

# A HARVEST OF TARES.



AR off in the dim and  
desolate past—  
That shoreless sea,  
Where wrecks are  
driven by wave and  
blast.  
Shattered, sunken and  
lost at last—  
Lies the heart that  
was broken for me—  
Poor heart!  
Long ago broken for  
me.

"My loves were glory, and pride, and art:  
Ah! dan, erous rivals these!  
Sweet lips might quiver and warm tears start,  
Should an artist pause for a woman's heart?  
Even that which was broken for me—  
Poor heart!

Too rare to be broken for me!"

Alaric Langley's tender voice floated  
out upon the silence in mournful mel-  
ody as he sang these pathetic words.  
He laid his brush aside with a look of  
impatience stealing over his hand-  
some face. He could hear Theda's  
voice in the hall without, and knew  
that he was going to be interrupted.

A picturesquely disordered studio,  
it was, away up in the top of his  
mother's house; a real "sky parlor,"  
with its bronzes and marbles, its  
dummies and quaint suits of armor  
hanging against the walls. Velvet  
portieres separated the room from the  
wide hall which ran through the old-  
fashioned country house, and through  
these curtains the sweet, clear voice  
of Theda Grey floated lightly:

"Alaric! 'Rie dear! Mamma says  
come down and have lunch with her  
and oh, 'Rie! I want you, too!"

The portieres were parted now, and a  
girl stood framed in by the rich wine-  
colored velvet; a girl with a face  
worth looking at. Not a beauty, but  
such a soulful face. With great, lus-  
trous dark eyes, and a tender mouth,  
the small hair crowned with a coronet  
of sunny hair.

Theda Grey was a ward of Alaric  
Langley's mother, and had lived with  
them for years—a veritable sunbeam  
in their home. Between her and the  
young artist a tender affection ex-  
isted. It was not a mighty passion  
upon his part; to tell the truth, he  
cared more for his art than for any-  
thing else in the world. But to Theda,  
he was just the one man on earth.  
To her, all other men were women  
inabilities; and she found no pleasure  
in their society.

Alaric was differently con-  
stituted. He was wont to say that his nature  
was to "like many, and love but one."  
Which is all very correct in its way;  
only a man loses something out of his  
life when he divides himself impar-  
tially among casual acquaintances.  
What though he does keep his heart  
and its inner sanctuary for the one;  
human love is faulty and selfish, and  
the one craves all.

Alaric smiled into the girl's eyes as  
she stood there; her very presence had  
driven away the frown.

"I have been setting your little  
poem to music, Theda," he said, and a  
tender tone was in his voice now, a  
tender light in his deep dark eyes.  
"I like it, and yet—why did you write  
such a sad thing? You ought never  
to be sad and sorrowful, Theda."

She smiled. That smile glorified  
her face.

"I am never sad when I am with  
you, dear," she returned softly. "But  
the little poem seemed to write itself.  
It fitted through my brain and I just



I CAN NEVER LOVE ANY ONE.

had to write it. I am so glad you like  
it, Alaric. You are the only critic for  
whose praises I care!"

As they descended the staircase to-  
gether, where "Mrs. Langley was  
awaiting them, Alaric read aloud from  
the manuscript he held in his hand,  
Theda's little poem:

"I told her an art-ist should wed his art:  
That only his love should be  
No other should love me from this time apart.  
I said, and my cold words killed her heart—  
The heart that was broken for me—  
Poor heart!

Hopelessly breaking for me

"I spoke of the beautiful days to come—  
In the land beyond the sea—  
Those years that must be waiting  
For her, but her patient lips were dumb—  
Her heart broke in silence for me—  
Poor heart!

Broken, yet complaining not for me

"I pressed her hand and rebuked her tears  
Li-bly and care-fully  
I said my triumphs should reach her ears.  
And I left her alone with the dismal years.  
And the heart that was broken for me—  
Poor heart!

Silently breaking for me

My days were dreams of summer time—  
My life it was victory  
Fame wrote bright laurels to crown my  
prime,  
And I half forgot in that radiant dream  
The heart that was broken for me—  
Poor heart!

Patently breaking for me

Below stairs, they found Mrs. Car-  
lingford—an amateur artist—a very  
wealthy woman, and a patron of cer-  
tain "rising young artists." A dan-  
gerous woman, with her bright, dark  
beauty and intense magnetism, which  
took the hearts of the other sex by  
storm. There was a Mr. Carlingford  
popularly believed to be somewhere  
in existence, though, so far, he had  
failed to materialize.

