

Classical Example of Check.
Surely it will remain a classical example of "check" that is described in the following story, told by the Country Gentleman: One of the English generals, during the Boer war, having secured a turkey, asked his friends to dinner. When the day came the bird had disappeared. It was traced to the quarters of the naval brigade, and a young midshipman owned to having "plucked" it. The infuriated general exhausted his vocabulary in abuse of this delinquent, who replied: "I'm very sorry, sir! But you wouldn't have liked it. We tried to get our teeth through it, but it was so tough we had to throw it away. If I'd known you would have taken it so much to heart I'd have got the carpenter to make you another."

Sensible Housekeepers
will have Defiance Starch, not alone because they get one-third more for the same money, but also because of superior quality.

A Dog's Fidelity.
Last week a gamekeeper named Henry Osmond in the employ of Lord Almouth was fatally shot in a poaching affray at the Tregothnan Woods. The evidence shows that Osmond must have died between 6:30 and 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening, January 26. His body was not discovered until 5 o'clock on the following Wednesday afternoon. All these hours, during which it rained pitilessly, a retriever puppy remained immovable by the side of the dead master and in her fierce affection would not allow the search party to touch the body. At last it was secured and fastened to a tree, but the faithful animal gnawed through the rope and returned to its guardianship of the dead.

Salzer's Earliest Crop.
Another new thing, can be cut six times during a season and sprouts again with lightning rapidity. Next to Salzer's Trosinte it will make more green fodder than anything else; cheap as dirt and grows everywhere.
Of Salzer's Renovator Grass Mixture, just the thing for drying out pastures and meadows, Mr. E. Rappold, East Park, Ga., writes, "I sowed Salzer's Grass Mixture on soil so poor two men could not raise a fuss on it, and in forty-one days after sowing I had the grandest stand of grass in the county. Salzer's Grass Mixture sprouts quickly and produces enormously." 100,000 barrels choice Seed Potatoes.

SALZER'S NEW NATIONAL OATS.
Here is a winner, a prodigy, a marvel, enormously prolific, strong, healthy, vigorous, producing in thirty states from 150 to 200 bushels per acre. You had best sow a lot of it, Mr. Farmer, in 1904, and in the fall sell it to your neighbors at \$1 a bu. for seed.

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS
to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples free. (W. N. U.)

Some Rich Germans.
The richest citizen of Berlin has an income of \$704,000 a year. If he realizes 5 per cent on his investment—a tremendous interest in Germany—his fortune is about \$14,000,000. The next richest man has \$12,500,000. There are thirteen millionaires between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000, thirty-three between \$2,500,000 and \$5,000,000, and 621 between half a million and \$2,500,000. The number of those whose fortunes are over \$14,000 is 52,899, and less than that sum, 378,484. All of these pay an income tax. The population of Berlin is 2,000,000. A million and a half pay no income tax.

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE.
Washes all, break, freeze nor spot clothes. Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other bluing. If your grocer does not keep it send 10c for sample to The Laundry Blue Co., 14 Michigan Street, Chicago.

His Last Request.
Representative Maddox of Georgia who is soon to retire from congress has received this letter from a constituent: "Dear Mister Congressman: Sum time ago I writ you asking if their were any thing the guvment could do to make a fightin' wife be have herself. I ain't heard from you and things is no better. Will you please let me know how I can get one of them big pizen snakes from Afriky. I have always voted for you and this is mity little to ask of you, specially when a man's wife is always a-peckin' on him."

Dealers say that as soon as a customer tries Defiance Starch it is impossible to sell them any other cold water starch. It can be used cold or boiled.

Nicholas Turns Composer.
According to a Belgian paper, the czar is among the composers. It is stated that a soiree in the winter palace several works from the imperial pen were performed, among them one entitled "The Song of Peace." This stands in three sections, the first of which depicts the turmoil of battle, while the second suggests the stricken field, covered with dead and wounded. The third invokes retribution upon those who are responsible for such horrors. Another work is written in honor of the saints of the Orthodox church.

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As the wise man knows he is a fool he is miserable; the fool imagines he is wise and is happy.

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LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER
STRAIGHT 51 CIGAR
ANNUAL SALE OVER 5,600,000
Your jobber or direct from Factory, Peoria, Ill.

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Moore's Doctrine," Etc.

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CHAPTER FOUR—Continued.
Jim aimed a blow at John's head, which was parried. John swung to the chin, and the next instant Jim clenched and both fell eight feet into the water.

