The Malden's Oalh.

Salth abe: "My band take; hear the

that Time should mimic ate's hopeless phrase, "Too m you, love that he could do my heart from thought or

mere madness of Love's fre

'Yet when he'd wrought his utmos Ob, think you not that I'd be your

"Or say that God could make a hell Wherein unshriven souls must dwell And that you had been down hurle To pace the treadmill of despair.

ith glances weaving hely spells, e to the blessed Damosel's, ending o'er the heavenly steep, ald anatch you, tear you from the

William Struthers in Heme Journa

Gur Family Story.

The End of Her Waiting. Ellen F. Wycoff, in Arthur's New

It was a new sensation to Dolly—shadow had ever fallen between this perfect, beautiful happiness. It them.

"Do you really want me, Robert?" seemed to her that some wonderful And now the waiting was over at she asked, a glad light in her darknew brightness must have settled last, and she would be Robert's wife. blue eyes. down over the world.

dress and tried to brighten it with a It seemed to her that the very told her of his plan. fresh collar and pink bow. Only leaves knew and trembled, as she "I'm coming to-morrow night with hat, with its dejected "droopy" knew all about it.

What a jolly tour ours shall be!

bows, and wondered if she must The town clock struck ten, and Yes, I know there is always trouble that pitiful past!

For at noon a telegram had come lovers is, you know. for her. She was eating her lunch, Dolly smiled as the soft murmur you, and I've waited twenty years; when the messenger boy came into wondered if the poor young things and Amy and the small army of the little back room of the millinery would ever be as happy as she was young people. I'll come for my also a fruitful source of trouble in a store and handed her a yellow en- then! velope. And the opening of it was And then, as they walked slowly ready?" all that lay between the old world up the path, words began to grow What could she say but yes? and the new. Just that tiny isth- out of the soft murmur. mus of time between the old life "Bob Brent has struck it, they lowed him as long as his broad and the new. Everything was say," Ben remarked in his elegant changed as by magic, and she wanted to take the freekled-faced boy in

"Ah, yes. How sorry I am for postman came to take up the mail,

"Boo Brent has struck it, they lowed him as long as his broad tening very firmly to the membrane and offering great resistance to attempts to cough them up. The all their children. The sun don't quantity of dust produced in the like em. If he catch one, he eats it. there; but instead, she wrote her name in the book he held out to her, thought they were-" scrawling lines again.

That was all; but oh, the meaning of it! It meant an end to the handsomest man in town? And Then the breakfast-bell rang, and years of weary waiting. It meant haven't you noticed how he admires Dolly went in to tell them that her comfort and happiness and rest and Kitty? It was all well enough wedding-day was come. the fulfillment of countless levely when he couldn't marry; but dreams. It meant everything to the now_______ woman who had waited and waited But the words were indistinct for her wedding-day.

And it meant that an heir had "the son of my friend Garrison ty years that had rolled over her, carrying her freshness away.

Dolly's hands were not quite hats over her Coasin Kitty's yellow bangs, and Kitty was hard to please. ite down the street,

"You sin't interested, Dolly; your eyes are dreamy. Do you know Robert is coming hom." Amy told me; they had a telegram. He is the heir; isn't he rich? But he's had a

"Maybe you'll be getting married now," Kitty said, smiling under the drooping plumes, "now that Robert is a rich man."

Dolly flushed and bent over the

"It looks like it's time," Kitty went on, "if you are engaged, as people say. But long engagements rarely ever end in marriage, mother says. Yes, this one will do. Get it

home that she would make beautiful after these are gone.

She had been a slip of a girl then, down at the end of the cross street, awkwardly conscious of her first Presently the gate latch clicked, long dress; and Robert, a boy and then a pair of strong arms foldscarcely older than herself, had ed themselves about her and her blushed and stammered over the head was on Robert's broad shoulder, story that is never easy to tell.

And then his father had died, and longed for her, and what an age the his mother and sister; and, later on, last week had been. a family of little orphaned nephews "You would have been sorry for

Dolly was the first to say that my hurry getting off, I left your they must wait. She could see how last photograph in the pocket of the impossible it would be for Robert to coat I'd been wearing, and there was take care of them all. He left only the childish little thing taken

ooking out for herself.

love that bound her and Robert to graph when I have you."

She would rather have waited for "I'll show you pretty soon. Want

this morning—scarcely twelve hours did, with joy; and the stars twinkled Mr. Sims, and I'm going to claim ago she had pinned on the brown down between them, as if they too, my wife and take her away with me

walk about under it all the summer. Patty and Ben came in from the about clothes and things; but we And now it, was all away back in reading club. They always lingered won't let that make the waiting a little at the gate, as the manner of longer. Put on the little blue frock jury up to old age. Such cases, how lovers is, you know.

Output

Description:

so daintily put up by Aunt Harriet, of their voices came to her. She and now I must hurry to mother

her arms and kiss him then and Dolly! Poorfaithful, loving Dolty!" and then she flew out to him and

while Robert is in his prime-the across her palm.

again; Dolly heard no more.

