

Spider-Web.

A slender filament is yon
Bright bit of gossamer whereon
The sunlit spider swings—what if he fall?
A couch of grass is all.

A daring architect, he lays
His skilful courses on my ways—
But see how idly! For with one light
blow
I lay his rafters low.

Yet he'll go building still, as I,
Whose castles oft in ruins lie.
Begin and spin anew my filament
By some vast Being rent.

Mayhap, because I choose to lay
My daring rafters on His way,
He sweeps His vexed forehead with a
frown
And strikes my castles down!
—Atlantic Monthly.

LIFE'S PUPPET'S.

By LOUIS J. STELLMAN.

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It was past midnight—long past it, though not yet dawn. But the two men who sat in the winerom of the little all night cafe did not know it and did not care.

One drank incessantly and mechanically from a brown bottle, but his eyes were bright and clear—and hard, with the steely hardness of him who laughs and hides a wound. The other wreathed himself in great white clouds of smoke, tilting his chin now and then to blow a thin white stream upwards through his teeth and half-closed lips, with an artistic precision, as though the process involved his entire and concentrated thought.



"I wonder how long it will take," spoke the first, holding his glass aloft to let the light shine through. "They say it kills—this stuff I'm drinking. Bah! It might—a fool. It doesn't even dull my senses. They say a drunken man is happy. He sings; he cries or laughs—and then he sleeps, like some besotted beast. I cannot do these things. I can see nothing but her dead face—and feel that she is gone; that my heart is gone—my soul—everything. And yet I live and ache. I move about just as I used to do. Men speak to me as usual. They do not see the change." He laughed—you would have sworn it was some merry libe. "It's funny, Gregory, isn't it?"

His companion paused to flick the ash from his cigar before replying.

"In a way it's funny, yes," he answered. "There is a comical side to everything, even this. A grim humor, I'll grant, but humor nevertheless. Your wife is dead. You want her back—and God won't let you have her. You've always had your way with your wealth and that magnificent brain of yours, which whisky cannot dull; with your magnetism, your strength and that beauty a god might envy. And now you're thwarted for the first time—that's what hurts you, Edward. You have had all things, always, and now one is taken away. You think your heart is dead. It isn't. It's sound and well and capable of many loves. But a new experience has come into your life—defeat. You will never be quite the same again, for resignation—surrender—works a mighty change in such as you. But the humor of it all lies in your babbling of a broken heart. Yes, it is funny."

"Go on," said Edward, "read it through."

wherein the difference lay between me and my fellows. All about me were the things for which I craved—human love and the sympathy of understanding. They were beautiful to me—the sun, the wine, the music of my life. They grew within my soul and made me glad—only to see them—but they only added to the hunger which I dared not show. Sometimes, Edward, when no one else is by, every fibre of my being cries aloud for the touch of a woman's hand, the look of trust, the tender message, the many little things which other men possess, but which have never come to me. No one but you will ever know this. You at least have tried to understand me—you and Margaret, who is dead. I tell you this because I loved her—perhaps you ought to know although she never guessed it. I loved her better than the soul within me—than God himself. Not with the passion which drives men mad, but with that deeper feeling which is repressed and throbs in mighty silence through every thought and purpose while life lasts."

"What can you know of human hearts; of love or grief—you, to whom all men and women are but so much flesh and blood? You analyze them as a chemist divides some substance into elementary parts—or dissect them by a sort of mental surgery. We have always been comrades after a fashion, Gregory, but I never understood you like other men."

"No," said the other sadly, "that has been my curse—to mask my real self from all the world. I've been a sort of emotional detective. I've pried into the hearts of men and women, to see them beat for others—never for myself. Since childhood I have craved for love and understanding. Never has it come. They said: 'He is a strange boy; so different from the rest.' I felt myself an outcast

member? The quiet man, whose face was placid and whose heart was full of unshed tears. He talked of commonplace events and tried to hide his real nature from me with light words—a nature so grand, so beautiful, so rich in finer things, it thrilled my being with celestial melodies. You did not know. And he—he thought me but a foolish girl, who could not understand.