The pool was deep, and it seemed to Jim as if they never would come to the surface. When he did, and had gasped for breath, a pair of strong hands gripped his neck and he went down again. The water sang in his ears, the world grew black around him. Then it suddenly became light. The cool and splendid air filled his nostrils, and a voice sounded in his ears:

"Say 'enough,' or down you go again!"

"Enough! E-e-enough! I'll quit," spluttered Jim Blake, throwing his arms about wildly.

With one hand firmly gripping Jim Blake's collar John Burt swam ashore with the other. It was ten minutes before Blake recovered his breath, then they shook hands with the gravity of trained pugilists.

A week later John met Jim and was told of a flogging he had received from his father, who was notorious as the village drunkard.

Thereupon developed in John Burt and James Blake that strong friendship so frequent between boys of contrasting natures. They seemed to have only two traits in common—both were frank and both generous.

When Jim Blake was seventeen years old, he decided to run away from home. The two boys talked it over many times. To the scanty hoard in Jim's possession John Burt added thirty-five dollars—all the money he had saved from sums given him at various times by Peter Burt. So, with forty odd dollars in his pocket, and with tears in his handsome eyes, Jim Blake shook hands with John Burt and went out into the world to seek his fortune.



Little did these two boys think, as they parted that October afternoon, that their acts and passions and lives would one day be woven by fate into a web of marvelous workmanship.

CHAPTER FIVE.

The Runaway.

Three years elapsed between Jessie Carden returned to the Bishop farm. John Burt was now twenty years old, and had successfully passed the examination which admitted him to Harvard. General Carden came with Jessie, delighted with the prospect of a week's rest in the old house.

General Carden was an enthusiastic horseman. Jessie was still unpacking her trunks when her father sent word that the carriage was ready, and that she was to drive with him. A few minutes later they were speeding down the old beach road. They drove for miles along the winding, shaded roads. The breeze came cool and salt from the ocean, and the air was fragrant with the breath of summer.

A bit of the harness had become unbuckled. Handing the reins to Jessie, General Carden stepped to the ground to adjust it. His feet had hardly touched the ground when a prowling hunter, a few rods away, discharged a gun. The report was terrifying, and the affrighted horses leaped ahead. Jessie was thrown violently backward, the lines slipping from her hands. General Carden sprang for the horses' heads—an instant too late. He caught one glimpse of his daughter's white face as she swept past him. The agony of years was compressed into the succeeding moments.

The frenzied team dashed down the steep grade at appalling speed. At the base of the hill, and almost in front of the Burt farmhouse, was a sharp curve. Then the road skirted the cliffs for a quarter of a mile. Beyond lay a crooked hill, lined with ragged rocks—the most dangerous slope for miles around.

Through the cloud of dust the old soldier saw the team as it passed the old house. A few rods beyond, a man lightly vaulted a fence and darted towards the road. General Carden's eyes were blurred, but he saw a flash of blue and white, as if something had been hurled in front of the maddened team. It clung to the head of the off horse, and was tossed back and forth by the frantic animal. For an instant the figure seemed beneath

the hammering hoofs. Could any human being hold fast in such a position.

At the turn in the road the general distinctly saw a man clinging to the horses' bits, bruised by the swaying pole—a pigmy who dared check the flight of giants. They swerved sharply at the curve. The off horse stumbled, lurched sideways and fell. There was a crash; the sickening sound of splintered wood and clinking steel; then a silence, as the dust lifted and revealed the jagged outlines of a mass of wreckage.

As General Carden neared the fateful spot he saw an old man run from the Burt yard and plunge into the wreck. A moment later he saw something in the rescuer's hands. A crumpled blue hat above dark curls showed plain in contrast to the white hair of the aged giant, who handled the little figure as if it were a feather, laid it gently by the side of the road, and again darted into the twisted mass.

General Carden breathed a silent prayer. He was a few rods away when Jessie moved slowly, lifted her head and sprang to her feet.

"I'm not hurt, papa!" she exclaimed bravely. "I am not hurt a bit. Oh, what has happened?"

"Thank God! Thank God!" He caught Jessie in his arms, gazed fondly into her eyes, and tenderly embraced her.

General Carden turned to the aid of Peter Burt. Tangled in the harness, a horse was plunging and struggling in an attempt to regain his feet. The other horse was dead, and beneath his shoulder was pinioned the leg of a young man. Blood was trickling down his face, and he lay in the dust of the road, limp and deathlike. His right hand still grasped the bit; his head was near the hoofs of the frantic animal.

"Hold that horse's head down!" ordered the old man. General Carden threw his weight on the beast's neck. Jessie was hovering near, wringing her hands in pity and excitement.

"When I lift that horse will you drag my boy's leg from under?"

