

"Grass Widow" Not Slang.
 "She is a grass widow," said the professor, nodding in the direction of a lady with yellow hair.
 "A 'grass' widow? Oh, professor, I didn't think you would use slang."
 "'Grass' widow is not slang," said the professor stoutly. It is, on the contrary, a very ancient and correct expression. It comes from the French 'grace.' It was originally written 'grace' widow. Its meaning is 'widow by courtesy.'
 "There is nothing slangy or disrespectful in the term 'grace' widow.' A widow may call herself that with propriety and with propriety any one may call her that."—Chicago Chronicle.

STEADILY GREW WORSE.

A Typical Tale of Sufferings from Sick Kidneys.

Mrs. L. C. Fridley, 1034 N. Main St., Delphos, Ohio, says: "Five or six years ago I began to suffer with kidney trouble and grew steadily worse until my health was all broken down. For weeks I was in bed and could not turn over without being helped. My back was stiff and painful, I was tired and languid, and when I was able to get around I could not do my work. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so much that I kept on using them until rid of every symptom of kidney trouble. During the past three years I have enjoyed excellent health."
 Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A shopkeeper in Tunbridge Wells, England, is a believer in reform spelling. He displayed the other day a placard reading: "3 Whewl Trisyceul for Sal."

FASHION HINTS



Tailored suits for early fall show longer coats and pleated skirts. The one sketched here is a single-breasted, fancy serge in dark blue, with self-covered buttons.

Ought to Know.

The animal trainer, having been taken suddenly ill, his wife reported for duty in his stead.

"Have you ever had any experience in this line?" asked the owner of the circus and menagerie, with some doubt.
 "Not just exactly in this line," she said, "but my husband manages the beasts all right, doesn't he?"
 "He certainly does."

"Well, you ought to see how easy I can manage him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

TO LIVE FOREVER.

Thomas Edison has perfected a storage battery which he says will last indefinitely and revolutionize the present propelling power.

Prof. Munyon says it is only a question of time until a remedy is discovered that will supply the waste of the human body, so that one may live on almost indefinitely, barring accidents. This seems almost too good to be true, but nothing seems to be impossible in these days when we consider the flying machine and the wireless telegraph.

Prof. Munyon has certainly revolutionized the practice of medicine. He does not believe in building hospitals for consumptives. He says that consumption can always be traced to a cold. Cure a cold and you prevent consumption. His Cold and Cough Remedy will break up almost any form of a cold in a few hours and positively prevent Bronchitis and Pneumonia. To convince the medical world and people in general of the truth of his claims he has distributed millions of vials of the Cold Cure, absolutely free, from the leading newspaper offices throughout the country, and the cures that have been reported from its use have been most astonishing. These little sugar pellets contain no opium, morphine, cocaine or any harmful drug. They seem to relieve the head, throat and lungs almost immediately.

In order that no one may be deprived of this remedy he has placed it with all the druggists throughout the United States for the small sum of 25 cents, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, and with each bottle he gives this guarantee: "If Munyon's Cold and Cough Cure does not do all that is claimed for it, I will refund your money."

There are four advantages in taking Munyon's Remedies. First, they are absolutely harmless. Second, they are pleasant to take. Third, they relieve almost immediately. Fourth, they cost nothing unless they give satisfaction. Munyon's Guide to Health sent free on request. Munyon Remedy Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Having stalked indignantly on for a few paces, the doctor discovered that his wife had not followed him, and turning he called savagely: "Pepeeta, come! It is folly to try and p-persuade him. Let us leave the saint to his prayers! But let me remember the old p-p-proverb, 'young saint, old sinner.' Come!"

He proceeded towards the carriage; but Pepeeta seemed rooted to the ground, and David was equally incapable of motion. While they stood thus, gazing into each other's eyes, they saw nothing and they saw all. That brief glance was freighted with destiny. A subtle communication had taken place between them, although they had not spoken; for the eye has a language of its own.

