

# WINNING OF A MAN

## What Happened When a Real Man Entered Upon Winona's Horizon.

By HARMONY WELLER.

Winona sighed deeply. She felt that her reasons for sighing were many and good.

In the first place Winona firmly believed that the numerous suitors for her hand were merely after her money. She had not stopped to realize that her eyes were gloriously blue and her hair a shining mass of copper, nor did she know that her character was lovable and her mentality above the average. All she reckoned on was the fact that her money was a snare for fortune hunters and she doubted her swains, one and all.

Secondly, she sighed because she had had a splendid art education, yet wealth and social obligation had kept her from manifesting her talent. Winona had taken a course in interior decorating and in her heart she felt that she would reach supreme heights of happiness if she were allowed to dab paints on the walls of adorable little bungalows.

Thirdly, she sighed—and perhaps she sighed deepest—over the fact that a real man, the kind that would take her heart and life by storm, had failed to appear on her horizon.

"Perhaps I am just naturally hard to please," she reasoned, "but I simply cannot love a man who idles about in a steam yacht or touring car all day and who haunts the cabaret restaurants by night."

A tear squeezed itself from beneath Winona's lashes; then a second and third. After that her head went forward and she went out her unhappiness on the Irish lace that covered her sofa pillows.

Her father coming in found her curled up like a kitten and with tears streaming down her lovely cheeks: "Winny!" he cried, and took her into his arms.

"I am just terribly unhappy," she smiled at him through her tears, "I want a long brown painting apron and brushes and paints—and something to paint!"

"Bless my soul, child—you can have an entire shop if you want it. As for something to paint, I can give you a contract that will tax even your clever schemes for decorating."

Winona smiled into her father's eyes. "Tell me quickly!" she demanded. "I will be so happy you won't know me—if I can just be a working person for once."

"I have seen an architect today about putting up a dozen bungalows on the West Park road. I want them to be little gems along the drive and the young chap I have chosen has ideas that I like. Now you and he can get together—that is if you can without actually coming to blows," he ended with a laugh. "I am not sure that I would let him know that you are my daughter," he added; "he might be inclined to give way to you—though Davenport doesn't seem like the man who would give in much to anybody."

Winona pouted, then hugged her father. Her cheeks were free of tears and her eyes sparkling.

"I love the idea! I shall go straight away and get a plain frock such as a working artist would have. You are a dear!" she cried excitedly and hugged him again.

When Winona met John Davenport she was not sure that they would avoid the blows that her father had laughingly suggested. The young architect had looked at her in a more or less supercilious manner when he had learned that he, in a way, was to work with her.

"He is evidently one of those unimpaired men who think that anything feminine belongs seated at the side of a sewing basket. I will show him!" she decided and Davenport fell to wondering why the girl's blue eyes had narrowed in so peculiar a manner.

That was but the first of his wondering. From the moment he and Winona began to talk actual business he was kept in a state of continual surprise.

"She is a clever artist," he told himself often when some particular bit of designing was discussed. "And after all—the feminine mind should know more about a home than the masculine."

Had Winona realized the praise that Davenport was giving her in his mind she would have been even happier in those days of work when the bungalows were progressing at a splendid rate. But she did not know it and her heart was beginning to feel that a real man had entered upon her horizon.

Notwithstanding her first impression she knew now that John Davenport was a man whom any girl could be proud of winning. The close companionship and exchange of ideas gave her ample time to know him as she had known no other man. He would never idle away his days on yachts and motor and Winona smiled when she tried to picture him at a cabaret show or dancing the one-step.

"And I think he likes me," she told herself with a little happy sigh; "his eyes tell me so."

She was high on her ladder painting fleecy clouds on the ceiling when she heard his voice in the next room. He was speaking with some one whose voice was feminine and rich. Winona almost stopped breathing so suddenly had the seeming position struck her. The architect was showing the bungalow to someone.

"I like this the best of all, dear,"

the feminine voice went on. "The decorations appeal to me most. Could we take this one or has it been sold?"

