ny Mala M. Vertille, Va.

- Oh, song the rotes sings to May.

  It is the one i sing;
  He has the same sweet words to say across the fields of spring.

  Amid the green leaves on the tree,
  Hark to his lyric line;
  A burst of love and melody—

  Resetheart, be mine!
- The south wind's message to the cose. In music soft and clear. It is the same as mine which goes. To her whom love holds dear. He sings the crimson to her cheeks;
- She trembles on the vine
  With joy at every word he speaks;
- So, like the south wind's and the bird's,
  Let my fate be at last;
  Since I have dared to steal their words
  My lot with their's less.
  The rose and robin's mute shall give
  Their hearts to love—and thine,
  Say the glad word and let me live;
  Sweetheart, be mine!
  —Frank D. Sherman in Harper's Bazar,

# THE FLEUR-DE-LIS

Was It Dream, Illusion or a Mingling With the Dend?

BY S. L. BACON. I was a young man then, 24 years of

age. That is very young, is it not? And I had been at work ever since I was a mere lad, for I had had my living to make, and at the time of which I write I held a good position and had the respect of my employers.

I had been given just at this time a holiday because of a generally wornout

condition of body and mind, having been warned by my physician that unleas I followed his prescription of absolute rest and change I should suc-cumb to a fever very prevalent then. myself in a little seaport village in France. It was an ideal place in which to rest and gather strength. The sait air blew refreshingly, and all night long one could hear the sound of the waves lashing up against the shore. The only thing of interest in this quiet little place was the story of the that a good part of the ruined vessel still remained imbedded in the im-mense banks of sand which cover the

coast of this region. My garrulous landlord told me the story of the ship while I discussed my rolls and coffee the morning after my arrival. The big three masted vessel had been caught in a furious gale. It had been a storm before which the fisher folk trembled and which had since been a byword

among them.
It had occurred to December, more than three months before, and in the fury of the hurricane and the black-ness of the night the ship had completely lost her bearings and, steered at random, had struck a terrible reef some distance out. The crew and the ee passengers she carried had made the boats, but before their escape could be effected the vessel was swing about and the boats dashed against the about and the boats dashed against the rocks. Of all on board only two were long saloon, but all hunger seemed to saved, the first mate and the cook. have left me, nor did I see any of the saved, the first mate and the cook. These, rescued almost by a miracle, could tell of that dreadful night.

vessel on with its powerful lashings and hurled it upon the shore. It was fastened firmly by two projecting points of rock and lay upon its side, a mere

I was sufficiently interested, espe cially as the sun was warm and bright. The answer did not surprise me, for to follow my host's suggestion and to me the past was a blank, stroll off to view the wreck myself. I "Then I shall call you Psyche," I the direction be had pointed out and after brisk walking found myself nearing the coast. The flat yellow sands stretched before me, and as I stepped upon their moist surface I felt that the sea had been there not long efore. There was a fresh wind blow-ag, and the strong, fragrant sait sir eemed to bring returning strength with it. I walked faster. I felt a sense of exultant life.

see into the hold, which was filled into a glassy calm.

ed vessel and looked about me with de- agreed at once. light and admiration. From necessity I was with the large manufacturing strong within me I had all my life been obliged to crush it down until I had the means to justify my ambition and cultivate what I felt sure was my gift. Only recently had I been able to begin study, and strong encourage ment had been given me. Now I seated myself amid the ruins, with my back to the shore, drew out my sketch ook and lost myself in my belove

I worked steadily, for there were several fautastic points to make, and along the coast, which mretched to the right of me, there were many beautiful views to be sketched. But I was not ng, and the long walk had tired Moreover, the strong salt breeze carried a soothing potion upon its breath. The low surge of the waves was like a cerdie song. My pench slid from my inanimate dugers, my head sed to one side, and my eyes clos-

of cold, of a chill, which awaken the How long had I slept? The sky changed; it was dark, lowering. It to the cry of a guil flying lained. I see my eyes. Where was I? Was the Pieur-de-lis? I looked ngain.

I cried aloud. I shricked. I thought I lips sought here there cause suddenly must Jump into the water. Finally I a cry—a cry that rushed upon me like felt the hopelessness of my situation and resigned myself to despair. A slip from my arms. By a vivid flash of strong wind had sprung up, almost a lightning I caught a glumps of her squall, and it drove the ship on faster.

s sea. Night came on I was faint and worn with hunger, and I for death to come to my release.

