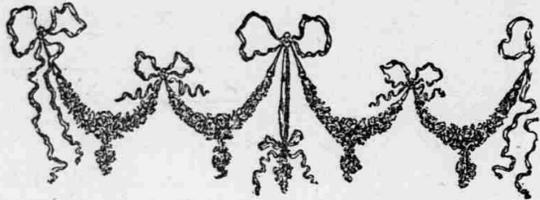


BROTHERHOOD

That plenty but reproaches me
Which leaves my brother bare,
Not wholly glad my heart can be
While his is bowed with care.
If I go free, and sound and stout,
While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,
And lead with Whom I thank.

Alm. ty: Thou who Father be
Of Jim, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That whichever fall
The other's hand may fall him not—
The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed, I would be clad,
I would be housed and dry,
But if so be my heart be sad—
What benefit have I?
Best be whose shoulders best endure
The load that brings relief,
And best shall be his joy secure
Who shares that joy with grief.
—E. S. Martin.



A Boomerang.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.
(Copyright, 1901, Daily Story Pub. Co.)

When Jared Peters went west to help the country grow up, Rose Hawthorne thought her heart was broken. This was a logical sequence of the firm conviction that she could not live without Jared, which had led her to engage herself to him. In accordance with this fixed idea, she, for a day or two, refused food, and mournfully contemplated the prospect of an early demise. But an immature mind cannot long dominate a young and healthy physique. On the third day she made several surreptitious visits to the pantry; on the fourth day she dined openly and heartily; and the day after she was startled by the discovery that she had not thought of Jared for several hours. The Sunday following Jared's departure, she permitted Harold Winter- set, the son of a wealthy manufacturer from a neighboring city, to accompany her home from church and linger for an hour at the gate; and she was again startled by the discovery that she enjoyed his society quite as much as Jared's.

Then she went upstairs and sat down in the moonlit window to consider. She had all the rules of love at her fingers' ends. She knew that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," that true love never forgets or wavers for the fraction of a second. She was therefore forced to the conclusion that she did not love Jared; that she never had loved him; and the manufacturer's son was allowed to call regularly. Jared's letters were intensely interesting. The little western town which he had taken under his wing was on a "boom." He had already doubled his small capital and was proceeding to double it again. Rose had all the rules of arithmetic also at her fingers' ends. She knew something of geometrical progression; and having become, in view of her large experience, skeptical in regard to the tender passion, she planned her future operations on a strictly commercial basis. After careful consideration, she decided that a budding Western capitalist in the hand was worth more than a wealthy manufacturer's son in the bush; so she did not break her engagement; and she did not mention Harold in her numerous and entirely satisfactory letters to Jared.

Although his love was false, Jared had one devoted admirer. From the day it was declared that the red-faced mite of humanity called Jared was the image of his grandfather, the old man had found his chief occupation in tracing his own characteristics in the growing boy.

"He's a Peters, every inch of him."



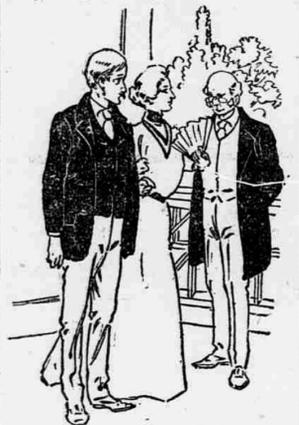
On the Third Day.

gran'ther would shout when Jared's boyish achievements creditable or otherwise, came to his notice.

Gran'ther Peters had always liked Rose; and of all the girls in the country round, he would have chosen her for Jared. When, therefore, at the age of sixteen, Jared first walked home from church with her, gran'ther retired to the grape arbor and chuckled till he was black in the face. He did all he could to foster the budding romance; and when the engagement

was formally announced, his rapture nearly caused a fit of apoplexy.

When a tattling neighbor brought the news of Rose's double-dealing, the old man flatly refused to believe it; but when with his own eyes, he saw Rose and Harold strolling by, arm in arm, in the dusk, he took to his bed. After two or three days of misery, mental and physical, he arose and spent an entire afternoon in inditing a letter which struck consternation to Jared's soul. It was vague in manner and matter, but he gathered from it some inkling of the truth; and immediately wrote—not to Rose, but to one of her girl friends. By return mail he received a spicy and perhaps not unex-



"I Shall Stand by Jared."

aggerated account of Rose's "carryings on."

