

PLAYMATES



Old Ocean, let me spend with you
These autumn days so bright and blue.
For though your beard is white, I see
You're not too old to romp with me.
You play at tag, and try to reach
My feet that fly along the beach.
Then we are soldiers, and you take
The little sand forts that I make.
When in your waves I venture out
Oh, how you tumble me about!
For you are old, but merry, too,
And so I love to play with you.



After Forty Years.

BY D. H. TALMAGE.

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There died not long ago in a certain home for soldiers a certain man who shall here be nameless. He died in his bed at night, with none watching beside him. He left no word. He did not struggle. So nearly did the death calm resting upon him resemble the slumber of life that one of his comrades, a jest upon his lips, shook him by the shoulder in the morning. And then the word went forth that another worn and weary one had passed through the Valley of the Shadow without suffering, and silently the prayer went up, "O Lord, will that as he was taken so also may it be with us."

They buried him with military honors, and then wrote to his mother announcing briefly the facts. They gave no details. And presently a letter written by the faltering hand of age was received.

"Tell me, please," it said, "how my boy died, and let me know what belongings he had."

The answer was necessarily short, there was so little to tell. He had been buried in his only suit of clothes. There was a sum of money, amounting to thirty-six dollars, in a tin box beneath his bunk. In his valise were two shirts, a suit of underwear, two pairs of socks and one brown cotton glove, nothing more.

The official making the inventory contemplated the glove somewhat curiously when he came to it, and scratched his head with the blunt end of his pencil.

"One glove," he said, half aloud. "Evidently a woman's. Wonder how it happened?"

He continued to wonder for several days. Then the matter was explained to him.

A woman, leading by the hand a child, appeared in the commandant's office, seeking information regarding the departed soldier. She was not a relative. Neither was she a friend—at least she had not been a friend. She had known him in his youth. She had seen him march away to the war. She had not seen him since.

The official questioned her guardedly, and learned largely by inference, from her replies that the soldier had been her lover, but that his idea of loyalty had not been her idea of loyalty. They had lived in the borderland between the North and the South. Her father and her brother and another

son also was dead, and her son's wife and she were not in sympathy. The child she held by the hand was her grandchild, her one comfort. She had come to see the soldier who had been faithful to the flag of victory. She had known where he was throughout all the years. She had saved a little money—enough, if eked out by a small pension, to carry two people of sixty to the end of their lives. Would the official be so kind as to call the soldier at once?

The official cleared his throat vigorously and scowled. He always scowled when he had a painful duty to perform. And this woman, with the love of forty years ago intact in her bosom, was so pitiful a spectacle under the circumstances that his conscience was hardly equal to telling the truth. But he was not a man to shirk a duty.

"My dear madam," he said, "I regret to inform you that your friend is dead."

She seemed not to understand at first; but gradually the import of the statement was borne in upon her, and she moaned hopelessly, trembling as the leaf of autumn trembles in the north wind. The official said nothing more. He was waiting for her to speak.

"Did—did he leave anything—anything marked for 'Sarah'?" she asked at last.

"Not anything," replied the official. And then, as gently as he might, he recounted the circumstances attending the soldier's death.

"He went alone," whispered the woman—"alone—O God! But you say he left a glove?" Was it a brown glove, such as women used to wear?"

The official nodded.
"I have the mate to the glove," she announced calmly, the look of weariness and despair coming again to her face. "It is bloodstained and falling apart, but I have preserved it because something here—placing her hand upon her breast—told me that the other would be found some time, and I would know the truth. And I know the truth now."

She raised her eyes, and for an instant her lips moved silently.

"My husband brought it with him when he returned, wounded, from Shiloh. A Union soldier whose name he would never tell me had stood between him and death there, fighting hard against his own people that—the rebel's wife might—not be deprived of her



"Anything marked for Sarah?"

husband. The gloves were mine. He reached out from the ranks and pulled them out of my hand the day he went away to join Grant's army, and I struck him in the face when he did it. One of them he used to stanch the flow of blood from my husband's wound, and then stuffed it into the pocket of my husband's coat, where I found it. The other he kept—forty—years."