"Yes, sir; oh, hurry, sir!"

Crouching down, Peter Burt threw the head of the dead animal across his shoulder. He grasped the trace with one hand and the foreleg with the other. In his prime he had raised twelve hundred pounds, dead weight. With a heave of his massive shoulders he raised the forward part of the horse clean from the ground, and Jessie quickly released the pinioned limb of the motionless young man.

The old man gathered the body in his arms, and carried it to a grass plot by the side of the road. He rested his gray head for a moment on the young man's chest, and heard the faint flutter of the heart. In accents which thrilled Jessie Carden he exclaimed:

"He lives! He lives! Praise God, my boy is not dead!"

At that moment Jasper appeared and was dispatched for Dr. Randall. General Carden cut the traces, and the uninjured horse regained his feet. Mrs. Jasper brought a basin of water, and when General Carden joined the silent group Jessie was washing the dust and blood from the white face and smoothing back the curling locks.

"Why, it's John Burt! It's John Burt, papa!" she exclaimed, tears starting to her beautiful eyes. "Will he die, Mr. Burt? Will he die? Oh, papa, is there nothing we can do?"

"He will not die, my child," said the old man in a clear, calm voice. "It is written that he shall live these many years."

Just as Dr. Randall arrived, John regained consciousness and begged a glass of water. Jessie and her father waited anxiously for the physician's verdict. The old man appeared first, and though he spoke not, his radiant face told the story.

"He is badly cut and bruised in several places, but no bones are broken," said Dr. Randall. Jessie clasped her hands for joy. "He will be up and about in a week."

Jasper was ready with the Burt family carriage; and, leaving a kindly message for the grandire, they returned to the Bishop house. Jessie found that she had a few bruises, but she laughed at her aches, and talked only of the heroism of brave John Burt. The next day she sent him a beautiful bunch of roses, and another

each succeeding day until word came from Dr. Randall that the young man was able to sit up and might receive visitors. They drove to the farmhouse and were ushered into the library—John's study-room for seven years.

General Carden advanced and grasped John's hand. "My boy, God bless you! I do not know how to thank you. Jessie, have you nothing to say to the young man who saved your life?"

"I never thought," said Jessie, placing her hands in his, "that the boy who taught me how to catch crabs would one day save my life. But you know I always told Miss Malden that you weren't ruffian, and you see I was right!"

John looked handsome as he lay back in the great armchair. "I'm glad I had a chance to be of service to one I had met before," he said, as Jessie took a seat beside him; "though I confess I should not recognize you as the little girl who visited here several years ago. You are a young lady now, and I should hardly dare address you as Jessie, and that's the only name I knew you by in those days."

"I am not yet sixteen, and you can call me Jessie until I tell you not to. Can't he, papa?"

"I suppose so," said General Carden. "She is a spoiled child, Mr. Burt," tugging to the old gentleman, "and I have ceased making rules, lest she should break them."

During the hour which followed, Jessie and John talked of a score of topics, John deftly turning the conversation from the runaway accident.

How dainty, yet how healthy, Jessie looked! The July sun had begun its etching of tan. The slender neck, where the brown tresses protected it, was dazzling, shading away to cheek and brow in blendings of cream, pink and tan, which defied touch of brush or skill of words. The arched eyebrows and the dark silken lashes framed eyes which glowed with the smouldering fires of dawning womanhood. The month was not too small, and the lips were ruddy as ripe cherries.

And this was the being he had saved from mutilation against the cruel rocks! As he looked at her, heard the rippling music of her voice and felt the subtle inspiration of her presence, the thought came that there was something selfish in his joy and pride.

What was it? Is love selfish?

CHAPTER SIX.

Summer Days.

John Burt sprang into his saddle with an ease that showed complete recovery from the runaway accident, and cantered to Jessie Carden's side. They waved their hands gaily to Mrs. Bishop, and galloped away under the arching maples that formed an avenue before the old mansion. It was John's fourth visit since Jessie's arrival, and his suggestion of a ride to Hull had been smilingly accepted.

An hour later they stood on the heights above Point Aileron. Below, the wide crescent of Nantasket Beach swung to the south and east; within it "crawled the wrinkled sea." Every foot of ground was hallowed by history and legend. From that point their ancestors watched the Chesapeake as she sailed proudly out to fight the Shannon; there they had wept when they learned that the brave Lawrence had gone to his death shouting encouragement to his crew. Thence Captain John Smith first sighted the harbor. The red warriors of King Philip camped where they stood. A short distance away the Mary and John had anchored with her freight of pioneers. A mile to the north stood Boston Light, and they pictured Lord Howe's fleet sailing past it, swelling disdainfully out to sea.

