

SOMETHING EACH DAY.
Something each day—a smile.
It is not much to give.

SOMETHING EACH DAY—a word.
We cannot know its power:
It grows in fruitfulness.

SOMETHING EACH DAY—a thought.
Unselfish, good and true,
That adds another's need.

SOMETHING EACH DAY—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bond.

The Traumerel.

BY C. JOYCE.

Dear Jack—Tomorrow is the beginning of the world! The banners are planted, the flags are flying, the drums are waiting.

I am here in my old sky parlor on an air line with the moon, my walls striped bare of campaign trophies, the landmarks all destroyed.

The play time is over, Jack. I am a woman now, with all the deers and all the shallows of a woman's soul.

My wedding gown and veil are stretched in state across my couch (I shall look like a pound cake), and I've kissed myself good-bye a dozen times.

The stillness and the darkness were fragrant with the breath of coming rain—have you forgotten how I shivered in the shadows?

That first sweet letter is beside me now. "Oh! Dear, Dear, Dear," you wrote, "a bird with a golden throat is in my heart today."

"Think of it, Jack—the Traumerel—is filled by you. Tonight a star—a great white star—came out and climbed across the west.

A petrified forest, covering an area of 100 square miles, has existed for centuries in Arizona.

Life is a big round apple—but we took our bite too soon.

Communing with the saints has made me clear of sight.

On the whole, I think it has added to my favor.

I never lose my gloves and my shoe strings are always tied now—though I wonder how you'd view my enthusiasm for Welsh rabbit and beer.

Change is the inexorable law of nature. We must go forward or backward; there is no standing still.

After all, I am satisfied with you as you are, though I shall never find you again, any more than I shall find those sweet spring mists when the whole world ended at the mountain top and you and I had no one but each other.

Oh! Jack, I hear your "Strad" is up for sale. For Sale—with all that summer's melodies asleep upon its strings?

Don't laugh. Fats is a scurvy goddess, but I am not vanquished.

My head tomorrow shall wear the glory of the Aurora Borealis—and my feet are capable of doing rag-time up the side.

Tom has no soul for music—he is forty, fat and bald—the Traumerel only gives him a hollow in the stomach.

On the whole, I think I can face tomorrow calmly. (The envy of my bridesmaids spurs me on.)

What if I beat against the bars? That one mad flight into the air only tired me—the width of the sky frightened me.

The world is such a pigmy world to conquer—and yet—and yet—God help me—the Traumerel!

UNDER OZAR'S PATRONAGE. Lace-weaving as Carried on in Russian Cities.

Two Russian women of high social standing are devoting all their energies to the welfare of their sex and are receiving the earnest encouragement of the czar.

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INDIAN IS MALIGNED.

VICES WHICH TODAY ARE ATTRIBUTED TO HIM.

Were Unheard of by Him Before the Advent of the Whites—Was Naturally Kind, Unselfish, Truthful and Sincere—Not Wealth-Worshippers.

Indian character has been greatly maligned, says Maj. John M. Burke, who has made a study of the red men. Treachery, so often charged against them, has no part in their make-up.

The Indian has fought the man who mistreated him, and he has always fought openly. He has been the friend—the unflinching friend—of the man who has been kind to him, and as given evidence that he wished to help him.

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BELOVED, IT IS MORN. Beloved, it is morn! A rodder berry on the thorn.

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"Stock advancing rapidly—strong bull movement—porkchops and preserved bay-barners declining steadily—why, I'm quite a catch!"

"Do you know—scurvy personalities—that you have a denoted pretty sh—le?"

"That isn't my fault." "But if prettiness could be called a fault, then I'd like to shoulder the responsibility and call it my fault—may I?"

"Really, you must have been studying Delphic utterances yourself—I don't comprehend."

"He moved to the lounge, where she was sitting on one end." "Don't, Robert," she said.

"You said that once or twice before, but you didn't really mean it." "Yes, I did—do. Stop!"

"I won't—not until you promise to marry me. We will get along all right—a fat isn't so bad, and a cottage is delightful."

"It sounds nice, and I'm tempted." "Do, dearest; we'd be happy, and you'd never regret it—never."

"I'll think about it—"

"No, you won't. Yes or no, right now!" "Well—yes!"

And late that night, at the front door, she leaned out and said. "Robert, I've changed my mind; it's no."

"I've changed my mind—it's no," she said, and she walked down the street wondering.

"Well, old Chops may die some day—then maybe she'll take me, and she'll have all the money, too. Maybe it's all right, but it's devilish hard now. I hate to see her marry that beast, though."

"Party at the 'none wants you right now, this minute, sir!" said the porter. Robert went to the phone.

"Is that you, Robert?" "Yes; what is it?"

"I just wanted to tell you, I've changed my mind, and I can't bear the idea of losing you, and I'll never eat another porkchop as long as I live, and I'll marry you in the morning before breakfast, and I won't live in a brownstone on the boulevard, if you had it!"