"Thank God, my husband, that he was honorable—or that he did not see. For, had he bidden me I should have fallen at his feet. I should, mayhap, have brought dishonor to your name, for love like this is greater than the things of earth. You brought him many times to me, and, after he had gone, I tossed about and grappled with my duty and my soul, lest I should follow him and beg that he might take me in his arms for one brief moment and then to let me die.

"They were terrible, those battles in the night. They sapped my strength until you thought me ill. If you could ever know the struggle that it cost to greet him then, again, with smiling face—to still the beating of my heart and play the friend as I have done with other men; if you could only guess the fierce, wild agony of that unspoken love—you would not blame me for this deed, nor for unfaithfulness in thought to you. And, for my sake, you must not blame him, either. He did not know it, and it is no fault of his that women love him. God made it so. Try to understand him better, Edward. Look beneath the surface and you will love him, too.

"Good-bye, my husband. Do not sorrow for this little life of mine—so frail and full of faults that it was but a burden to your own. Seek out some other woman, more worthy and more grateful than myself, and think of me sometimes as one who tried to do her duty, but failed because she was weak. Good-bye, God bless and make you happy always."



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"MARGARET."

Science in Business.

In a recent issue of the journal of the British Society of Arts some striking examples of the effect of the use of science in German factories are given. In 1840 154,000 tons of beet root were crushed, from which 8,000 tons of raw sugar were produced—about 5.12 per cent. In 1860 1,500,000 tons were treated, and produced 128,000 tons of sugar—8 per cent. Last year 12,000,000 tons were crushed and yielded 1,500,000 tons of raw sugar—13 per cent. This increase of quantity, as well as percentage of product is due entirely to scientific treatment. The production of dry colors, chemicals and dyes in Germany shows a corresponding increase in production and dividend-paying capacity, which is due to the constant maintenance of laboratories or trained scientists, whose only purpose is to improve and cheapen processes.

New York Women's Clubs.

The New York Ladies' Club, now nonexistent, was the most exclusive in the metropolis. Its initiation fee was but \$20, and the annual dues amounted to \$30. It costs \$25 to join Sorosis, while something like \$33 will pay the dues and for the various breakfasts and dinners, says *Ainslee's Magazine*. You can become a patroness of a fashionable hospital or a life member of almost any old thing for \$100. At the newly quartered Woman's Club in New York, dining and writing rooms, dressing rooms and attendant maids, sleeping rooms, where for \$1 you may put up for the night; lockers, where a change of clothing may be kept; telephone, telegraph and messenger service, Turkish and Russian baths, with a trained nurse—all these are obtainable with annual dues of but \$15.

A Dreamer.

I keep a-sayin' to myself—when summer's sixtin' so:
"T'd like to down yonder, where the honeysuckle grow;
I'd like to find the meadows, with the daisies, cool an' deep;
An' have the w'nds an' whippoorwills to sing my soul to sleep!"

An' yet, when I was with 'em—in the shadown of the pines,
Where the hummin' bird was browsin' in the mornin' glory vines,
I was evermore a-sayin', in the lone-some day and night:
"T'd like to be up yonder, where the city shines so bright!"

It's still the same old feelin'—the restlessness that seems
To keep the soul a-movin' on for realize its dreams!
An' when we realize 'em, an' reach the highest hill,
We're losin' for the valley, an' we're old-time dreamers still.
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Compliment to Beaconsfield.

In connection with the action of Secretary Hay in the matter of the Jews of Roumania, it may be pointed out that it was mainly owing to the influence of Lord Beaconsfield that the treaty of Berlin was made to include stipulations in his favor. It was Beaconsfield's skillful diplomacy in favor of the Jews which was uppermost in the mind of Bismarck when, at one of his "parliamentary soirees," he was asked by one of his guests whom he deemed to be the ablest plenipotentiary at the congress of Berlin. "Well," replied the chancellor, "I don't care to say who was the ablest, but I am quite certain that the second ablest was Lord Beaconsfield."

Books Economically Circulated.

