

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! therefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toll—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O Life! is all thy song!
"Endure and—die!"
—Bryan Waller Procter.

WHEN THE BREAD ROW CAME OUT.

By W. CALVER MOORE.

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"Put dat nickel on de bread row; flat."
"What, Billie! You goin' up against the wheel again?"
"Yes, I got a straight steer for it, sure. Dreamed about bread last night and see a big pile of it at de baker's dis mornin'."

It was not the first time he had played policy. The waf of the streets begins to indulge in this form of gambling at an early age, and Billie was one of those little city sparrows whose origin is more or less clouded in obscurity. He had been taken to raise by an Irish washerwoman who had succumbed to a too strenuous life when her protege was still a very small boy.

Billie did not become a public charge. He started out in life by selling newspapers for the other boys, and it was not long before he had his own bundle and was able to get along very well for a newsboy. With the same charitable spirit which had been such a pronounced trait of his foster mother, he had undertaken a trust. One of his competitors met with an accident which rendered him a helpless cripple. When Ben was brought back from the hospital Billie said he could "sell for both," and so the thing was settled. He had succeeded in "selling for both" so well that he was able to lay by a little money, occasionally, and his bundle had grown to very comfortable proportions.

Billie's savings were not the accumulations of an embryo miser. The doctor had said that Ben must have a brace for his back and Billie hoped to have enough money to buy one at Christmas.

In the evening Billie would carry his friend Ben from their garret room to the play street.

The boys had become great favorites with the players, and also with Jack Burk, who was the proprietor of the place. Burk was a little dark-skinned Irishman with a big grey mustache and the inevitable swagger that accompanies prosperity.

Billie had a period of bad luck. Newspapers did not sell as readily as they should have, and day followed day without an addition being made to his hoard. The brace seemed farther off than ever when he had a sudden inspiration. He would "go up against the wheel." A few "hits" would give him all the money he needed. Then came the dream.

He would have been entitled to receive five dollars if his numbers had appeared among those drawn that evening. But his numbers did not appear and the next day he staked five cents in the morning and the same amount again in the evening with no greater success. He continued to play twice daily until the winning of five dollars which he had only reimbursed him for a portion of his stakes; then he increased the amount of the stake to ten dollars. The possible profit on this stake was almost absorbed, and the amount rose from ten to fifteen, and then to twenty, and from twenty to twenty-five. Billie became restless.

The weeks passed by rapidly. He was not as sturdy as he had been. It was becoming more and more difficult



Billie had a period of bad luck. To carry his charge down to the street. Sometimes he brought food to Ben and sat quietly while it was eaten. He "didn't feel hungry," or he had "eaten his on the way up." If Billie went to bed hungry, then nobody but Billie was to be any the wiser. As the pile of savings dwindled away, his habit of "eating it on the way up" increased proportionately. The hungry maw of Policy was ever open and required food almost as often as Ben; as for himself, well—This condition of things could not continue for-

ever. There is a limit even to the physical endurance of a newsboy. Billie's absence was quickly noticed by the older players. "Where's Billie gone?" asked one of them one evening.

"Oh, he's sick," answered a young fellow who was busily chewing tobacco and spitting at regular intervals.

"You been running his play?" asked the first questioner.

"Yes, I was just goin' to take the slip up to him when you asked."

"What's the matter with him, anyhow?"



"Then I got a hundred!" Billie shrieked.

"Dunno. Just kind of fagged out and weak like a sick cat. Don't think he'll ever live to see it come out."

"Been starvin' himself to make his play, like as not."

"What? Takin' a play from a sick kid?" asked a man who felt jubilant over the winning of a few dollars.

"Next thing it'll be like Sallie Wiggins, who played the rent row till she hadn't no money left for rent, and got put in the street the day afore it come out."

This anecdote appealed to his hearers, who joined in a loud guffaw. All except Burk. Burk, who laughed at anything and everything, dropped his cigar and followed the young man who had gone into the shop.

"Say, Mack, what's all this about Billie?"

"Why, he's sick and I've been running his play for him, Burkie."

"How heavy is the kid playing?"

"Half a dollar flat."

"The deuce you say! Well, I'll be blowed."

The young fellow opened his eyes and muttered his astonishment under his breath. It was not the profanity that caused his surprise. No, it was the expression on his employer's face, and he could see no reason why Burk should "go daft at a half dollar flat."