She had risen from the hammock been found at last by the puzzled and was standing, white and still, in lawyers, and that the fortune of the the glare of the electric light. The old Western miner would no longer stars were mocking her now up go a-begging for some one to use it. above the lower light, and the For the miner's will had called for breezes were whispering of the twen-

Ben saw her there when he came steady that afternoon, when she cheery "Good night, Miss Dolly," cheery "Good night, Miss Dolly," and went whistling his newest favorite down the street.

"Faith," he was saying, "I'm sorry for ye, poor old fellow, but you don't need those shoes; you are dead,

Then Dolly crept to her room. "And I would have let bim do it!

I never would thought of the change. Oh, the shame, the humil-soldiers was called on to pray. nard time taking care of his mother and sisters and Mrs. Brown's children. That one is a little too close; try a flaring brim."

Dolly brought another hat and patiently laid the blue feathers

That one is a little too close; to a fair young girl twenty years ago! He was too true and noble to let me know, too tender to hurt me. If only I had seen! It is all so different with women but I ferent with women, but I never thought of it before. It would not manded the disgusted General in a matter to me how changed Robert matter to me how changed Robert might be; I'd love him only more, man, "I'm runnin' because I can't if he needed more. But he is grandly fly.'

in the hammock under the low calm face. Faded? Oh, the beauty spreading magnolia-tree down by the of it as she knelt there giving up all gate. She was resting and thinking she held dear! What are dimples of the blessedness of this new world and all fresh prettiness to a beauty that held Robert all her own, and a like that? You only get to the soul

In the morning, before any of the It was twenty years since Robert, household was awake, she took the standing by her under this very letter and carried it out to the mailtree, all in blossom then, had told box on the corner; and then she her the sweet old story that every went to the hammock under the maiden must hear. Twenty years! magnolia, and watched the sun rise

and he was telling her how he had

and nieces had been left to him. me, Dolly," he was saying; "for, in

So twenty years crept away. Dolly you. There, don't be vexed—I know had remained in her aunt's home, you are not very like her now; but, between us, I believe you were in erally be used to straighten the ball and afterward working down town; those first days, though it is hard to or get it away from an adversary, though some men seem to have a everything, now that they were rose as anything less lovely and grown up, and Dolly was used to sweet than she is now. But you will soon be my very own, Dolly, But there had always been the and I shan't be missing a photo-

each other. Not even the slenderest Dolly drew her breath. She was

And it was only this morning this than to have been a queen long you? Oh, Dolly!" and then he that she had dusted the old brown ago.

wife at nine, Dolly. Will she be large percentage of cases.

Investigation of the dust met with

And then how her happy eyes fol-

"Sorry? Why isn't she in it? I begged for the letter she had drop-

ped through the slot an hour ago. and when he was gone, she read the "Why. Ben," Patty broke in, with "It's against the rules, Miss tears in her little bubyish voice, Dolly," he said; but she held out "It is all right. Coming to-mor"can't you see that Dolly is only a her hand and lifted her pleading New York Tribune." faded middle-aged woman now, eyes to him, and he laid the letter

HUMOR OF THE CAMP.

Anecdotes Told by General Gordon in Ilis Famous Lecture.

The grim humor of the camp The grim humor of the camp waged eternal warfare on the general despondency, said Ceneral Gordon in his lecture, introductory to a few choice bits of fun. One day while strolling over the field of a recent battle he found one of his men, an Irishman, talking earnestly to a dead Federal soldier.

"Waith " to was earned to mistranslation of the story. In the original it was written pantoufle en vair, which, being translated, would be "the fur slipper." The translator, however, wrote it as if it had been pantoufle en verre, making the little "cinder girl's" fur foot evering one of glass, which, it must be admitted, would be one quite appropriate to a fairy.—Exchange.

iation of it! To think that I, a "Oh, Lord," he said, "we are in

her and for me; for I couldn't bear he added, humorously, "I had to to have him sorry or—or ashamed." send a private Confederate along to

POLO ON HORSEBACK.

There Are Four Strokes to Be Learne Besides Speed In Riding. There are practically four strokes

near and off side, and backhand dit-to. Of these the forehand off side is worth all the others put together, as far as scoring is concerned, and if a man can hit this stroke well he is in a fair way of becoming a valuable assistant to his side. It is usually the first stroke tackled by a begin ner and it is sometimes never learned

Supposing a gigantic clock dial sus pended facing the off side of the pony and parallel with its sides, the stroke would be started about with the stick horizontal and at about 9 o'clock. By the time it got to a point opposite 2 o'clock the arm and stick would be almost in a straight line, and with a mighty swing the three-quarter circle would be com-pleted and the ball struck when the stick had reached 6 o'clock. This is the only stroke in which the stick should describe more than a half circle. The left shoulder should be thrown well forward, the face turned

coat l'd been wearing, and there was thrown well forward, the face turned almost square to the ball. In the off side backhand stroke the body should be square to the front, but slightly leaning toward the off of twenty years ago! Forgive me, dear, but it's more like your little sile, the right arm raised to about silly-faced (lousin Kitty than like body should be square to the front, but slightly leaning toward the off side, the right arm raised to about the level of the head and slightly bent, and the stick start at 12 o'clock

strokes almost as well on the near side as on the off. The body in the near side forehand stroke is bent to the left, the right shoulder advanced. the right arm brought well back across the chest and the stroke started with the stick perpendicular. The near side backhand stroke is usually

more or less of a downward "jab."