She quite broke down at this juncture, and the official essayed to comfort her.

"His mother still lives," he said, and named the place. "If you wish, you may take his things to her."

She readily accepted the commission; but of the meeting between the two women only themselves know.

Where Romance Is Recalled.

The Windsor library is one of the most perfect retreats in all England for a rainy day, says a London newspaper. It has a superb outlook across to Stoke and away to Harrow-on-the-Hill, and as the privileged ladies and gentlemen of the court lol in its cozy chairs, leathered in brilliant scarlet, and rest their books upon its polished ebony tables inlaid with ivory, the spirit of the past—of Anne and the duchess, of Elizabeth and her tiring maids, of Charles II. and Lely's beauties—seem to pervade the fireplace and oreil, alcove and mullion. Little wonder that such a corner became a favorite retreat of Sunday afternoons.

Introduced Christmas Trees.

Empress Frederick, according to the London Daily Chronicle, was the cause of the introduction of Christmas trees into England. Her father, Prince Albert, insisted on having a German Christmas tree with its lights and decorations for his baby daughter in 1840, and the fashion spread quickly.

Perhaps This Writer Knows.

The Lapps, a people of northern Europe, never wash. They abhor water, and from infancy to age their clothing is never changed except when it is worn out. They wear the same garments, made of reindeer skin with the hair next to the flesh, day and night, winter and summer.

Vitality of Typhoid Germs.

Typhoid germs retain their vitality for many weeks; in garden earth, twenty-one days; in silt and sand, eighty-two days; in dust of the street, thirty days; on linen, sixty to seventy days; on wood, thirty-two days; in ice, a year or more.



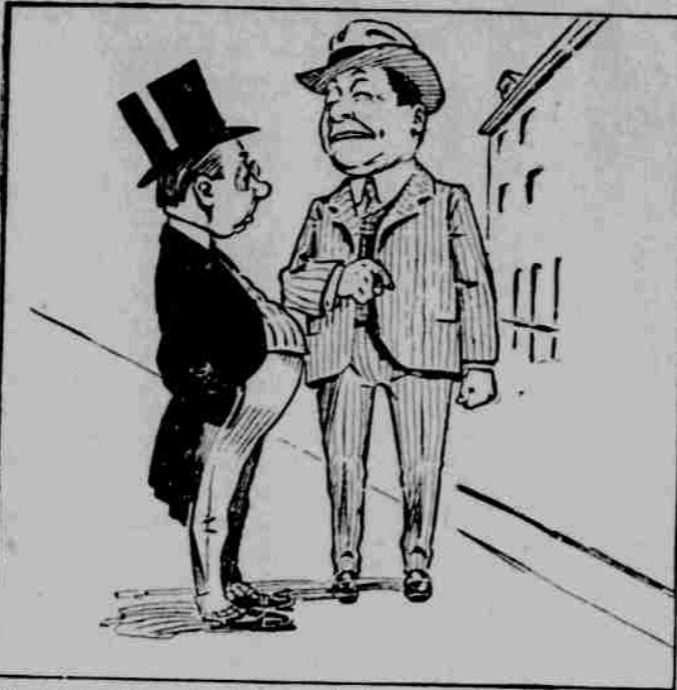
"Evidently a woman's glove."

man had gone out to battle for the South, while this man had remained faithful to the old flag. She had given him to understand plainly that he must choose between the flag and her. And he had chosen with maddening promptness.

The other man had returned from the war, and she had married him. He was sadly crippled, and her pity went out to him, masquerading as love. That was years ago. Her life had not been an unhappy one, she said, although the drawn face, the lack-luster eyes, the drooping shoulders and the dragging footsteps told a story of toil beyond her strength and of devotion forced beyond the promptings of her spirit. Her husband was dead. He had been buried but three days ago. Her only

Pictorial Humor

WANTED TO KNCW.