"Mack, I guess I'll go up and see the kid, myself."

The dusty stairs creaked out their misery, as Burk climbed to the top floor of the tenement house. One of the women told him that nothing more could be done for Billie, and there was a lump in his throat as he entered the dingy little room.

"Why, it's Burkie! Hello, Burkie! How are they knocking you?" called Billie.

Jack Burk was "Burkie" to every one, but the friendly tone in which the nick name was uttered, the note of welcome and pleased surprise from his victim, made that lump in his throat grow larger and more obstinate. He crossed over to the bed and sat down. Billie feebly reached out his hand, Burk took it and then released it with a shudder. Could that little bunch of bones, such thin bones, really be the hand of a boy? His eyes became accustomed to the half light, and he saw that the hand was that of a little skeleton-like creature who had, without doubt, been Billie, the newsboy.

"Well, Billie, they ain't doin' a whole lot, that is, not many of them ain't."

"Somebody make a hit?" asked Billie, seeing the implication.

"Yes, you hit me, and hit me heavy, too."

"What! I hit you?"

"You was playin' the bread row, wasn't you?"

"Yes," cried Billie, excitedly. "I knew it would come out. Here's me play. Fifty flat."

"It's more than come out," said Burk, who was not going to underact his part, "it's come out in both wheels."

"Both wheels! Then I git a hundred!" Billie shrieked. His eyes bulged with the surprise of it all, and

he rose to a sitting posture, but the exertion was too much and he sank back with a gasp.

"Yes, you git a hundred. I brought you the money."

Burk counted out one hundred dollars from the roll that fairly made the eyes of the boys water. There was a suspicious moisture in his own eyes. Water? Perhaps. Billie ran his hands lovingly over the money and then handed it to Ben.

"You can git de brace now. I guess I won't last long, but you can git de brace, anyhow."

The lump seemed to be rising again. So it had all been for the sake of the little cripple. Burk was suffering as he had never suffered before. Rum had dulled the edge of other sorrow, but this was the kind of a thing that would last. The little, pinched face of Billie, the newsboy, would haunt his dreams forever; would rise up between him and policy—yes, now was the time to close the shop.

"Did you bring a slip so I could see the numbers?"

Billie's voice was weaker and the room seemed to be growing darker and darker. The gnawing pain had left him and he felt very comfortable and drowsy—oh, so drowsy.

"No, I forgot it," said Burk, pretending to search in his pocket, "I'll bring you one in the morning."

"Yes—in—the morning," said Billie, "in—the morning."

When morning came it found the little cripple sitting sadly by the bed. He would get the brace for his poor, weak back, but his friend was gone, and the roll of green paper in his hand seemed to mean so little after all.

KNOW HE COULD REACH IT.

Wonderful Nerve of a Player in a University Baseball Team.

Some five years ago a group of college men, in which were many members of the Yale and Princeton baseball teams, was discussing the game of the next day, which was to decide the championship. "Sluggie" Kelly, the hardest hitter on the Jersey nine, predicted in the course of the conversation, that he would get a home run in the coming game. The Yale pitcher turned toward him and asked how certain he was of that home run. Kelly replied that he was sure to the extent of \$5,000 and the Yale pitcher remarked that he was convinced of the opposite to a like degree the two players shook hands on the wager and went home to bed. During the first eight innings Kelly came to the bat five times and five times he got his base on balls, the Yale man taking care to send in no ball that Kelly could touch.

When the "slugger" came to the bat in the last half of the ninth there were two men out and an eager tiger was hovering off first base. Kelly knew that it was his last chance to hit the ball and as the first ball pitched came flying down far to one side of the plate the "slugger" stepped away across the rubber and his bat met the ball with a sharp crack. The next second the broken bat was lying on the ground and Kelly was flying around the diamond. He reached home with the winning run about a second before the ball landed in the catcher's hands, and as he brushed the dust from his shirt he calmly remarked: "I knew I could do it."

Without entering into the question of the morality of betting, that sort of spirit is what is needed to-day by the man who wants to accomplish something. Not the conceit of the man who deludes himself with a magnified picture of his own abilities, but the calm certainty of the one who knows what he can do and intends to do it. The world trusts the man who trusts himself.

Their Thirteenth Quarrel.

They had been married three months and were having their thirteenth quarrel—an unlucky number, by the way.

"You only married me for my money," he said, with exceeding bitterness.

"I didn't do anything of the kind," she retorted.