She had come to the Langley home  
that morning with a distinct object.  
Several artist friends of hers were  
about to start for Italy. Alaric

Langley must join them. The propo-  
sition delighted the young artist.  
His means were sufficient. Almost  
before he was aware of it, he had  
consented. His mother never inter-  
fered in her son's art projects.

Theda said nothing and her opinion  
was not asked. But something within  
her heart lay down and died that day.

When Alaric had left the room to  
put Mrs. Carlingford into her carriage,  
Theda stooped and picked up the  
manuscript of her little poem, which  
he had dropped upon the floor, and  
was too much occupied with the fair  
visitor to observe it.

"Why did I write this?" cried the  
crushed heart of the girl. "Is it a  
prophecy?" And she read the conclud-  
ing verses with a bitter heart.

"But my whole life seemed as the swift years  
rolled.  
More hollow and vain to be  
Fame's bosom, at best, is hard and cold.  
And I would have given all praise and gold  
For the heart that was broken for me—  
Poor heart!

Thanklessly breaking for me.

"Sick with longings, and fears and dread,  
I hurried across the sea.  
She had wasted as though with grief, they  
said.

"Poor child! poor child! and was long since  
dead.  
Ah! she died for the love of me—  
Poor heart!

Broken so vainly for me.

"Well, he'd down by a load too heavy to hold,  
She had died unmurmuringly.  
And I, remorseful and unconsoling,  
I dressed of the wasted days of old,  
And the heart that was broken for me—  
Poor heart!

Broken, and vainly, for me.

"And my soul cries out, in its bitter pain,  
For the bliss that can never be.  
For the love that can never come again,  
For the sweet youth, life that has lived in vain.  
And the heart that was broken for me—  
Poor heart!

Dead—and buried—for me!"

As Theda Grey read the words  
which she had written, a look of resolu-  
tion settled down over her face.  
"I will not die for any man's love,"  
she said, decisively. "I have por-  
trayed a weak-minded heroine in my  
first attempt at verse writing. I will  
live—and live for my art as well as  
be! Let Alaric Langley go to Europe  
and become a great artist. I will stay  
at home and be a poet!"

She kept her word, for the poetic  
germ was there, and needed only cul-  
tivation. Alaric sailed with his artist  
friends for Italy.

Theda held his hands and kissed his  
lips at parting, but when he asked her  
to wait for him, she would make no  
promise.

"Remember the poem," she said,  
softly.

His face flushed.  
"You wrong me bitterly if you  
imagine me that cold and heartless!"  
he cried, indignantly.

And so they parted.

Time went by. The name of Theda  
Grey was becoming a household word.  
Her poems, so sweet and tender and  
pathetic, comforted many a sorrow-  
ing soul.

For herself, she had simply swept  
love aside, and within her inmost  
heart ambition reigned instead.

A year went by. Alaric was fast  
becoming famous. But he was living  
a wild sort of life among dissipated  
artists, and slowly but surely he be-  
gan to yield to temptation. Gradually  
he descended. After the first down-  
ward step, man goes with a rush into  
Averna. Five years did the work  
for him; five years sufficed to wreck  
his constitution and to ruin his fame.

Then, one day, he woke to a realiza-  
tion of the truth. He was in despair.  
What a harvest of tares I have  
sown!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "And  
my crop remains to be gathered. I  
will go home and turn over a new  
leaf. Even the prodigal of old was  
allowed a chance to retrieve his past.  
I will go back to mother and—  
Theda. Dear, gentle little Theda!  
The heart that was breaking for me!  
I remember it all. Heaven bless her.  
She will forgive me and take me back.  
With Theda for my wife, I will be  
strong once more to fight the world's  
battle!"

He sailed for home that very day.  
Alas! Where were the laurels he con-  
fidently expected to lay at Theda's  
feet when he had tired of the wild,  
fast life of the studio and saloon?

A worn, weary man, pale and hag-  
gard, with the marks of dissipation  
upon his once handsome face, Alaric  
Langley entered her presence once  
more.

She looked like a tall, white lily in  
her clinging gown of snowy cashmere.  
A look of peace had found its way  
into the calm eyes, no longer troubled  
now. For Theda Grey no longer  
loved. She had killed all that, and  
she was wedded to her art. And so  
she told him, gently but firmly, while  
he knelt at her feet weeping, praying,  
beseeching her to give him once more  
the old, sweet love and trust.

