

Spring Song

The hillways and hollows are dreaming of May,
An' a heigh-ho!
The wood-paths we follow are warmer each day,
An' a heigh-ho!
The winds are all winging to west, to west,
(The birds are yet singing of last year's nest).
An' a heigh-ho!

There are violets peeping from under their hoods,
An' a heigh-ho!
And brown blossoms deep in the dark of the woods,
An' a heigh-ho!
There's a long mid-meadow green-sloping before—
Oh, glad will the gardens be seven days more,
An' a heigh-ho!

The children are playing in roadway and lane,
An' a heigh-ho!
A-laughing and saying, "Here's summer again!"
An' a heigh-ho!
Oh, mother-hearts lighten when little ones sing,
And all the world brightens at stirring of Spring,
An' a heigh-ho!

The drowsy brook's humming steals over in waves,
An' a heigh-ho!
The lilies are coming up out of their graves,
An' a heigh-ho!
The syonga is swaying at swing of the door,
The world goes a-maying in seven days more,
An' a heigh-ho!
An' a heigh-ho!

—Sicily Thorne.

A Gentleman and a Gambler.

BY MILTON B. MILLER.

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"I am a believer," said the Colonel, "in man's natural goodness. I had the pleasure once in knowing an honest gambler, and I liked him, too, for he was a gentleman. The days of this class of gamblers, however, are passed."

"Moore—but that wasn't his name—was a Mississippi River gambler, one of those gamblers of the old school, who played a straight and honest game. He traveled, in fact lived, on the big river steamboats. He wouldn't have felt at home anywhere else. In no way did he attempt to conceal the truth about himself. It was simply, 'Gentlemen, I am a gambler by occupation, and a good one. If you care to have me play with you it will give me great pleasure. If you don't, it doesn't make a particle of difference.'"

"I was then doing some newspaper work in some of the larger southern cities, and my business frequently carried me aboard the vessels, and in this way I came to know Moore very well. I occasionally took a flyer or two, but I knew that the games were to far for my reach. I discovered that when Moore played with the average man, luck being equal, he would win ninety-nine times out of a hundred. I liked Moore's society, and he was a wonderfully entertaining talker. On summer nights the steward used to serve dinner on deck to those who preferred to have it there. After dinner we would go up to the hurricane deck, and when Moore was on board he would bring out his dice and play for us. When the moon was out, and throw a thin blue veil over the water, or when the boat carrying the darkness swept so close to the shore that it brushed the dark willows on the banks, the rising and falling notes that came from his instrument were gentle music to the ear. I never knew him to propose a game at cards. He would play his dice until some one suggested a game, when he would take his instrument apart and put it away in an indifferent manner. "I watched him at play one night



"You are a coward!" when Satan seemed to throw every card to this calm, self-possessed man. There was a cool, matter-of-fact way about him which froze the ardor of everyone else except a young man about twenty-five years old. This player was ill-luck, but with flushed face and feverish eyes he made his bets furiously, only to lose every time. It soon became evident that he was playing beyond his means. Moore must have noticed it, for he came to bet heavily against the younger man. This angered the other so little,

"There was a pot of \$300 once and everyone had dropped out except Moore and the young man. Moore had been playing his hands passionately, but sure. No man except his opponent, perhaps, could doubt that he held the winning hand. Suddenly when his rival bet \$50, Moore laid down his hand, saying, 'I won't bet. I have nothing. You played that well.'"

"The young man reached out feverishly for the pile of money, and then his hand lay on the table. "That is not true," he said. "You have a good hand and you are afraid to play it against me."

"Moore shot a hot glance across the table at him and two red spots flashed into his cheeks. "I lay down my hand," he said slowly,



"I loved his mother once." ly, but with a slight tremor in his voice.

"And I say," added the other in a low tone, "that you are a gambler, and therefore a coward."

"Hush," I said, laying my hand on the young man's sleeve. "You don't know what you are saying. He is not a coward by any manner of means."

"The young man shook off my hand vehemently, and exclaimed, 'He is a coward, and I'll answer for my words at the first landing.'"

"I looked at Moore. I had seen him sit on the hurricane deck, a revolver in hand, and as a waiter threw champagne bottles over the rail, raise his arm swiftly and shatter the falling glass with a bullet. There were graver stories, too, about his deadly aim in duels. He sat stiff and motionless with a terrible fire in his eyes. I was amazed by his next words:

"Does the game go on?" he asked quietly.

"Not with you," said the young man, bending forward, the veins in his forehead swelling. "Not until I prove that you are afraid to bet," and with a sudden motion he threw his hand across the table and seized Moore's cards turned them face upward on the table.

