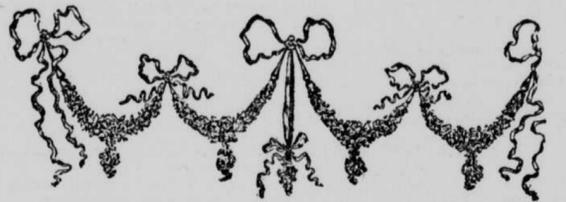


BROTHERHOOD

That plenty but reproaches me
Which leaves my brother bare,
Not wholly glad my heart can be
While his is bowed with care.
If I go free, and sound and stout,
While his poor fetters clank,
Unsatd still, I'll still cry out,
And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty: Thou who Father be
Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That whichever fall,
The other's hand may fall him not—
The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed, I would be clad,
I would be housed and dry,
But if so be my heart be sad—
What benefit have I?
Best be whose shoulders best endure
The load that brings relief,
And best shall be his joy secure
Who shares that joy with grief.
—E. S. Martin.



A Boomerang.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.
(Copyright, 1901, Daily Story Pub. Co.)

When Jared Peters went west to help the country grow up, Rose Hawthorne thought her heart was broken. This was a logical sequence of the firm conviction that she could not live without Jared, which had led her to engage herself to him. In accordance with this fixed idea, she, for a day or two, refused food, and mournfully contemplated the prospect of an early demise.

But an immature mind cannot long dominate a young and healthy physique. On the third day she made several surreptitious visits to the pantry; on the fourth day she dined openly and heartily, and the day after she was startled by the discovery that she had not thought of Jared for several hours.

The Sunday following Jared's departure, she permitted Harold Winter, the son of a wealthy manufacturer from a neighboring city, to accompany her home from church and linger for an hour at the gate; and she was again startled by the discovery that she enjoyed his society quite as much as Jared's.

Then she went upstairs and sat down in the moonlit window to consider. She had all the rules of love at her fingers' ends. She knew that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," that true love never forgets or wavers for the fraction of a second. She was therefore forced to the conclusion that she did not love Jared; that she never had loved him; and the manufacturer's son was allowed to call regularly.

Jared's letters were intensely interesting. The little western town which he had taken under his wing was on a "boom." He had already doubled his small capital and was proceeding to double it again. Rose had all the rules of arithmetic also at her fingers' ends. She knew something of geometrical progression; and having become, in view of her large experience, skeptical in regard to the tender passion, she planned her future operations on a strictly commercial basis. After careful consideration, she decided that a budding Western capitalist in the hand was worth more than a wealthy manufacturer's son in the bush; so she did not break her engagement; and she did not mention Harold in her numerous and entirely satisfactory letters to Jared.

Although his love was false, Jared had one devoted admirer. From the day it was declared that the red-faced mite of humanity called Jared was the image of his grandfather, the old man had found his chief occupation in tracing his own characteristics in the growing boy.

"He's a Peters, every inch of him,"



On the Third Day.

gran'ther would shout when Jared's boyish achievements creditable or otherwise, came to his notice.

Gran'ther Peters had always liked Rose; and of all the girls in the country round, he would have chosen her for Jared. When, therefore, at the age of sixteen, Jared first walked home from church with her, gran'ther returned to the grape arbor and chuckled till he was black in the face. He did all he could to foster the budding romance; and when the engagement

was formally announced, his rapture nearly caused a fit of apoplexy.

When a tattling neighbor brought the news of Rose's double-dealing, the old man flatly refused to believe it; but when with his own eyes, he saw Rose and Harold strolling by, arm in arm, in the dusk, he took to his bed. After two or three days of misery, mental and physical, he arose and spent an entire afternoon in inditing a letter which struck consternation to Jared's soul. It was vague in manner and matter, but he gathered from it some inkling of the truth; and immediately wrote—not to Rose, but to one of her girl friends. By return mail he received a spicy and perhaps not unex-



"I Shall Stand by Jared,"
agitated account of Rose's "carry-
ings on."