(To be continued.)

GAVE UP HER MEAL TICKET.

Comical Mistake Made by Woman in New York Theater.

At a recent matinee in a New York theater a middle-aged woman bought a single ticket for the gallery, and mounted the stairs to the upper part of the house, says the New York Times. She handed to the ticket taker at the gallery entrance a check of the size and shape of the gallery tickets, which gave no coupons attached. He dropped it into the box, and the little woman hurried to find a good seat.

The first act had been on but a little while when the woman hurried, almost out of breath, to the ticket taker and cried:

"Let me have my ticket, please!"

"What?"

"The ticket I gave you. Let me have it again!"

"But it's in the box, locked up," replied the man, coldly.

"Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!" the little woman wailed.

"What's the matter?" asked the man, growing very slightly sympathetic.

"I gave you the wrong ticket," she said, weeping. "Here—here's yours." And she drew from her handbag the ticket that should have been taken up.

"But what was the other one?" demanded the man in astonishment. "It was my meal ticket," she sobbed, "and I can't eat."

The little woman would not go back to her seat until she had been assured by the man that she should have her meal ticket, which she afterward recovered.

Not a Shopper.
She—She's very mannish, isn't she? He—Yes, indeed. She can't force her way through a crowd at all.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SHOULD COME TO US

TRADE WITH CANADA OUR NATURAL RIGHT.

Chicago Record-Herald Believes That Reasonable Reciprocity Would Strengthen Our Hold on the Markets of Our Northern Neighbor.

In a speech in the House, Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania announced "the reciprocity policy" of the Republican party. The announcement is a notification to the champions of the "Iowa idea" that the stand-patters propose to control and shape the party policy upon the tariff question.

Mr. Dalzell declared that the reciprocity of the Republican party "must be a reciprocity of protection." In other words, the only reciprocity that will be considered will be a reciprocity in non-competing articles. If we are to admit articles free of duty in exchange for the free admission of certain of our products to other countries the articles admitted must be such as we do not produce. This is the Dalzell idea of "reciprocity" and the one, we are assured, for which the Republican party will stand in the coming campaign.

Gov. Cummins of Iowa has declared in his inaugural address last month and in numerous speeches that this is not reciprocity, and that such a policy tends to deprive American labor of its just rewards. Singularly enough, both Representative Dalzell and Gov. Cummins argue from the case of Canada, and each of them uses our trade with that country to prove his contention, the former maintaining that before the reciprocity treaty with Canada the balance of trade was largely in favor of the United States, and that while the treaty was in operation the balance was in favor of Canada.

Upon this question Gov. Cummins, in his inaugural address, said:

"In the last ten years American manufacturers have expended \$100,000,000 in the establishments of plants in Canada which would have been kept at home, with all the labor which that implies, if there had been a fair and permanent relation existing between the two countries. Not only so, but every student of affairs knows that the chance we now have across the border will be completely destroyed unless we treat with our neighbors upon a fair reciprocal basis.

"The farmers of Iowa have lost something in the foreclosure of the opportunity to feed the men who are operating the plants to which I have referred, and they will lose more when Canada raises the barrier so that England, France and Germany will supply the material for the wonderful development upon which she is just entering, and which we are so well prepared to supply."

In an address at the annual Lincoln day banquet at Minneapolis, he said:

"We want to sell Canada the things she must buy. We are better fitted to produce them than any other people in the world. Her needs are growing with greater rapidity than any other market which we enter. All that I say is that we are blind if we do not make an honest, faithful effort to maintain our hold upon that country and to increase our exports into its markets."

Mr. Dalzell's conception of reciprocity is that of most of the party managers, while Gov. Cummins speaks for the dominant sentiment of the people of the West upon this question.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Why They Hate the Tariff.

"There is not a Democrat who does not believe in tearing down the tariff walls that limit commerce and breed corruption."—From the speech of Charles A. Towne, former United States Senator from Minnesota, delivered at the Democratic club in New York, Feb. 17, 1904.

That is exactly the position of the Democratic party regarding the protective system. Here and there may be found a Democrat who is a protectionist at bottom or who is anxious to preserve protection for some industry or interest in his state or district, but when it comes to voting in Congress every one of them votes with his party to tear down the tariff walls. Not because the tariff walls limit commerce, for they have wonderfully increased commerce. Not because the tariff breeds corruption, for it does nothing of the sort; it breeds industry, breeds employment, breeds wages, breeds deposits in the savings banks, breeds plenty and comfort in the homes of many millions of people. It is not for these things that Democrats hate the tariff. It is because the tariff walls have for more than forty years stood between the Democratic party and the control of national affairs; because the tariff walls have all in these years kept a million or more of Democrats out of office. That is the chief reason why all Democrats hate the tariff.