"No—it is the last but one to go. I think we could be very happy here—it is just big enough for you and me, isn't it? I will make arrangements for the purchase this afternoon." He turned suddenly and sprang into the next room. A crash had sent the red blood out of his cheeks.

"Winona!" he cried and picked the girl up. She had toppled from her ladder and lay white and still in his arms. Fortunately she had fainted before falling and the limpness of her body had prevented serious injury.

"Oh-h," she sighed, and opened her eyes wonderingly.

Davenport's arms tightened about her and Winona felt him tremble. "Tell me, dear—are you hurt?" he questioned tenderly. He glanced quickly up at the other woman who stood beside him. "Mother," he said, "I want you to know the girl I love—I have told you so much about her."

Winona drew a long breath and her heart took up the beat where it had left off when she thought her architect had been speaking to his future wife.

Later on, when they had decided upon an early wedding, Winona looked up at Davenport with rather frightened eyes.

"But I have stacks and stacks of money," she said and waited fearfully for his wrath.

"So have I, sweetheart," he laughed. "More than I can in any way take care of. So let's forget it and just be happy."

"We won't have much trouble doing that—will we?" Winona sighed happily.

"Is this the way you two build bungalows?" asked Winona's father, who stood in the doorway.

"Yes," and we are going to build one more," John Davenport said. (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## MOST FICKLE OF ALL GEMS

### Opals Readily Affected By Changes of Temperature, and This Has Brought Them Ill Favor.

The superstition which causes people to regard opals with awe as the cause of ill luck, and even death, is due to a peculiar observation made many years ago. Opals were considerably in use in Venice during the plague and it was noticed there in the hospitals that before death the stone would sometimes brighten upon the victim's finger. It never seemed to occur to the people that the illness could produce a glow of color. They took it for granted that the stone occasioned the illness.

As a matter of fact, opals are affected by heat, even by that of the hand, and the fever, being at its height just before death, caused the colors to shine with unwonted clearness.

This confirmed the superstition, and to this day there are sane and able-bodied people who believe that a chip of this stone in the house can cause calamities.

Probably another reason for the distrust excited in opals is the fact that they change and lose their color. That is due to the softness and porousness of the material, and its capacity both for absorbing water and of parting with what it has, one of which tends to make it dull and the other chalky and opaque. They have been known to be carefully cut and laid away, and upon opening the paper had crumbled into dust within a few weeks.

A species of opal known as the hydrophane, found in small quantities lately in Colorado, has wonderful powers of absorption. In its usual state it is of a yellowish, waxy tint, but when water is dropped upon it the tint passes slowly away, and from being translucent it becomes transparent. On exposure to the air the water evaporates in an hour, leaving the stone as it was before.

## All Serve the Fatalist.

Three students of philosophy sat on top of a high hill. One was a pessimist, one an optimist and the third had not declared himself.

When the first two were warmly discussing their opposing theories of life, a sudden gust of wind simultaneously lifted off three hats and sent them bowling down the hill. The pessimist and the optimist gave chase, but their companion remained calmly sitting on top of the hill and watched the others running after the hats. Presently each procured his own hat and the optimist picked up also that of the third man. Then they panted back up the hill.

"Whew!" gasped the optimist, as he handed over the hat to him who still sat on top of the hill. "I guess you're an optimist, too. You didn't seem to worry any."

"Why should I?" was the dispassionate reply. "I knew that 'mine own shall come to me.' You see, I'm a fatalist."

## Education in Philippines.

An idea of the extent of industrial education in the Philippines may be gained from the fact that nearly four hundred thousand school pupils are engaged in some kind of industrial work. Twenty-six well equipped trade schools have been established in Manila and the various provinces, there is a college of agriculture at Los Baños and a college of engineering has been added to the University of the Philippines.—American Industries.

## Wireless Message Carried Far.

A wireless message sent out by an operator in Persia recently was heard distinctly on a ship near Melbourne, more than 5,200 miles distant.