Now Jared, absorbed in speculation as he was, had kept a little corner of his heart for Rose; and thought himself a miracle of constancy because he had not allowed another to share it. There are pretty girls in Kansas; and there was one in particular, with wondrous dimples, that he had noticed, just barely noticed, you know—so he made the customary remarks about female perfidy. He wrote Rose a biting letter—and tore it up; for a subtler revenge had occurred to him. He divined that Rose preferred him to Harold—if he succeeded in making money; and he plotted accordingly.

From this date his correspondence took on a dismal hue. The boom was declining; and there were vague hints of pitfalls that ensnare the unwary and the inexperienced. Close on the heels of these dire forebodings, followed a rumor that Jared had come home unexpectedly, looking very seedy; and it was surmised, "dead broke."

Friends and neighbors, Rose and Harold among them, promptly gathered on the broad piazza to greet the home comer, and learn the truth of the matter. One glance at the young man's doleful face was enough. Disaster was written on it.

At first he seemed disinclined to talk; but numerous well put queries finally loosened his unwilling tongue. Among the friends Jared made in the west was one who had been born under an unlucky star. He was intelligent and shrewd; but everything he touched turned to ashes. Where others reaped golden harvests, he reaped misfortune, and his affairs became seriously involved. He was too young to know that while there is life there is hope; and one night, Jared, who roomed with him, came home to find his friend stretched on the floor with a bullet through his head, and the empty revolver in his own stiffening right hand.

With the callousness of youth, Jared adapted this young fellow's story to his own uses. Up to the culminating tragedy, he told it as his own, and told it well. He was a clever actor, and fully realized the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

The stage setting was perfect. A rising thunder storm had dyed the summer twilight an inky black; and continual flashes of lightning illuminated Jared's handsome, melancholy face and sombre eyes. He sat opposite his false sweetheart and Harold; and behind him, the old man, white-faced but firm-lipped, glared over his boy's head like a wounded lion.

As Jared's sad, mellow voice died away with a little break—he felt a pang of genuine emotion as he remembered poor Wiley's face with the bullet hole in the forehead—Rose's heart melted. All that was sweet and womanly and good in her untutored soul rose to the surface. She crossed the piazza, and laying her hand on Jared's shoulder, resolutely faced her frowning parents and the chagrined Harold. "I shall stand by Jared," she said, in ringing tones.

Jared started to his feet in dismay. This climax was precisely the opposite of the one he had courted and expected. The face of the dimpled Kansas girl fitted across his memory, and then disappeared forever. The boom-crang he had launched buried itself in his own heart. The two young things who had been playing with the eternal verities of love and death, looked into each other's eyes, and, by the white light of the approaching storm, saw there that which made them afraid and ashamed of what they had been doing—saw the dawn of an everlasting affection—the affection that mocks disaster, and calmly ignores doubters and detractors, as the placid moon ignores the yellow dog that bays it.

Gran'ther's face was convulsed with delight. Tears of joy meandered unheeded down his wrinkled cheeks, as, glaring at the discomfited Harold, he raised his staff and brought it down with a force that split it in twain. "She's a Peters, every inch of her," he roared. "Leastways, she soon will be."

Rose was somewhat shocked when she learned that Jared's woes were all assumed; and that he had prudently escaped from the collapsing boom with the neat little nest egg of one hundred thousand dollars; but she became reconciled to the situation in time.

"STRICTLY FRESH EGGS."

You Cannot Make Hens Lay When They Don't Want To.