Soker—I never take a drink during business hours.
Toper—How long have you been out of work?

In the Far West.

"How do you feel?" asked the leader of the mob, after the tar and feathers had been applied in liberal doses.

"Oh, I feel like a bird!" smiled the barnstormer, glancing at the feathers. For such wit they allowed him to write home and tell the folks he was leaving town by the all-rail route.

QUICK WORK.

"You," said the angry customer to the clerk, "said this cloth was fast color, and it faded out within two months after it was made up."

"Well, madam," replied the clerk, "I don't think you ought to have expected it to fade any faster than that!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Great Prosperity.

Stranger—"Are the farmers thrifty down here?"

Crawfoot—"Thrifty ain't no name for it! Why, they put their scarecrows on the railroad track, swear they are hired men and then recover damages for loss of service."

AS HE LIKED IT.



Arizona Pete—What play is on tonight?
Ticket Agent—"As You Like It."
Arizona Pete—Well, give us either de "Black Crook" er sumptin with a train robbery in it.

HE "LUBBED" HIS HONEY.

It is not often that a fond young couple will repeatedly expose themselves to the ridicule of hundreds of people for the pleasure of a kiss, but such is the case with a young man and a young woman who part a few moments before 7 o'clock each morning at Randolph street and Columbia avenue, says the Philadelphia Record. The young man is a tall, handsome fellow, who seems to think there is no prize in the world half so fine as the little woman who clings affectionately to his side.

They invariably stop at the corner for a few moments, chat before parting, and the sad look on both faces is almost enough to break the ice man's heart. When it is nearly time for the whistle to blow the young man takes his darling tenderly in his arms and plants on her pearly lips a long, lingering kiss.

Numerous remarks, such as "Oh, baby," and "Does you lub your honey?" are cast at the couple from the mill windows, but do not seem to affect the young man's nerve in the least. The crowd which assembles to watch the occurrence grows larger each day.

SHABBY TREATMENT.

"So your country relatives didn't treat you well when you went there this summer?"

"No, indeed. It was shabby—perfectly shabby! Why, we had to come home in two weeks, instead of staying six or eight as we intended."

"You don't say!"
"Yes. Why, they had their farm house so full of summer boarders that Frankie and Gracie and Hamie and Willie and I had to go to another place and pay board."—Boston Traveler.

A Pig.

Willie Williams—"Mamma!"
His Mother—"Well, Willie?"
Willie Williams—"Sister Harriet is a pig! She wants the biggest peach of those two you gave us, and I want that for myself!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Quick Sales Expected.

Stubb—"I see the Younger brothers are going to sell tombstones."
Penn—"Hope to goodness I'm not around when they start to create a market."

A DESPERATE MAN.

"No, Gladys McGoogle," he said in his deep and earnest voice, "life with out you would be of little use to me."
"Do you mean you would take the suicide route to escape it?" the fair girl murmured.

"Yes," he answered, "you have guessed it."

"Revolver or rope?"

"Neither."

"Gas, then, or poison?"

He shook his auburn locks and smiled at her baffled air.

"What, then, would you do?"

"Gladys," he slowly answered, "if you refuse my love I will take no chance of failure. I have determined to let a malarious mosquito bite me."

—That fetched her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IMPARTIAL.

Tess—"I never see Miss Spinner out wheeling that Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Sprockett are not with her."

"Jess—Yes, she's got them both on her string. The girls are calling her 'Miss Tandem.'"

"But she rides an individual wheel."
"Yes, but she's a 'bicycle maid for two.'"
—Philadelphia Press.

No Tobacco at Italian Court.

The King and Queen of Italy cannot endure the smell of tobacco, and none of their ladies and gentlemen in waiting are permitted to smoke when doing their turns in service, and no smoking is allowed in the royal apartments. This aversion of the royal couple for tobacco is the more surprising when one recalls the fact that the young queen's mother and sisters all smoke cigarettes, that she was brought up at the Russian court, where smoking by ladies is the rule rather than the exception, and when one remembers how passionately fond of his cigars was the late King Humbert.