"I cannot. It is impossible," she  
repeated, in answer to his beseech-  
ing—his mad importuning. "I said that  
I would live without love since it  
alone has caused all the sorrow of my  
life. I swore to be strong and brave.  
I swore that I would be no soft-  
hearted woman to die for the affection  
that was denied me. I loved you,  
Alaric, with all my heart and soul.  
You were my king—in my eyes a  
demigod. But your coldness and  
selfishness killed all that, and I do  
not love you now. I can never love  
any man—never on earth!"

He arose and left her. He went  
back to his studio and a hard life of  
toil, determined to retrieve his past.

And she—she says that she is happy  
in her lonely life—her busy work.  
But Fame's bosom at best, is hard and  
cold. And a woman cannot still the  
voice of love until she has first  
crushed her heart.

## Apples and Pears.

In the sixteenth century there was  
a curious enactment in England  
whereby street-vendors were forbid-  
den to sell pears and apples, for the  
reason that servants and apprentices  
were unable to resist the sight of  
them, and were consequently tempted  
to steal their employers' money in or-  
der to enjoy the costly delicacies.

## HOT CORN! HOT CORN!

How to Select and Cook This Season-  
able Vegetable.

In buying corn select those ears that  
are thickest and best filled. Test the  
corn by piercing a kernel with the  
thumb nail. If the milk flows freely  
it is in good condition. Be sure the  
husks are green and the corn white.

There are many ways of cooking corn,  
but the most popular and the best way  
is to boil it, says P. L. Adelphi Times.

To do this properly, remove the out-  
side husks, turn down the inside ones,  
leaving them on the ear, remove every  
particle of silk and cut away any im-  
perfections from the ear; turn the in-  
side husks back, so that they com-  
pletely envelop the ear; tie them to-  
gether with a strip of the husk and lay  
them in a large, clean agate kettle;

cover deeply with layers of the outside  
husks, pour in enough cold water to  
just come to the edge of the corn,  
but not to cover the layer of husks.

Now, cover the kettle with the lid,  
stand it on the stove with a quick fire,  
and after it comes to a boil let it boil  
just four minutes, then set it off the  
stove where it will keep hot. Cover

a large platter with fresh green husks,  
put-standing like a fringe. Lay a large  
napkin in the center and, removing the  
corn from the kettle, pile it on the nap-  
kin, then fold the four corners of the  
napkin and serve.

Roast Corn.—Remove the husks and  
silks from each ear and lay them in  
front of a bright coal fire or under the  
flame of a gas broiler; turn frequently  
till each ear is a rich brown all over;  
roll in a napkin and serve at once  
with plenty of fresh butter.

Corn Fritters.—Grate the corn from  
six ears into a deep bowl; add to this  
the yolks of three eggs; stir them well  
with the grated corn; season with half  
a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red  
pepper, or black pepper if preferred;  
to this add a pint of cream or rich  
milk and enough flour to make a stiff  
batter; beat the whites of the three  
eggs to a froth and stir them very  
quickly into a batter; have a kettle of  
smoking hot fat ready, and with a  
large spoon or ladle drop the fritters  
into the fat one by one, and let them  
fry until a light brown.

## Why Farmers Are Not Prosperous.

"Do you know why our farmers are  
not more prosperous?" asked Jim Mc-  
Cue, the Mirin county rancher, poli-  
tician, horse doctor and philosopher.

"Well, I'll tell you," he continued,  
without waiting an answer. "It is be-  
cause the farmer, rancher and dairy-  
man thinks he must sell everything to  
the commission merchant or the re-  
tailer. He drives into town with a  
wagon load of butter and eggs or water-  
melons, sells them in ten minutes for  
whatever the storekeeper will pay,  
plays pedro the rest of the day and  
goes home with a couple of plugs of  
tobacco, a bottle of whiskey and some  
bad cigars. Then at the end of the year  
he wonders why he has made nothing."

"Once a San Rafael butcher went to  
a neighbor of mine to buy a steer.  
"What do you want for him?" asked  
the butcher.

"Oh, about \$30."

"Beef is worth only 4 cents on foot  
now, and he won't weigh over 400  
pounds. I'll give you \$16 for him."

"All right; take him."

"I can't take him right now. Be-  
sides he's too poor to kill."

"All right; leave him here till you  
get ready to take him away."

"The butcher left him till fall and  
then he weighed about 700 pounds.  
When he took him away, the farmer  
said:

"When you kill that beef I'd like  
to have a quarter."

"All right; I'll send it down."