# FOR MEMORIAL DAY

## N. N. G. ORDERED TO ASSIST IN EXERCISES.

### GOSSIP FROM STATE CAPITAL

#### Items of Interest Gathered from Reliable Sources and Presented in Condensed Form to Our Readers.

Companies of the Fourth and Fifth regiments, Nebraska national guard, have been ordered by Governor Morehead and Adjutant General Hall to report to local committees of their towns to assist in the observance of Memorial day.

The order issued by the commander-in-chief reads as follows: "In recognition of Memorial day, Friday, May 30, consecrated to the brave soldiers who sacrificed their lives for the American republic, the national flag will be displayed on all armories and all stations of the Nebraska national guard at half staff from sunrise until noon on that day. To assist in the observance of the day by veteran organizations, commanding officers will place their commands at the disposal of local representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic on that day.

"Company commanders will make a report to this office of participation in Memorial day exercises of their organizations, giving strength present, also names of absentees, with reasons for such absence."

## State's General Fund.

The state's general fund, which at the close of the March business contained about \$212, was boosted to \$775 in time to get in under the report for the close of April business. In the same time the temporary fund leaped ahead from \$254,166 to \$316,724, while the temporary university fund fell down from \$3,575 to \$707. The permanent school fund showed an increase of \$20,293 for the month. The state-aid bridge fund is practically at the same place it was a month ago. The university cash fund is nearly \$10,500 lower than it was at the close of March business. Cash on hand for the month end was \$6,022 and cash deposit totaled \$536,090. Of the trust funds invested the permanent school fund is credited with \$8,537,734; the permanent university with \$201,801; the agricultural fund with \$547,500, and the normal endowment fund with \$73,600. Of the above sum invested, \$9,084,341 is in bonds, \$171,192 in university warrants, and \$105,101 in general fund warrants.

## "Vets" Will Go to Gettysburg.

The Nebraska G. A. R. will get its \$4,000 to use for the benefit of the veterans of the battle of Gettysburg. Plans are now being carefully laid as to how this money is to be spent, and what veterans will have a chance to take a pleasant holiday by its aid this summer. Governor Morehead has named a committee to handle the money, which committee is composed of L. D. Richards of Fremont, Felix Hale of Madison and J. H. Culver of Milford. Mr. Richards fought in the battle which is to be commemorated this summer, and Senator Hale was a member of the confederate army. The committee was named after a delegation of a dozen prominent veterans had invaded the executive office of fees and stated their views.

## Want Eggs More Carefully Packed.

Commission men and creamery proprietors want the railway commission to issue an order compelling railroads to accept no eggs for shipment that are not carefully packed and that are not placed in cases sufficiently strong to withstand the ordinary handling that must be undergone in transportation. The contention is made by the commission men that eggs should be packed carefully at the original point of shipment and that the taking of such a precaution would not only result in minimizing the loss by breakage, but would also lower freight charges, which are now increased where cases are of such flimsy construction that the risk in transporting them is considered extra hazardous.

## Twelve Applications for Parole and Half that Number for Commutations of Sentences are Before the State Board of Pardons.

New Hotel Law Well Received.

Rigid inspection of the hotels of the state is to be the order of things under the administration of Commissioner Ackerman, according to a bulletin issued from his office. But co-operation of the hotel men will first be solicited in every step taken for their own and the public's benefit. Thus far the landlords of the inns of the state have responded heartily to the demands of the occasion and Commissioner Ackerman believes that with few exceptions the new hotel law will be well received.

## New Building for State Fair.

The plans for the big state fair building have been drawn by Bird Miller, state inspector and supervisor of construction of state buildings and the work of construction will be commenced without delay so that the structure may be ready for use when the next state fair opens. The sum of \$100,000 was appropriated by the legislature for a new building to be called the agricultural and horticultural building. It will be built in a corner of the fair grounds and will be almost rectangular in shape.