Suddenly as I lay there I heard a faint sound. It was not like any noise I had ever heard, and yet it was ddenly as I lay there I heard a strangely familiar to me. I strained my ears; while I listened there passed me suddenly a gleam of light. It was surely some one carrying a lantern. the memory of a dream. Some one. Who?

I started up. Cold perspiration was like liquid upon me. The next instant I knew and turned from him. recognized the sounds I had heard. It - "Psyche!" I cried. was the moving of the machinery of a vessel, but dim and far away, like the suggestion rather than the actual thing. I rose and with the sense of returning strength all fear left me. I elimbed upon deck. The masts were Fleur-de-lis was happily sailing home-

ward. The sailors were at their post. The captain, a tall, slender man stood with his glass to his eyes. But about them all was an air of vague strangeness. A deep melancholy, mingled with an unearthly quiet, pervaded them. Their movements were felt rather

As I stood looking without fear up-on the marvelous scene my attention was arrested by the figure of a young She stood with her profile toward me, the wind stirred the little curls of her light hair, with a faint transparent hint of color in it, as is cloud. She had a bine scart twisted days, and when I was myself again thout her throat, which she held in place with the delicate fingers of one hand. On one of them there glistened a ruby of great size and brilliancy.

She turned her face slowly as ooked and amiled a faint, unmirthful

smile. I approached her and lifted my "Will you tell me," I said, my eyes meanwhile feasting upon her beauty, "what ship this is and where it is go-

ing?" She looked at me half sadly, thought, and answered in a low, vi "It is the Fleur-de-lis, but it is dead you know. We are all dead, and we

are sailing through eternity. You are a stranger. I am glad to see you. We have been alone so long." The voice of this young girl thrilled me as nothing had ever done before. My heart heat fast. I looked into her blue eyes, with their changing lights, and the past and future faded. I cared

"Are you alone?" I ventured. I could scarcely restrain myself from putting my hand on her delicate wrist, from caressing her soft hair.
"No," she replied; "I have my maid and Mme. d'Estell with me."

"You are French, then?"
"Yes, but I was at school tand." An absent look came into her eyes. "That was long, long ago. I must go now and help madame with dinner. We take the cook's place. He was lost, you know."

She smiled sadly and left me others partake of anything set before Afterward I walked on deck with the girl. We paused, looking a the horn shaped moon together. I felt the blown strands of her hair upon my

face. "Will you tell me your name?" She turned her face to me serenely "I have forgotten," she said simply.

enid. "Very well," she replied, and we began to walk again.
Thus days went by, or at least some

form of time, just what I could not tell. I was like one intoxicated with a joyous wine. I thought and cared only for the beautiful France gift Her seductive beauty enchanted me; her proximity the lifed me with intense de-light.

Finally I came upon what had looked in the distance like a black rock.

It was the rules of the restel - But it ways the boundless water, now taking was not entirely destroyed. After strange and varied bues, now bubbling climbing over the lower side I could and whiring around us, now staking

should have remained here so long. I be as she looked out upon the seal per as she looked out upon the seal felt a sudden wild longing to paint her spirits of the town of making her fast. Same of loy and fielight sprang that their object of interest and curi-tage A some of loy and fielight sprang that their object of interest and curi-tage within me. Tremblingly I asked ther if I might attempt her portrait.

I stood upon the deck of the strand—She, with her ineffably sad smile,

With a touch that I should have em ployed in handling the silk of thistle down I turned her head to the desired pose, adjusted the sliky tendrils of her hair and began. My heart thrilled with a wild repture as the picture grew un-der my hand. I designed it to be very small, scarcely more than a inhiature, and after sketching her head in several different positions I chose the most choice. The charm of my existence cannot be described. I felt that for the first time in all my life I lived. As the delicate colors blended together and with unerring touch portrayed the perfect face before me my happiness

knew no bounds. At length the picture was completed. As I put the finishing touches upon it she rose and came to me, leaning over

At that moment a crash of thunder sounded, and a brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the ship. I looked up. The sky had grown black as night. The sea, with its inky waves, seemed to bound toward us. It hissed under the sing of the wind. The vessel rock ed from side to side, and the water hed upon the deck. I sprang to my feet and, thrusting the picture into my bosom, seized my companion's

