THE WORTH OF A SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while.
That costs the least, and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men
Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again.
It's full of worth, and goodness, too, with many kindness blent.
It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smileIt always has the same good look-it's never out of styleIt nerves us on to try again, when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you
It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lentIt or a million deliars and it doesn't

It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't

cost a cent. A smile comes very easy-you can wrinkle up with cheer

A smile comes very case you can squeeze up with cheer
 A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
 If ripples out, moreover, to the heart-strings that will tug.
 And always leaves an echo that is very like a bug

a hug. **50.** smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant. **14's** worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent. -Baltimore American.

ACROSS THE BY HARRY STILLWEI EDWARDS

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CHAPTER IV.-CONTINUED.

The woman gasped and pressed her hand to her throat, but with a desperate effort she controlled herself. "Where is she?"

He hesitated while he studied the blue smoke curling up from the cigarette. Shaking off the ashes, he said, at length:

"I have her in good hands." Their eyes met. "And you mean for me to understand, I suppose, that you will retain possession of her until I assent to your plans?" Again he was silent for

a moment. "Yes, that is about the way the matter stands." There was a long and painful pause, during which the woman seemed to struggle with some pow erful emotion. She arose and approached him, one hand in the bosom of her dress, the other clasped until

ther nails sank in the flesh. "You told me that you-to try and get-your mother interested-in her grandchild." Her voice was strained and barely audible.

"Yes," said he, "I think I did tell you that." "Well?"

"I lied! I took her only to control you. My mother has never seen her; and," he continued, slowly, "never

and," he continued, slowly, "never will, if I can prevent it."
"Inhuman wretch!" The exclamation was little more than a gasp.
"From your standpoint—yes."
"Ah," she whispered, "the infamy!
the infamy of it!" She hesitated a moment, turned and giding to the moment, turned, and, gliding to the door with a movement of incredible swiftness, locked it and placed the key in her pocket. "Now," she said, key in her pocket. returning towards him, her face transfigured by the intensity of her ex-citement, "now, Raymond Holbin, what is the settlement you propose?" He retained his position, a half smile upon his face.

"You will have no trouble for the future," he said; "you belong to the tragic stage."

"You trifle sir. The settlement! the settlement!"

"I propose to marry my mother's "tepdaughter," he said, quietly. "Her father is on his last legs, and he will bequeath to her all of his property upon the condition that she accepts me as her husband on or before her twentwefist birthdar. Errom this

twenty-first birthday. From this oney I propose to provide liberally or you and your child, with the un derstanding that you are to remain abroad. The fact is, I may run over asionally, Louis all, you are the only woman I ever cared for. This lily bride awaiting me is out of my class entirely-highflown, romantic and inexperienced. Imagine me with such a woman, Louise.

She lit her cigarette by his, and, "My revenge, if you were not the leaning against the center table, took one or two whiffs, letting the smoke

"Why, it is incredible!" he cried, angrily. "Give me the key! the key! the key! Quick! the clock is striking ten-the key!" "You will not give me up, Raymond

-the mother of your child!-you will not-" "Ah-no, no, Louise. You are safe

while I live. Quick! the key!" She gave it to him, and, passing out, he said, sternly: "Stay here! Don't let your face be seen outside this door. Change your dress, remove every stain upon it, and be ready to leave the city at a moment's notice. Courage! I will save you if I can." As he stepped into the hallway he muttered to him-self: "Now for the will! Long live the nightmare! and yet-" He added, pausing in doubt: "Suppose it were pausing in doubt: true?" He unbrea "One cartridge is gone! the muzzle stains my finger! Louise! Louise-" He turned, locked the door and vanished.

"The woman in 28," he said to the clerk, "has escaped from an asylum. Keep a watch in her hall until I return, and let no one enter."

"We thought so," said the function ary behind the desk.

CHAPTER V.

Facing the sun on the same morning which broke through the length-ened slumbers of Louise in the Richmond hotel, an old man sat in an in valid chair. Everything that wealth could provide for his comfort, every thing demanded by convention, surrounded him. No one would ever say, looking in upon the appointments of his house, that the sick man lacked anything that loving sympathy and tender solicitude could suggest. The witness, a wife—or a murderess. I did it once, Raymond; I can do it again. I killed a man for you last night!" As she uttered this confession her face grew pale as death, the pistol was low-ered, and she stood shivering in abject across the balcony; bits of landscape and color relieved the wide expanse of wall; and flowers lent freshness and fragrance to the soft spring air

and fragrance to the soft spring an sparingly admitted. The old man was haggard from loss of rest and from apprehension. His once florid face was pallid and the cheeks sunken. His eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy. One need not have been a skilled physi-cian to have detected the fact that death's seal was upon that pale face and shrunken frame. The tiny spark of life might glimmer in its socket for days, weeks, even months; it would never again send up a clear and steady blaze.

