

SOME PHILOSOPHY.

We wonder and we wonder
What's ahead;
When we'll see, and how we'll see it,
When we're dead;
If it's worth the while, or worthless,
Foul or fair;
And we wonder how we'll know it
When we're there.

We ponder and we ponder
What's to come;
And of all the good about us
We are dumb.
When we all might be enjoying
What is here,
We are guessing if the future's
Full of fear.

We worry and we worry
Over fate,
When we'll answer that conundrum
Soon or late,
What's the good to guess if it be
Smooth or rough?
What's the use? We'll know the answer
Soon enough.

We wonder and we wonder
In the dark;
And we can't, with all our guessing,
Raise a spark.
Let us, then, enjoy our living,
Ere we flit—
And the future, let us make the
Best of it.

—Baltimore American.

THE DEATH OF VENUS.

By CHARLES H. ROBINSON.

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"The model who posed for that picture expired under the finishing touches of the painter's brush. No one ever imagined so realistic a death agony."

The trained eye of the artist saw more in the painting than any of the crowd that stood spellbound before it. There was an indefinable something about it which compelled a sensation of reverential awe in the breast of the average spectator, but the art instinct immediately detected the cause.

"It represents a tragedy," he said half aloud as he shifted his position to one more favorable for a further and more critical inspection.

It was the portrait of a beautiful woman in a semi-reclining pose against a mass of faintly outlined cushions. There was nothing in her shapely, well-rounded limbs to indicate disease, nothing in the surroundings to manifest the approach of death, yet it was apparent, even to a novice, that the woman was dying.

Her left arm, in the dark background, was pressed close along her body, while the right arm, in the foreground, was flung out listlessly, the hand clutched tight as if to nerve herself up to the consummation of some supreme act which her will was bent upon committing.

The lower limbs appeared cold in the pallor of death, and one could almost see the dread shadows slowly creeping up toward the seat of life. Masses of raven hair, tumbling in disorder around her head, were dank with perspiration, and upon a clammy brow stood drops of sweat like clusters of beads. The lips of a half-open mouth were colorless and cold, and through the film gathering over her eyes shone the flickering brightness of a soul about to leave its mortal tenement. The gaze of the eyes was on the line of vision and followed the spectator whichever way he turned, with so pathetic a look of concentrated entreaty that more than one strong man turned away in despairing helplessness, and feminine eyes filled with tears of sympathy.

Overspreading her pallid, death-shadowed countenance was a smile of ineffable content, as pure and joyous as that of a martyr who sees the heavens opening to receive her racked spirit and relieve her body from earthly torture.

Turning mechanically to his catalogue, the artist read: "The Death of Venus. P. Metcalf."

"Can that be our little American, Put Metcalf?" he queried aloud in his surprise.

"Our little Put and no other," whispered a friend at his elbow, who added: "What do you now think of American genius, Paul?"

"I take off my hat to it," replied Landelle, suiting the action to the words; "but I see a fearful sacrifice in its awakening."

"You have interpreted the painting correctly," said Chavanne, "do you know the story?"

"How can I when I have been sketching in the land of the midnight sun for the past six months?"

"Julie Coomans was the model who posed for that painting, Paul," began Chavanne. "You remember her?"

"Ah—!" ejaculated Landelle. "I noticed something familiar in the



"Do you love her so very much?" persisted the girl, with dry lips. face, but the features were so glorified that I could not realize its identity."

"Shortly after you went away, Julie would not pose for any of us; the American was the only one, you know. He was particular about his models. By and by he wouldn't have anybody but Julie. No—there was no attachment, at least on his part. He was engaged to a young lady in New York, it seems, though we did not know it at the time, and he was cold

to every other woman. He wanted to become famous for her sake—to make a bold stroke with a new subject."

"Yes, I remember," interrupted Landelle, "it was the death of Venus, the title of this painting."

"I will paint that subject or no other," he kept saying. "Where will you get a model?" he was asked, but he did not know; he knew only one thing, which was, that he was going to rest his fame on that subject alone. Every day for two months, Julie posed for him, but he got no farther along than when he began; his Venus wouldn't die, you know. He was more

than kind to his model who could not come up to his concept; he sympathized with her for her failure to respond to his brush. He was so kind and gentle—ah, yes, that is where models make a mistake.

"Late one afternoon, Julie went home weebegone, and throwing herself upon a couch began to sob hysterically. Her roommate drew the cause of the trouble out of her piecemeal. From her we learned it—but afterward, Paul, after the—the sacrifice you have suspected."



"It seems that the American, that afternoon, had thrown down his brush in despair.

"It's no use, child, I can never paint my ideal with you for a model. You are growing lovelier every day. Instead of posing for the death of Venus, you are a glorious model for the birth of love. See for yourself."

"But can you not put in the proper colors to represent death?" she asked, with a timid look into his face, but he was unconscious of her gaze.

"Pshaw! You do not comprehend, child," he replied. "The reality must be before the artist, or exist in his mind. Looking at you destroys the reality, the concept. No, I must give it up and then give up all."

"Does failure mean much to you?" queried the girl.

"Much?" echoed Metcalf. "It means everything I hold dear on earth. It means the loss of her I love, my promised wife, who expects me to succeed."

"The woman you love, your promised wife?" repeated Julie, in a trembling voice and paling lips, scarce comprehending.

