

"SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."

Hear the steady, steady tramp
Of the myriad of feet,
As they patter on the damp
Stony pavement of the street,
Just a constant patter, patter,
And a never-ending clatter,
As the people who are going and the people
Who are coming meet;
Rushing hither, rushing thither in the dust
and glare and heat,
Rushing here and rushing there,
Chasing phantoms in the air,
Are the worn and weary people who are
tramping in the street.

Hear the gentle pit-a-pat
Of the little maid of three;
Underneath the lachrymose hat,
Dimpled, rosy cheeks has she;
While a dozen little others,
Little sisters, little brothers,
Fresh as mosses over which are cooling
waters running free,
Pink and white and sweet as roses—sweet
as any bloom may be,
Running here and running there,
Chasing phantoms in the air,
Are the dozen little others and the little
maid of three.

Hear the steady step and slow,
And the humming of a song,
As the lovers come and go
In the tumult of the throng;
And a dozen little bubbles
Float upon their seas of troubles,
As the lovers with a method, their mean-
derings prolong,
As the lovers' steps are mingled with the
rapid steps and strong,
Still the lovers loiter there,
Building castles in the air,
As the lovers' steps are mingled with the
phantom chasing throng.

Hear the rapid steps and strong,
Hear the steps of widest scope,
Which to earnest men belong,
Thrilled by fear and thrilled by hope;
In the mad-strum ever busy,
Whirling, swirling, growing dizzy,
Like the seaman in the whirlpool, clinging
to the knotted rope,
Jostling, jerring, fighting, fearing neither
sun nor the Pope,
Fighting here and fighting there,
Chasing phantoms in the air,
Some are winning, others losing—losing
everything but hope.

Hear the step that falters by,
Hear the clanking of the cane;
Feeble steps and feeble eye,
Weary heart and weary brain;
But the all-propelling passion,
In this throng and din of fashion,
Keeps the weakened form a-grasping for
the things he cannot gain,
Keeps the weakened muscles rigid, while
his hopes are being slain,
And he totters here and there,
Chasing phantoms in the air,
And he chases fleeing phantoms—chasing
phantoms with his care.

Hear the steps of old and young,
Hear the steps of grave and gay,
Firm and feeble steps a-ting,
Others in the passion play,
Here and there are bands a-playing,
Hither, thither, footsteps straying;
All is toil and all is tumult, disappointment
holds the sway;
Some are winning, some are losing—just so
runs the world away,
All are rushing here and there,
Chasing phantoms in the air,
And we say, and say it truly—"Just so
runs the world away."

—Soucie G. Riddle, in Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

The Atonement.
By Helen F. Huntington.

THE hot, still day had dark-
ened to a sultry, windless
night when a young couple
drew rein before the Half-
way House. There was a
sound of revelry within when Norris
drew back the door and led the way
through the long hall, obstructed by
kags and chairs, to the little back par-
lor where occasional lady travelers
were served with such fare as the place
afforded. The cloth on the table was
dingy and creased; a fly-fan creaked
rustily in its slow revolutions, and a
fat plunk note beat against the chimney
of the oil lamp and finally dropped into
the flame with a sizzle of burning
grease that took away the remnant of
Eleanor's waning appetite. She leaned
back in her chair to listen to the music
of piano and viola, which kept well
ahead of the shuffling feet scurrying to
and fro in the dance hall.

"Sounds oddly familiar," she mur-
mured.
"Eastern airs usually circle out here
in the course of two or three years,"
Norris remarked, uncorking the fizzing
soda.

"They sound wonderfully sweet 'way
out here, even the dullest of them," the
girl answered, with a hint of lening.
"Oh, come, Eleanor, you're never get-
ting homesick at this late hour!" Norris
laughed. But something in his voice
made her look searchingly at his stud-
iously averted face.

"You have something to tell me, Nor-
ris," she said, suddenly leaning forward
and touching his hand.
"Why, as a matter of fact, I have,"
he answered placidly. "But first drink
your coffee. You look tired out."

"Something that will hurt me?" she
persisted.
"Well, not personally, I hope. Drink
your coffee, please, then I'll tell you."