What was the meaning of that glance? What was the emotion that gave it birth in the soul? He knew! It told its own story. To their dying day, the actors in that silent drama remembered that glance with rapture and with pain.

Pepeeta spoke first, hurriedly and anxiously: "What did you say last night about the 'light of life'? Tell me! I must know."

"I said there is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."
 "And what did you mean? Be quick. There is only a moment."

"I meant that there is a light that shines from the soul itself and that in this light we may walk, and he who walks in it, walks safely. He need never fall!"

"Never? I do not understand; it is beautiful; but I do not understand!"
 "Pepeeta!" called her husband, angrily.

She turned away, and David watched her gliding out of his sight, with an irrefragable pain and longing. "I suppose she is his daughter," he said to himself, and upon that natural but mistaken inference his whole destiny turned. Something seemed to draw him after her. He took a step or two, halted, sighed and returned to his labor.

But it was to a strangely altered world that he went. Its glory had vanished; it was desolate and empty, or so at least it seemed to him, for he confounded the outer and the inner worlds, as it was his nature and habit to do. It was in his soul that the change had taken place.

Thoughts which he had always been able to expel from his mind before, like evil birds fluttered again and again into the windows of his soul. For this he upbraided himself; but only to discover that at the very moment when he regretted that he had been tempted at all, he also regretted that he had not been tempted further.

All day long his agitated spirit alternated between remorse that he had enjoyed so much, and regret that he had enjoyed so little. Never had he experienced such a tumult in his soul. He struggled hard, but he could not tell whether he had conquered or been defeated.

He heard again the mocking laughter of the quack, and the stinging words of his cynical philosophy once more rang in his ears. What this coarse wretch had said was true, then. Much of his youth had already passed and he had not as yet tasted the only substantial joys of existence—money, pleasure, ambition, love! He felt that he had been deceived and defrauded.

A contempt for his old life and its surroundings crept upon him. He began to despise the simple country people among whom he had grown up, and those provincial ideas which they cherished in the little, unknown nook of the world where they stagnated.

During a long time he permitted himself to be borne upon the current of these thoughts without trying to stem it, till it seemed as if he would be swept completely from his moorings. But his trust had been firmly anchored, and did not easily let go its hold. The convictions of a lifetime began to reassert themselves. They rose and struggled heroically for the possession of his spirit.

Had the battle been with the simple abstraction of philosophic doubt, the good might have prevailed, but there obtruded itself into the field the concrete form of the gypsy. The glance of her lustrous eye, the gleam of her milk-white teeth, the heaving of her agitated bosom, the inscrutable but suggestive expression of her flushed and eager face, these were foes against which he struggled in vain. A fervent desire, whose true significance he did not altogether understand, tugged at his heart, and he felt himself drawn by unseen hands toward this mysterious and beautiful being. She seemed to him at that awful moment, when his whole world of thought and feeling was slipping from under his feet, the one only abiding reality. She at least was not an impalpable vision, but solid, substantial, palpating flesh and blood. Like continuously advancing waves which sooner or later must un-dermine a dyke, the passions and suspicions of his newly awakened nature were sapping the foundations of his belief.

At intervals he gained a little courage to withstand them, and at such moments tried to pray; but the effort was futile, for neither would the accustomed syllables of petition spring to his lips, nor the feelings of faith and devotion arise within his heart.

CHAPTER V.

Violent emotions, like the lunar tides, must have their ebb because they have their flow. The feelings do not so much advance like a river, as oscillate like a pendulum. Striding homeward, David's determination to join his fortunes to those of the two adventurers

began to wane. He trembled at an unknown future and hesitated before untried paths.

Already the strange experiences through which he had passed began to seem to him like a half-forgotten dream. The reffluent thoughts and feelings of his religious life began to set back into every bay and estuary of his soul.

With a sense of shame, he regretted his hasty decision, and was saying to himself, "I will arise and go to my father," for all the experiences of life clothed themselves at once in the familiar language of the Scriptures.