Dangerous to Democracy.

Republicans naturally oppose the agitation of the tariff issue, for the soundest of reasons. They hold primarily that the tariff is to-day in the hands of the party of protection; that it has been adjusted to suit the economic policy of the nation; that an agitation of the issue at this time would naturally tend to unsettle business, as it did in 1892. They believe in tariff revision by its friends.

The Democratic motive in clamoring for a renewal of the tariff discussion in the coming campaign is little less than an indecent exposure of their unscrupulousness in politics. First, they do it with a view of unsettling business for partisan purposes.

They would gladly accept Bryan's issue for the same reason, but they know that free silver can no longer frighten the business men of the country. It is no longer a dangerous issue, except to the Democratic party.

Let them stir up the tariff question if they can find nothing else. It, too, is a settled question, from the Republican standpoint, though by no means a "dead one." The opportunist Democracy will revive it in this campaign at their peril. It is not only settled, but it will stay settled.—Dayton (Ohio) Journal.

No Service Pension Law.

Those men who served in the civil war and who were even slightly disabled in consequence should, and do, receive liberal pensions. That is plain justice.

Those who served and who are now impoverished—even though their poverty is in no way the result of their service—should, and do, receive liberal pensions. That is plain gratitude.

But it would be an error to extend the already generous limits which now mark the pension laws and to pay pensions not merely to those who are in want or who were disabled but also to those who are at once sound, healthy and in comfortable circumstances.

The service pension law proposes to bestow pensions of \$12 a month on every man who wore the union uniform for ninety days, whether or not he was at the front and whether or not he needs a pension. Unless Uncle Sam has Fortunatus' purse this is unwise and wasteful legislation.

Ample provision was made long ago for the pensioning of men suffering from disabilities due to service in the Mexican war. In 1887 congress passed an ill advised act giving all survivors above the age of 62 years a service pension of \$8 a month. The advocates of service pension legislation ask congress to do on a grand scale what it did on a small scale seventeen years ago and to force pensions on something like 200,000 men who are not pensionable under existing liberal laws.

A service pension law will be a costly affair, and congress should be slow to saddle new, heavy expenses upon the taxpayers. Since 1865 the disbursements for pensions have been \$2,942,000,000, and while the country will not be ruined if heavy payment on account of pensions continue for several years, there ought to be some regard for economy. It is not because of the amount of money involved that the Tribune chiefly objects to service pension legislation, but because of the vicious principles underlying it. This paper protested when service pensions were given the comparatively small number of Mexican war soldiers, and it protests now when it is proposed to copy that evil precedent.—Chicago Tribune.

Panama Canal Commission.

The Panama canal commission is composed of experts who will work harmoniously together and be a most efficient whole. In selecting the men who are to have charge of the greatest work any nation has yet undertaken, President Roosevelt was unimpaired by political, personal or sectional considerations. He was properly deaf to appeals that he "recognize" a particular state by appointing one of its citizens a member. There are senators who are displeased because there is no patronage for them in connection with the canal. The public will not sympathize with them in their affliction.

Something to Fall Back On.

"The Democracy still has the tariff to fall back upon, and may be able to do something along that line."—Springfield Republican.

The Democracy will, of course, fall back on the tariff. It must do so. It has no other issue on which to base an appeal to the people. Take from the Democratic mind its seated grudge against protection and you remove the last remaining reason why any man should continue to be a Democrat. The Presidential election of 1904 will be determined almost exclusively on tariff lines.

British Free Trade a Failure.

Last year the British government spent \$35,000,000 more than its revenue. The foremost question at this time in the foremost free trade nation is a proposed return to protection. The battle may be a long one, with varying fortunes, but the fact remains that the system of free trade has been weighed and found wanting by the nation best prepared to sustain it. The United States had a treasury surplus last year and the balance will again be on the right side for the fiscal year ending with June.

Loss a Billion a Year.

Although the population of Great Britain has increased largely in the last thirty years, yet she sells about \$110,000,000 worth of goods a year less to foreign countries than she did thirty years ago, while her imports have increased in the same period more than \$800,000,000 a year, which is nearly a net loss of a billion dollars a year, or \$165 for each adult male in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. No wonder they are thinking seriously about adopting protection as a national policy.

Just a Suggestion.

For the Democratic vice presidential nomination we take the liberty of suggesting Gov. Jeff Davis of Arkansas. He is the only man in sight who would have what might be called a fighting chance of being elected.