She drained the bitter, lukewarm
draught subsilensively, then pushed
aside her plate, and folding both hands
over the edge of the table, leaned to-
ward him expectantly.

"Well," he began, "there was an ac-
cident here last night. A man got in
a row with a Mexican puncher, who
knifed him pretty badly. Seems that
the wounded man is from the East. I
found that he knew some people we
know, among them Jack Grands."

"Yes. Go on. Something about Jack,
isn't it?"
"Well, yes. He did speak of Jack's
hard luck. Eleanor, does that man still
stand in my light?"

A curious change came over her face,
a look which Norris, who thought he
knew her every emotion, had never
seen there before.

"Does he, Eleanor?" he persisted, qui-
etly, but doggedly.
"No, Norris, thank God, no," she an-
swered in a voice that hurt him cruelly.
"He is only the shadow of the man that
once stood in your light."

"Yet you once loved him more than
you care for me?"
"Yes—I loved him even more than I
love you—and he slighted and wounded
my love." She paused and searched
his eyes, which were very gentle and
also very grave.

"Norris, you know a lot about life,
but you'll never in the world believe
what that awakening cost me!" There
were tears in her voice, but her eyes
were hard and bright as polished stone.
"But that is all past and done with
now."

"Forever. What have you to tell me
about Jack?"
"He is here in this house, hurt.
Strange to say, he recognized me at
once last night. He asked for you,
and that is why I brought you here;
because it seemed heartless to deny a
dying man."

They met the surgeon at the door of
the sick-room. "He is still under the
influence of morphia," he informed
them briefly. "I'll leave his door ajar.
When he wakes you can go in."

Norris stepped softly within the bare
little lean-to where the yellow candle
flame diffused a pallid glow on the face
of the man who had once stood in his
light. It was a very young face and
singularly handsome in spite of its
deathly pallor and its deep shadows of
pain and weariness. Norris knew his
rival's history intimately—his reckless
good-fellowship, the intemperance and
weaknesses which had made him un-
worthy of Eleanor's love. Even then,
in the presence of death, it hurt him to
know that she had once loved him ab-
solutely.

The sleeper felt the presence beside
him, but he did not open his eyes until
Norris had returned to Eleanor, still
leaving the door ajar, so that he heard
her question and the man's answer.

"Will he live long?" asked Eleanor.
"Not longer than to-night," Norris
told her calmly yet not without honest
regret.

"Norris, if he should die not knowing
that I still cared enough to come to him
at this hour it would hurt me as long
as I live."

"Would it, Eleanor?" Norris asked
tonelessly. "Ah, the pity of it! You
still care, even knowing him to be un-
worthy, knowing that he never cared
enough to keep himself from uncleans-
ness for your sake."

"Don't, Norris!" she implored, in a
voice that brought a rush of tears to
the wounded man's eyes.

For a few seconds there was no
sound to be heard, then the silence was
broken by a woman's sob and a man's
contrite plea for forgiveness.

"It hurts me to know that you still
care," said the low, pained voice of
Norris.

"No, no, Norris, you mistake," she
protested pitiously. "I don't care in
that way. But now that he is dying—
I cannot forget all that he has been to
me."

"I understand. You want him to
know—to comfort his last hour. Eleanor,
if I were dying, one word of love from
you would save me. It would bring me
back from the dead!"

To Jack, listening hungrily, her love
had never seemed so sweet. It seemed
now that nothing in the world could
recompense him for the loss of that
love which he had so recklessly squan-
dered with the blind prodigality of in-
consequent youth. Yet honor was not
dead within him. All the heroism
prisoner under the dress of worldliness
and self-indulgence rose up to
strengthen his silent vow of atonement,
the resolve to yield to that other man
the love which was his by right of
worth.

Presently Eleanor heard a slight move-
ment in the sickroom, and went quickly
to the door. Norris followed her quiet-
ly and took his place beside her while
she leaned over the bed to look at the
pallid face which revived the memory
of a love that needed but an awaken-
ing touch to set it free. Suddenly
Eleanor stooped and taking his face be-
tween her hands kissed his lips.