The Booming West.

"I was in a little Wisconsin town the other day," said a Boston man recently, "and know of a gentleman who came there with some stock of an eastern concern to dispose of at par. It was good property, to be sure, but in that one small town he sold \$6,000 worth of the stock in less than a half day. The West is far more prosperous this year than last, although last year was looked upon at the time as a record breaker. The railroads are carrying a vast amount of produce to the Orient, and mind what I tell you, our exports by the Pacific coast before many years will equal and surpass our exports from the Atlantic seaboard. Only two or three years ago nobody ever dreamed of a mighty export trade on that side."

She Danced for Charity.

A French woman has invented a new plan for securing contributions to charity. She is a great favorite in her own circle. Recently while staying at a country place near Paris she attended a charity fete. One of her men friends sought her hand for a dance and the lady said: "With pleasure. Twenty francs, please." "I beg your pardon," said the puzzled man. "I had the honor to ask you for a waltz." "To be sure," said mademoiselle. "I thought it was a quadrille. A waltz will be 40 francs." Then she explained that for that evening she was dancing for the poor and her partners must contribute. The other belles took up the idea and the result was a handsome increase in the fund.

A DISTINGUISHED MISSIONARY.

Washington, Ind., Sept. 23d.—There is at present, living at 106 East 15th street in this city, a most remarkable man. He is Rev. C. H. Thompson, and he came to Washington from Little York, Ind., a short time ago.

Rev. Mr. Thompson spent many years of his long and useful life as a missionary among the Indians of the West. The great exposure and the drinking of so much bad water brought on Diabetes, and at Wagoner, Indian Territory, he was struck down while preaching.

Physicians, one of them a Chicago specialist, pronounced his case hopeless. Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended, and as a last resort he tried them. He was completely cured, and restored to good health and his case and its cure has caused a sensation among the physicians.

His Silver Wedding at 80.

Most Reverend Frederick Temple, archbishop of Canterbury, who is 80 years of age, has been celebrating his silver wedding. He was not married until he was 55 years of age, yet he is an excellent specimen of Queen Victoria's favorite type of a bishop and happy family man.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Ants Damage Brick Paving.

A curious menace to brick street paving has come to light in Council Bluffs, Ia. Numerous ants began burrowing into the sand beneath the bricks and removed so much of it to other and unknown quarters that the city engineer was called in to repair the damages. One street was made unfit for travel for several blocks.

Incubator Triplets.

The triplets of Morris J. Cohen, who were sent from New York to Buffalo to be placed in the baby incubators there, are expected home in a few days. The little things not only lived but have more than doubled in weight and are as fine a collection of babies as could be found anywhere. They would undoubtedly have died had it not been for the incubators. The triplets are the first in this country and the second in the world to go through the incubator process.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Won His Wager.

A wager was made by a resident of London that he could cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames. He won the bet by placing the pudding in a tin case and putting the whole in a sack of lime. The heat of the lime, slacking when coming in contact with the water, was sufficient to cook the pudding in two hours.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic. 25c. A bottle for 10c.

"Heart shakes" are splits which radiate from the center to the circumference of a tree.

We thank you for trying Wisard Oil for rheumatism or neuralgia, then you will thank us. Ask your druggist.

Lives on \$90 a Year.

Life on \$9 a year was the experience of A. M. Torrence, chairman of the London county council, when, at the age of 18, his career began in Glasgow. Mr. Torrence made \$90 meet all his needs, and he bought a book or two besides, which he almost learned by heart. He admires punctuality, loves a Scotch song above all things, and tells a Scotch story with no end of "pawky" humor.

Natural Inference.

Stubb—"Our foreign cousin is getting more Americanized every day."
Penn—"Ah?"

Stubb—"Yes; every time he passed a well-paved block in Chicago he asked which city alderman lived there.—EX.

Credit Where Due.

"You have been very successful this year," said the theatrical manager's friend.
"Yes," replied the manager. "I thank my lucky stars for that."