With all that men of science have done to procure for our tables luxuries without regard to season, so that almost we say "there is no season," no one of them has yet succeeded in hatching a hen into laying her best and biggest eggs at any other season of the year than that at which the primal hen so distinguished herself. There have been many experiments of all kinds tried with regard to hatching chickens and they have all been more or less successful, till the term "spring chicken" has become a misnomer. Or rather there are others beside spring chickens. We have winter chickens, thanks to incubators and brooders and all sorts of appliances, and fall chickens and summer chickens, and chickens in between seasons, which is one of the compensations scattered all through life if we look for them. But the hen plods on in that tiresome unchanging way and looks untouched by all the means that man has invented for hatching her eggs for her, though no one knows just what she thinks. Probably her line of thought takes the stand that you may lead a hen to any kind of artificially warmed and lighter nest, but you cannot make her lay; and cold storage has done much to make us indifferent to the stubborn attitude of the hen. The farmer who doesn't know that he may by the care he takes of his hens influence the manner and kind of eggs they lay for him does not deserve to succeed. Hens like clean, sunny houses, and they like good wholesome food, and in variety. They want a certain amount of corn and meal and they dearly love a flavor of meat in their food. Also they like something in the nature of oyster shells that the shells of the eggs may be up to standard quality. Housekeepers who receive day after day from their grocer eggs of not only a uniform size and of even tinting—either all white or with a tinge of brown—take it as a matter of course, and think perhaps that it is just so in every case. But there are sorters whose business it is to put into cases eggs that "match" in color and size. And they do say that in Boston the brownish eggs have the first call, while in New York the demand is for purest white. It is this demand for uniformity in size and color that induces a poultry farmer to have his hens all of one breed.—Epicure.

Cottage Heirlooms in England.

It is still quite a common experience to find fine and even valuable specimens of old English furniture, chiefly made of oak, in the cottages of the village folk. These pieces of furniture have been handed down from generation to generation of rural folk such as carters, keepers, woodmen and shepherds. How did the family originally come by them? The explanation is this in many cases: Generations ago, when the furniture, which is once again prized greatly, began to go out of fashion and to be superseded by stuff which we view with contempt nowadays, it was sold and farmers bought much of it. But by and by, the farmer being prosperous, and desiring to be in the fashion, too, like his landlord, bought in its place more modern chairs and tables, etc. Then the village folk bought for a song the despised oak chairs, coffers, etc., and now, once again, the old furniture has come into favor and is finding its way back from the cottage to the hall.—London Express.

Queen of Holland's Crown.

The crown which adorns the brow of Queen Wilhelmina is said to have cost £1,500. In 1829 it was stolen by burglars, and for nearly two years remained in their possession, says Home Notes. Some of the stones were eventually discovered in America, and the remainder were recovered from Belgium.

ENGLISH CLERGYMEN POOR.

Benefices Said to Be Worth Less Than \$750 a Year.

The lot of the clergy in the Church of England today is said to be so wretched that even younger sons have given up the career which for so many years was looked upon as their chief resource. It may easily be understood that this calling has ceased to appeal to them when the fact is known that out of about 14,000 benefices in the church, more than 7,000 are worth less than \$750 a year and that nearly all of them are decreasing in value. About 1,500 benefices are worth only \$500 a year and less than \$250 annually is the return from 300 livings which have been recently described as more nearly "starvings" to the unfortunates who are assigned to them. In the diocese of Peterborough there are sixty-one livings that are worth no more than \$225 a year, and this is not yet the worst as there are in Newcastle benefices that are valued at only \$125 a year. The wives of clergymen in these parishes are of course unable to employ servants and all the drudgery of housework falls on their shoulders. The luxury of meat is denied to them except on alternate days and their children—of whom the number is nearly always in inverse ratio to the amount of the living—are prepared by education in the elementary schools, or by the teaching their parents can give them at odd times for their descent to a lower social sphere. These clergymen, as a rule come from good country families. Their wives are from the same class and are in few cases fitted by their training for a life of drudgery and hard work. The actual return for these livings is frequently much less than the figures quoted here since their value is dependent on the price of corn and this has declined until it many cases what used to be a living worth \$500 is now in reality not worth more than two-thirds of that sum.—New York Sun.

A Spelling Parrot.

