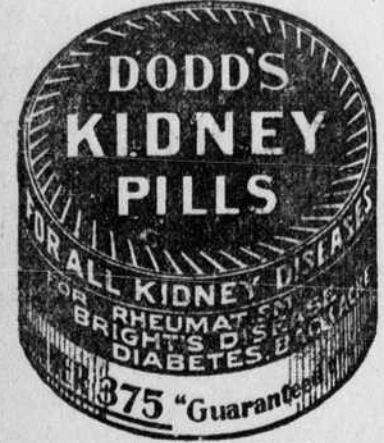


A Spirit.  
 Mine are the buds of hope  
 Upon the vine;  
 Mine is the morning's cope  
 Of sapphire stain;  
 Mine is yon grassy slope  
 That's hilly and plain;  
 And mine is the warm white rain,  
 The rainbow skein!

I am the throb that stirs  
 The daffodil;  
 The sap within the fir—  
 A living core;  
 Take heed, my worshippers!  
 I am the thrill  
 Of song that runs before  
 By crest and shore!

In every vein of earth  
 I pulse, I leap;  
 I cause all beauty's birth—  
 The joy thereof.  
 Where once were death and dearth  
 (The long white sleep)  
 Through me, beneath, above,  
 Are life and love!  
 —Clinton Scollard in January Ainslie's.



In the course of its long history England has known a few serious earthquake shocks, says the London Chronicle. In the days of William Rufus one was felt throughout the country, and in 1274 an English earthquake destroyed Glastonbury among its other damage, while part of St. Paul's cathedral fell in as the result of an earthquake in the sixteenth century. Perhaps the most recent serious shock was that which inflicted much damage in the eastern counties in 1884; a Mansion house fund was opened for the sufferers.

Whiskey for Colds.  
 To one-half pint good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured by any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring. Immediate results always follow this treatment.

Richardson, the painter, used to speak of an honest, open, country gentleman who one day asked him to come to his house, adding: "I wish very much to see you, for I have just purchased a picture by Rubens. It is a rare good one. Brown saw it and says it is a copy. Copy! If any man living dares to say it is a copy, I will break every bone in his skin! Pray, call on me and give me your opinion."

According to a contemporary, Signor Marconi is said to have stated that a wireless telegraphic service at 2 cents a word will shortly be in operation between England and Italy. France, it is said, objected to the scheme originally, as telegrams between England and Italy pass over her lines at present, but she since withdrawn her opposition. It is stated that the service will be commenced as soon as the wireless station at Colitano is completed.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always preceded by an ordinary cold. Hall's Wizard Oil rubes into the chest draws out the inflammation, breaks up the cold and prevents all serious trouble.

Dr. Marshall I. Price, secretary of the Maryland state board of health, makes an appeal to the citizens of that state to kill rats and ground squirrels whenever possible to prevent the development of the bubonic plague, which several expert physicians say may at any time visit the eastern section of the country, especially among the Atlantic coast. Bubonic plague is largely spread by the bites of fleas which are found on rats and ground squirrels.

There are several liver ingots in the bank of England which have lain there for 200 years.

Sixty per cent of the 12,500 tons of silk produced in China and Japan each year is retained for home use.

# HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

## Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all woman's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."  
 —Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.  
 Granville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."  
 —Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Granville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

# The House of the Black Ring

By F. L. Pattee Copyright, 1905

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"I tell you Al's kindness ain't put on," maintained Dan doggedly, petting the squire's mane. "If I didn't nix clean through and through, then I never seen a kinder-hearted man in my life. Nosh. He jest seen his Jewy, and he done it, and I ain't the only nuther. He don't go cacklin' 'er about every now, time his old Buff Cochit lays an egg."

"Say, boys, ever think of one thing?" continued the squire placidly. "You've been seen some strange sights up to the old cabin lately, hain't yeh? There's always been queer stories about that place, but you didn't hear of much going on there till Farthing moved onto that farm, did yeh? Now stop to think of this latest cuttin' up; hain't every bit of it been since he moved into town?"

"Wal, you can't lay that onto Al," Dan squared about argumentatively. "There hain't been no track into that cabin all this winter yet, and you-all knows it still." He addressed his arguments to the crowd, as if it were there, while continuing to pet the squire himself when he asked him that he had other business nights than laying awake watchin' for ghosts still, and that he hadn't saw a thing in the old cabin 'sready. He said he slept nights and went at his sleepin' easy."

