood and it is only through the blood that any medicine can reach the nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

Nearly Even on Measles. An English journal notes the curiously even sex distribution of measles in twenty years at Aberdeen. There were 20,287 males and 20,087 females.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by restoring the hearing power of the ear. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the ear. When the tube is inflamed you have a running ear or imperfect hearing, and when the inflammation has subsided the result is deafness. Deafness can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition. Hearing will be restored forever, and you will be able to hear as well as ever. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness cured by our method. Write for circulars free. Sold by Druggists. J. CHENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Never try to appear what you are not.—Chicago American.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is the Signature of J. C. Watson.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Chocolate in Spain. The Spaniard's usual breakfast is a cup (as small as an after-dinner cup) of chocolate, a small roll, and a roll-shaped piece of sweet, white substance like the outside of a meringue. The nourishment is in the cup of chocolate, which is so thick that it is eaten instead of sipped from a spoon. To the one cup goes an ounce of sweetened and cinnamon flavored chocolate melted over the fire, with just enough water to stir it smooth.

Village in Crater. About 20,000 people live in the crater of an extinct volcano, thirty miles from Kumamoto, Japan. They dwell in this pit-like town surrounded by a vertical wall 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, and practically they form a little community all by themselves.

Coffee Shows Coming Weather. A naturalist is said to use his morning cup of coffee as a barometer. If the sugar be dissolved undisturbed, air bubbles rise and remain on the surface. If they form a frothy mass, he reckons on clear, fine weather. If the froth collects in a ring round the edge of the cup he expects showers.

Cruelty to Animals. For swinging a monkey round his head by its tail, George Brown, a showman, was sentenced to twenty-eight days' imprisonment in Liverpool.

A BUSY WOMAN Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 If Well Fed. An energetic young woman living just outside of New York, writes: "I am at present doing all the household work of a dairy farm, caring for 2 children, a vegetable and flower garden, a large number of fowls, besides managing an extensive exchange business through the mails and pursuing my regular avocation as a writer for several newspapers and magazines (designing fancy work for the latter) and all the energy and ability to do this I owe to Grape-Nuts food."

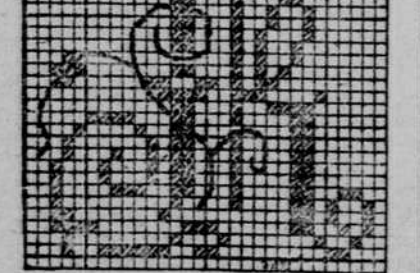
"It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and I was unable to eat and sleep as much as a mouthful of solid food, and in even worse condition mentally, he would have predicted that it ever would do so."

"Prior to this great grief I had suffered for years with impaired digestion, insomnia, agonizing cramps in the stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all these were familiar to my daily life. Medicines gave me no relief—nothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted Postum Food Coffee at all my meals."

"To-day I am free from all the troubles I have enumerated. My digestion is simply perfect, I assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, restful sleep, and have a buoyant feeling of pleasure in my varied duties. In fact, I am a new woman, entirely made over, and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.

ATTRACTION LETTERING. Every Good Housewife Likes Her Linen Nicely Marked and We Show an Attractive Model. The initial K shown here is worked in cross-stitch with a scroll of long



stitches running through. It is suitable for marking house linen, and should be worked with flax thread, washing-silk, or ingrain cotton.

Southern Farm Values. It is computed that farm properties in the 11 states that once seceded from the union have risen in value more than \$1,000,000,000 in two years. The average yield of these lands since this century began is \$200,000,000 a year greater than it was in the preceding six years.

Sweet-Scented Smoke. The "Egyptian" cigarette is made of Turkish tobacco and paper manufactured in France or Austria and is rolled by Greeks.

REDUCED TO ZERO. "Ah, Lammchen, now goes it since you're married?" "Badly, very badly! I'm not allowed to smoke, and I can't drink wine or beer, and I can't leave the house evenings."

"I suppose then you're sorry you married?" "O, no! I'm not allowed to be sorry for anything!"—Fleischeder Blattler.



One of the greatest misfortunes that can occur in a child's life is the loss of a sweet and simple home-life. When children are brought up in hotels and