

MR. ROYDON'S BRIDE

By Nancy Cavanaugh.

CAN'T REALIZE IT! And, what's more, I don't think I ever shall. If it wasn't for the ring on the third finger of my left hand, I should certainly think I had been asleep and dreaming.

How did it all happen? That's an easy question to ask, but a hard one to answer. People always used to say, from my girlhood up, that Penny Lihaven was born to be an old maid. I wasn't a pretty child. My eyes were too big, and my hair grew too low on my forehead, and there was a shallow look about my skin. And then I had a way of always putting things away and tidying up rooms after other people, and my trunks and bureau drawers were neat as wax, and I couldn't bear to see anything in the way of carelessness or disorder; so the people would look at me and laugh, and say: "Oh, she'll be an old maid, as sure as fate."

I used to cry sometimes to myself, all about it; but no one else knew how I felt about the matter. Roydon Grey was the most merciful tease of them all. I was always afraid of him when we went to Sunday school together, for he used to hide behind the doors and pounce out at me, and throw stones at my pet kitten, and call me names, and twist me with my pug nose and big eyes. My unlucky name, too, was a source of aggravation on his part.

"You'll be an old maid, Pen," he would say. "Nobody with such a name as Penelope ever got married." I hated Roy Grey, and yet there was something about the boy I couldn't help liking; after all, I could not forget that when I had the scarlet fever, and lay at death's door, Roydon sat under my window, and I heard him say, the first day I sat up in a big easy chair: "Well, I'm not sorry that Pen is better. She's a queer little concern, but I should have missed her if she had died."

I was just fifteen when he went away to Venezuela, and he told me the night before he sailed, that "he did think I was the queerest girl of my age he had seen—in fact, nothing less than a fright!" I burst out crying at the not particularly courteous criticism.

"I am glad you are going away," I cried, impetuously. "So am I," said Roy, indifferently. "There are monkeys there, and I dare say they have got faces much like yours."

That was our parting. Dear me, how little we fancied then that it would be twenty years before we saw each other again.

I was an old maid in good earnest when Roy came back. They say no woman passes the age of twenty-five without receiving at least one offer of marriage, but I believe I was an exception to that rule—I never had an offer. All the girls who had grown up at my side married, and became blooming wives and happy mothers; but Pen Lihaven remained unsought and unwooed.

It used to mortify me dreadfully un-



TWIT ME WITH MY PUG NOSE, till I got to be thirty, and then by degrees I left off caring for it, and made up my mind to be as happy as I could all by myself. So, as my near relations were all dead, and I had a tolerably snug little sum to fall back upon, I took a pretty little cottage, and had my niece, Edith Lonsdale, to live with me, for Edith was pretty and penniless, and I felt as if Providence meant me to stand in the place of a mother to that poor, motherless child.

She was seventeen, and as pretty as the freshest rose in all my garden. Tall and slim, with deep blue eyes, hair like heaven's sunshine, and a complexion all pink and white, you loved to look at her just as you loved to look at a flower or a statue, or any other beautiful thing.

"You'll be married some of these days, Edith," I said to her, "for you're too pretty to be left long with the lonely old maid, and then I shall be, oh! so busy and so happy, helping you to furnish your house, and make up your pretty wedding things."

We were sitting on our little porch in the summer evening twilight, my niece and I, when a tall, straight figure came up the walk, and I looked wonderingly to see who it was. With hair black as a raven's wing, skin bronzed by years of sun and exposure, features straight and clearly cut, and eyes in whose dark, mirthful glimmer there lingered a strangely familiar light, he stood there smiling down into my face.

"Is this Glen Cottage?" he asked, with the utmost gravity. "Yes, sir," I answered, "but—" "Don't you remember me, Pen Lihaven? Don't you remember Roydon Grey?"

And then, sure enough, I did remember the boy who had gone away twenty odd years before.

Well, he had made his fortune in Venezuela, in the gold mines of that

country, and came back to enjoy it among his friends. Ah! to think that there were so few left! Of course we had a great deal to say to one another, and a thousand and one questions to ask; and, as I don't claim to have anything of the saint in my composition, I don't deny that it did make me feel just a little hard when I saw him sit down by Edith Lonsdale and talk to her, and look into her honest blue eyes, before I had half told him what had happened in the village during the dreary years of his absence. But the feeling didn't last long.