"I was on my feet at that instant to arrest Moore's right arm, for I felt that he would draw his revolver at the insult. But a hush fell over those around the table, and the hot-headed young man was gazing stupidly at the cards before him. Four aces lay there—an invincible hand, for straights were not played. There was a blue tinge in Moore's white lips and the young man looked bewildered. Quickly the young fellow burst into tears.

"We can't play together any more," he cried. "You threw money into my pockets because I was losing too much. I can't take it," he said, arising from his chair. "You can," said Moore in an even voice. "I laid down my hand. The money is yours. Besides," he added

with a little shiver, "I held out an ace on you."

"Every man at the table knew that Moore had lied. We all got up and left the young man sitting there over the money. I found Moore shortly afterward on deck, looking into the darkly whirling water.

"Give me your hand," I said. "What in the world did you mean? You never cheated at cards in your life."

"Tut, tut," he answered, with a laugh that was slightly harsh, "he's only a boy, and—and—I loved his mother once."

LONG TERM IN PRISON.

Curious Case Showing Separate Systems of the Government.

A most curious case, showing how the separate systems of the government may take on confusing shape, has just come to light in Indiana. A man who has for nineteen years been confined in jail at the expense of the nation, has during all these years been in receipt, or intended receipt, of a considerable sum of money from the same nation. It is because the man fought in the great war that the complication was made possible. At least, his services in battle were responsible in part for the situation. It once occurred to the same man that after having fought the good fight for freedom and unification it might be the graceful thing for the country to recognize his worth by a monetary consideration, so he put in an application for a pension. It was allowed, and the man's name was written on the book of fame, after which he was entitled to dollars. Shortly following this period another man passed on to the great beyond, under circumstances which the coroner's jury considered called for the trying of somebody on a capital punishment charge. It so happened that the pensioner was the person fixed upon as the active agent assisting the earthly exit of the deceased. Although the pensioner stoutly maintained his innocence, the proof was so strong as to lead the jury to a verdict of guilty and the committing judge to a sentence of life imprisonment. This was in the year 1880, and for nineteen years the prisoner worked out his destiny behind the bars. At the conclusion of this time the man who had committed the murder took to his last bed, and it occurred to him to make a confession. So the pensioner is free now. But he still has troubles. There are some thousands of dollars in pension money which the wardens have failed to turn over to him, and he is obliged to sue for their recovery. Besides, there are the wasted nineteen years, because of the implicit judicial faith in the infallibility of circumstantial evidence.—San Francisco Call.

Seeking After Knowledge.

Figures recently compiled by the registrar of Columbia university show that as a whole the institution stands second to Harvard in membership, the respective enrollments being 5,740 and 4,392. After Columbia came the University of Michigan, with 3,813 students; the University of Chicago, 3,774; the University of Minnesota, 3,423; the University of California, 3,216; Cornell university, 3,004; the University of Pennsylvania, 2,573, and Yale, 2,544. Columbia is one of the lowest numerically in the size of its men's undergraduate college, which, however, has increased more than 50 per cent in a single generation. In the scientific schools she is surpassed in numbers only by Cornell and Yale; in her graduate departments she stands first in this respect, with 422, against 398 at Harvard. The statistics further show the peculiar prominence of Chicago, with her theological seminary of 180 students; of Pennsylvania, with a school of 417 dentists, and another of 60 veterinarians; of Minnesota, with a college of agriculture, numbering 590 in attendance; of California with her school of art, attracting 208 students; of Cornell, whose division of forestry is established with a registration of 22, and of Yale, the only university having a separate school of music.

Elephants Once Roamed in England.

While excavating for the foundations for the new buildings of the Victoria and Albert museums in South Kensington a carload of fossilized bones was brought to the surface by the workmen. These were taken in charge by Dr. Woodward of the geological department, who pronounced them the remains of the primitive denizens of the soil that lived there before man came to interfere with them. The bones belonged, he said, to a London newspaper representative, to the elephant the stag and the primeval horse, and date back to a time before Great Britain became isolated, ere yet the Straits of Dover had been cut through. The excavators at South Kensington also unearthed a fine specimen of the sarsenstone, weighing 1,300 pounds, which must have been transported hither by ice floes in preglacial times.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Another Old Goose.

A goose on the farm of Mr. Watkins Oilfach Maen, South Wales, reached the extraordinary age of forty-one years last spring. Up to ten years ago this goose laid regularly, and has hatched and brought up hundreds of goslings. For some time now she has not mixed with or taken any notice of the other geese and the solitary journey of the poor old thing toward the end of its long and useful life is pathetic to behold, although she is treated with every kindness by her kind-hearted owner.

It is not the height some men attain that makes them giddy—it is looking down with contempt on the crowd beneath them.