Another and still another clap peale through the air. In a few m save when the lightning shot in flashing lines across the sky. The fury of the storm was indescribable, wind seemed to have gone mad, spray dashed on my face, cutting raife. In the darkness I turned and new my arms about the girl. As my

the ing still that and smile upon the lins. The next instant a light finshed be fore my eyes. The storm had abated, had ceased. All was calm. Beside me stood a tall man in uniform. His appearance seemed strange to me. He suggested that which I had forgotten. he seemed to be supporting me.
"Feel better now?" He spok

loud, gruff voice, and it was to me like He held something to my lips. was like liquid fire. I gasped

The ship, the crew, my beloved, all were gone. I stood alone upon the ruius of the Fleur-de-lis. Tho was calm and placid, the sky blue. The rotten planks were beneath my feet.

"Co "This won't last much longer." And he dragged me to the side of the vessel, where there was a boat. Just be yond I saw the masts of an English ed to the boat, and, though I shricked and struggled, begging that those had been with on the Fleur-de-lis might be saved or at least that I avail.

"He is raving." I heard the officer mutter. ty, not unusual in such cases." Lithought of Psyche, of my love, and

with the despair of the thought i swooned away.

I remained unconscious, ill, for many

we were nearing the shores of England. As I tottered weakly upon the deck and, wrapped in a heavy cloak, reclined in my easy chair I suddenly bethought me of my portrait. I put my hand in my bosom. There, close to my beart, I felt it. Tremblingly I drew it forth. I gazed with a sense of joy and relief upon it. Just as it had been completed it was now-the beautiful, perfect features, the exquisit turn of the head, the sweet, melancholy smile.

I pressed it to my lips in a delirius of joy. I spent myself upon it. At least I had this tangible proof of the past. It was more than I had dreamed cossible, a treasure. For when I related my experience to those on board I saw from their incredulous faces that they regarded my words but as the incoherent wanderings of a distraught brain The captain told me that he had es

pled a floating wreck, that with his glass it had appeared to him that some one was signaling, and he had sent to investigate. This story, and not mine was everywhere received among my friends, and as I noted their pitying glances when I eagerly related my narrative, I ceased finally to make any

mention of it.

But in the solitude of my chamber klased the loved face which I carried against my heart and heaped every dear and endearing name upon it. I had a case of chased gold made and fitted the picture to it. A fine, almost invisible gold thread was fastened to this, and it never left my person. As often as I gazed upon the sweet face which looked back at me I longed with an intense longing for the original. My heart cried out for my lost one. Will-ingly would I have spent all my days upon that ghastly wreck to have possed the joy of her presence.

I mingled but little in society, for it held no attraction for me. I was conaldered a woman bater and looked upon with curiosity. But I was prosperous in my business. Fortune smiled upon me. I made rapid strides and all that I touched seemed to field tenfold. But whatever art I had in painting was lost, gone from me forever. Valuey I strove to restore my talent. I could accomplish nothing. Since the painting of that one perfect picture all else was of no avail. Finally I aban-

doned the effort in despair. So time passed. Years came and went. I watched the gray bairs come about my temples, and in my unevent-ful life counted time "by the figures on

Eighteen years went by. It was the summer of 1889. We all remember the great heat of that year. I took a little into Switzerland, to Interlaken. The first evening I was there, after dinner, I stepped out on the plazza of the hotel with my cigar. I raised my eyes from lighting it. I saw standing at the other side of the balcony the figure of a young girl. Her profile only was toward me as she gazed out at the beautiful view. Her light hair was uncovered, and she had a blue scarf twisted about her throat. As I looked the raised one hand to draw it closely, and I caught the flash of a deep red stone upon her finger.

Throwing away my cignr and shaking as with an ague, I approached for. As I pussed her I was obliged to steady myself by the railing. Her face was identically the same as the one I felt against my fast beating heart. She looked at me curiously and with sym-pathy, and the pallor of my face might

vell have startled her. I sought M. Lanze, the maitre d'hotel, and begged to be introduced. He bestand begged to be introduced. He heat-tated, but my enriestness increased, and finelly he presented me to the young girl. Her name was Marie Rames, and she was traveling with her thyalid mether. She had but just left

remind me of a dear friend," I said to her in explanation of my pre-sumption. The words quivered upon

trait. I looked engerly upon the face. It was indeed a perfect-likeness of this French gtri. But as I looked it seemed to grow less distinct, or were my eyes tired? I replaced it without kissing the lips as I usually did.