A great sweetness came into Jack's
face, a peace and radiance unspeakable,
which reflected itself in Eleanor's tear-
less eyes. Norris squared his shoulders
against the wall and looked down at
them silently, unseeing, for it seemed
to him that tangible things had sud-
denly slipped away from him, leaving
him at the brink of nothingness, with
these two looking down at him from the
brink of some far-off haven of
bliss. At last Jack's voice brought
him back to life with a start of agon-
ized recollection.

"I wanted so much to see you," he
was saying, very slowly and earnestly.
"We were such good friends in the old
days, weren't we, Eleanor? I want to
ask a service of you, something that
I would not trust to any one else. Will
you write a letter for me before I die—
to the woman I love?"

Eleanor's head lifted, and her face
grew whiter than before, but the look
of tenderness did not fade from her
eyes. "Yes, Jack," she answered brave-

**ly, with an unquarrelable tremor of
her low voice.**

"If I die, I want her to know what
she has been to me. I was never quite
sure about her until—lately. Tell her
how it is with me. They say there is
always hope to the very last, and if I
live—"

"If you live!" Eleanor repeated in a
strange voice. "Jack, shall I ask her
to come to you?"
"No. She is not free to come."
"Married?" Eleanor whispered.

Jack nodded. "But I know that she
once loved me. Tell her that if I live,
the memory of her love will help me
to become the man she once believed
me to be and that it will keep me
strong and pure as long as I live."

There was a long silence, then Eleanor
rose from the seat she had taken beside
him, and at the same time the surgeon
returned. He put his hand on Jack's
wrist and smiled.

"Good!" he approved. "You're doing
well. Picked up tremendously during
the last half hour. Nothing much to
worry about now but the loss of blood.
I think, by the way, that these young
people had better leave you for the
present, because I want you to put in
the next twenty-four hours in a
straight sleep."

Eleanor paused outside the door and
turned to look at Norris. "He didn't
me her address," she murmured.
"Never mind about that," said he
buoyantly. "Jack will live to write his
own letter."

"Norris," she began in a voice that
trembled slightly. "Everything has
turned out so much better than we
could have arranged it. I am glad for
his sake that the other woman exists."
"And for mine," Norris put in impu-
lively.

Suddenly she smiled, this time with-
out bitterness or pain, and put her
hands on his shoulders. "Norris," she
said, "you are the dearest fellow in the
world."—New York Times.

The Power of Hot Lava.

Streams of water are often obliterated
by walls of lava 100 feet thick,
and sometimes inland mountain lakes
are almost immediately formed by
blocking up the water in this way.
Walls of hot lava have melted down
rocks and small peaks that have stood
in their way. They have also pre-
served almost intact ordinary articles
and converted other things into totally
different substances. When the lava
stream overwhelmed the town of Terre
del Greco in 1794 the glass panes of
the windows in the houses were turned
into transparent stony substances,
while articles of brass, copper, silver
and iron were completely rearranged
in their structural formation and actu-
ally sublimed and refined of all base
metals. Sometimes torrents of water
and mud pour forth from the volcanoes
instead of molten rock or lava, and ar-
ticles in nature are preserved in these
streams better than in the lava beds.

The streams of mud lava are generally
quicker in their movements than the
heavier mass of molten rocks, and they
work destruction of an appalling na-
ture, but they cover the country with a
substance which makes plant life
thrive instead of turning the land into
a barren, rocky waste. A torrent of
mud lava poured forth from Vesuvius
in 1622 and overwhelmed the villages
of Ottajano and Massa, burying houses
and inhabitants in its quick flood. On
the surface of this stream of mud vege-
tation quickly sprang up and flour-
ished and the site of the villages was
soon a scene of rich vegetable life. Sev-
eral of the volcanoes in Java pour
down streams of mud lava at periodic
intervals, and in the Andes there are
several volcanoes which inundate the
country with the same kind of material.—New York Times.

The Housefly Short Lived.