"Wal—now I—don't—know." The squire again winked knowingly. "Ever notice what a sharp little black eye he's got and how it looks right through yeh? You don't see eyes as sharp as that in no other animal, do you?" He stood perfectly those to whom he was talking.

"Yar! Now you're gettin' at it," burst in Lem Fisher. "It's an eye that can weave a brand 'round yeh. First the devil don't have to walk when he wants to go over snow and—lowering his voice mysteriously and half closing one eye—"a haexer and a powderer don't nuther. You-all think of that wunst."

"Speakin' how strange old Poppy Miller acted down to Dan's butcherin' Heigh?"

"How'd you dast to stan' ag'in him so, squire, and say what you did right in front of him? Won't he haex yeh? Won't he haex you into an oppnehrmer, 'er ain't yeh fraid' something 'll happen to her?"

"Now! Not a bit. I carry words ag'in him. He can't touch me or mine I've saw to that."

"I don't know one bit. Lem Fisher was on his own ground now. 'He's jest the worst one we-uns ever know'd here."

"I don't believe it!" exploded Dan. "Al ain't no more of a haexer than you be, Lem; not one bit. And I don't believe that none of you have really ever saw anything up to that cabin wunst. Nosh. You're jest like my old mare when she goes across the railroad track. You're so blamed scairt you expect to see such an awful thing that you don't know what you do see, and you shy and kick and snort for all the world as if there was something there."

"Humph," retorted Uile scornfully. "I don't know still what I see with my own eyes. Humph!"

"Oh, I ain't questioning but what you think you see it. My boy come in one day and said that he seen a snake as long as the hay ladder still, and I don't know no doubt but what he thought it really was. Where's Amos? He'd knock the whole thing higher 'n a kite."

"Look here, Dan," the Squire spoke up sudden and sharp. "I'll give you ten dollars and you'll tell me if you'll go up to that cabin right off now and touch it with your hand. Now, that's business." The Squire knew his man.

"Yessuh; now, that's business, and I'll pay you to do it," added Uile importantly. "You talk big still, but you don't dast to do it, Nosh. We've got you now, Dan. It's go up or shut up."

"Where's Amos? I'll go if he'll go with me wunst." The man was clearly in distress. He had half arisen, and was wavering perceptibly.

"Amos ain't here. Now you go up there or you quit your everlasting yammering about this here Farthing. I'm sick of it."

"All right, suh." He spoke with a quiver of excitement in his voice. "I'll go." Loyalty to his friend was struggling with innate superstition, and loyalty was for the moment the stronger. He came a step and took a forlorn hope and took a tottering step.

"Now," said the Squire, briskly, "I want Uile and Lem to follow behind and see that he does it. The crafty old man knew with whom he was dealing, for he was as contagious as disease. The two men hesitated a moment, then arose doggedly and buttoned up their coats. It was always best to obey the Squire even when he asked hard things.

"Come back and tell us how you make out," shouted the old man as they were plunging out into the night.

"All right. We won't be gone long. I'll tell you that," called back Uile, and then they were lost in the darkness. The outlines of the old man as they went, and the wind came in puffs and eddies, whirling the sharp grist into the faces of the men. A dismal roar, sullen and steady, rolled from the distant ridges, and from the near gaps came a succession of snarls and shrieks. The snow modified the darkness into a ghostly light in which nothing was distinct.

The three men struggled on in silence. At length they reached the place where the road turned off toward Heller's Gap, and they struck into it without a word. The buildings of Allen Farthing were in complete darkness; the family had gone to bed. Then they turned into the little lane that once had been the main road to the Heller cabin. By day a clear view of the hut could be had from this point, but the ghostly light revealed nothing as they peered through the bushes.

Suddenly a thin, wavering shriek rang through the air, far off like the cry of the Banshee. It stopped the three in their tracks. Lem Fisher or "Come on, boys," spoke up, stoutly. "It's only the wind in the gap. I've heard it blow that way before. Come on." They paused a fearful moment, then crept trembling after him. The outlines of the cabin were now dim ahead, and a few steps further left it clearly defined. At the sight of it Lem and Uile stopped as if arrested by an invisible hand.