Marie and i were much together. We walked or sat on the broad plants look-ing out on the beauties around us. I longed to show her the picture, but re-frained, I knew not why. When I There came at last a day when I felt

that Marie loved me. I divined that precious gift was mine and for me Trembling, though I felt that the treasure was already within, my reach, I saked for her love. My arms encircled her, her warm lips met mine. Then I told her the story of the Fieur-de-listold her the story of the Fieur-de-lis-a story I had rowed never to relate again. Her eyes widened, her face duced by these causes are called alteraagain. Her eyes widened, her face paled like a white flower.

"The Flenr-de-lis!" she exclaimed. Surely it is not possible, dear one! My mother's only sister, my young aunt, a beautiful girl, scarcely 18, was lost on that vessel. It is for her I am named. She was returning from England with a companion and maid. They all perished." Her blue eyes filled with tears. "You see it is not possible,

sweetheart." "But it is," I exclaimed, "and I have her portrait. I painted it, and I will show it to you now." I put my hand in my bosom and drew out the case. With trembling fingers I opened it. Vaguely I gazed at it. There was nothing there; the face had faded ut terly!

the empty case there was breathed close to my ear a faint sigh. Twice it ceased. It was not my companion, for when I looked at her she was smiling. St. Louis Star.

# SAGACIOUS HORSES.

EXAMPLES OF THE ANIMALS' MEMORY AND INTELLIGENCE.

es Where They Have Recol lected Injuries and Have Revenged

Authenticated instances of the horse memory under circumstances the most trying-in fact, where man himself for the time being has relied solely on the intelligence and memory of his steed in preference to his own-are many and place the horse in a highly creditable light. An instance is on record of a ma-

riding a young horse in a most difficult part of the country, perfectly unknown to him. After a great deal of perseverance and many inquiries he at last eached his destination. Two years later he had occasion to travel the same roads again. Night closed in and left him in a most trying section of his ourney, still many miles from his des tination. In the darkness there was no light or other guide to lead him through his labyrinthian way. Per celving his utter impotency to guide his horse to his destination, in sheer de-spair he abandoned the reins and allowed his horse to choose its own course, and, wonderful to relate, this animal, that had only traveled the road but once before, two years pre with his master, unerringly picked his way through the darkness and many way mile after mile and at last brought his master in safety to his destination.

In Broad street, Newark, N. J., borse, with a light buggy, was standing at the door of his master's store horse was a great pet with the children and was continually eating out of the hands of some member of the family. On this particular morning one of the younger children, a little girl about 5 years of age, had been playing around his legs. At last, growing tired, she made for the street car tracks and, unnoticed, fell just as car came bounding along. Another instant and the horrified spectators expected to see the child crushed beneath the approaching car. The horse gave a strange little "ninny" and suddenly veered toward the track, picked the child up quickly by its clothes and switched it sideways from the track

death. Occasionally the borse displays unaralleled obstinacy, suffering himself to be lashed and bruised in the severest nanner rather than yield to the wishes of his master. In most instances there is some discoverable cause for such perversity, though in some there apsears to be no other impulse save that of a stubborn and willful disposition. Many have witnessed a draft horse working justily and cheerfully all at once stand still on coming to a certain spot, and no coaxing that could be offered or punishment that could be inflicted would cause him to move one step until be was blindfolded, and then he would push forward as if

nothing had happened. On one occasion an expressman's horse took one of these obstinate fits. recourse to by the expressman, but all to no purpose. It seemed as though the animal would allow himself to be cut to pieces rather than stir one foot. As a last recourse the expressman threw a chain around the animal's neck and voked it to another borse. mal perceive the purpose in view than be rushed forward, and afterward the mere jingling of a chain was sufficient

to put him out of the sulks. implanted in the horse a benevolent disposition, with at the same time a certain awe of the human race, yet there are instances on record of his recollecting injuries and fearfully rewas in the habit, whenever he wished ing a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him corn while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner, having deceived him when he had no corn in the meaure, the borse at length began to sus pect the design, and coming up day as usual on being called looked into the measure and, seeing it empty, turned round, reared on his hind legs