"It's natural enough, I'm sure," I reasoned with myself, "and only what I ought to expect. She is as pretty as a picture, and now, if Roy will fall in love with her, I can be just as happy in their happiness as if it had come to me—the blessing of a good man's love."

So I persuaded myself; yet it was a little hard to feel myself shut out from all the beauty and sweetness of a woman's natural lot. I think I never felt the bitterness of being an old maid quite so acutely as I did that night, when Roydon had gone to the village inn, and Edith lay sleeping on the pillow at my side, and the scent of the honeysuckles came wafting in at every stir of the dewy night breeze.

Well, he came often to our house, and I used to make all sorts of little excuses to leave him with Edith, while I went up stairs to sit by myself and weave little threads of romance in and out of the meshes of my fancy knitting.

One day Roydon Grey came to me, for young Burnham had called, and was chatting with Edith, and I dare say Roy thought I looked lonely with my work in the hall.

"Pen," said he, "what do you think I am going to do?"

A dim idea he was going to make me his confidante flitted across my mind. "I don't know," I said, smiling. "What is it, Roy?"

"I'm going to return the old house. It looks dim and dusky and old-fashioned now; and I want it to be fresh and sunny and winsome. Will you help me with your advice and counsel?"

Of course I promised; and for the next two or three weeks we were as busy as bees.

"We mustn't let her know what we are about," he said that night, with a motion of his head toward Edith.

"Oh, no, to be sure not," I answered; "it would spoil the surprise."

How pretty we did make the old place! Every room was like a casket ready to receive a jewel; the bright carpets glowed in bouquets and mosses and trailing arabesques of Persian brightness, all over the floor; the windows were draped with neat and tasteful shades; the pictures on the walls seemed prospective of tropic sunsets and soft Alpine moons; while every vase and stand and bookcase was arranged as I knew Edith would like it.

"Roy," said I, guardedly, the afternoon that our work of transformation was complete, and we stood congratulating each other on our successful endeavors—for up to this time I had been very discreet, and asked no questions—"when shall the queen of this enchanted realm take possession of her fairy bower? In other words—and I could not help laughing at his puzzled look—"when shall you be married?"

"So you have guessed it, you demure little Oedipus?"

"Yes, I have guessed it."

"Well, what do you think would be an auspicious time?"

"Let me see; this is July. Why don't you say the first of August?"

"The first of August be it then," he assented. "You are sure there is everything here you can possibly think of?"

"Yes, everything."

"Because," he went on, "when you come here to live—"

"Am I to live here?" I asked. "But, Roy, perhaps she wouldn't like it."

"She? Who is she?" he inquired. "Why, Edith, to be sure."

"What has Edith got to say, I should like to know?" cried Roydon, laughing. "My darling little Pen, if you are satisfied, the rest of the world may say, do, and think what it pleases. Since you have promised to be my wife—"

"I!" The cozily furnished little breakfast room seemed to swim around me. "Stop, Roydon, for a minute, please; I—I don't quite understand."

"You said yourself, the first of August!"

"But I thought it was Edith!"

"Edith, indeed! A mere child—a schoolgirl, whose whole heart, moreover, is wrapped up in Harry Burnham! Why, Pen, where have your eyes been?"

Where, indeed? Could I have been blind all this time—so resolutely, incorrigibly blind?

"Do you love me, Pen? Don't look the other way; I will be answered!"

I did love him; I had loved him long and tenderly, and I told him so, not without some blushings and misgivings, however.

"Oh, Pen," he whispered, holding me close to his heart, "if you knew the years and years I had been looking forward to this time!"

So I was married—quietly, of course, and with no bridesmaid but Edith; but I think the sun never shone on a happier bride. And I live in the old place, and Edith is here with me, but next week we are to have another wedding, and my blue-eyed blossom goes from me to Harry Burnham's care.

But, as I said before, it all seems like a dream; and as I sit alone in my beautiful home, I almost fancy myself a solitary old maid again, until Roydon's footstep in the hall, and his voice calling for his "dear little wife," rouses me to a sense of my new life and new happiness.

And I dare say I shall get used to it after a while!

DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

VOICE OF OUR PRESS ON ISSUES OF THE DAY.

How Would Our Farmers Like a Dose of the Hopkins Bill—Again What Has Congress Done—Free Commerce with All Nations.

Representative Hopkins informs the public that his reciprocity bill is much "higher up and wider out" than was the third section of the McKinley bill. It is "comprehensive enough to cover all phases of our commercial relations with other countries." It specifies five different conditions under which the president is authorized to make commercial treaties, as follows:

First, where the exports of such countries or colonies are in excess of their imports from the United States.

Second, where their chief articles of export are admitted free into the United States.

Third, where their exports are admitted into the United States at an average rate of duty lower than the average rate of duty imposed upon the productions of the United States by their customs tariff.

Fourth, where they impose higher rates of duty on the products of the United States than are imposed on the same or similar products of other nations.

Fifth, where they impose restrictions and regulations to govern the importations of merchandise of the United States that in the estimation of the president may be unjust, excessive and obstructive to commerce.

Mr. Hopkins professes to believe that if his plan should be adopted and put in operation this country could "drive out English trade and monopolize the Brazilian markets," and for that matter all Latin American markets. The above conditions are given in full in Mr. Hopkins' own words in order that the reader may be able to examine them and see for himself that the very same conditions could be made the basis of trade treaties with England and other European countries not only with the Spanish American countries, but with the United States also.

It would be a waste of space to go over them one by one and show how they are all in a greater or less degree available for the purpose of English dickerers with the Latin Americans, leaving us at the same disadvantage relatively, as at present, and leaving to the English the same advantage of lower cost of manufactured products. Anyone who will look over the conditions, keeping this point in mind, will readily see that we have no advantage in such a contest that would not be fully offset by the advantage the Latin Americans would secure by buying the cheap goods of England and other European countries.

The point specially deserving of attention is that Europe could serve us precisely as Mr. Hopkins proposes that we shall serve our neighbors to the south of us. England takes half of all our exports and admits them all free, with the exception of tobacco, which is taxed solely for revenue, as England produces no tobacco. On the other hand, we impose our highest duties on such articles as the people of Great Britain manufacture. Here are precisely the conditions, which, according to Mr. Hopkins, would warrant Great Britain in saying to us: "We take your products free of duty. Now we demand that you cut down your duties on our goods from one-half to three-fourths or we will clap high discriminating duties on your wheat, your flour, your cotton, your beef, your pork and the various other things you are selling us in great quantities." Great Britain can do that to us as well as we can do it to Brazil, and with as much assurance of success in bringing us to terms with the "reciprocity" club.

How would Mr. Hopkins like that? How would our farmers like it—those toilers of the field in whom Hopkins and his republican brethren profess to take so lively an interest? Probably they would not relish it at all.—Ex.

Free Commerce with All Nations.

Instead of embarrassing commerce under piles of regulating laws, duties and prohibitions, could it be relieved of all its shackles in all parts of the world, could every country be employed in producing that which it is best fitted to produce and each to be free to exchange with others mutual surpluses for mutual wants, the greatest mass possible would then be produced of these things which contribute to human life and human happiness. The numbers of mankind would be increased and their condition bettered.—Thomas Jefferson.

I am for free commerce with all nations, political connection with none and little or no diplomatic establishment.—Ibid.

The second of these utterances, so far as it relates to commerce, seems to be the matured and epitomized expression of the philosophy set forth in the first, with the qualification completely and purposely eliminated. In Jefferson's day all the nations of Europe were practicing "protection" and carrying it to the extreme of self-improvement. Their statesmen almost without exception took it for granted that it was necessary to the success of their respective industries to fence themselves around with high tariffs and bar out each other's manufactured products, while admitting their crude products. Their treatment of commerce was still based upon the assumption, tacit or avowed, that what one gained by commerce another must necessarily lose.

Jefferson was far in advance of that assumption when he said that it would be better for all if every country could be employed in producing that which it

was best fitted to produce, each being perfectly free to exchange its surplus for the surplus of others to supply its wants. He was far in advance of his contemporaries even when he intimated that it might not be safe for one country to allow itself this commercial liberty so long as others did not do the same. With his clear vision he saw that complete commercial liberty was the ideal condition. It is not surprising that he did not at once rid himself so entirely of the influences of his intellectual environment as to see that what would be good for all if all would pursue the same policy would also be good for each acting for itself.