"Now go ahead, Dan, if you're goin', but I advise you not to go with me no another step for all the money the

### ROSE HARTSWICK.

Since Rose Hartswick had come back from her three years at the seminary, the life of the whole valley somehow had been changed. In the old days she had been simply one of the valley girls, a freckled, curly-haired, merry, leader in every prank and frolic, but she had returned a full-blown woman, so changed that her neighbors hardly dared to speak to her. The little brown chrysalis had turned suddenly into a magnificent butterfly.

Then all in a moment their surprise and apprehension vanished, and they awoke to a new delight. The change was all in the outward. The squire's daughter was still one of them; she was just a girl again, as when she had gone away, and she was glad to get back, glad all through and through; for the hills were home, and she had been homesick, she averred, every moment of her stay. Her joyous heart had been soothed by the whole valley had shared it, and the young fellows had lost their heads like dandelions on a lawn.

But Rose was not a girl for lovers. There was about her no slightest trace of sentimentality, and she had been fortunate in inheriting the best traits of both her father and her mother. From the old Squire had come her active, practical bent, her self-reliance, and her instant readiness of resource, and from her mother her tender heart and her sunny, laughing soul. She was a girl with enthusiasms, spontaneous and magnetic; a girl who helped her mother because she liked to do it; a girl who was busy all day and who had no time for lovers. They were only her own, and she stammered and filled her face with glee. They seemed to her inexhaustibly funny, and they aroused in her instantly a desire to make them sweat, to torment and startle and embarrass them until they were at their wits' end, and they would ludicrously in awe of her; never for a moment were they sure of her next move. When they began to grow serious she would laugh until they would blush like girls and grin like boys, and even then they would, therefore, they could collect their selves or expostulate, she would be off on another tack, and they could only wonder if all girls were like that.

One saw her oftenest in the afternoon, rattling, roller-skating by on the roller-skating rink, which had been her chief hobby since she was a girl of 12. She was no timid rider. It was a sight to thrill one to see her plunge down a mountain road, or to have her sweet, confident and even angry. Then, before they could collect their selves or expostulate, she would be off on another tack, and they could only wonder if all girls were like that.

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Mercy on us!" they would chuckle, "that girl'll break her neck galloping in that crazy way." But they would smile softly, and the day somehow would seem brighter. It became a saying in the valley that if one wished to see Rose, the surest way was to ride to the roller-skating rink, anywhere within 20 miles of Hartswick Hill.

This love of horses and of the outdoors had come clearly from her father, and he delighted in it. There was nothing he so loved as to take the road to the roller-skating rink, but he allowed her to drive alone whenever she wished. Though she had never driven in a public race, it was the old man's boast that there was no jockey in the region that would soon be, trust in a critical moment. She knew horses almost by instinct. She loved to break wild colts and vicious balters and halter-pullers. It was a joy to see her in battle with a stubborn beast. One who knows of the type of female who drops the reins and screams when the horse begins to back, knows little of what is possible. She was slight of figure, but she was marvelously strong in the shoulders and arms. And he sides the hand of the rider, and the shape of a horse. Never once in her life had she failed of her purpose, or met with an accident or a set-back.

It was about this time that young Jim Farthing began to take a new interest in horses. Five years before, his father had given him a colt, a wonderfully dainty little creature that he had bid off at a bankrupt sale. There was good blood in the colt, so the owner said. The mother had been good for 2:18, and the sire even better. With proper handling she ought to develop into a wonder, and Jim had tried hard to give the proper handling. She had from the first been the passion of the young fellow's life. He had trained her early in the sulky, and when she was three he had won in handsome style a 2:25 heat. Then had come the removal to the mountains and small chance for training trotters. There was a world of work to do; for the old farm was a chaos; the little mare had had to find her exercise on the cultivator and the horse rake, with occasional trips to

Spruce Creek, the nearest railroad station. Thus it happened that during the week, not one in the valley, not even Squire Hartswick, who boasted that he could size up any horse at a glance, had seemed to see her.

