

Once Too Often

miston were walking down the main street of the village, engaged in conversa-tion, which, being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated.

Miss Edmiston carried herself with an air of pretty dignity, made none the less apparent by the fact that she was fully two inches tailer than her lover, Rev. John St. John. He was a thin, wiry little man, dark haired and pale complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily work with a certain unconquerable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Nancy Edmiston was a matter for surprise and discussion among the residents of Brox-

"Such a very uninteresting young man," said the maiden ladies over

their afternoon tea. "So ridiculously retiring! How did he ever come to propose?" remarked the mothers whose daughters assisted in giving women an overwhelming and not altogether united majority in Brox-

The men, on the other hand, voted St. John a good sort, and his parishioners, in their rough way, owned to his

many qualities.
"You're a dear little girl, Nancy," the curate was stammering, looking up at his beloved, when they were both stopped short on the narrow pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chastising a small boy with a weapon in the shape of a stout leather beit. The child screamed, and the father, pre-

"Stop!" cried the curate. The angry man merely scowled and raised the strap for another blow. St John laid a detaining hand on the felfellow's arm, the temerity of which caused the latter such surprise that he loosened his grip for the moment, and the youngster fied, howling, up

"What the ---," spluttered the bully, dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer his sweetheart. "Let us go, dear," he said. He had grown white and was trembling.

At this juncture two of the workman's cronies appeared at the door of the ale house opposite, crossed the road, and with rough hands and soothcurses conducted their furious

friend from the scene.
"Horrible!" sighed the curate, as the lovers continued their walk. Miss Edmiston's head was held

"If I were a man," she said, "I would have thrashed him-I would, indeed!" "You think I should have punished him, then " said the curate mildly; "he was a much larger man than I, you know.

Nancy was silent. She was, vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shaky he had turned!

You surely did not expect me to take part in a street row, Nancy," he said presently, somehow suspecting her thoughts. He knew her romantic

But she made no reply. "So ou think I acted in a cowardly

fashion?" he questioned, after a chill "I don't think your cloth is any ex-

cuse, anyhow," she blurted out sud-denly and cruelly; the next instant she was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, however, the curate had lifted his hat and was crossing the street. An icy "goodbye" was all he had veuchsafed her.

Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some disance out of the village, and he had taken the short cut across the moor. It was a clear, summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his heart still burned fiercely. To have been called a coward by the woman he loved was a thing not likely to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly trying. In his soul he felt that his words of comfort had been unreal; that, for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved mother. So he trudged across the moor with slow

the summer beauties around him. He was about half way home when

HE CURATE and Miss Ed-miston were walking down the main street of the vil-stood in the path, barring the curate's

progress. "Now, Mr. Parson," he said, with menace in his thick voice and bloated

"Good afternoon, my man," returned St. John, recognizing the brute of a week ago, and turning as red as a turkey-cock.

"I'll 'good-afternoon' ye, Mr. Parson! No! You don't pass till I'm done wi' ye," cried the man, who had been drinking heavily, though he was too

The curate drew back.

"What do you want?" he asked.

bully, following up the question with volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology"—he fumbled with the word—"apology fer interferin" 'tween a father an' his kid. But I licked him more'n ever fer yer blasted

"You infernal coward!" exclaimed St. John.

His opponent gasped.

"Let me pass," said the curate.
"No, ye don't," cried the other, recovering from his astonishment at hearing a strong word from a parson. St. John gazed hurriedly about him. The path wound across the moor, through the green and purple of the heather, cutting a low he ige here and there, and losing itself at last in the heath-haze. They were alone. The bully grinned.

"I've got ye now." "You have, indeed," said St. John peeling of his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft hat folowed. Then he slipped the links from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt sleeves, while his enemy gasped at the proceedings.

"Now I'm ready," said the curate gently.