But when once his mind had grasped the great truth that universal commercial liberty would be conducive to the welfare of all men he was on the high road to the great, comprehensive conclusion which he condensed into one line: "I am for free commerce with all nations." Many a man who calls himself a Jeffersonian democrat today has a long road to travel before reaching that grand conclusion toward which enlightened mankind is steadily and surely moving.—Chicago Chronicle.

Packing Galleries at St. Louis.

Chicago Chronicle: The quadrennial struggle and scramble for tickets of admission to republican national conventions is in high progress at St. Louis. Previous to each republican national convention the supporters of different candidates attempt to pack the outside seats and the galleries with shouters and howlers to raise an uproar as the ballot progresses for favorite names and to influence future ballots. According to indications this abuse will be greater at St. Louis than ever before.

At present the loudest complaint is against the McKinley faction, which appears to have more to say than all the other factions together in regard to the arrangement of the St. Louis hall where the convention will be held. The clamor raised by many factions is heard above the mild denials of the faction that is successful in the accomplishment of its purposes.

As a matter of fact the fight for tickets of admission to the hall where a republican national convention is held is of little importance except to the individuals who are preferred at the ticket distribution. Not a vote nor an appreciable body of votes is changed by applause or marks of disapproval from the galleries. No delegation nor a member of a delegation changes on account of the outside hiss or howl. The bargains are made before the decisive vote is taken. The secretaries of the combine rule after it is formed.

It is, therefore, of little or no use to take stock in the rumors regarding attempts to pack the floors and galleries at the St. Louis convention. The howl is now being used to hurt McKinley. Afterward it will be used to hurt some other candidate who appears to be ahead. The outcry is merely that of discredited republican factions seeking to recover from a disadvantage by an appeal to popular sympathy. Let the factions alone to fight it out in regard to gallery seats.

What Has Congress Done?

Why is the congress of the United States in session?

It met early in December last. More than four months have gone by. Can it point to a single useful accomplishment? It is republican in both branches. The house, overwhelmingly republican, has made Mr. Reed, a leader of the republican party, speaker. Republicans have organized the committees of the senate. The party is in legislative power as a protest against hard times, and hard times, of course, have been charged up to the account of the administration. The party successful in 1894 encouraged dissatisfaction for which it was responsible and announced its ability to cure all evils from which the country is suffering. Give to the country a republican congress and watch the instant preparation of panaceas for public ills!

Well, where are the results? Mr. Reed has held his congress down to a do-nothing policy. He has prevented the members from indulging their desire for immediate extravagance by permitting such legislation in appropriation bills as will lead to extravagance when the election is over. But appropriation bills are matters of course. They form no part of the legislative nostrum that is to cure the distemper of the country.

Where are the affirmative measures for which we are told to look, those measures that were to make us financially whole, entirely satisfied, unprecedentedly prosperous?

Congress drones out its existence, gives no hint of a purpose to adjourn, does nothing day in and day out. But it is there, serving no other useful purpose than that of an awful example of the inability of politicians as legislators to make good their promises as candidates.—Ex.

Tin Plate Industry Still Flourishing.

Indianapolis Sentinel: The tin plate industry continues to flourish in spite of the awful Wilson tariff. The metal-workers' quarterly publication of tin plate statistics furnishes the conclusive evidence of this fact. In the first quarter of this year seventeen new black plate mills were finished, increasing the annual capacity 500,000 boxes and a like increase will be effected when the sixteen additional mills now under construction are completed. This will raise the capacity of the works in this country to 1,700,000 boxes a year. It is a waste of time to talk about the present tariff law being injurious to manufacturing interests.

Forty Endeavorers offered themselves as volunteers to the mission field at the Michigan state convention, April 1-3.

AT THE AMATEUR REHEARSAL.

The Star Rode a Wheel in a Pink Silk Gown.

"I think you were to enter on the right instead of the left," said the manager, according to the San Francisco Examiner. "Yes, that would be a great deal better."