Now Jared, absorbed in speculation as he was, had kept a little corner of his heart for Rose; and thought himself a miracle of constancy because he had not allowed another to share it. There were pretty girls in Kansas; and there was one in particular, with wondrous dimples, that he had noticed, just barely noticed, you know—so he made the customary remarks about female perfidy. He wrote Rose a biting letter—and tore it up; for a subtler revenge had occurred to him. He decided that Rose preferred him to Harold—if he succeeded in making money; and he plotted accordingly.

From this date his correspondence took on a dismal hue. The boom was declining; and there were vague hints of pitfalls that ensare the unwary and the inexperienced. Close on the heels of these dire forebodings, followed a rumor that Jared had come home unexpectedly, looking very seedy; and it was surmised, "dead broke."

Friends and neighbors, Rose and Harold among them, promptly gathered on the broad piazza to greet the home comer, and learn the truth of the matter. One glance at the young man's doleful face was enough. Disaster was written on it.

At first he seemed disinclined to talk; but numerous well put queries finally loosened his unwilling tongue. Among the friends Jared made in the west was one who had been born under an unlucky star. He was intelligent and shrewd; but everything he touched turned to ashes. Where others reaped golden harvests, he reaped misfortune, and his affairs became seriously involved. He was too young to know that while there is life there is hope; and one night, Jared, who roomed with him, came home to find his friend stretched on the floor with a bullet through his head, and the empty revolver in his own stiffening right hand.

With the callousness of youth, Jared adapted this young fellow's story to his own uses. Up to the culminating tragedy, he told it as his own, and told it well. He was a clever actor, and fully realized the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

The stage setting was perfect. A rising thunder storm had dyed the summer twilight an inky black; and continual flashes of lightning illuminated Jared's handsome, melancholy face and sombre eyes. He sat opposite his false sweetheart and Harold; and behind him, the old man, white-faced but firm-lipped, glared over his boy's head like a wounded lion.

As Jared's sad, mellow voice died away with a little break—he felt a pang of genuine emotion as he remembered poor Wiley's face with the bullet hole in the forehead—Rose's heart melted. All that was sweet and womanly and good in her untutored soul rose to the surface. She crossed the piazza, and laying her hand on Jared's shoulder, resolutely faced her frowning parents and the chagrined Harold. "I shall stand by Jared," she said, in ringing tones.

Jared started to his feet in dismay. This climax was precisely the opposite of the one he had courted and expected. The face of the dimpled Kansas girl flitted across his memory, and then disappeared forever. The boom-erang he had launched buried itself in his own heart. The two young things who had been playing with the eternal verities of love and death, looked into each other's eyes, and, by the white light of the approaching storm, saw there that which made them afraid and ashamed of what they had been doing—saw the dawn of an everlasting affection—the affection that mocks disaster, and calmly ignores doubters and detractors, as the placid moon ignores the yellow dog that bays it.

Gran'ther's face was convulsed with delight. Tears of joy meandered unheeded down his wrinkled cheeks, as, glaring at the discomfited Harold, he raised his staff and brought it down with a force that split it in twain.

"She's a Peters, every inch of her," he roared. "Leastways, she soon will be."

Rose was somewhat shocked when she learned that Jared's woes were all assumed; and that he had prudently escaped from the collapsing boom with the neat little nest egg of one hundred thousand dollars; but she became reconciled to the situation in time.

"STRICTLY FRESH EGGS."

You Cannot Make Hens Lay When They Don't Want To.