"Well, I'll be da—! All right—thanks—I'll be around at eight in the morning with the preacher, before you change your mind again."

DESTROYS THE CITY TREES. Electricity Is Fatal to Plant Life on Park and Boulevard.

Boston Globe: A distinguished botanist in speaking of plant life in our cities and in local parks argues that it is under ever increasing peril.

"In the first place, there is the matter of noise in all its forms and the vibratory rumblings which go with the various activities of an augmented population.

"It isn't a question of what one wants, in this world, Robert, but what one can get, or is forced to take."

"Say, did he send a certified check this man?" "No one. I saw it was evident that there were great inducements besides his charming and refined personality."

Books Received. Shem, a story of the Captivity, by J. Breckenridge Ellis, author of "In the Days of Jehu," "King Saul," "When David Was King," etc.

The Great Bread Trust, by W. H. Wright; published by the Abbey Press, 114 5th ave., New York.

Government, an Inquiry into the Nature and Functions of the State, by John Sherwin Crosby; published by Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton st., New York.

The City for the People, or the Municipalization of the City Government and of Local Franchises, by Frank Parsons; published by C. F. Taylor, 1520 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

The Old Pike, a History of the National Road, with Incidents, Accidents and Anecdotes Thereon, by Thomas B. Searight; published by the author at Uniontown, Pa.

The Octopus, the Epic of the Wheat, a Story of California, by Frank Norris; published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Our Foes at Home, by Hugh H. Lusk; published by Doubleday, and McClure Co., New York.

Silas Cobb, a Story of Supervision, by Dan B. Stevens; published by Hammond Bros. & Stevens, Fairmont, Neb.

D'R'I and A Tale of Daring Deeds in the Second War with the British, being the memoirs of Colonel Raymond Bell, U. S. A., by Irving Bacheler, author of "Eben Holden"; published by Lathrop Publishing Co., Boston.

George Mason, of Virginia, an Address by Louis H. Machen; published by the author, at Fairfax, Va.

Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable, by Earnest Crosby; published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The Builders' Handbook, a Collection of Facts, Figures and Memoranda about Building; published by the author, A. Roberts, architect, Lincoln, Neb.

Boston Herald: Dumligh—"There's nothing cranky about Mr. Synnex; he's a man of sense, he is!"

Markham—"Flattering." Dumligh—"Not a bit. Folks have been saying that smoking cigarettes weakened the intellect. I asked Mr. Synnex, and he told me to keep right on; it couldn't possibly have an effect on me."

Columbus State Journal: "How d'uz yo' know dat I dun stole yo' watchmilyun, Mistah Brown?" queried Uncle Eph, innocently.

"Because I found where you had left the rinds," replied Mr. Brown.

"Lor' bress me! Yo' shoredy didn't expect me tuh ete dem, too, did yo', Mistah Brown?"

Boer and American Patriot. If our forefathers were true patriots in 1776, then Kruger, Steyn, De Wet, Botha, Delarey and the other fighting Boers are patriots in 1901.

Mr. McKinley on the Tariff. Mr. McKinley was far in advance of his party upon the tariff question.

Ants Annoy at Council Bluffs. While the rest of the country was complaining of mosquitoes, Council Bluffs, Iowa, had its quarrel with ants.

Preacher's Inadvertent Boast. A country clergyman whose custom it was to read his sermons, one Sunday morning forgot his manuscript.

Selects the Shortest Month. On the first day of every February Charles A. Squires, postmaster of Echo, L. I., stops using tobacco for a month.

HEADACHE DR. MILL'S Pain Pills. At all drug stores. 25 Doses 25c.

GALVANIZED TANKS MADE OF HEAVY GALVANIZED STEEL. GALVANIZED STEEL TANKS WILL NOT ROT OR SHRINK OR FALL TO PIECES FROM DRYING OUT.

ROUND TANKS. All sizes. OBLONG TANKS, ROUND ENDS. All sizes. Joints are all bolted and riveted, giving greatest strength and durability.

RED CYPRESS TANKS. All sizes. Made of 1 1/2 inch water red cypress—well seasoned, carefully inspected, with round hoops, adjustable lugs. Flat hoops are always sent unless otherwise specified in order.

STORAGE TANKS. Shipped knocked down. They are set up in shop—so much as possible is done before shipping. Holes are all in right places and everything will go together without trouble.

FARMER'S FRIEND SWEEP FEED MILL. Grinds ear corn, shell corn, oats, and all kinds of small grain. Steel ball bearings. Has improved double cob or ear crusher, and improved grinding rings making it superior to any other make.

THE EXCELSOR PENDULUM WASHER. Patented September 21, 1897. This machine has an improved Pendulum Attachment, which reduces labor 50 per cent, being without a doubt the greatest improvement on washing machines within the last thirty years.

LINCOLN BROADCAST SEEDER. SPECIAL PRICE, \$8.75. Can be attached to any wheeled vehicle. Sows a wide cast equal on both sides of the wagon.

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