and killed his master on the spot. It is told of a horse belonging to an Irish pobleman that he always became reative and furious whenever a certain individual came into his presence One day this poor fellow happened to his means allow him to gratify. The puss within reach, when the animal hobby is the building of villas. He seized him with its teeth and broke his gan by building one in Silesia, a second arm. It then threw him down and lay upon him. every effort to get it off proving unavailing till the bystanders were compelled to shoot it. The rea-son assigned for this ferocity was that cooked at it at night it seemed less son assigned for this ferceity was that tresh, less clear. I wondered if my cather man had performed a cruel operation on the animal some time before

> on a read, it softens the materials alters the quality, and the mud aris tion of the quality of a read.

ROAD SUPERVISION.

Practical Men Needed to Direct the Work of Improvement. A. W. Campbell of Toronto, highway ioner for the province of Ontario, said at the recent good roads meet ing at Chicago: "What we must do is to organize ourselves permanently. We must have proper plans, specific methods, a concentration of money and en ergy. Streets and roads should be classified according to their requirenents. The organization of our for with competent men at the head to see that the labor and capital are used to the best advantage, will bring success to the movement.

"I don't believe in spending a greater amount of money, but I do believe we should so systematize the work now to be done that it will be placed on a proper basis. We must do this, and then we can ask for a greater expendien we can ask for a greater expendi-

"There has been a great deal of un necessary criticism on the labor tax in the country. That system was adopted years ago when this country was prac tically a wilderness, and it was really the best road system for the times. The trouble with this system as it is in operation today is that there are to many overseers. On a stretch of road ten miles long you will find ten differ ent kinds of roadbed. Each man is working to the best of his ability, but in the majority of cases the roads are usually found bad.

"These road men do not work together. If they did, they would take advantage of the modern ideas and would onstruct their roads in different sections alike. An organization would do away with this system of road men, inich as it would place the control in the hands of one man, who could die tate as to the width, make up of the road and all the other details that are necessary to good roadmaking.

### HIGHWAYS OF CUBA.

mprovements Made Since the Amer ienn Occupation. Villalon, secretary of public rorks, in his annual report shows that during the Spanish regime only 275 flometers of public roads were built. nostly in Havana province. There are now 440 kilometers in course of construction, 492 kilometers have be surveyed, and 1.347 kilometers are projected. All this has been done in ss than two years of American occupation. The estimated cost of all these road improvements is \$13,626,000. The carrying out of the work will be extended over a number of years. An office has been established in each rovince, with an engineer in charge. In making the plans for a road system the most important localities are considered. The work is necessarily slow owing to the lack of funds. Nev ertheless each piece of road construct ed forms part of an entire plan, which will be consummated in time. This plan provides for a main trunk road the entire length of the island, with branch roads connecting with the principal coast towns. This will allow planters and others to reach the ports with their products without being comselled to have recourse to the railroads and will undoubtedly in time result in very material reduction in the pres

ent high raffway tariffs. Some valuable lands will soon be opened up owing to the roads now belic works is overwhelmed with petitions for the construction of highways Roads will be first built in the district will be benefited.

Strawed Roads In Texas. Up in Denton county some of the roads are sandy. The small grain crop is great. Straw is abundant. So turns out that "strawing" the roads has been an experiment with road builders in Denton county this and, judging from a stretch of what used to be very bad road north of the city of Denton, it is claimed the experiment is an unqualified success. The piece of road in question lies between Denton and the Pilot Point crossing or Clear creek and up to this year was wagon, the sand being several inches deep. Part of the road was clayed being done at about one-half the com of the former. Both pieces of road are in fine shape now, that part "straw ed" in wet weather being superior t that clayed.-Galveston Daily News.

A road of sing cement is to be coustructed at North Tonawanda, N. Y. by the Iron and Steel company of tha city. This corporation has received permission to lay tracks on a road which is now in poor condition, pro-vided it will sing the roadway for its full width of 66 feet. The street is now about 40 feet in width. There have been a number of sing roads previously laid in this country, but in this case the conditions are quite novel. The molten sing is to be run in a "hot train" of Iron cars over the track and the siag poured over the surface at the proper place. It is claimed by the company that the sing will solidify on ooling and form a solid mass.