# TOURING IN THE PYRENEES

## Excursions Through These Mountains by Auto, Horse or Afoot Are Highly Interesting.

Luchon, France.—Planning a tour in mountainous regions is never quite so simple as route-marking on the plains, for high barriers are not conducive to the creation of innumerable by-roads and short cuts from point to point. All the same, the Pyrenees do not present any serious difficulty to anyone who will take the trouble to study their bearings from end to end. There are two classes of tourists, however, between whom we must distinguish before venturing to offer sug-

gestions as to routes. The one class may be visiting the Pyrenees primarily for reasons of health, for there are something like two hundred and fifty springs between east and west, and the thermal resorts are many and various in consequence; the other class comes for touring pure and simple.

If a car owner is undergoing a "cure," he will probably make Bagneres-de-Luchon, Cauterets, or Ax-les-Thermes his center, and do whatever motoring may be convenient without proceeding very far from his base. From Luchon he will, of course, run out to the Vallee du Lys, an excursion which should be taken in the afternoon, as there is no sun in the valley earlier in the day. If the car is a good climber, it should certainly be headed also for the Hospice de France; but the pull is a stiff one of six kilometers from the junction with the Vallee du Lys road, and has a good deal of 17 per cent. gradient. There is no gainsaying, however, the charm of the scenery when the summit is attained, while the available excursions on horseback or afoot are many and highly interesting.

The run from Quillan to Axat, it may be mentioned, passes through the most famous of the many fine gorges of the Pyrenees, namely, that of Pierre-Lys. The road was cut with infinite labor, owing to the heroic efforts and encouragement of a humble cure, Felix Armand, and a tunnel through a great rocky barrier is still known as the Trou du Cure, while a monument to Armand's memory has been erected in Ax-les-Thermes. Napoleon was so impressed with the cure's energy as to remark: "A pity the man should be a priest. I would have made him a general of my army." The continuation of Armand's road from the gorge to Mont-Louis was only completed in 1887, over a hundred years after the cure's great achievement.

## TO CUT THE COST OF LIVING

### Factories to Utilize Waste Products is Remedy of Professor Carver of Harvard.

Cambridge, Mass.—The establishment of factories to utilize the waste products of the farm would increase the profits of farmers and reduce the high cost of living, in the opinion of Prof. R. T. Carver of Harvard university.

Professor Carver, who has been appointed director of the newly created rural organization service of the United States department of agriculture, said recently he believed "the middleman" could not be eliminated by any system.

He said, however, that efforts would be made to make the "middleman" come to terms where his profits are excessive.

## Two Children Killed by Snake.

Jacksonville, Fla.—Two children of Mrs. Rolesson, living on the banks of the Suwanee river, were bitten to death by a rattlesnake while delivering a message for their mother. Alarmed at their absence she instituted a search and found them in a dying condition. On reaching home, with the children in her arms, she discovered her third child drowned in a tub of water.

# AT MONT ST. MICHEL

## Something of Its Old Charm Still Left for the Tourist.

### When Romantic Spot Was a Real Island and Bay Was Full of Shifting Sands—Wonderful Building Is Well Preserved.

Pontorson.—Those who have known Mont St. Michel for many years realize only too well that much of its charm has departed, never to return. At Pontorson, the nearest village, the tourist, in the old days, first came under the spell of the place. Pontorson need never have existed had there been no Mont St. Michel; and there was a medieval charm about its irregular streets, its smithy with the great, deep, thatched roof, and its street lamps that were let down to the roadway by cord and pulley for lighting, that was very delightful. The long, straight road that led to the island—nine kilometers of it—was bordered by a streamlet by which wild flowers grew, and there were cottages by the wayside, where they kept things that appealed to the thirsty man, and the room that combined the offices of the dining room, drawing room and bedroom often held wonderful pieces of old furniture. It was a long walk; but a ride in a jolting country cart was the only alternative and the walk had many attractions.