At the Philadelphia free library books are circulated more economically than in any other library in the world, it is said. The cost is 7 cents a volume.

It takes "rocks" to make a man solid

People who waste their own time always want to waste everybody else's.

Storekeepers report that the extra quantity, together with the superior quality, of Defiance Starch makes it next to impossible to sell any other brand.

Don't cry over spilled milk. Ice cream is just as good this season.

THE ST. PAUL CALENDAR FOR 1903

Six sheets 10x15 inches, of beautiful reproductions, in colors, of pastel drawings by Bryson, is now ready for distribution and will be mailed on receipt of twenty-five (25) cents—coin or stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

The best woman on earth is the combination of "perfect lady" and "perfect gentleman."

FITS permanently cured. No fitter nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Most women-haters are floor-walkers in department stores.

POTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

There are few faces that can afford not to smile occasionally.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

Equality is a pipe-dream. Fig-leaf costumes have had their day.

Some people's lack of sense is more conspicuous than their lack of dollars.

Years of suffering relieved in a night. Itching piles yield at once to the curative properties of Doan's Ointment. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

A man may gush over a woman, or vice versa, but the gushing is seldom mutual.

WHEN YOU BUY STARCH buy Defiance and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

Some men spend half their lives in making a reputation and the other half in trying to live it down.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, balance 1/2 crop till paid. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

It sometimes happens that a married man dislikes to visit people who try to make him feel at home.

WHAT TO SEE IN NEW YORK.

The New York Press on the New Show Places in New York.

What are New York's show places? It would be right hard to enumerate them on short notice. Perhaps the following question and answer may appeal to some: Resident to New Arrival—"Now tell me what you would especially like to see." New Arrival—"Oh, just show me New York." I think that very good. But it is no easy matter to show New York. To our list of show places, whatever they may be, we must add the new waiting room at the Grand Central Station. When strangers go there they cry "Enchanting!" "Grand!" "Palatial!" "Purliest thing I ever saw!" "Finest thing in the world!" "Ain't it splendid!" etc. Mr. Daniels has reason for the new elasticity in his step.—"On the Tip of the Tongue" in the New York Press.

Many women never turn to plety until after they have exhausted "the world, the flesh and the devil."



A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing a child involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly. She cannot help it, as her condition is due to suffering and shattered nerves caused by some derangement of the uterine system with backache, headache, and all kinds of pain, and she is on the verge of nervous prostration.

When a mother finds that she cannot be calm and quiet with her children, she may be sure that her condition needs attention, and she cannot do better than to take **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**. This medicine will build up her system, strengthen her nerves, and enable her to calmly handle a disobedient child without a scene. The children will soon realize the difference, and seeing their mother quiet, will themselves become quiet.

Mrs. May Brown, of Chicago, Ill., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Honor to whom honor is due, and you deserve both the thanks and honor of the mothers of America whom you have so blessedly helped and benefited. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I would feel run-down, nervous and irritable, or have any of the aches and pains which but few women escape, and I have found that it relieved me at once and gave me new strength. Several ladies, members of our Literary Union, speak in the highest praise of your Vegetable Compound, as they have been cured from serious female troubles. One lady, who thought she must submit to an operation, was cured without using anything in the world but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. You have hosts of friends in Chicago, and if you came to visit our city we would delight to do you honor. Gratefully yours,—Mrs. MAY BROWN, 57 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Mrs. McKinny.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and let you know the good you and your Vegetable Compound are doing. I had been sick ever since my first baby was born, and at the birth of my second, my doctor, as well as myself thought I should never live through it. After that menstruation never came regular, and when it came I suffered terribly. I also had womb and ovarian trouble. A friend of my husband's advised him to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. At first I had no faith in it, but now nothing could induce me to be without it. Menstruation has become regular, and I feel like a new woman. Your medicine is a God-send to suffering women. I hope this letter will lead others to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours truly, Mrs. MILDRED MCKINNY, 28 Pearl St., San Francisco, Cal." (March 16, 1901).

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. Address is Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and her advice is always helpful.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—**Syrup of Figs**—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—**Syrup of Figs**.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.