Hauptmann and His Hobby. Gerhart Hauptmann, the famou Jerman playwright and author, must have been born under a lucky star. In the first place, while young be inerited a large fortune; then, and still while young, he married a wealthy woman. Of late years his income ha been largely increased by the profits from his plays. He has a bobby that als means allow him to gratify. hobby is the building of villas. He be the next be planted in the Riesenge birge. He is at present building fourth near Dresden.-Philadelp Telegraph.

Machines For Utilizing Insects. Chickens are machines, by means of which grasshoppers, cutworms and other injurious insects are converted into eggs and marketable poultry. Is there not a profit in keeping them on grain and annoy us a little by scratch-ing? It is claimed that poultry manure, if properly taken care of and judicious-ly applied, is worth half the food the fowls eat. -Ranch and Range.

FLORIDA'S BLUSHING TREE.

The Secret of Its Foliage Changing Color When Rain Falls. 'Among the many wonders of those trange Florida swamps there is nothing more surprising than the blushing said a man, who has recently passed a month in the Everglades of Florida.

"The blushing tree," be continued, "is by no means common. It is found only in the densest thickets of those regetation is a revelation to explorers. It is called the blushing tree by those who know it because it actually blushes when the rain falls upon it. This phenomenon is apparently incomensible. It never fails to astound those who see it for the first time. The mysterious and beautiful glow of color which it assumes in a rainstorm baffles description. The Seminole Indians, who once ruled Florida, have always known of the tree, and in their musical language, now fast disap-pearing, have words which mean 'the maiden tree, which reddens at the coming of her lover, the rain."

In company with a taciturn Indian guide I journeyed 40 miles to see this marvelous bit of vegetable life. 1 could scarcely believe the story told me, yet curiosity at length overcame incredulity, and we set forth one nearly three days paddling and poling our way over the winding waters. In the afternoon of the third day I began to wonder if he had only been decely ing me for the sake of the boat hire and his pay as guide, when he gave grupt of satisfaction and pointed to the right.

"Distrustfully I followed him ashor and through the underbrush. Beneath great cypress trees, hoary with the bay trees we wended our way inland Eagerly he led the way until, reaching the edge of a little open space, he stop ped and with silent pride pointed to ward the center. Gracefully a tree with broad, bananalike leaves, reared itself aloft. Wide spreading branche hung down, slightly waving in the warm breeze. Its emerald hued foliage was the most beautiful I had ever be and its thick, substantial trunk indicated many years of existence. This, the old Seminole informed me, wa 'the blushing tree.'

"I told him to prepare to camp here until it rained, regardless of time. We unrolled our blankets, stretched our mosquito bars, without which one can sleep in the glades, cooked supper and rolled up in our blankets for the night. That night, the day following and the next night passed without

rain, when about noon a cloud dark-ened the sky overhead. I put a rubber poncho over my shoulders and fix ed my eyes on the green and pretty tree a dozen yards away. It was cov ered with a greenish insect the siz of a large wood tick, which intensified its color. The rain began to fall in orrents, after its custom in that re rion. Beside me, grinning confidently with a pipe in his mouth, stood the

"As the cool water drenched the tree was amazed to note a changing of olor. Gradually, yet unmistakably, the green bue was giving away to pink. The Indian had told the truth. "In a few minutes the green had aded from sight. Ohly in a few, half hidden spots beneath broad branches and on its trunk was there a tinge of green to be seen. The tree was as

nink as the cheek of a healthy girl. "After an hour or more the shower passed over, and I watched with no ess interest the wonderful tree as sume its familiar green once more. As it was changing back to emerald l suddenly realized the secret of the phenomenon. The tiny insects and not the tree itself changed color. peculiar parasites are possessed of the power of chameleons. In the bright varm sunshine they are greener than the tree on which they live, but when the chilly rain falls upon them they contract their little backs and become a pretty pink in color. Millions of them thus change the tint of the tree. They are found only upon one species of trees, which grow in certain parts of the Evergindes."-Denver Post.