Within the same room several people had gathered, controlled by varied sentiments. Dr. Brodnar was there,

0

AM AT LOSS, MADAM, TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS LACK OF IMPROVEMENT.'

his massive frame bent above the sick man, his eyes everywhere. Pulse, respiration, temperature, were pa-tiently ascertained, and with unsatisfactory results, evidently, for the doctor's face was a tell-tale. Once or twice his eyes rested upon a tall woman in black who moved slowly about the invalid, touching his hands and forehead, admonishing him gen-and forehead, admonishing him genabout the invalid, touching his hands and forehead, admonishing him gen-tly, and keeping watch upon the physician's actions with a singular in-tropy of the singular in-tro

low forehead, her black eyes were well sunk under dark brows and

lashes, but flashed indolently from

time to time when she was speak-

mouth and aquiline nose gave a note of severity to her face. Her charm,

it is likely, had existed in the con

tour and coloring of that face, and

in a certain easy self-reliance, or consciousness of power. Just now her

face was inscrutably placid. She spoke only in tones so low as to be

idly, dreamily, from a casement wip-

dow into the trees. She was slender, with a mass of reddish, golden curls

gathered back and fallen over her shoulders. The profile revealed birth

and refinement, and suggested nobil-

ity, high purpose and innate purity. There was a wistful tenderness about

her mouth and a soft radiance in her blue-gray eyes when from time to time she turned towards the group gath-

"I am at a loss, madam," the doctor

was saying, "to account for his lack of improvement. There seems to be

nothing organically wrong, and ye the nerve centers are totally inactive

taying her hands upon the sick man's

forehead. "There was considerable confusion in the city, and some one

just before daylight fired a pistol nea

the house. This gave him a fearful

"There is much excitement in Rich

ered about the sick man.

woman's eyes met his.

shock."

audible but a short distance. Across the room a girl stood looking

ing.

The small, straight, relentless

She

said Brodnar, "and the police are far too few for these times. What have you given him during the night?" "I want my daughter to be present," said the sick man, fretfully "I want her to hear the will read before I sign

it. doctor." "I am here, papa," said the girl, coming slowly forward and standing quietly near him. He looked into her face long and intently, his own softening. "I would suggest," said the doctor, rising and addressing the elder woman, "that we leave them alone for **a** few moments; he seems a trifle brighter just now." She fixed her black eyes upon him steadily, and a slight smile moved the hard lines of her mouth.

"It would not do. Frances is excitable, and excitement is contagious." "But I am sure, madam-!" "It is useless, sir. He relies upon me,

and is nervous if I leave him for even a minute." Her white hand fell in rhythmic monotony upon the invalid's forehead. Presently he reached up impatiently and pushed it away; but, waiting a moment, she resumed her caress ings, and he made no further resist ance

"I want my daughter to hear it read," he said, querulously, reverting to a thought unspoken. "Oh, I would not let her do that, sir,"

said Brodnar. "You will not permit that, madam!" "She shall hear it," said the woman,

"It pleases him; and he has a good object in it, I am sure." [To Be Continued.]

TOO FOND OF WORKMEN.

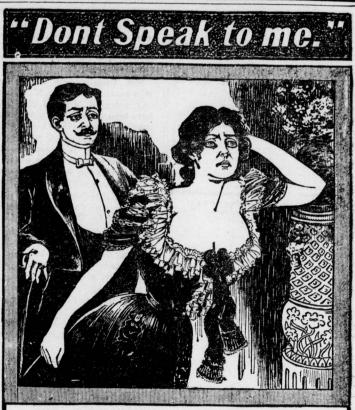
Why a British Columbia Clergyman Was Forced to Resign His Pulpit.

The resignation of Rev. John Irvine, rector of the Anglican church of St. Michael's, the most important congregation in the suburb of Mount Pleas ant, B. C., has created somewhat of a sensation in ecclesiastical and also in social circles throughout that city, says the San Francisco Bulletin.