SPRING CATARRH MAKES PEOPLE WEAK AND NERVOUS



MISS ANNA BRYAN OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Miss Anna Bryan, a favorite cousin of William Jennings Bryan, is well known socially in Washington, D. C., where she has a host of friends. Miss Bryan recently studied music at Fairmount Seminary, of Washington, D. C. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, she says:

1459 Florida Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.
The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Gentlemen—At the solicitation of a friend I began some weeks ago to take your Peruna and I now feel like a new person. I take pleasure in recommending it to all who want a good tonic and a permanent cure for catarrh."—Anna Bryan.

MRS. BERTHA KOCKLER, 177 Guinett street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"Peruna and Manalin have done me very great service, and I recommend them with pleasure to all who suffer with nervous catarrh of the stomach as I did. Should such a disease ever attack me again I shall immediately take Peruna. I now feel very well and have a good appetite all the time. I

have gained in weight. I recommended Peruna to an acquaintance of ours and he is making remarkable progress. I looked so badly for a time before I began your medicine, that now when I meet some of my friends they say: 'I was very much worried about you, but now you are looking so well.' I shall always keep Peruna and Manalin in the house as family medicines."—Mrs. Bertha Kockler.

People who can't sing a little bit usually sing at it a lot.

Blessings will be poured in only as you pour them out.

Thousands of Fair Women Are Never Without Peruna, The National Catarrh Remedy.

Miss Marie Coats, President of the Appleton Young Ladies' Club, writes the following concerning Peruna: Appleton, Wis.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Gentlemen—
"I find Peruna an excellent spring and summer medicine and am glad to call the attention of my friends to it. When that languid, tired feeling comes over you, and your food no longer tastes good, and small annoyances irritate you, Peruna will make you feel like another person inside of a week. I have now used it for three seasons and find it very reliable and efficacious."—Marie Coats.



Miss Marie Coats.

Mrs. Al. Wetzel, 21 South 17th street, Terre Haute, Ind., writes:

"Peruna is the greatest medicine on earth. I feel well and that tired feeling is all gone. When I began to take your medicine I could not smell nor hear a church bell ring. Now I can smell and hear. When I began your treatment my head was terrible, all sorts of buzzing, chirping and loud noises. Three months ago I dragged around like a snail; now I can walk as briskly as ever. I am going to go and see the doctor that said I was not long for this world, and tell him that Peruna cured me."—Mrs. Al. Wetzel.

If all the tired women and all the nervous women, and all the women that needed a tonic would read and heed the words of these three fair ladies who have spoken right to the point, how many invalids would be prevented and how many wretched lives be made happy.

Peruna restores health in a normal way.

Peruna puts right all the mucous membranes of the body, and in this way restores the functions of every organ.

If it is the stomach that is out of order, and the digestion impaired, Peruna quickly makes things right by restoring the mucous membrane of the stomach.

If the nerves tingle, if the brain is tired, if the strength is flagging and the circulation of blood weakened by flabby mucous membranes of the digestive organs, Peruna reaches the spot at once by giving to these membranes the vitality and activity which belongs to them.

The mucous membrane which in the female sex is especially liable to derangements. Peruna is an absolute specific in these cases. The women everywhere are praising it. No other remedy has ever received such unqualified praise from such a multitude of women.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.



MAM-MA!!
DON'T YOU HEAR BABY CRY?
Do you forget that summer's coming with all its dangers to the little ones—all troubles bred in the bowels.

The summer's heat kills babies and little children because their little insides are not in good, clean, strong condition.

Winter has filled the system with bile. Belching, vomiting up of sour food, rash, flushed skin, colic, restlessness, diarrhoea or constipation, all testify that the bowels are out of order.

If you want the little ones to face the coming dangers without anxious fear for their lives, see that the baby's bowels are gently, soothingly, but positively cleaned out in the spring time, and made strong and healthy before hot weather sets in.

The only safe laxative for children, pleasant to take (they ask for more) is CASCARETS. Nursing mothers make their milk mildly purgative for the baby by eating a CASCARET now and then. Mama eats a CASCARET, baby gets the benefit. Try it! Send for a 10c box of CASCARETS to-day and you will find that, as we guarantee, all irregularities of the little and big children's insides are

CURED BY
Cascarets
LIVER TONIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

10c.
25c. 50c.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ailment you start taking CASCARETS to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice! Start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

GUARANTEED

TO CURE: Five years ago the first box of CASCARETS was sold. Now it is over six million boxes a year, greater than any similar medicine in the world. This is absolute proof of its great merit, and our best testimonial. We have faith and will sell CASCARETS absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Go by today, two 50c boxes, give them a safe, honest trial, as per simple directions, and if you are not satisfied, after using one 50c box, return the unused one box and the empty box to us by mail, or the drugist from whom you purchased it, and get your money back for both boxes. Take our advice—no matter what ailment you start to-day, you will be well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice! Start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.