Suddenly, late in January, after he had seen Rose in full gallop one afternoon on the Gum Run road, young Jim made the discovery that his mare had possibilities as a saddle horse. She needed exercise, and it would be easier in the mud that lay fetlock deep on all the mountain roads, to give it without the buggy. There was the mail to get, and there were errands to do all up and down the valley.

It was some time before he ran across Rose again. It was on a Monday afternoon. He had gone to Spruce Creek to inquire for his father's freight, and as he had canted over to the station his heart had jumped into his mouth. There was no mistaking the supple figure on the platform with the sly, happy smile, and the enchantment of a woman's smile. "An anti-feminist legend illustrative of how dangerous it is to leave to women the government of public affairs."

"The figures of women," said Mr. Ferrero, the Italian historian, in a lecture at Columbia university on "Antony and Cleopatra" not only shattered one of the greatest love stories of the ages, but he did it with an up-to-date hammer fashioned to the present crisis. He pronounced this tale of a strong man's weakness under the enchantment of a woman's smile "an anti-feminist legend illustrative of how dangerous it is to leave to women the government of public affairs."

"Hello! Glad to see you," he called, with hearty ring. "How's this for mud?" He looked ruefully down over his spattered clothes.

"That's nothing. You ought to ride the Spruce Valley road."

"Muddy down there, is it?"

"Muddy! Why, all I could see of Pomp one time was just his ears." Her spontaneous laugh thrilled young Jim. Before he could answer, she had turned with sudden change of tone to the agent, "We do not see the countenance of a venus, delicate, gracious, smiling. Her face is fleshy—buff, as the French would say, with a powerful acquine nose."

"It is the face of a woman on in years, ambitious, imperious." But beautiful or ugly is of little concern when one studies her relations with Antony, in the spirit of criticism, and finds that the passion of love had small place in the girl's life.

A New Cleopatra.

The lecturer then proceeded to draw the "real" picture of the heroine, cruelly diverting her of charms at every step. He spoke of the portraits of the siren found by archeologists. "Comparing them with the poetic descriptions of her due to poetic fancy," he went on, "we do not see the countenance of a venus, delicate, gracious, smiling. Her face is fleshy—buff, as the French would say, with a powerful acquine nose."

"Why He Married Her.

The speaker went back to the discovery by the Frenchman, Latrone, about a century ago, through a comparison of ancient coins, that Antony had married Cleopatra for the basis of his deductions. "This marriage," he said, "took place at Antioch with all the dynastic ceremonies of Egypt in 36 B. C., and thereupon Antony became king of Egypt, though he never dared assume the title."

"This was brought about, not by love, but politics—a scheme which Caesar understood perfectly. After the plunder of other regions the only state left that was rich in precious materials was Egypt, and these were wanted to use in the campaign of Persia."

"Why did Antony marry Cleopatra instead of conquering Egypt? Because there was an old standing tradition in Rome that Egypt should be exploited, but not by conquering it. Cleopatra, it is, therefore, to Egypt as much as to Cleopatra, to whom he grants fascination and what passed for culture in those days that Mr. Ferrero attributed the change in Antony's character. The magnificence of his surroundings, who had himself sprung from a noble but impoverished family, his way as king with unnumbered menials to gratify his every whim, the subtle influence of the most highly developed civilization in the world, all seized upon his mind."

Antony's Undoing.

Cleopatra urged him to give up the conquest of Persia and to found with her and their children a new dynasty that should be the controlling power of Orient and Occident. While his thoughts returned to his country, to oppose Cleopatra and relinquish a kingdom were beyond him. And from this point Mr. Ferrero traced the endless trail of crooked policies which in the end wrought Antony's undoing.

Antony succumbed in the famous war, not because he was mad with love, but because he was abandoned by his soldiers when they understood the contemplated treachery, and, according to the lecturer, it was this sentiment which made Augustus at Actium an easy conqueror.

The present story that has so entertained posterity, he said, was invented by a vicious party of Augustus and accepted as the popular explanation of the eastern peril. "I do not believe," Mr. Ferrero said, in conclusion, "that it is the office of history to give men who have guided human events a posthumous justice."

Siçilly's Wheat and Fruits.  
 From the New York Press.