Mr. Irvine has been rector of St Michael's for eight years and by his zeal a.d energy has built it up from a struggling little mission to a prosperous parish of 400 members. Under such circumstances and the further fact that Mr. Irvine is still under 40 and is particularly acceptable as a preacher, the request of the vestry that he resign created tremendous surprise. A clew to the real cause was found in the complaint of several of his more fashionable parishioners to the lord bishop of the diocese to the effect that the rector had committed the unpardonable social sin of shaking hands with a workingman returning home in a street car, and had then offered his hand to a society lady, also a member of his flock. Of course, the lady refused the clerical hand thus polluted by touching the hand of the fellow worshiper, both in the car and after church on Sunday morning, when the episode was practically repeated.

The critics of the rector expected to see the church emptied. But, on the contrary, it was crowded to the doors at every service. In that section of the city live the employes of a large sugar refinery and of two mills. For the broader culture of these men Par-son Irvine had established workingmen's clubs for reading and debating. He threw open to them every evening the marish schoolroom, where they were invited to read papers and maga-zines provided, to play chess and other games, and were urged to bring their pipes along and be comfortable. Then the rector built, out of his own pocket, on the parish property, a small gymnasium, fairly well equipped, and, being himself an athlete, he gave instructions to those desiring it in fencing and boxing. All these performances filled the

church, caused the rector to be adored by the workingmen and scandalized



All manner of extravagant expressions are possible when a woman's nerves are overwrought.

The spasm at the top of the wind pipe or bronchial tubes, "ball rising in the throat," violent beating of the heart, laughing and crying by turns, muscular spasms (throwing the arms about), frightened by the most insignificant occur-rences—are all symptoms of a hysterical condition and se-

rences—are an symptoms or a hysterical condition and se-rious derangement of the female organs. Any female complaint may produce hysterics, which must be regarded as a symptom only. The cause, however, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound, which acts at once upon the organ afflicted and the nerve centers, dispelling effectually all those distressing symptoms symptoms.

Mrs. Lewis Says: "I Feel Like a New Person, Physically and Mentally."

Physically and Mentally." "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:--I wish to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For years I had ovarian trouble and suffered everything from nervousness, severe headache, and pain in back and abdomen. I had consulted different physicians, but decided to try your medicine, and I soon found it was giving me much relief. I con-tinued its use and now am feeling like a new person, physically and mentally, and am glad to add one more testimonial to the value of your remedy."--MRS. M. H. LEWIS, 2108 Valentine Ave., Tremont, New York, N. Y. Writing to Mrs. Dinkham is the quick set and surget way

Writing to Mrs. Pinkham is the quickest and surest way to get the right advice about all female troubles. Her ad-dress is Lynn, Mass. She advises women free. Following is an instance :

Mrs. Haven's First Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. Haven's First Letter to Mrs. Pinkham. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:--I would like your advice in regard to my troubles. I suffer every month at time of menstruation, and flow so much and for so long that I become very weak, also get very dizzy. I am troubled with a discharge before and after menses, have pains in ovaries so bad some-times that I can hardly get around, have sore feeling in lower part of bowels, pain in back, bearing-down feeling, a desire to pass urine frequently, with pains in passing it; have leucorthea, headache, fainting spells, and some-times have hysteria. My blood is not in good condition. Hoping to hear from you, I am," Mrs. EMMA HAVEN, 2508 South Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (June 3, 1899.) Mrs. Haven's Second Letter

Mrs. Haven's Second Letter.

Mrs. Haven's Second Letter. "DEAR Mrs. PINKHAM:-I wish to express my gratitude for what your medicine has done for me. I suffered for four years with womb trouble. Every month I flowed very badly. I got so bad that I could hardly do my work. Was obliged to sit or lie down the most of the time. I doctored for a long time, but obtained no relief. I began using your remedies-Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills-and now feel like a new woman."-Mrs. EMMA HAVEN, 2508 South Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (Feb. 1, 1900.)



SEA GIVES UP A MESSAGE.