It is more than likely that he would have carried out this resolution, and that this whole experience would have become a mere incident in his life history, if his destiny had depended upon his personal volition. But how few of the great events of life are brought about by our choice alone!

Just at sunset he crossed the bridge over the brook which formed the boundary line of the farm, and as he did so heard a light footstep. Lifting his eyes, he saw Pepeeta, who at that very instant stepped out of the low bushes which lined the trail she had been following.

Her appearance was as sudden as an apparition and her beauty dazzled him. Her face, flushed with exercise, gleamed against the background of her black hair with a sort of spiritual radiance. When she saw the Quaker, a smile of unmistakable delight flashed upon her features and added to her bewitching grace. She might have been an Oread or a Dryad wandering alone through the great forest. What bliss for youth and beauty to meet thus at the close of day amid the solitudes of Nature!

Had Nature forgotten herself, to permit these two young and impressionable beings to enjoy this pleasure on a lonely road just as the day was dying and the tense energies of the world were relaxed? There are times when her indifference to her own most inviolable laws seems anarchic. There are moments when she appears wanton-ly to lure her children to destruction.

They gazed into each other's eyes, they knew not how long, with an incomprehensible and delicious joy, and then looked down upon the ground. Having regained their composure by this act, they lifted their eyes and regarded each other with frank and friendly smiles.

"I thought thee had gone," said David.

"We stayed longer than we expected," Pepeeta replied.

"Has thee been hunting wild flowers?" he asked, observing the bouquet which she held in her hand.

"I picked them on the way."
 "Thee does love the woods?"
 "Oh, so much! I am a sort of wild creature and should like to live in a cave."

"I am afraid thee would always turn thy face homeward at dusk, as thee is doing now," he said with a smile.

"Oh, no! I am not afraid! I go because I must."

The path was wide enough for two, and side by side they moved slowly forward.

The somber garb in which he was dressed, and the brilliant colors of her apparel, afforded a contrast like that between a pheasant and a scarlet tanager. Color, form, motion—all were perfect. They fitted into the scene without a jar or discord, and enhanced rather than disturbed the harmony of the drowsy landscape.

As they walked onward, they vaguely felt the influence of the repose that was stealing upon the tired world; the intellectual and volitional elements of their natures becoming gradually quieted, the emotions were given full sway. They felt themselves drawn toward each other by some irresistible power, and although they had never before been conscious of any incompleteness of their lives, they suddenly discovered affinities of whose existence they had never dreamed. Their two personalities seemed to be absorbed into one new mysterious and indivisible being, and this identity gave them an incomprehensible joy. Over them as they walked, Nature brooded, sphynx-like. Their young and healthy natures were tuned in unison with the harmonies of the world like perfect instruments from which the delicate fingers of the great Musician evoked a melody of which she never tired, reserving her discords for a future day. On this delicious evening she permitted them to be thrilled through and through with joy and hope and she accompanied the song their hearts were singing with her own multitudinous voices. "Be happy," chirped the birds; "be happy," whispered the evening breeze; "be happy," murmured the brook, running along by their side and looking up into their faces with laughter. The whole world seemed to respond with the refrain, "Be happy! Be happy! for you are young, are young!" Pepeeta first broke the silence.

"I had never heard of the things about which you talked," she said.

"Thee never had? How could that be? I thought that every one knew them!"

"I must have lived in a different world from yours."
 "And thee was happy?"
 "I thought so until I heard what you said. Since then I have been full of care and trouble. I wish I knew what you meant! But I have seen that wonderful light!"

"Thee has seen it?"
 "Yes, to-day. And I followed it; I shall always follow it."

"When does thee leave the village?" David asked, fearing the conversation

would lead where he did not want to go.

"To-morrow," she said.
 "Does thee think that the doctor would renew his offer to take me with him?"

"Do I think so? Oh! I am sure."