"Well, you didn't marry me because you loved me."

"I know I didn't."

"In heaven's name, what did you marry me for, then?" he cried in despair, for he had not expected this.

"Just to make that hateful Kate Scott you were engaged to cry her eyes out because she had to give you up and see me get you."

He fell down on the white bear rug at her feet and rolled over on it until he looked like an animated snowball.

"Great Caesar, woman!" he shrieked, "what have you done? Why, I married you just because she threw me over."

And by the time dinner was ready their sweet young hearts were once more so full of sunshine that awnings were absolutely necessary.—Stray Stories.

Autumn Twilight.

The low wind sounds a million drowsy lutes.

The yellowing sunlight on the hillside falls;

Alone, aloud, one lingering robin flutters

And from the elm our golden oriole calls.

This is the season that she loved of old

Saying with darkened eyes that Autumn turned

Her homesick heart out past the evening gold,

Sadly to some old home for which she yearned.

Gray hills and Norland homes!—perhaps 'twas best

From her own home she had not long to wait;

O evening stars that waken in the west

O happier worlds, came she your way too late?

—Arthur J. Stringer in Ainslee's Magazine

Slender talks through the copper-lead's mouth.

It must take a lot of sand to enable a grocer to sell sugar below cost.

Superior quality and extra quantity must win. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

Put-it-Off waits to dance until he hears the partridge drum.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

The young crow thinks its mother the finest singer in the woods.

INSIST ON GETTING IT.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. Defiance starch for same money.

Every time a great man does anything along comes some little man who claims to have advised him.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

At the moment of his birth every man has a brilliant future before him—and it usually remains there.

THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED IT

will use no other. Defiance Cold Water Starch has no equal in Quantity or Quality—16 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

If a rooster were as big as his crow a whole family could dine on one for two weeks.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE,

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Though the gas meter never fails to register it has no vote.

Catarh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine. It is prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh. Send for testimonials, free.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There is more murder in a jug of firewater than in a barrel of tomahawks.

Half Rates.

Plus \$2.00, one way or round trip via Wabash Railroad. Tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month to many points south and southeast. Aside from this tickets are on sale to all the winter resorts of the south at greatly reduced rates. The Wabash is the shortest, quickest and best line for St. Louis and all points south and southeast. Ask your nearest ticket agent to route you via the Wabash.

For rates, folders and all information call at Wabash corner, 2601 Farnam St., Omaha, or address,

HARRY E. MOORES,

Gen. Pass. Agt. Dept., Omaha, Neb.

Enough whiskey is made in Kentucky every day to float a steamship—but, of course, it never gets a chance to do it.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The paleface is not satisfied with the seas for fences.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and Treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 921 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Some men's heads are so soft that a shadow from a brick wall produces a serious impression.



I Did Not Feel That I Could Walk

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with thankfulness I write that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been of the greatest help to me. My work keeps me standing on my feet all day and the hours are long. Some months ago it didn't seem as though I could stand it. I would get so dreadfully tired and my back ached so I wanted to scream with the pain. When I got home at night I was so worn out I had to go right to bed, and I was terribly blue and downhearted. I was irregular and the flow was scanty, and I was pale and had no appetite. I told a girl friend who was taking your medicine how I felt, and she said I ought to take it too. So I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and commenced to take it. It helped me right off. After the first few doses menstruation started and was fuller than for some time. It seemed to lift a load off me. My back stopped aching and I felt brighter than I had for months. I took three bottles in all. Now I never have an ache or pain, and I go out after work and have a good time. I am regular and strong and am thankful to you for the change. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound whenever I hear of a girl suffering, for I know how hard it is to work when you feel so sick."—Miss MAMIE KEIRNS, 553 9th Ave., New York City.

Women should not fail to profit by the experiences of these women; just as surely as they were cured of the troubles enumerated in their letters, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure others who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, irregular and painful menstruation, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

Miss Amanda T. Petterson, Box 131, Atwater, Minn., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM.—I hope that you will publish this testimonial so that it may reach others and let them know about your wonderful medicine.

"Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was troubled with the worst kind of fainting spells. The blood would rush to my head, was very nervous and always felt tired, had dark circles around eyes.

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am entirely cured. I had taken doctor's medicine for many years but it did me no good.

"Please accept my thanks for this most excellent medicine which is able to restore health to suffering women."

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.

\$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 helpful 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.