The housefly and blue bottle fly, the
bane of the housekeeper, are short
lived at best. The excitement of es-
caping extermination, and rearing their
young rounds out an existence of twenty-
four hours. Nature, in appreciation
of their short career, has provided
them with compound eyes, which see
about on all sides, a marvelously acute
sense and a facility of flight which is
the aggravation of him who dozes at
noonday and who tries to catch that
one fly. When autumn comes the
death knell of millions of flies has
sounded. They make no preparation
for winter. The majority die, and their
insignificant bodies are blown away
by the passing breeze. A few hardy
survivors linger in cracks in the walls,
creep under the door frames or in crev-
ices in the woodwork. It is probable
that eggs are laid, larvae hatched and
other flies creep from the metamor-
phosed maggots during the winter. But
some naturalists assert that the few
lingering flies are the parents of the
multitude that appear in the warm
days of June. The eggs they lay are
numberless.

Something New in Endless Chain.

The latest form of the endless chain,
is that devised by a contributor to the
English newspapers who incloses with
his articles a polite letter and two
dozen stamps. If the article is found
to be unsuitable he wishes the editor
to use one of the stamps in forwarding
it, with the letter and remaining
stamps, to the next on a list of twenty-
four other editors, who is requested to
do the same, and so on until stamps
and editors are equally exhausted.

Beginning and End.

A certain gilded youth, serious-
ly smitten by the charm and grace of a
demure-looking country damsel, ven-
tured to remark: "How I wish you
would give me that ring upon your
finger. It exactly resembles my love
for you—it has no end." "Excuse me,
sir," replied the fair one, "I think I
will keep it, for it is also emblematic
of my love for you—it has no begin-
ning."

A WOMAN IN KENTUCKY.

**She Now Has More Legal Rights Than
Her Husband.**

Through an opinion handed down in a
divorce suit by Judge Toney of
Louisville, Kentuckians, including the
legislators who adopted the measure,
realize the revolutionary force of the
statute recently adopted. The com-
mon law is abolished.

It is true that under the enactment
the man and wife are still one, but it
is obvious that it is the wife who is
the ruling authority. As the judge ex-
presses it "the gray mare is the better
horse."

If she have an estate and he none
he is a mere pensioner on her bounty
and may be kicked off the premises.
On the other hand, if he have property
it is mainly hers.

The judge mentions a wife of wealth
who is sailing on the Mediterranean
in her yacht and whose Louisville
mansion is in the care of servants,
while the husband is in the county
almshouse.

Although the wife in every case is
entirely independent of the husband
in the control of her property, he is
responsible not only for her debts,
but also for any fines which may be
imposed upon her and for damages
in any slander or other legal action
against her.

While the husband "is not entitled
to her personal property, nor to her
rents, nor her earnings, nor anything
which is hers, he is not even allowed
to give her a mild Blackstonian chas-
tisement to keep her in a good humor,"
deftly declares the judge, who is
obviously appalled and mortified by
the situation.

For many years it has been only in
Kentucky and some other southern
states that the views of the Old Tes-
tament patriarchs and of the early
church have continued to be venerated.
With the sweeping away of the
common law in that section the hus-
band ceases to be anything more than
a source of revenue, in a legal sense.—
Philadelphia Record.

HOW SEABROOKE SAVED MONEY

**Good Advice That Friend Wired
Singing Comedian.**

A good joke was played on Mr. Sea-
brooke, who is singing in "A Chinese
Honeymoon." A friend in New York
telegraphed Seabrooke as follows: "Be
sure and play Solitaire Tuesday."

The comedian isn't a horseman, but
he does not object to wagering his
week's salary if he has a reasonable
assurance that he can double it. So
he left word with the call boy to get
him out early that he might "play
Solitaire" at the best odds. In the
course of the early morning Mr. Sea-
brooke was called and he went blithe-
ly forth to find a bookmaker who
wished to be put out of the business.
From place to place he trudged, from
tipster to tipster he went, inquiring
the possibility of placing a bet on Soli-
taire. But none knew the horse, and
all denied that such an animal was
scheduled to take part in the day's
races. So after considerable trudging
Mr. Seabrooke returned to his hotel,
mystified. Finally he decided to tele-
graph his friend:

"There ain't no Solitaire," he wired,
humorously.

The reply read: "You don't know
the answer. I told you to play soli-
taire to-day so you wouldn't go to the
races and lose your money."

An Irish Heart.