SEA GIVES UP A MESSAGE. Bottle Cast Overboard Nine Years Ago Finally Reaches Port in Norway. Miss Ada I. Griffith, of Newark, has just received news of the finding on the coast of Norway of a message in-ciosed in a bottle which she cast into the Atlantic ocean nearly nine years ago while on her way from English to America. Miss Griffith is the daughter of Thomas W. Griffith, a well-known insurance man of New ark. One day in September, 1892, while returning from Europe, she wrote on an English telegraph blank form a message she wrote: "Miss Ada I. Griffith, Mount Prospect avenue, New ark, N. J., will pay two dollars for the return of this takenean "." Yes, "said the schoolboy, with a frown; "I never saw any other kind."-Yonkers Statesman.

"Louise! Louise!" he groaned; and then in awe he said: "Insane!" She

"No," she moaned, "not yet. Would to God I were! You do not believe me, Raymond. Listen. I found out where you were stopping in the city. I found the street and number. I had de-termined to go in and bring the horrid uncertainty to an end, for you had not answered my letter-you had not come!

fied. "Surely, you did not—" "No. I walked by again and again rified.

sworn was you. I followed and saw them enter the wing room. While I waited there, wondering if you would the wing-room, passed me, and, going out, locked the gate. I was a prisoner, iron. Then I went and stood under the window, thinking the room was yours and I might attract your attention; and I heard your voice and a woman'

to Frances. I was not in the city."

"Frances? Who is Frances? But no matter, they were there all night; and I, crazed and abandoned, wept and raged outside."

don't know what you are saying.

'Yes? What is that?" "You-do not leave-the mother a chance. You forget that I am a mother "I do not understand."

"You will, though. Either way, as you put it to me, my child's life is for-ever blasted; there is the defect." He looked somewhat curiously up in her face. The smoke was now coming from her lips in rapid puffs; she cast aside the cigarette. "I shall not assent."

escape slowly from between her curv ing lips. "There is one fatal defect in your

plan," she said, at length.

The words were a mere whisper. She continued, with growing emotion: "Raymond, I have been your slave: that is ended now. From this moment, if you live, you shall obey me!" "If I live!"

"If you live! Do you suppose that I am to stand by and see my child's life destroyed by you! I have listened to your excuses; I have temporized, hoping against hope that you would make good your promises; I have accepted your explanation for my child's sake —and to-day I know you have lived a lie

through it all; that you had not then, nor ever have had, any intention to make me your wife. The time has come for me to act. Sit here by this table and address a note to the clerk of the

hotel directing him to register Ray-mond Holbin and wife in room 28! Here is pen, ink and paper!" "Are you insane?" he cried, rising,

angry and amazed.

Yes; totally so! Insane enough to a pistol at him. "Sit down and write! I leave this room with an acknowlered, and she stood shivering in abject terror. "You have not heard of it?" she whispered. "Are not the papers full of it?" Her form, which had been erect, seemed to shrink; she looked over her shoulder towards the door, listening. The man strode forward and wrenched the weapon from her cold hand. Then he forced her into a chair.

made no resistance. A tide of memories had swept over the new issues.

"But you did not go in!" he said, ter

I went around to the side street and ooked into the garden; but I said: 'I will see him first; Raymond cannot mean to be so base!' Still you did not come. Will you believe it, I went back at night, hoping to see you? I could not stay here alone in this room-I slipped out! Two men entered that gate, and one of them I would have appear again—it was but a few min-utes, I think—one of the men came from

for the fence was tall with spikes of

in there-"It is a lie-a lie! the room belongs

"You are simply daft, Louise; you "They were there, I tell you. Once a match was struck, and I could hear a

He laughed lightly. "Really, if you are in search of revenge for fancied injuries, you will get it when you picture me in my new role."

"And by this marriage," said the woman, standing over him, "you place It beyond your power to marry me, as you have promised during all these years-you abandon your child to a life of wretchedness." Her breath came hard and trembling. "She need never know-no one need

know. And where ignorance is bliss It is folly to be otherwise."

"Let me hear it all," she said; "let me know the alternative. If I go to this mother or to this lily bride, as you call her, and tell her of my child and my wrongs, what then?"

"My mother would have the serv ants put you out of the house, and my bride would probably have me put out. But it would not avail you any thing-nor her. Under the will my mother would still be the heir. The bride would lose her fortune and her bridegroom, and you-would lose your child

"That is all?" she asked-"there is nothing more?"

"Nothing."

Her mood seemed to change. "Will you favor me with a cigarette?"

