

**HAPPINESS.**

**The Difference Between the Sexes In This Important State.**

One source of women's happiness is to be found, we think, in their love of detail. They enjoy every detail of social life. They love the minutiae of their work. They do not love it as a man loves his, for the sake of an end. They look close at what they are doing, and they do not look forward. They take pleasure in their children as they are. A defect, even though it be a serious one, destroys their pleasure in them far less than it destroys that of a man. They are not constantly oppressed by the thought of what that defect will mean in the future. If a woman is by nature apprehensive her fears apply for the most part to little things. If a man is apprehensive he fears when the fit is upon him the debacle of heaven and earth. For women time goes a little slower. They take pleasure in each jewel of that mosaic which makes up happiness and are not fretted because the pattern is not complete. Of this quality they have, no doubt, the inevitable defects—much brilliance, little grasp and a tendency to frivolity. They are apt to fritter away their lives and minds on little things. They become engrossed with the details of play as well as the details of work. Men no doubt have more opportunities of keen pleasure than women have, but these opportunities are short lived. The happiness of the moment they are less fitted to take. The difference between the sexes in this particular might, we believe, be thus summed up: A man is happy whenever he has anything to make him happy, but a woman is happy whenever she has nothing to make her unhappy.—London Spectator.

**SHELLS THAT SWIM.**

**These Peculiar Fish Are Mostly Confined to Tropical Seas.**

The idea of shells being found anywhere else except upon the seaboard or in river beds is a little startling. Yet the naturalist who pursues his work from a ship in midocean can and does collect shells by the thousand at every dip of his net or bucket.

Swimming shellfish are mostly confined to tropical seas. The most familiar is the nautilus, which is, however, not a shellfish at all, but a near relation of the cuttlefish; also it is only seen on the surface at a certain time of the year. The real ocean shellfish are mostly very small. In the Indian ocean they may be seen by millions. One which bears the appalling name of Cavolinia trispinosa has the odd peculiarity of coming to the surface at 6 sharp every evening. Another, the Cleodora tridentata, rises at 7.

Frail as these tiny shellfish are, no storm ever injures them. They all possess the peculiar power of being able at will to sink a few feet below the surface of the sea, and there they remain when gales blow, perfectly safe, and rise again when the weather improves.

The largest of these ocean swimmers is about three inches in length. Almost all are most brilliant in color and their shells far frazier and more glossy than those found upon the seaboard.

**Puzzling Measures.**

Wheat is sold in Great Britain in twenty different ways—by the quarter, comb, load, boll, bushel, barrel, hundredweight, cental, windle and bobbet. Further confusion is also caused by the fact that the bushel of wheat varies from sixty-two pounds at Birmingham, Gloucester and Taunton, to eighty pounds at Monmouth and Abercromby, while at Aberystwyth it is sixty-five pounds. Similarly, the boll weighs three imperial bushels at Newcastle, four throughout Scotland, six at Berwick, 264 pounds at Glasgow and 240 pounds at Hamilton. A quarter measures 496 pounds in country districts and 504 pounds in London.—London Milling.

**Unique Advertising.**

A tale is told of Robert Bonner and of his belief in advertising. One day he engaged a whole page of a newspaper and repeated a two line advertisement upon it over and over again. It must have been repeated 5,000 times upon the page in the smallest type.

"Why do you waste your money, Robert?" asked a friend. "I noticed that same line so often. Would not half a page have answered your purpose?"

"Half a page would never have caused you to ask the question," replied Mr. Bonner. "At least five people will ask that to every line was the way I figured it."

**Opening His Hand.**

William Penn was once urging a man he knew to stop drinking to excess when the man suddenly asked, "Can you tell me of an easy way to do it?" "Yes," Penn replied readily; "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that," the man explained, "and I will promise up on my honor to do as you tell me." "Well, my friend," Penn answered, "whenever thee finds a glass of liquor in thy hand open that hand before the glass touches thy lips, and thee will never drink to excess again."

**The Masquerader**

(Continued from Page Three.)

session of my reason, the full knowledge of my own capacities. The man you have known in the last three weeks, the man you have imagined in the last four years, is a shadow, an unreality—a weakness in human form. There is a new Chilcote—if you will only see him."

Eve was trembling as he ceased; her face was flushed; there was a strange brightness in her eyes. She was moved beyond herself.