"Certainly, my Charlotte. She lives in New York City, and we are to be married as soon as I shall have finished this picture. I have promised to complete it and she is waiting for me to keep my word."

"Do you love her so very much?" persisted the girl with dry lips.

"Child I would die for her sake. A love weaker than that is nothing."

"Then you will be very unhappy should you fail?" she said gently.

"My whole life will be blighted," answered Metcalf.

"Well, then, you shall be happy," said the girl, with a bright smile, and choking back a sob in her throat. "You shall paint the death of Venus from the reality, Nay—do not look so doubtful. I have a plan. I am interested in your success, for am I not the model? I never told you I was an actress. Yes, indeed, I have studied many parts. Now, my plan is this: I will come to-morrow prepared to enact the role of a dying Venus, but you will have to paint very fast, my friend. You will promise me that, for it will be a terrible strain upon me, you understand."

"During that night Julie's companion awoke to find the girl kneeling by the window, gazing up at the bright stars. She was praying. This also, we learned afterward, Paul, always afterward, you notice. Her accents were broken, but this much was heard:

"Dear God, forgive me for what I mean to do. It is for his sake, and for the sake of her across the water. She

loves him and he is all hers, while I— he said that a love not worth dying for was nothing—dear God, forgive me."

"The next morning, Julie was calm and smiling. She made light of her trouble of the night before, and her roommate thought she had forgotten the cause of it. This was the reason why we were not told, Paul.

"Well, Julie posed, and Metcalf painted fast, for the painting was completed as you see it, about three in the afternoon. At that hour there was a commotion in the American's studio, and frantic calls for help. We rushed in, and there was the American kneeling before Julie, rubbing her face and trying to revive her from an apparent faint. We all thought, at first, that fatigue had overcome her, but I laid my hand upon her forehead and it was so cold I suspected worse. A quick examination and I arose with the remark:

"This is a case for the police, monsieur." And so it turned out to be.

"Julie had opened an artery in her left arm, carefully concealing it in the heavy drapery, and while the artist was painting her 'acting,' she was slowly dying. Metcalf was so absorbed in painting her changing expressions, that he was not aware of anything extraordinary until he laid down his brush and danced for joy before the completed picture.

"An American millionaire paid him half a million francs for the painting, agreeing to leave it on exhibition at the Salon for a reasonable time, and Put left immediately for the United States to marry his betrothed."

"THE DEAR OLD SLAVES."

But Few of the Old Style, Faithful Negroes Now Left in Virginia.

That is a very touching story which comes from Radford concerning ex-Gov. Tyler's old servant, Lewis Armistead. When notified that he was free he went about his business as though nothing had happened. He was at home as a slave, and he did not propose to leave because he was free. He was a member of the family and remained a member until death removed him to his home up yonder. He was devoted to "Marse Jimmie" and his wife and children, and they in turn were devoted to him. In his strength he served them faithfully and affectionately, and in his declining years they took care of him and made his life sweet.

We said in Sunday's paper that there was never such humane slavery as negro slavery in the South, and here is a beautiful illustration. There was very little slavery about it. It was a family service that the slaves rendered and they received for their service not only food and raiment and shelter, but protection and the kindest attention in health and sickness.

There are few of the dear old slaves left, and it grieves us as we see them pass away. Gov. Tyler's Lewis was a type of the old Virginia negro gentleman. It was a noble type; the old Virginia negro gentleman was very much a man. He had a strong physique; he had a stout heart; his impulses were generous; his disposition was amiable; his manners were perfect. God bless his memory. We only wish that the type were preserved in the new generation of negroes.—Richmond (Va.) Times.

REVERSED ORDER OF THINGS.

Son's Pants Are Confiscated to Fit the Father.

State Senator Bernard F. Martin was reminded by the story of The Man in the Street last Sunday about the boy of twelve, with pants marked sixteen, of the following:

"I had a constituent, Wiegand by name, a little, thin, wisp of mankind, who was the father of four big girls and one small boy. Wiegand's income was small, and to make ends meet the father's trousers had to be cut down to fit his boy. This work the lad's sisters did, although they did not relish the task. When the boy grew so tall as to have reached the long-trousers stage, the event was celebrated by the purchase of a brand new pair with money the lad had earned. After awhile the boy bought another pair for himself. At this period his sisters noticed the father's only trousers were shabby, so they confiscated the boy's first long-leggee pair and gave them to Wiegand senior. When the old man appeared in them, one of the girls said to the others:

"Ain't it nice? We won't have to do any altering for awhile, for Benny's pants will now fit papa."—New York Times.

The Stream of Life.

O stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the laborers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold;
Parent and friend, thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,
Our hearts' affections fill;
We toil and earn; we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfill;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine
And be above us still.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

A girl is justifiable in lying about her age; but not in lying about the house while her mother does the dishes.

Slender talks through the copper-head's mouth.
It must take a lot of sand to enable 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.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was 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 Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. 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 at 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, 1601 Farnam St., Omaha, or address,

HARRY E. MOORES,
Gen. Pass. Agt. Dept., Omaha, Neb.

Enough whisky 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. ROBINSON, 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. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 Real Tonic and Restorer, Dr. R. H. KLING, Ltd., 331 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

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 KEELNS, 553 9th Ave., New York City.

Women should not fall 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 REWARD 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 healthful 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.