London "Sandwich Men." The "sandwich men" are among the "East London Types" described by Sir Walter Besant to The Century. They walk between the boards all

day long for a shilling. It is work which makes no demand upon them. They slowly and mechanically plod along, each following the man before him. If you watch the sandwich man, you may observe that he looks neither expresses no emotion of any kind; he feels no interest in anything. He is anchorite-inclusus. He is dead to the world, a man without friends, without money, without hope, without re sources, without the power of work, without strength of mind to resolve, without will to urge him and to sur tain him or to lead him out-has no fur ther concern with the world. It is a moving panorama, a series of pictures on which he looks without interest His own figure, which ought to be there, is not there. Newsboys shout their evening papers; the shops light a fairyland of treasures; the well dress ed people pass him in long procession the carriages go up and down the road. To all the life around him, to all the sights around him, to the meaning of the show and to the dance of life and Agath that fills the street the sandwich man is indifferent. He has no ambition; he has no future to hope for, no past that he cares to remember; be lives only for the day.

Blown to Atoms

The old idea that the body some times needs a powerful, drastic, purgative pill has been exploded for Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are perfectly harmless, gently stim-ulate liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system and absolutely cure Constipa-pation and Sick Headache. Only 25c. at A. J. Thompson & Co.'s drug store.

He Got the Hat.

An Alleghany schoolteacher had oc casion to reprimand one of the boys in her school for some infraction of the rules, and she sent him into a small room to wait until after school had been dismissed for the day. The boy did not care to wait for the punish ment which he had good reason to be lieve was in store for him, so he got out of the room through a window eaving his hat behind him. This was on Friday afternoon. The boy mained near the school until the other pupils came out, and then he persuad one of the smaller boys to go back and ask the teacher for his hat. The teacher refused to give it to him and said that the boy must come for it himself. On Monday morning the same little boy came up to her desk and said, "Please may I have that hat to take

"No, you cannot have it. He must "But he can't come," was the reply

"Why not?" asked the teacher. "'Cause he was drowned while was in swimming Saturday.

The boy received the hat after the eacher had recovered from the shock of the abrupt announcement of the fa-tality.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Be Greater Than Your Position.

A distinguished theological professor once said, "If I had a son, I should tell im many times a day to make himself s big a man on the inside as possible. Young men too often want to be big nen on the outside, to occupy positions which fit them as a turtle's shell fits a dam.

Never mind your position, young The duties which you have to perform may seem trivial, but because it is a small position is no reason why you should be a small man. You may be big inside, you know, if you are small

The young man who applies himself to internal growth, as it were, is bound in time to find a place where he will be able to use every power be possesses.

At any rate, better be a big man in mall place than the opposite. of powder to a small cartridge can make a deal of noise and drive a bullet a long way. What can it do in a Krupp gun?-Success.

Worthy of His Rive A stranger got off the car, and, accosting a newsboy, asked him to direct bim to the pearest bank. "This way," said the "newsie," and, turning the corner, pointed to a skyscraper just across the street.

"Thank you, and what do I owe you?" said the gentleman, pulling s nny out of his pocket. "A quarter, please. "A quarter! Isn't that pretty high for directing a man to the bank?"

"that bank directors are paid high in Chicago,"-Chicago Tribune. The Worm Turns. "Yes," said Mr. Henpeq; "I, too, have

"You'll find, sir," said the youngster.

my favorite flowers." "And what may they be, pray?" neered his wife. "They are the ones that 'shut up' at

night," he bravely managed to articuinte.-Harper's Bazar.

Ro Witches Since Flood Sir Henry Irving once received what he at the time considered a very palpable snub, delivered him by a highlander. While touring in Scotland the nctor visited some of the notable tradispearean drams. As a matter of course one of the first pilgrimages was to the blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. In an agreeable mood Sir Henry, as they drove along, turned smilingly to his driver: "Are there any witches about now?

he asked. The driver whipped up his horses.
"Not since the flood," he replied in his curt Scots way.

Evolunition Called Por. Alfred (whose sporting opportunities have been limited by parental decree)-Papa, what does it mean by base of

balls? Papa (who is reading an account of the latest heavyweight fight)-Alfred, you could better employ yourself with your Sunday school lesson. I'm too busy now to explain. Alfred (still thirsting for knowledge)

-Did it mean the same as base on balls when you telephoned last night that as mamma was away you were poing out on a bat? Mamma (who is always listening)-Benjamin Ridgely, you will take time

right now to make two explanations

with the most important one coming to

me.-Denver News.

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