"But the other you—the old you?" "You must be patient." He looked down into the fire. "Times like the last three weeks will come again—must come again; they are inevitable. When they do come, you must shut your eyes—you must blind yourself. You must ignore them—and me. Is it a compact?" He still avoided her eyes.

She turned to him quietly. "Yes—if you wish it," she said, below her breath.

He was conscious of her glance, but he dared not meet it. He felt sick at the part he was playing, yet he held to it tenaciously.

"I wonder if you could do what few men and fewer women are capable of?" he asked at last. "I wonder if you could learn to live in the present?" He lifted his head slowly and met her eyes. "This is an—experiment," he went on. "And, like all experiments, it has good phases and bad. When the bad phases come round I—I want



"No, I haven't got the right."

you to tell yourself that you are not altogether alone in your unhappiness—that I am suffering too—in another way."

There was silence when he had spoken, and for a space it seemed that Eve would make no response. Then the last surprise in a day of surprises came to him. With a slight stir, a slight, quick rustle of skirts, she stepped forward and laid her hand in his.

The gesture was simple and very sweet. Her eyes were soft and full of light as she raised her face to his, her lips parted in unconscious appeal.

There is no surrender so seductive as the surrender of a proud woman. Loder's blood stirred, the undeniable suggestion of the moment thrilled and disconcerted him in a tumult of thought. Honor, duty, principle, rose in a triple barrier; but honor, duty and principle are but words to a headstrong man. The full significance of his position came to him as it had never come before. His hand closed on hers; he bent toward her, his pulses beating unevenly.

"Eve?" he said. Then at the sound of his voice he suddenly hesitated. It was the voice of a man who has forgotten everything but his own existence.

For an instant he stayed motionless. Then very quietly he drew away from her, releasing her hands.

"No," he said. "No, I haven't got the right."

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

THAT night for almost the first time since he had adopted his dual role Loder slept ill. He was not a man over whom imagination held any powerful sway. His doubts and misgivings seldom ran to speculation upon future possibilities. Nevertheless, the fact that, consciously or unconsciously, he had adopted a new attitude toward Eve came home to him with unpleasant force during the hours of darkness, and long before the first hint of daylight had slipped through the heavy window curtains he had arranged a plan of action—a plan wherein, by the simple method of altogether avoiding her, he might soothe his own conscience and safeguard Chilcote's domestic interests.

It was a satisfactory if a somewhat negative arrangement, and he rose next morning with a feeling that things had begun to shape themselves. But chance sometimes has a disconcerting knack of forestalling even our best planned schemes. He dressed slowly and de-

scended to his solitary breakfast with the pleasant sensation of having put last night out of consideration by the turning over of a new leaf, but scarcely had he opened Chilcote's letters, scarcely had he taken a cursory glance at the morning's newspaper than it was borne in upon him that not only a new leaf, but a whole sheaf of new leaves, had been turned in his prospects by a hand infinitely more powerful and arbitrary than his own. He realized within the space of a few moments that the leisure Eve might have enjoyed, the leisure he might have been tempted to devote to her, was no longer his to dispose of, being already demanded of him from a quarter that allowed of no refusal.

For the first rumbling of the political earthquake that was to shake the country made itself audible beyond denial on that morning of March 27 when the news spread through England that, in view of the disorganized state of the Persian army and the shah's consequent inability to suppress the open insurrection of the border tribes in the northeastern districts of Meshed, Persia, with a great show of magnanimity, had come to the rescue by dispatching a large armed force from her military station at Merv across the Persian frontier to the seat of the disturbance.

To many hundreds of Englishmen who read their papers on that morning this announcement conveyed but little. That there is such a country as Persia we all know, that English interests predominate in the south and Russian interests in the north we have all superficially understood from childhood, but in this knowledge, coupled with the fact that Persia is comfortably far away, we are apt to rest content. It is only to the eyes that see through long distance glasses, the minds that regard the present as nothing more or less than an inevitable link joining the future to the past, that this distant, debatable land stands out in its true political significance.

To the average reader of news the statement of Russia's move seemed scarcely more important than had the first report of the border risings in January, but to the men who had watched the growth of the disturbance it came charged with portentous meaning. Through the entire ranks of the opposition, from Fraide himself downward, it caused a thrill of expectation—that peculiar prophetic sensation that every politician has experienced at some moment of his career.