Most of those who are competent to teach the game would prefer to see a tyro miss the ball at speed when practicing than hitit at a walk. If a beginner gets into the way of playing a slow, poking game, he will not acquire that dash without which a polo player can never get into the first flight.—Boston Herald.

Dust In Cotton Factories The curious fact appears that certain individuals have the power of resisting acute and even chronic catarrh, gradually becoming accus-tomed to an atmosphere laden with dust, and these work on without inthat of 100 operatives who were ill in consequence of the dust the great-er number suffered from tuberculo-

in cotton factories shows that the stronger fibers are at once expelled from the air passages, but not the exceedingly small fibers, these fasworking of cotton, especially in carding and spinning, is found to be very large, the danger being in proportion to the shortness of the fiber. Hemp and jute dust is even more harmful, while the sanitary relations of silk

Yes, I know you are saying to yourself, "That headline would have looked and sounded better had it been 'Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," but the writer has been making a critical study of this most interesting nursery story and finds that the famous "glass" slipper properly had no place in it. The "glass" slipper is really the "fur," "cloth" or "felt" slipper, the word "glass" having been substituted through a strange mistranslation of the story. In the original it was written partonice en

There is a very curious plant to be found growing in the vicinity of Oronow, and I'll just take 'em." He ville, in this state. The fruit is yelpulfed the shoes from the dead man's feet and put them on Lis own.

On one occasion a prayer meeting than solid, though it contains a wafeet and put them on his own.

On one occasion a prayer meeting was held in camp, and one of the was held in camp, and one of the dries up when the fruit is fully ripe, faded middle-aged woman, would the midst of a terrible battle and in have held him to the face of the faded middle-aged woman, would be midst of a terrible battle and in fruit which is lighter than air. This

Variations In the Compass When the Forest Queen was making a trip to Portland the other morning, Captain Parsons noted that his compass was two points out of the way as he neared Bug light. Inveshandsome and—and he must have a
—a young, pretty wife. It is best, I see that—best for Robert and for that he ever sent to his men. "But,"

"I had been placed near the wheelhouse. These were removed, and the needle went back to its proper place. How watchful the mariner must be!

people say. But long engagements rarely ever end in marriage, mother says. Yes, this one will do. Get it ready by Sunday, Dolly; and I mearly forgot—mother told me to sak if Aunt V criet is through with her headach.

And when tolly had answered pretty, diamled, rosy-checked, yellow hard Kitty tripped out of the store.

And then she wrote a letter, and, when it was finished, she knel/t by her bedside; and the stars twinkled in and the breezes fanned her pale in and the breezes fanned her pale is to have him sorry or—or ashamed."

Send a private Confederate along to vouch for his veracity."

He concluded with a burst of Southern eloquence, and, seeing the silken flag on the table from which he spoke, he said: "And by the memory of the fathers who be queathed us this glorious country; by the long line of noble heroes who fought in it; by the unrivaled hero ism and devotion of her sons—by all these we declare that this flag of the North; this flag of the North; this flag of the nuited country, shall be a protecting power to all on land and on sea."

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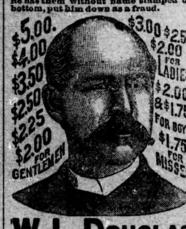
DARLINGTON, S. C.

An Indian's Idea of a Comet.

When the last comet was streaming in the sky, I was camping one night in a canyon near the foot of Cook's peak. In the party was an old--and for an Indian—a fairly intelligent Ute named Sam. Pointing to the comet, I asked Sam what he could say in its defense from the standpoint of a Ute. Sam was, unlike most Indians, a great talker and could speak English very well. He was ambitious to perfect himself in the language and readily seized on every chance for a talk. Indeed I discovered him on one or two occasions all alone and talking vigorously at a mark like a savage Demosthenes.

"Tell about that?" said Sam, pointing toward the comet. "Sam do it in a heap easy. The sun is the man, This makes the stars heap 'fraid, and when the sun has his sleep over and comes out the stars run and hide. When the sun comes, stars go—creep into holes and hide. But the moon is good. She loves her children the stars—and when the sun sleeps she comes out in the sky, and the stars are glad, and they come out of the places they hid in and forget to be 'fraid and play. But when the sun wakes again they run. He is always after them, and he catches them sometimes. This one," continued Sam, pointing to the comet, "the sun catch one time. He got away, though, but the sun bit him and hurt him. That's why he bleed so. Now he's heap scared, and so he keeps his face always toward the place where the sun is sleeping."—
New York World.

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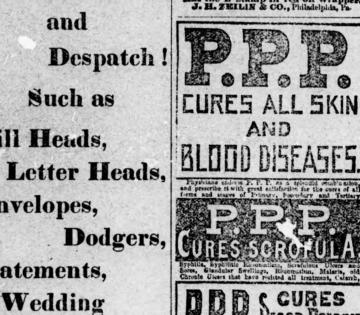
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