Siçilly was the "granary of Rome" in former days. Wheat grows to an enormous height, and the ears seldom contain less than 80 grains. The rice is the finest on earth. It buys it at 10 cents a pound to make that famous dish—"risole el buttere e formagio." No other rice answers the purpose. The most beautiful crops of Austria-Hungary, present to the Sicilian the image of sterility. A Sicilian watermelon is a dream. It was the original nectar of the gods. No Georgia rattlesnake variety is less classy. Indian figs and dates are wonderful. The former serving as food for the poor. The pomegranate reaches its highest perfection along the southern coast, and is shipped to all parts of the world under the name of "punica," in honor of the Punic war; it was brought from Carthage into Italy by the Romans.

# GREAT LOVE STORY HISTORICAL HOAX

## Ferrero Shatters the Beautiful Romance of Antony and Cleopatra.

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# RHEUMATISM

HERE IS HOPE

I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give M'NYON'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter how prejudiced he may be against all advertised remedies, or that you distrust drugs and get a bottle of the RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money. Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

For 16c.

Everybody loves earliest vegetables and brilliant flowers. Therefore, to satisfy a customer we offer for sale:

1000 kernels Fine Onion Seed.  
 1000 " Rich Carrot Seed.  
 1000 " Early 100 Days.  
 1000 " Juicy Radish Seed.  
 1000 " Buttery Lettuce Seed.  
 1000 " Under Turnip Seed.  
 1000 " Sweet Rutabaga.  
 100 " Melons, 100 Tomatoes.  
 1200 Brilliant Flowering Assails.

In all 6,000 kernels of warranted northern grown seeds, well worth \$1.00 of any man's money (including Postage) all postpaid for but 16c. In stamps.

If you send 25c we will pack a special early 100-day sweet corn, Big Plant, Tool and Seed Catalog free with a customer who orders the same today.

THE JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.  
 LA CROSSE, WIS. CH

It was a merry group of officers that gathered on the deck of the Reindeer, a captured blockade runner, as she lay at the dock in Mobile, on the morning of April 21, 1865. Word had reached the city, brought by the officers of the late confederate army, that several days before, and two or three of them were aboard on their way to their homes in New Orleans. Some of the union officers had been discharged, and were on the way North. Blue and gray fraternized, meeting on the common ground of realizing that the struggle was over, however they differed in feelings over the result.

The Reindeer was built for speed and she made it that day, running easily at a 23-mile clip. It was in the afternoon that we neared Spanish Fort, at the mouth of the Rigolets, the entrance into Lake Penchastrin. Her commander, a private of the 48th Illinois, was on the deck. The flag was at half-mast and someone asked, "Who's dead now?" with that callous indifference men acquired who had been made familiar with death. Presently a boat put off from the fort to us and the officer in it got near enough to be heard he shouted: "Lincoln was assassinated." Smiles vanished, anger ceased, faces sobered, tears ran down the faces of men who had not wept for years.

No one spoke. None dared trust his voice. I looked at the confederates to see how they received the news. Their faces were as sad as any. I said to one of them: "This is a sad thing for the South." "We have lost our best friend in all the North," was his response. We found New Orleans draped in black. The sentiment expressed by his comrade acquaintance was general. In the light of later days, those of the hideous "reconstruction," the feeling was one of prophesy.

F. J. S.

A bill has been prepared by Charles Francis Adams and introduced in the Massachusetts legislature to provide that there shall be no alteration or change in the name of any public way, street, place or square, or of any public park, where the name altered or changed has been in use for 25 years, without the consent of the highway commission of the state. At a hearing on the measure representatives of many patriotic societies favored it.

The postage stamp made its first appearance in 1839. Its invention is due to James Chalmers a printer of Dundee, who died in 1863. England adopted the adhesive stamp, according to a decree of December 21, 1839, and issued the first stamps for public use on May 6, 1840. A year later they were introduced in the United States and Switzerland, and soon after in Bavaria, Belgium and France.

Blind man's buff was played in France 1,600 years ago.

England consumes over 600,000 pounds of tea daily.

YOUNG MEN—\$2.00 to \$5.00 per day. Work at home. Send direct for particulars. Chas. S. Nourse, Easterville, Ia.

# GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition.

Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Curying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

# Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy. At druggists', 25c.

# PRISO'S

Stop Coughing!

Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PRISO'S CURE. Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and kindred ailments. Fine for children. At all druggists', 25c.