In no member of his party did this feeling strike deeper root than in Loder. Imbued with a lifelong interest in the eastern question, specially equipped by personal knowledge to hold and proclaim an opinion upon Persian affairs, he read the signs and portents with instinctive insight. Seated at Chilcote's table, surrounded by Chilcote's letters and papers, he forgot the breakfast that was slowly growing cold, forgot the interests and dangers, personal or pleasurable, of the night before, while his mental eyes persistently conjured up the map of Persia, traveling with steady deliberation from Merv to Meshed, from Meshed to Herat, from Herat to the empire of India! For it was not the fact that the Hazaras had risen against the shah that had captured the thinking mind, nor was it the fact that Russian and not Persian troops were destined to subdue them, but the deeply important consideration that an armed Russian force had crossed the frontier and was encamped within twenty miles of Meshed—Meshed, upon which covetous Russian eyes have rested ever since the days of Peter the Great.

So Loder's thoughts ran as he read and reread the news from the varying political standpoints, and so they continued to run when, some hours later, an urgent telephone message from the St. George's Gazette asked him to call at Lakey's office.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Shaw Urges Church Union.**  
Chicago, Feb. 20.—Secretary of the Treasury Shaw was the guest of honor at a banquet of the Interdenominational Social Union of Chicago. The gathering was composed of representatives of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Baptist churches. Secretary Shaw delivered the principal address, urging that the organization of the union be made permanent.

It is only because each man is so different from his fellows that we are able to endure one another's company.—Florida Times.

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of  
**INFANTS CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**  
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER  
Pumpkin Seed -  
Aloes -  
Rochelle Salt -  
Sassafras -  
Peppermint -  
El Carbamate Soda -  
Warm Seed -  
Clarified Sugar -  
Rhubarb -  
Flavor  
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.  
Fac Simile Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**NEW YORK.**  
At 6 months old  
**35 Doses - 35 CENTS**  
**EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.**

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**Dragging Down Pains**  
are a symptom of the most serious trouble which can attack a woman, viz: falling of the womb. With this, generally, comes irregular and painful periods, weakening drains, backache, headache, nervousness, dizziness, irritability, tired feeling, etc. The cure is  
**WINE OF Cardui**  
The Female Regulator  
that wonderful, curative, vegetable extract, which exerts such a marvelous, strengthening influence, on all female organs. Cardui relieves pain and regulates the menses. It is a sure and permanent cure for all female complaints.  
At all druggists and dealers in \$1.00 bottles.  
"I SUFFERED AWFUL PAIN in my womb and ovaries," writes Mrs. Naomi Baker, of Webster Grove, Mo., "also in my right and left sides, and my menses were very painful and irregular. Since taking Cardui I feel like a new woman and do not suffer as I did. It is the best medicine I ever took."

**CATARRH**  
**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
CURES COLD IN HEAD  
ROSE-COLD  
HAY-FEVER  
50 CTS. HEADACHE  
DEAFNESS  
ELY BROS. NEW YORK  
**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
This Remedy is a Specific, Sure to Give Satisfaction. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE  
It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.  
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

**INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM CURBED IN 8 DAYS**  
Morton L. Hill, of Lebanon Ind., says: "My wife had Inflammatory Rheumatism in every muscle and joint; her suffering was terrific and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried the Myotic Cure for Rheumatism. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by H. E. Grice Druggist, Red Cloud.  
**A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.**  
Itching, blind, bleeding, protruding piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50 cents.

**THE ORIGINAL BEE'S**  
Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.  
**LAXATIVE**  
No Opium, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.  
**COUGH SYRUP**  
CONTAINS HONEY AND TAR  
All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels and contains no opiates.  
**HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets**  
A Busy Medicine for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Painful Urine. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

**Pine-ules**  
The medicinal virtues of the crude gums and resins obtained from the Native Pine have been recognized by the medical profession for centuries. Pine-ules contain the virtues of the Native Pine that are of value in relieving Backache, Kidney, Blood, Bladder and Rheumatic Troubles.  
**BACK-ACHE**  
GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED. A DOSE AT BED TIME WILL USUALLY RELIEVE THE MOST SEVERE CASE BEFORE MORNING.  
FOR SALE BY HENRY COOK

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**  
Cures Grip in Two Days.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every box. 25c.  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *Chas. H. Fletcher*