"A few days later the farmer stopped  
in at the butcher's shop to settle up.  
"Oh, yes; glad to see you. Got your  
bill all made," said the butcher, and  
he handed out this statement: "Mr.  
Farmer, creditor, by one 400-pound  
steer, at 4 cents, \$16; debtor, to one  
hind quarter of beef, 185 pounds, at 10  
cents, \$18.50; balance, \$2.50."

"The farmer had given his beef and  
\$2.50 for a hind quarter rather than  
put in a day slaughtering, and then he  
wonders why there is no money in  
farming. If he could just raise a crop  
of brains he would be all right."

## How Many Did They Eat?

"Can you tell me," said Will to Bob,  
"how many apples Adam and Eve ate  
in the Garden of Eden?"

"That's a chestnut!" Bob answered.  
"Eve ate one, and Adam ate, too; that  
makes three."

"You don't add correctly, Bob. The  
total is 163."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, as you said, Eve ate one (81)  
and Adam ate, too (82). Add 81 and  
82 together and you get 163, don't you?"

Bob thought a moment and ex-  
claimed:

"I guess they ate more, after all.  
Eve ate for one (841), and Adam ate,  
too (82). Total, 923."

"Oh, I can do better than that," said  
Will. "Eve, for one, ate one (4181),  
and Adam, too, ate one (281). That  
makes a total of 4,862. Can you beat  
that?"

"Yes, indeed! How is this? Eve ate  
one, for one (8141), and Adam ate one,  
too (812). That is a total of 8,952. Now  
it's your turn."

"I'll quit," said Will. "They must  
have eaten the whole crop."

## Recent of the Minnet in London.

It looks as if the minnet is destined,  
for a time, at all events, to resume its  
graceful sway in the ballrooms of Eu-  
rope. One or two attempted revivals  
have been fairly successful during the  
London season.

## "MR. SPEAKER" OF FRANCE.

Entertaining Sketch of Monsieur Des-  
chanel, the Distingue Parisian.

We have a new president of the  
chamber. He is worthy to have him-  
self in the silver bath of De Morny,  
and to act the part of host in the  
tapestried Salle des Fetes. Deschanel  
has those social gifts and talents for  
which so many women are remarkable.  
No woman could have more tact,  
charm, quick repartee, or a keener  
feeling for what is elegant, distingue,  
refined. He dances to perfection, has  
an elegant figure, and a face that  
would be of feminine beauty were the  
forehead not so virile. The well-cut  
profile is one for Sevres, alabaster, or  
cameo. It looks delicate, but if you  
examine it you will find it strong. He  
was nursed on Greek and Latin, but  
took most kindly to Greek. I sus-  
pect him of a weakness for Alcibiades,  
Pericles, Aspasia, and the society that  
gathered round them. Nobody talks  
of love at an epicurean banquet with  
more Anacreontic feeling than the  
new "Mr. Speaker." Now that I think  
of it, he is in some respects a kinsman  
of Moore, but received a better educa-  
tion and has a harder head. Had he  
been born to wealth he might have  
grown up a dandy; but he was born  
the son of a proscrip of the coup d'etat  
at Brussels (1876), and was reared in  
honorable poverty. As it is, his dress  
is merely elegant, and a good deal of  
the elegance is thrown into it by the  
wearer. There is no better drawing  
room actor. He is a very clever orator,  
though his speeches are over-  
studied. But he is a first-rate lec-  
turer, as his father was before him.  
Such a man must have aristocratic  
leanings. He would have been in  
Athens with Alexander and Aristotle  
as against the disciples of Democri-  
tes. But I do not think he realizes  
what a vast distance lay between  
Athens and Corinth, though they were  
but 30 miles or so apart. A Corinthian  
republic perhaps would suit him bet-  
ter than an Athenian. M. Emile Des-  
chanel, the speaker's father, was also  
an Athenian in education and feeling,  
but had no particular taste for ele-  
gance, except in literature. He went  
in, as a professor of classic literature,  
for analysis of the feminine heart. I  
have somewhere two little keepsakes  
he once upon a time gave me on "Le  
Blen qu'on dit des Femmes" and "Le  
Mai qu'on dit des Femmes." He was  
a worshiper of Racine, and discovered  
endless keys to his tragedies. They  
turned in the rusty old locks and were  
wonders of ingenuity. Throughout the  
empire Prof. Deschanel had a black  
mark against him. He nearly caused  
the interdiction of certain courses of  
lectures in the Rue de la Paix by his  
expositions of Shakespeare. Poor  
Badinguet had just been holding out  
the olive branch to the Bishop of Or-  
leans and patronizing Darboy. Arch-  
bishop of Paris, the future martyrs of  
the commune. Deschanel pere found  
this a parallel with Richard III. be-  
tween the two bishops. It was seized  
by the audience. I never heard any-  
thing more spirited and more amus-  
ing than the lecture. The passages re-  
lating the Richard and the bishops  
were admirably read. He also gave a  
lecture on Juliet's love affairs, which  
brought pocket handkerchiefs to eyes.  
Romeo he thought a poor creature. But  
love is blind, and all the interest of  
the play was centered in Juliet. Prof.  
Deschanel has now a chair at the Sor-  
bonne and a seat in the senate.—Lon-  
don Truth.