"Then I will go."
 "You will go? Oh, I am so happy! The doctor was very angry; he has not been himself since. You don't know how glad he will be."

"But will not thee be happy, too?" he asked.
 "Happier than you could dream," she answered with all the frankness of a child.

Having reached the edge of the woods, where their paths separated, they paused.

"We must part," said David.
 "Yes; but we shall meet to-morrow."
 "Good-bye."
 "Good-bye."

At the touch of their hands their young hearts were swayed by tender and tumultuous feelings. A too strong pressure startled them, and they loosened their grasp. The sun sank behind the hill. The shadows that fell upon their faces awakened them from their dreams. Again they said good-bye and reluctantly parted. Once they stopped and, turning, waved their hands; and the next moment Pepeeta entered the road which led her out of sight.

In this interview, the entire past of these two lives seemed to count for nothing. If Pepeeta had never seen anything of the world; if she had issued from a nunnery at that very moment, she could not have acted with a more utter disregard of every principle of safety.

It was the same with David. The fact that he had been reared a Quaker; that he had been dedicated to God from his youth; that he had struggled all his days to be prepared for such a moment as this, did not affect him to the least degree.

The seasoning of the bow does not invariably prevent it from snapping. The drill on the parade ground does not always insure courage for the battle. Nothing is more terrible than this futility of the past.

Such scenes as this discredit the value of experience, and attach a terrible reality to the conclusion of Coleridge, that "it is like the stern-light of a vessel—illuminating only the path over which we have traveled."

It was to this moment that their consciences traced their sorrows; it was to that act of their souls which permitted them to enjoy that momentary rapture that they attached their guilt; it was at that moment and in that silent place that they planted the seeds of the trees upon which they were subsequently crucified.

(To be continued.)

HUNTING IN CHINA.

Variety of Game Found Among the Royal Tombs.

Four hours by train southwest of Peking lie the Hsi Ling or Western Tombs, the mausolea of the reigning dynasty. The tombs lie in a large parklike inclosure containing some sixty square miles of broken, hilly country in which the Chinese are not allowed to settle and which may not be plowed up. In consequence of this it's a refuge for all kinds of game and about the only sure find for pheasants within easy reach of Peking.

A kind of chamois (the Indian goral) and spotted deer are found on the higher hills and are preyed on by the panther and the wolf. As soon as the frost sets in for the winter the Chinese begin shooting the pheasants, and although they seem to do their best to exterminate them, a good many apparently escape and provide the stock for the following year.

The birds are shot over dogs, some of which have really good noses, though in appearance they differ in no way from the scavengers of the village streets. If possible a tame hawk is also taken out to mark down birds that are missed or not fired at. The man with the hawk takes his stand on a commanding hill and the hunter with his dog proceeds to draw round him. If the dog puts up a pheasant which is missed by the Chinaman, or a brace, only one of which can be fired at, the hawk is at once loosed and pheasant and hawk disappear together. The hunter reloads and follows and finds the hawk by means of a small bell attached to its back probably sitting on a rock or tree stump.

He then sends his dog in to put up the pheasant, which is invariably hiding in a thick bit of cover within a few yards of the hawk. As long as the hawk is sitting there the poor bird will neither run nor fly, and thus falls an easy victim to the hunter. In this way a couple of Chinamen with a gun, a dog, and a hawk make comparatively large bags in places where the foreigner vainly attempting to walk up his game with a straggling line of useless Chinese beaters will probably only get a few shots in a day, and certainly never find a pheasant again which he has once missed.

On the stonier hills, where there is less cover, chikor are found in considerable quantities and give very fair sport, except for their indefatigable powers of running uphill; but the Chinese keep them still by using a hawk. Along the streams, fighting hard to keep open in spite of the severe frost, a few duck and snipe may be picked up, the latter heavier and plumper birds than regular spring and autumn visitors.

He Was Satisfied.

"People praise my work," said the artist, boasting.