He laughed, evidently relieved. "Why, certainly! Getting into your old habits? Fact is, Louise, that is the only natural thing I have heard from you since I entered. Come, now, light up and be sensible. You know what I think of you. All will work out right, and, as the stories say, 'we may be happy yet."

oman pleading: and_there I was lying upon the ground, the window just out of my reach. Then I found sonality. Her iron-gray hair was brushed back smoothly from a broad, myself climbing the ivy and clinging

to the shutters; and I saw you sitting there, this woman with curly golden hair kneeling in her night dress before you, her hand upon your shoulder, saying good-by to her lover while she held a lighted match above his face-

"Louise, this is unbearable!" Holbin was beside himself.

"I thrust your pistol between the shutters, took aim at you and fired; my aim was true; the man fell forward into the darkness, and I back upon the wet grass. Look! See the

stains of the crushed ivy! see the soil upon the gown! see the blistered hands! look at your pistol! The hammer is upon an empty shell! I got

up and ran for the gate, but a man was entering and his carriage stood opposite. Crouching in the shrubbery, I saw him come back"—her voice sank to a whisper—"with a dead man in

his arms. I got here-how, I do not When know-and locked myself in. you came I thought it was your spirit. What will they do with me? Will they lock me in gaol? Will they hang me? Why don't you speak to me, Raymond? Why do you look at me that way? Raymond! Raymond!--I did not know what I was doing! I was insane, jealous! I had lost my child—oh, they ought to know that, Raymond, before they judge me too harshly. Raymond, Raymond, answer me-answer!" He mastered his emo-

tion by a powerful effort.

"You have had your revenge!" he said, hoarsely, his lips parting in a soundless laugh. "The shot went to the mark!" He sawk in his chair by the table and gazed helplessly upon her agitated face, his thoughts elsewhere.

was more Christianity.

Entitled to Three Fingers.

Clement Scott, the dramatic critic used to be a clerk in the war office in his young days, and even now is in touch with men and matters military, says a correspondent of the Washington Post. A capital story, says he, is told of an officer now on Lord Roberts' staff. This officer is noted for his ready wit and power of repartee. Early in his career he went to India, when he was ordered to proceed to South Africa. On his arrival there he found that he was to be attached to the staff of the then commander-in-chief, as aid-de camp, and he learned, casually, that the chief's new military secretary was a man who thought no small beer of himself. A big function was held soon after the officers' arrival, and the secretary, with a due sense of his

own importance, proceeded to exhibit his contempt for all subalterns. When the new aid-de-camp arrived the secretary gave him a supercilious stare, and then gingerly offered two fingers to shake.

Nothing daunted the sub. looked at him for a moment, and then said, quite genially

"Oh, I say, major, hang it all, you know, the governor gives me three!'

He picked up several medicine bottles and examined them, testing their con-A Tailless Carrage, Also. The Groom-Begorra! There's way tents by smell and sight. The tall great advantage about th' autymobile, sor. "He passed a restless night," she said,

Employer-What's that, Barney? "Yez kin rub it down widout bein" swished in th' face be its tail iv ry two siconds."-Puck.

He Will Be No Tool, The sharper a man is the harder it is to make a tool of him.-Chicago Daily "But I do not understand," she said. | mond over the secession movement," News.

ark, N. J., will pay two dollars for the return of this telegram." The bottle containing the message was cast overboard at what was judged to be the middle of the ocean. The in-eident was forgotten. A few days ago Miss Griffith received a letter containing the original telegram. It is said that the bottle had been picked up by a poor fisherman.

Your neighbors abuse you for one of these two things: you are silly about sending for a doctor every time the baby sneezes, or you don't send soon enough, because you are too miserly.--Atchison Globe.

One reason the very young think they have a great many friends is that they never need any.—Atchison Globe.

A brave retreat may show greater cour-age than a foolhardy advance.—1...m's Horn

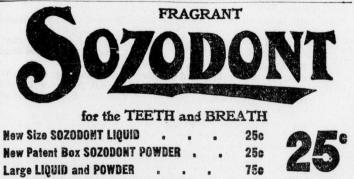
Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your grocer to-day to show you a pack-age of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most deli-cate stomach receives it without distress. I the price of coffee. 15c. and 25cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

It Would Seem So.

Hix-Has your friend Wederly a hobby? Hix-Has your friend Wederly a hobby? It's more like insanity. "How's that?" "He's been married five times."-Chicago Daily News.

Stop lookin' fer trouble an' happiness'll look fer you.-Irving Bacheller.



At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.

A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.] HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.