## APPLIED GEOGRAPHY.

John W. Gibson Teaches the Science in  
a Decidedly Novel Way.

John W. Gibson, principal of the  
public school at Fairbank, Tilghman's  
island, one of the veteran teachers of  
Talbot county, teaches geography on  
a big object-lesson scale. He has laid  
off on about a quarter of an acre of the  
school yard a map of the world on  
Mercator's projection, showing the con-  
tinent and islands, the oceans, seas,  
lakes, and rivers, the mountains, and  
the valleys. The water for the water-  
ways is mechanically conveyed from the  
overflow of a semi-artesian well near  
by. The natural lay of the land gives  
the plane surface, the mountains are  
built up with oyster shells, gravel, and  
earth, and sand from the river shore  
has been spread to show the deserts.

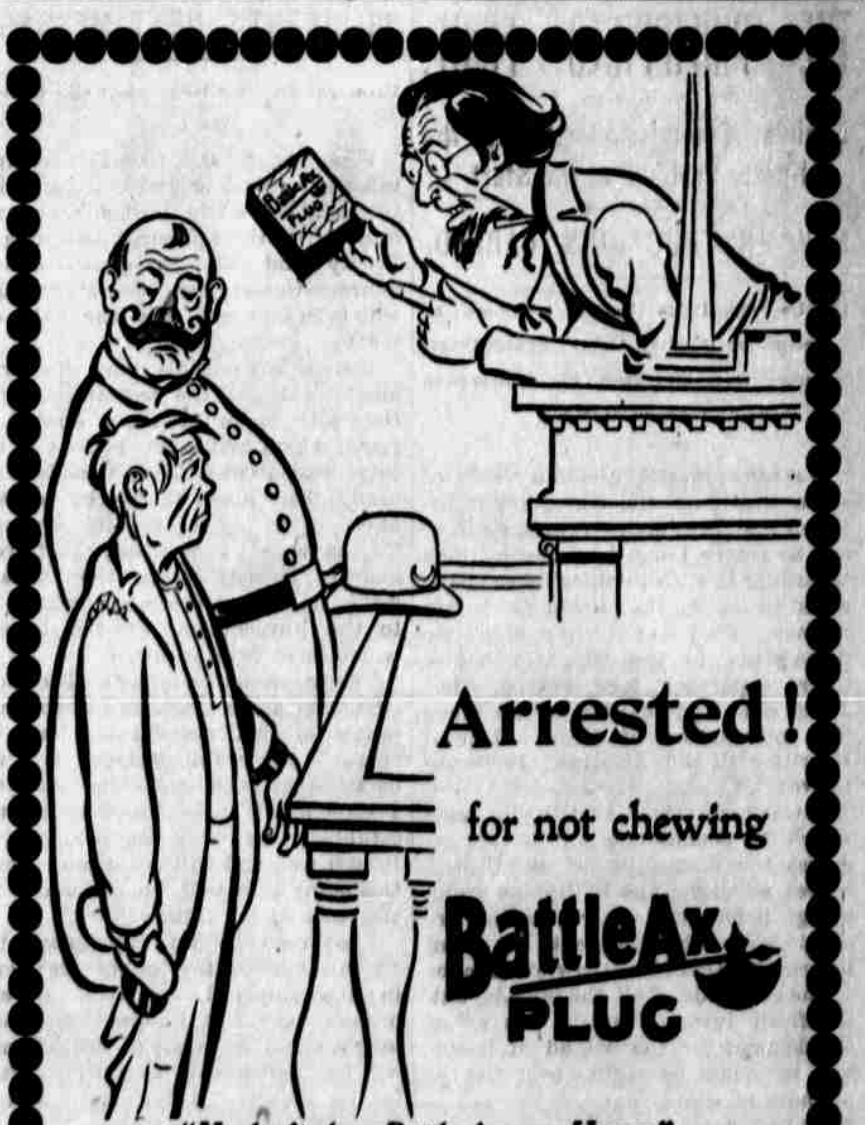
The work is done to a scale, Mr. Gib-  
son being a surveyor and civil engineer  
of no mean capacity. His pupils help-  
ed him enthusiastically in the work.  
The various mineral and vegetable  
products of the different countries are  
assigned to their respective places. Mr.  
Gibson does not claim that the idea  
of a schoolyard map is original with  
him, but the work probably has never  
been done on so large a scale before.