Take innocence and candor and a love
for every right,
And mix them together with a goodly
share of fight—
And add a dash of pathos and of sym-
pathy a share,
And equal parts of faith in God and
fervor in the prayer,
And charity's sweet emblem might be
tucked in there to show
That hope is ever resplendent in a soft,
ecstatic glow.
Then label it with courage and a sense
of wit and fun,
Nor be ashamed to claim it nor to stand
by what you've done;
But simply pour in humor of the brilliant,
wholesome kind,
And all the loved ingredients of healthy,
human mind,
And set it on a pedestal of onyx grand
and white,
And then call all the people in to witness
while you write
This fond and true inscription, taken
from life's every part:
"This is, dear friends, a common thing—
'tis just an Irish heart."
—From the Gael.

Salmon-Catching Centers.

The six chief salmon-catching cen-
ters on the Pacific coast, in the order
of the quantity of fish packed (in
1901) are Alaska, Puget sound (British
Columbia), the Columbia river, the
Oregon coast, the Washington coast
and the California rivers. About four-
fifths of the entire catch was in Amer-
ican waters, one-fifth in Canadian. For
their extent and importance—the an-
nual product now being worth over
\$20,000,000, employing an army of men
and millions of capital—the Pacific
salmon fisheries are of surprisingly re-
cent development. Like every indus-
try in the Northwest, they have seem-
ingly sprung into importance over-
night—yesterday nothing, today a
business of worldwide recognition.—
June Century.

His Sensations.

The big six-footer had wisely re-
frained from going to teas, but his so-
ciety friend had at last induced him
to attend one of these functions. On
their way home the society friend
talked enthusiastically of the event
and asked: "Didn't you enjoy it after
all, old man?"
"Enjoy it!" said the other. "Do you
know when I found my big self in a
corner, surrounded by seven or eight
women, with a teacup like a thimble
in one of my huge paws and a wafer
the size of a quarter in the other, I
felt like a sperm whale trying to
crochet."—New York Times

10wa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash.
bals. 10 1/2 crop till paid. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.
The centiped doesn't mind a little
thing like having one foot in the
grave.
If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes
use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 3 oz.
package, 5 cents.
Any man with moth-eaten ideas nat-
urally wants to air his opinions.



**Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur
Art Association, tells young women what to
do to avoid pain and suffering caused by
female troubles.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—Miss GULA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will certainly cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all; and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be "just as good" as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for no other medicine for female ills has made so many actual cures.

How Another Young Sufferer Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must write and tell you what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered terribly every month at time of menstruation, and was not able to work. My medicine has cured me of my trouble. I felt relieved after taking one bottle. I know of no medicine as good as yours for female troubles."—Miss EDITH CROSS, 169 Water Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Remember, Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free, and all sick women are foolish if they do not ask for it. No other person has such vast experience, and has helped so many women. Write to-day.

\$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.

Monument to Arthur.

The dedication of a monument to be erected at the birthplace of President Chester Alan Arthur, in Fairfield, Vt., by the state of Vermont, will occur some day during the month of July, the precise day not having been fixed. The speakers will be Robert T. Lincoln of Chicago, ex-Senator William E. Chandler of New Hampshire, his secretary of the navy, and others. The arrangements are in the hands of ex-Governor W. W. Stickney.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

Present tragedy makes fine future comedy.

The woman who dislikes men never gives an entirely satisfactory reason therefor.

\$36.00 per M. Lewis' "Single Binder," straight 5c cigar, costs more than other brands, but this price gives the dealer a fair profit—and the smoker a better cigar. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Dealing with Artist Whistler.

James McNeill Whistler's portrait of Carlyle is owned by the corporation of Glasgow. Shortly after it was finished a committee from the corporation visited Mr. Whistler, intending to purchase the wonderful painting. They wanted to know about the price, which the artist had announced as 1,000 guineas. "Didn't you know the price before you came here?" asked Whistler, blandly. "Oh, yes, we knew, but—" "Then let's talk about something else," interrupted Whistler. The canny Scots bought the picture and trust them—got a bargain.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. pack 25c, 5 cents.

Slavery drinks weed, and freedom water.

Slavery drinks weed, and freedom water.

A loan shark sticketh far closer than any brother that ever came down the pike.

Any man who picks another man's pocket is almost mean enough to write an anonymous letter.