In those days the Mont was a real island. Whether it was, for the moment, in Normandy or in Brittany was never quite certain; for the bay that holds it is full of shifting sands and the stream had a way of changing its course, from time to time, and boring a way for itself now on one side of the rock and now on the other. There was, though, always an adventurous passage by ferryboat over the quarter-mile of water that separated it from the mainland, and a transfer, occasionally, to the ferryman's shoulders when the state of the tide kept the boat away from the steep approach to the great building on the rock.

Years ago, though, all this was changed; and with the beginning of change modernization began. A causeway came, to connect the island with the mainland. Later a light railway destroyed the quiet of the country road from Pontorson to Mont St. Michel. And after this came greater troubles still. No vandalism, happily, has been allowed to impair the beauty of the wonderful building that covers the great cone of rock as a thimble might cover a giant finger tip—so closely that the summit of the rock is to be found a few feet below the floor of the church that surmounts the whole edifice. The centuries of labor



Through the Pyrenees.

## Fishermen of Mont St. Michel.

that great craftsmen gave to the structure of the building that is wonderful in its strength and solidity, and yet so delicate as to be so much lace work, have not been wasted. The perfectly proportioned quadrangle that for economy of space, was built on the roof of the church, with no two of its pillars alike, and the delicate escaler de dentelles, and the great kitchen of the abbey, the battlements and obliettes of the fortresses—for the building has served many purposes in its time—are still unspoilt.

## TRACES OUR DESCENT-FROG

### Crowned "Prince of Thinkers" of Paris Upsets Darwinian Theory With a Croak.

Paris.—The Latin quarter recently turned out in its thousands to celebrate the advent of Pierre Brisset, an old gentleman from Anjou, whom it had crowned as "Prince of Thinkers." This proud distinction has been earned by the discovery by M. Brisset that man is descended, not as Darwinians think, from monkeys, but from bullfrogs.

After escorting M. Brisset triumphantly to the Pantheon to see Rodin's statue of "The Thinker," a noisy crowd of students carried off their "prince" to a lecture room, where he won much and loud applause.

"In unfathomable long ages," said M. Brisset, "a bullfrog sat on a lotus leaf and hailed the dawn with a sad croak. That frog," he added, "was your grandmother."

And, strange to say, the speaker was quite sincere.

## Nine Sisters All Are Teachers.

San Francisco.—Nine sisters, all teachers, is the record for one family claimed by Modoc county, Cal. The girls are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Batay, who live near Fort Bidwell. There are no boys in the family. The youngest of the girls passed the examination for teacher's license recently.

## Very Plain Criticism.

Children are not always grateful beings, and they are notably hard to entertain. At a birthday party a kindly natured adult had toiled hard in the effort to amuse the children by means of parlor magic, ventriloquism, burlesque dancing and the like. The other adults present were highly amused, and some of the children deigned to chuckle mildly. The mother of the hostess, however, felt that full justice had not been rendered, so before announcing refreshments she took pains to thank the entertainer, and to call the attention of the youngsters to his gifts.

"Mr. Blank is very funny, isn't he, children?" she concluded.

From the rear of the room came a small, shrill voice: "Yessum, but not so funny as he thinks he is!"

## He May Be a Great Doctor Some Day.

William, aged five, had watched with much curiosity the family physician each day count his grandmother's pulse. When the doctor's visits ceased, William felt the responsibility of counting his grandmother's pulse daily. One morning William's father came into the room and found his young son looking thoughtfully at his tiny watch, his fingers on grandmother's wrist.

"Well, son, what is it today?" inquired the father. William looked grave, but without hesitation replied: "Ten dollars, sir."

## No Facilities.

"They say that Cupid strikes the match that sets the world aglow. But where does Cupid strike the match?—that's what I'd like to know."—Cornell Widew.

## Its Kind.

"What do you think of cutting the wool tariff?" "I call it sheer nonsense."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes a hoarse throat.

To know that which lies before us in daily life is the prime wisdom.—Milton.

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