With all that men of science have done to procure for our tables luxuries without regard to season, so that almost we say "there is no season," no one of them has yet succeeded in wheedling a hen into laying her best and biggest eggs at any other season of the year than that at which the primal hen so distinguished herself. There have been many experiments of all kinds tried with regard to hatching chickens and they have all been more or less successful, till the term "spring chicken" has become a misnomer. Or rather there are others beside spring chickens. We have winter chickens, thanks to incubators and brooders and all sorts of appliances, and fall chickens and summer chickens, and chickens in between seasons, which is one of the compensations scattered all through life if we look for them. But the hen plods on in that tiresome unchanging way and looks untouched by all the means that man has invented for hatching her eggs for her, though no one knows just what she thinks. Probably her line of thought takes the stand that you may lead a hen to any kind of artificially warmed and lighter nest, but you cannot make her lay; and cold storage has done much to make us indifferent to the stubborn attitude of the hen. The farmer who doesn't know that he may by the care he takes of his hens influence the manner and kind of eggs they lay for him does not deserve to succeed. Hens like clean, sunny houses, and they like good wholesome food, and in variety. They want a certain amount of corn and meal and they dearly love a flavor of meat in their food. Also they like something in the nature of oyster shells that the shells of the eggs may be up to standard quality. Housekeepers who receive day after day from their grocer eggs of not only a uniform size and of even tinting—either all white or with a tinge of brown—take it as a matter of course, and think perhaps that it is just so in every case. But there are sorters whose business it is to put into cases eggs that "match" in color and size. And they do say that in Boston the brownish eggs have the first call, while in New York the demand is for purest white. It is this demand for uniformity in size and color that induces a poultry farmer to have his hens all of one breed.—Epicure.

Cottage Heirlooms in England.

It is still quite a common experience to find fine and even valuable specimens of old English furniture, chiefly made of oak, in the cottages of the village folk. These pieces of furniture have been handed down from generation to generation of rural folk such as carters, keepers, woodmen and shepherds. How did the family originally come by them? The explanation is this in many cases: Generations ago, when the furniture, which is once again prized greatly, began to go out of fashion and to be superseded by stuff which we view with contempt nowadays, it was sold and farmers bought much of it. But by and by, the farmer being prosperous, and desiring to be in the fashion, too, like his landlord, bought in its place more modern chairs and tables, etc. Then the village folk bought for a song the despised oak chairs, coffers, etc., and now, once again, the old furniture has come into favor and is finding its way back from the cottage to the hall.—London Express.

Queen of Holland's Crown.

The crown which adorns the brow of Queen Wilhelmina is said to have cost £1,500. In 1829 it was stolen by burglars, and for nearly two years remained in their possession, says Home Notes. Some of the stones were eventually discovered in America, and the remainder were recovered from Belgium.

TO FOOLISH MOTHERS.

Some Caustic but Hopeful Remarks from a Kansas Sage.

A girl of sixteen passed the Gazette office this morning dressed to kill, says the Emporia Gazette. She had on red Milliee stockings, patent leather shoes, a \$15 hat, a bustle of great price, a tailor-made skirt, a tucked and frilled shirt waist, and she carried a \$7.50 parasol. Here hair was frizzed and frumped and bedecked and she wore jewels and all manner of stuff that a sixteen-year-old girl has no more business wearing than she has to go naked. One rig is about as vulgar and cheap and tawdry as the other. Of course, the child who is being rushed into womanhood by a fool mother doesn't move in the best crowd of girls and boys of the town. She can't get in. Her father makes plenty of money, but her mother's fool notion of dress bars the child. Another girl passed the street a few minutes after the first girl passed the office. Girl number two is the daughter of a family that counts its wealth with six figures. She wore a simple gingham gown that she made herself, and a pair of plain \$3 shoes. Her hair was done up neatly and simply as a girl's hair should be. There were no rings on her fingers or bells on her toes. She was a pretty, quietly dressed, sweet faced innocent school-girl with her head full of the fine dreams and fancies that come to every girl. Her name is found in the list of those present at the entertainments given at the best homes in town. Her mother is responsible for the child's graces. Her mother keeps her girlish and in doing so the mother retains her youth. She is one of the handsomest women in town. Her face reflects a clean heart. The girl doesn't hear malicious gossip in her home. She doesn't know everything on earth or in hell—which way is here used reverently—and she doesn't gad the streets. She is a good cook, a good housekeeper and has the making of a woman as useful as her mother is. It is all a matter of ideals in this old world. Often people think because a girl doesn't conquer the world as she promised to in her high school essay, that she has forgotten all about it. But when a woman brings up a clean, wholesome family in this generation of vipers she has been reasonably true to herself and her aspirations, even if she doesn't strip the laurel tree for her millinery.