Polly's cage, when at the seaside, hung upon a piazza where the little children were in the habit of studying aloud. The bird, apparently listening, would make an effort to repeat what she could catch. Then suddenly she would burst out with, "I'll spell f-l-y r-a-t" (a strong emphasis on the r), continuing with a low chuckle of satisfaction, and ending in a hearty and long-continued laugh at her success, the little ones joining in the chorus. She was very fond of the children. In the early morning, when her cage was opened to give her liberty, she would walk about for a time, climb the stairs to the children's room, and crawl into their beds before time for rising. Coffee was almost absolutely necessary to her existence. She would call early and steadily for it in the morning, adjusting her tones to the length of time spent in waiting—ordering, begging, beseeching, as the case might be, holding her cup meanwhile, to hasten matters. A very retiring, modest servant maid had been long in our employ. She had a follower named Thomas, who nightly paid his visit. It chanced one morning that Polly's coffee had been long delayed. A gentleman of the house coming to breakfast met the girl and made an inquiry regarding the meal. She turned to reply, facing the questioner, when Polly seeing her opportunity for revenge, took it, and, in a man's voice, called out: "Mary, how's Thomas?" The woman retreated in confusion, while Polly laughed an ugly, low laugh; but the coffee was forthcoming.—Our Animal Friends.

Wonders of the Wire.

It is not widely known that at the present time, between all important telephone centers of the United States, while the trunk wires are being used for transmitting speech, there are being sent over them simultaneously telegraphic messages without producing any interruption of the spoken words. Were it not for immediate laws of nature, which cannot be varied by man or corporation, one might be listening, and take off the telegraphic message thus traversing these very conductors. What a tantalizing prospect for the wiretappers! Although these telegraphic impulses actually traverse the coil of wire in the telephone held to the ear and actually speed along the identical copper conductor at that time conveying the voice currents, you hear neither dot nor dash of the telegraphic message.

Environments of Some Literary Folk.

Literary people are evidently not in need of holidays. So long as they have pens, ink and paper and access to a library, they can write their books anywhere, and many choose to write them in the quiet seclusion of a country house. Rider Haggard enjoys the seclusion of a Norfolk farm. George Meredith leads a reclusive life among the Surrey hills, G. A. Henty writes all his boys' books on board his eighty-ton yacht, and Dr. Gordon Stables has for his study a gypsy caravan, in which he wanders at will for a half of every year.

Street Car Tickets as Currency.

Portugal is suffering from a plethora of money just now. Not gold, of course, nor silver, but copper. So vast is the supply of this inferior metal that ordinary people are exceedingly chary of changing such few gold coins as they may come into their possession. The copper coinage is big and cumbersome, and it is also depreciated, so that, in order to avoid being burdened with it, it has become the custom, in larger cities at all events, to use street car tickets as currency.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM SANDWICH ISLANDS

Cured of Catarrh of the Stomach by Pe-ru-na.



CONGRESSMAN R. W. WILCOX, Delegate to Congress from Hawaii.

Hon. Robert W. Wilcox, Delegate to Congress from Hawaii and the Sandwich Islands, in a recent letter from Washington, D. C., writes: "I have used *Peruna* for dyspepsia and I cheerfully give you this testimonial. Am satisfied if it is used properly it will be of great benefit to our people. I can conscientiously recommend it to anyone who is suffering with stomach or catarrhal troubles."

—R. W. Wilcox.
All over this country are hundreds of

people who are suffering from catarrh of the stomach who are wasting precious time, and enduring needless suffering. The remedies they try only temporarily palliate the distress, but never effect a cure. Remedies for dyspepsia have multiplied so rapidly that they are becoming as numerous as the leaves of the forest, and yet dyspepsia continues to flourish in spite of them all. This is due to the fact that the cause of dyspepsia is not recognized as catarrh.

If there is a remedy in the whole range of medicinal preparations that is in every particular adapted to dyspepsia, that remedy is *Peruna*. This remedy is well nigh invincible in these cases.

Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O., says: "In my large practice and correspondence I have yet to learn of a single case of atonic dyspepsia which has not either been greatly benefited or cured by *Peruna*."

No one suffering with catarrh of the stomach or dyspepsia, however slight, can be well or happy. It is the cause of so many distressing symptoms that it is a most dreaded disease. *Peruna* acts immediately on the seat of the trouble, the inflamed mucous membranes lining the stomach and a lasting cure is effected.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of *Peruna*, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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