"But the left side of my hair is much prettier than the right," said the star, decidedly. "I can always do it better. The left has got to be toward the audience."

"But you will have to face Sir Thomas anyway, and he is over here by the side-board," the manager explained.

"Well, we'll turn the stage around," said the star, cheerfully.

"I'm afraid that will confuse the others," said the manager, apologetically. "You see, there are only a few more rehearsals, and they have all practiced this way."

"They can easily get accustomed to it," said the star. "In an amateur play looks do make such a difference. I've been in loads of them. Of course you are used to professionals, and that is quite different. I suppose they have to be fussy about exits and cues and things like that."

"Yes, we consider them quite essential," murmured the manager.

"With amateurs it's all clothes and looks," went on the star. "Now, tell me, would you wear pink Dresden silk or white moire in the second scene? I can't make up my mind."

"But, considering it is a garden scene and you come in on a wheel—"

"I won't wear a bicycle rig," broke in the star. "They don't suit my style at all. I'll do anything but that."

"I suppose the bicycle might be left out altogether," said the manager, with a perplexed frown. The star turned on him indignantly.

"Leave it out after I've broken half the furniture in the drawing room and ruined the carpet and torn three dresses learning that entrance!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, I won't. The audience can suppose I've been receiving at a tea and came home on my wheel—or anything else it chooses. I don't care."

The manager gave up the point and reflected it was a good thing that stars were usually dependent on salaries.

"I wish before the next rehearsal you could manage to learn a little more of your part," he said, deferentially. "Then we can tell better how it will go."

"Oh, I'll know it all right when the time comes," said the star. "I never can make up my mind to learn it till the last minute. Why, last time I acted I left out two of my most important speeches at the dress rehearsal and mixed the others all up and the manager had perfect fits, but in the play the next night I didn't have to be prompted once. That's just the way I am. I can't help it."

"But it would greatly help the others if you have the speeches more exactly, so they could have their cues. All of them are not so experienced as you."

"Well, I'll learn the ends of the speeches anyway, so that they can tell what comes next," said the star, graciously.

"I know a lovely skirt dance," she added, after a moment's reflection. "It might be a good idea to run it in in the garden scene."

"Do you think it would be exactly suitable?" suggested the manager. "You see you are there to stop a duel between your brother and the man you are in love with."

"Oh, I can always get it in some way. I managed it even in 'Romeo and Juliet,'" said the star, easily. "I can say something about being downhearted and dancing to cheer up my spirits, while they are loading the pistols and talking with their seconds. It would look prettier in the garden scene than anywhere."

WISDOM.

I want to help you grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he thought of you first.—George MacDonald.

Blessed is the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.—Jerrold.

A life of real virtue, of nobleness, of true greatness, is not an accident. It comes, if it comes at all, from lofty aspirations, from incorruptible motives, long cherished and held sacred as life itself.—John Learned.

Not only to the God that is above us, but to the God that is in us, let us direct our prayer; and to that God let our importunity be such that, like the man of the parable crying for bread at midnight, it cannot, will not, be denied.—John Chadwick.

Much of life is only fragments—unfinished things, broken sentences, interrupted efforts, pictures left uncompleted, sculptures only half hewn, letters only partly written, songs only begun and choked in tears. But not one of these fragments is lost if it has love's blessed life in it.—J. R. Miller.

In our keen look at the strong outward practicalities of life, do not let us forget its inmost secret of power; that all noble thoughts, all noble possibilities of life, spring out of this Love, or touch their finest meaning in it; that there is no factor like it in the makeup of the world.—Brooke Herford.

To be religious is not to be a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. It is not to be a dweller on the Mount of Transfiguration. It is not to be rapt in sweet and serene meditation. It is to be yourself, and being yourself, to take the nature which God has given you and use it in his service by using it for your fellow men.—Lyman Abbot.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

Forge For Swigs.

Next to alfalfa, sorghum is probably the best green forage plant for hogs. Wherever alfalfa grows, it is advised to plant alfalfa along with sorghum for hog pasture. A good authority as C. C. Georgeron of the Kansas station advises having a few acres in alfalfa for hog pasture the greater part of the summer, and in addition grow a piece of cane, cultivating it as when growing for sugar, and feed this in the fall to fatten hogs.

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

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Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

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