nor with such evident attention to ac-  
curacy of detail. There is large enough  
scope to show the progress of the naval  
warships of tin and the bark of the  
pine tree is not difficult; every coun-  
try boy living on the salt water can  
whittle out a ship with his jack-knife  
easily as a factory can make a match.

and when the daily newspapers com-  
what a delight they take in changing  
the positions of the squadrons, ac-  
cording as the news warrants it! This  
is both constructive and applied geo-  
graphy, and makes the maps and let-  
ter-press of the textbook much more  
interesting and more easy of compre-  
hension. Principal Gibson's novel  
school yard attracts many visitors.—  
Baltimore Sun.

## Roman Medical Instruments.

In the Roman hospital recently ex-  
cavated at Baden in Switzerland many  
medical instruments and utensils have  
been found, among them probes, tubes,  
pincers, cauterizing instruments, safety  
pins, medicine spoons of bone, silver  
measuring vessels, jars and pots for  
medicines, some containing traces of  
ointment. There were fourteen rooms  
in the building.



**Arrested!**  
for not chewing  
**Battle Ax**  
**PLUG**

"He don't chew Battle Ax, yer Honor."  
"He looks it!"

Ignorance of the Law is no excuse,  
but ignorance of **BATTLE AX** is  
your misfortune—not a crime—and  
the only penalty is your loss in quan-  
tity as well as quality when you buy  
any other kind of Chewing Tobacco.

**Remember the name**  
when you buy again.

## WEAK MEN CURED

AND BROUGHT TO PERFECT

THE NEW METHOD OF TREATING  
BY OUR FULL TREATMENT OF TURKISH CAPSULES  
FOR \$5.00. Night Lenses, Day Lenses, Nerve  
at Urin trouble. Cured as perfect as you  
ever were. We make our own medicine  
and you can rely on getting well. We have  
written guarantee with full cure. Single  
Box \$1.00 by mail. HAHN'S PHARMACY



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BAD BLOOD.

Symptoms cured by French  
syphilis cure. Nerve pain  
full treatment with granu-  
les. See Dr. Hahn's Book, 25c.  
HAHN'S PHARMACY,  
1114 and 1116th Sts., ST. LOUIS, MO.

## DATES OF MEETING.

Hon. W. A. Poynter and Hon. J. V.  
Wolfe's meeting.

David City October 4.  
Stromsburg October 5.  
Sutton October 5, night.

Harvard October 6.  
Bladen October 7.  
Superior October 8.

Hebron October 10, Ed P. Smith.  
Fairbury October 11, 12, 13 and 14,  
Ed P. Smith.

Palmyra October 15, Ed P. Smith.  
Senator Allen's meetings:  
St. Paul, October 4, with Attorney  
General Smyth.

Ord October 5, with Attorney Gen-  
eral Smyth.

Seward October 6, with Meserve.  
Madison October 7, and 9.  
Valentine October 10.

Ainsworth October 11.  
Bassett October 12.  
Burlington October 13.

Arlington October 14, afternoon.  
Blair October 14, night.  
Lyons, October 15, afternoon.

Tekamah October 15, night.

Secretary of State Porter's meet-  
ings:

Lavaca October 6.  
Litchfield October 7.  
Broken Bow October 8.

Alliance October 10.  
Hemingford October 11.  
Crawford October 12.

Chadron October 13.  
Rushville October 14.  
Springview October 15.

State Auditor Cornell and W. B.  
Price meetings:

Schuyler October 6.  
North Bend October 7.  
Fremont October 8.

West Point October 10.  
Pillar October 11.  
Plainview October 12.

Verdigris, October 13.  
Niobrara October 14.  
Norfolk October 15.

C. Vincent, Omaha.  
Texamah October 3.  
Lyons October 4.

Pender October 5.  
Dakota City October 7.  
Ponca October 8.

Allen October 10.  
Randolph October 11.  
Plainview October 12.

O'Neill October 13.  
Ewing October 14.  
Neligh October 15.