"And they laugh at mine," rejoined the sad-faced party; "but I don't mind."

"What is your line?" queried the artist.

"I'm a professional humorist," replied the other.—Chicago Daily News.

All that are lovers of virtue, be quiet and go angling.—Isaak Walton.

SEEDS ARE TRADED FOR BOOKS AND MAPS

Secretaries of Congressmen Employ Tactics of Wall Street to Satisfy Constituents.

BECOME SHARP BARGAINERS.

One Wants Agricultural Reports, While Another Needs Geodetic Surveys, and They "Swap."



THE big white marble office buildings in Washington in which are the business places for the Senators and Representatives lack tickers and a pit and the other signs of exchanges in Wall street, but it is probable that as much "trading" is done in them as in the buildings of like acreage in New York's great financial district.

Whenever the government issues publications, maps or other goods of which portions are given members of Congress, the several members are credited with their quotas and the government relinquishes all right and claim to them.

The government takes no cognizance of geography, climate or location in issuing the goods to members. All get the same number of anything that is issued.

The Kansas member who hasn't enough water in his district to swim a tadpole gets as many surveys, projections, maps, etc., of the hydrographic or geodetic bureaus as the member from New England with two to five hundred miles of coast, while the member from the Harlem districts in New York City gets as many vegetable seeds to distribute to the tenement and flat dwellers as though his district lay in Kansas or Missouri.

It follows that the member who has geodetic surveys and needs seeds is anxious to meet the member who has seeds and needs geodetic surveys. It would be undignified, of course, for members of Congress to take part in such trading.

That is where the members' secretaries get busy. It is a common occurrence for a young man to stop at the door of the room of some member and shout:

"What'll y' give fr eight ags?"

Language of Trade.

Now, "ags" is short for the annual report of the Department of Agriculture.

"Give you a ge-od," replies the secretary addressed.

"Not for mine," replies the N'Yawker.

"Haven't much call for 'ags," replies the rural secretary in a tone as casual and uninterested as possible. "Fact is, we have a big stock on hand."

The N'Yawker knows that isn't true. Nobody in Congress has too many of anything that constituents may get for the asking.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," says the westerner. "We get 900 'ags,' and only forty-five 'ge-ods.' I'll trade you one 'ge-od' for twenty 'ags.'"

"Not for mine," replies the N'Yawker. "Let's trade on the cash basis. 'Ags' are worth 3 cents and 'ge-ods' 40 cents each. I'll give you one 'ag' for five 'ge-ods.'"

Each needs what the other has, so a trade finally is arranged on some basis. An odd thing about the trading is that what the New York secretary said about the money value of various federal commodities is true.

Dickering for "Eulogies."

The saddest sight about Washington is that of a secretary to a member of Congress trying to gather eulogies. When a member of Congress dies the Speaker or Vice President goes to the ball game, or any other place far removed from Congress, puts a substitute in his chair and other members from the deceased's state pour oratorical flowers on the late honorable's memory. In due course of time the eulogies are printed in one volume.

Persons out in Oregon might not know that such a person as the deceased ever existed. But he has had staunch friends in the state which honored him, and every one of them is eager to get one of the books. All the secretary has to do is to tap gently on every one of the 400-odd doors in the House office building and ask most humbly if there can be spared for him two or three or more copies of the eulogy of "his member's" colleague.

Inasmuch as the secretaries who are asked probably never heard of the late lamented, it may be thought that in such a sad event they would willingly hand over their entire quota. But the chances are that they have become so imbued with the spirit of trading that the colleague of the departed member may have five copies of the eulogy for forty 'ags,' or ten 'ge-ods,' or an impossible number of "veges," but never for nothing. So the secretary plods on, hat in hand, until he has obtained a sufficient number of eulogies to fill the wants of "his member's" constituency.

BACK TO SAVAGERY.

Sioux Indians to Resume Primitive Life in Nicaragua.