Machines in Agriculture.

In 1855 it required on the average four hours and 34 minutes of the time of a laborer to do the ploughing, harrowing, cultivating, etc., that went to the producing of a bushel of Indian corn, and the price of that laborer was nearly 30 cents on the average. Today machines have changed conditions. Their use has reduced the necessary time of the laborer to about 34 minutes and the cost of it to about 10½ cents. The wages are, however, much better now than in 1855. In 1850 the time required to produce each bushel of wheat was over three hours, it is now about 10 minutes; the cost has been reduced from over 17 cents to about 3 cents. Before the introduction of machines the time devoted to producing each ton of hay was about 3½ hours; it is now 1½ hours. In 1860 the corresponding cost was over \$3; it is now about \$1.29. These and many other comparisons of the sort are to be found in a report by Mr. Holmes printed by the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

Contrast of Temperature.

The British Meteorological Council has just published charts showing the remarkable weather conditions which prevailed over the North Atlantic ocean and adjoining lands in the winter of 1898-99. At sea the weather was extremely boisterous for a period of six weeks, while a great difference of temperature prevailed between the two sides of the ocean. On February 10th the thermometer at Fort Logan, Montana, was 61 degrees below zero, while on the same day at Liege, Belgium, it was 70.5 degrees above zero, a difference of 131.5 degrees, and over extensive regions on two sides of the Atlantic the difference in temperature amounted to 100 degrees.

Color of Butterflies.

Butterflies change their color according to the heat of the atmosphere. This interesting fact has been discovered by M. Sandfuss of Zurich, Switzerland, who subjected 40,000 butterflies of the sun's heat. On one occasion, it being unusually cold in Switzerland, a butterfly common there took on the appearance of a butterfly from Lapland. On the other hand, butterflies which were subjected to a higher degree of solar heat than the normal looked as if they had been born and raised in Corsica or Syria. One result of these novel experiments is the production of butterflies of an entirely new type, some of them being of bewildering beauty.

Countess Was American Widow.

The countess of Stafford retired from society entirely on the death of Queen Victoria, but will resume lavish entertainments as soon as the period of mourning is over. Her ladyship, previous to marrying a title, was the enormously rich widow of Samuel Colgate, a soap manufacturer of New York. The earl was killed by a train in England and his estate went to a brother, the countess having meantime expended a large amount of money in rehabilitating the Stafford family mansions.

MEMBER OF SANDWICH ISLANDS CONGRESS FROM Cured of Catarrh of the Stomach by Pe-ru-na.



CONGRESSMAN R. W. WILCOX,
Delegate to Congress from Hawaii.

Hon. Robert W. Wilcox, Delegate to Congress from Hawaii and the Sandwich Islands, in a recent letter from Washington, D. C., writes: "I have used Pe-ru-na for dyspepsia and I cheerfully give you this testimonial. Am satisfied if it is used properly it will be of great benefit to our people. I can conscientiously recommend it to anyone who is suffering with stomach or catarrhal troubles."
—R. W. Wilcox.

All over this country are hundreds of

people who are suffering from catarrh of the stomach who are wasting precious time, and enduring needless suffering. The remedies they try only temporarily palliate the distress, but never effect a cure. Remedies for dyspepsia have multiplied so rapidly that they are becoming as numerous as the leaves of the forest, and yet dyspepsia continues to flourish in spite of them all. If there is a remedy in the whole range of medicinal preparations that is in every particular adapted to dyspepsia, that remedy is Pe-ru-na. This remedy is well nigh invincible in these cases.

Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O., says: "In my large practice and correspondence I have yet to learn of a single case of atonic dyspepsia which has not either been greatly benefited or cured by Pe-ru-na."

No one suffering with catarrh of the stomach or dyspepsia, however slight, can be well or happy. It is the cause of so many distressing symptoms that it is a most dreaded disease. Pe-ru-na acts immediately on the seat of the trouble, the inflamed mucous membranes lining the stomach and a lasting cure is effected.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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