Two hundred Sioux Indians, growing tired of the joys and benefits of civilization as introduced on the Indian reservations of the West, have determined to emigrate to a country in which they may return to the primitive condition of existence before the coming of the white man. The movement has been under way for many months, but has only just come to light since an emissary of the discontented Indians returned from Nicaragua with the news that President Zelaya had granted to the Sioux an immense tract of land upon which they may settle and live according to the ancient customs of the tribe. The lands granted them are in a wild state and so high up the mountains that the climate approaches that of the present Sioux country. Game abounds there and except for the absence of the buffalo the Indians can live the primitive life of the early Sioux.

In return for the big tract of land, the Indians have agreed to take the field and fight for Zelaya whenever called upon by him, and hereafter when an overambitious Nicaraguan starts a revolution against the rule of Zelaya the revolutionists will run up against a body of the fiercest and best fighting Indians on the North American continent. Many of the braves fought with Sitting Bull, Gall and Red Cloud, and while these men are upward of 50 years old, their mode of living has kept them in fine fettle and they are a formidable body of men.

The Indians who will emigrate are all landowners, their holdings having been allotted by the government last year. Each head of a family received 320 acres for himself and 160 acres additional for each child. In leaving this country the Indians will not lose possession of it by sale until 25 years after its allotment. However, the land can be rented or leased for as long a term as desired and the Indians are preparing to lease their lands to white men. With the money received from these leases the trip to Nicaragua will be made. The start for their new home will be made in the fall.

TRAMPS MADE BY HARD TIMES.

Government Inspector Describes Results of Recent Depression.

The recent business depression had a demoralizing effect on certain classes of laborers, according to the report of C. L. Green, inspector in charge of the New York city branch of the division of information of the department of commerce and labor, submitted to L. V. Powderly, chief of the division, for the six months ended June 30.

"Enforced idleness during this period caused men to resort to every known device to live without employment," the inspector declares. "Finding it possible to exist, idleness seems to have become a habit, and now that the parks are pleasant and the fields are hot they prefer to enjoy them, living as best they can."

Inspector Green makes it plain, however, that he does not mean by the foregoing statement to say or to imply that he refers to all persons, but only to certain classes.

The report shows that during the fiscal year just closed 3,812 men obtained employment in the various states through information given by his bureau. It is stated that, compared with previous periods, the demand for farm laborers has been abnormal, as has the demand for common laborers, and wages showed considerable improvement during the last six months. Recently a marked improvement has occurred in quality, though there was a decrease in number of men applying for information. It is stated, and the percentage of applicants directed to employment has increased materially for these reasons:

Doubts Newton's Speed Law.

Prof. Henri Poincare, in a recent lecture at Paris before the Association for the Advancement of Science, announced that scientists now questioned one of Newton's fundamental laws of mechanics, namely, that if a certain force acts on a moving body for one second it communicates a certain speed, and that if it acts for another second it gives a new increase equal to the first, and so on. The critics now say that the increase in the speed during the second period is less than given in the first, still less in the third and so on. Hence there is a limit to the speed that can be produced and that this limit is the speed of light, from which they argue that the mass of a material body is not constant but increases with the body's speed. One of the rays latterly observed in connection with radium is believed to offer proof of the new theory.

Berliner's Aerial Torpedo.

Emile Berliner, the Washington inventor, is believed to have perfected his plans for the construction of a new weapon of destruction which will outdo the submarine torpedo and the heaviest gun in destructive effect. The Berliner device is an evolution of the fish torpedo into a winged engine of warfare. Small aeroplanes and the use of engine-driven propellers accomplish the transformation. The machine will have horizontal motors or gyroscopes to preserve its equilibrium. Carrying a charge of from 150 to 250 pounds of the powerful explosive known as cordite, the torpedo would go at a speed which would enable it to overhaul the fastest ship, and it is thought that rapid-fire guns could not do much damage to the terrible visitor. A speed of 100 miles an hour is anticipated for the aerial torpedo.