"Are ye goin' to fight?" burst out might have looked at David. "Come

But the foul word never passed his lips, being stopped by a carefully planted blow from a small but singularly

The little curate was filled with a wild, unholy joy. He had not felt like this since his college days. He thanked providence for his friends, the Indian clubs and dumb-bells, which had kept him in trim these last three years. The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Gollath, guarding the giant's brutal smashes, and getfing in

stroke when occasion offered. It was not long ere the big man found himself hopelessly outmatched: his wind was gone, his jaw was swol-len and one eye was useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrible blow at David. Partly parried, it caught him on the shoulder, felling aim to the earth. Now surely the victory was with the Philistine. But no. The fall man recoiled to his feet like a young sapling, and the next that Goliath knew was, ten minutes later, when he opened his available eye and found that his enemy was bending over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen handkerchie!.

"Feel better?" said the curate. "Well, I'm-" "Hush, man; it's not worth swear-

ing about," interposed his nurse. "Now get up. He held out his hand and assisted he wreck to his feet.

"You'd better call at the chemist's and get patched up. Here's the money. The vanquished one took the silver

and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet. "Please go away, and don't thrash your boy any more," said St. John per-

suasively. Goliath made a few steps, then retraced them, holding out his grimp

"Mister Parson, I'm-I'm-" "Don't say another word. Good-tve," and the curate shook hands with

The big man turned away. Presently he halted once more. "I'm-!" he said. It had to come. Then he sham-

bled homeward. St. John adjusted his collar, gave his shoulder a rub and donned his coat step and bent head, giving no heed to and hat. As he started toward the village a girl came swiftly to meet

his sombre meditations were suddenly | "Oh. John, John, you are spiendid!"

she gasped as she reached him. "I watched you from the hedge yonder." "I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmiston," said the curate coldly, raising his hat and making to pass on. Nancy started as though he had struck her; her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had forgetten that event of a week as IN THE PHILIPPINES

CHRISTIAN EXPANSION FOL-LOWS THE FLAG.

Young Men's Christian Association Representatives Landed at Manila with the First Instalment of American Troops and Have Done Good Work Ever Since-Protestant Missions Fast Springing Up.

Long before the guns were silent on the firing line in the island of Luson all of the principal religious bodies in America were represented in the Philippines. Christian expansion let no grass grow on the road that was lately by American political expansion. There was haste, but to the credit of the Christianity of today it needs to be recorded that there was not unseemly haste. President Schurmann, of the Philippine commission,

Presbyterians have four missions in Manila and are to establish a fifth. They helped the Young Men's Christian association by providing preachers or its tent services. In the middle of February authority was sent to or-ganise formally and legally one of the Presbyterian missions into the First Presbyterian church of Manila, and steps were taken to start work in Iloilo. some native Filipinos have been baptized by Presbyterian missionaries, and among them is a little child who is as yet the only infant Filipino that has peen baptized in the islands in the Protestant faith.

Baptists are to undertake work in Hollo, but have not yet done so. Disciples of Christ have opened a mission in Manila, and have started a school. Congregationalists will not go there, but are to confine their efforts to Guam and other Pacific Islands, their purpose being to line the route from Honolulu to Manila with Christian mission sta-

A BASIS OF AGREEMENT.

Before this work was started by these different American religious bodies, conferences were held by those in authority, and in the Philippine work



Holy Trinity Mission, Manila.

wonders whether there might not be presented to the Filipinos one and not many forms of reformed Christianity. It may not be possible to attain this ideal, but among the religious bodies from America which have begun work neckiaces, bracelets and rings, but she in the Philippines there comes nearer to being an amicable understanding the old days, our grandmothers and than it was ever possible to bring

about before. There is to be held in New York at gypsy to hear about some tall, fair the end of the coming April a conference on missions. It is an ecumenical one, in that it represents the whole Christian world. It is coming to-gether to see how President Schurmann's suggestion may be carried out. It does not come solely for that, of course, but it is certain to push on the progress in that direction that it is

unmistakably making.
It is not yet quite settled what religious body, as such, first began services in Manila-barring, of course, the one that has been there for three or four hundred years. Methodists and Episcopalians began at almost the same time. One was helped by the fact that Bishon Thoburn, the Methodist missionary bishop of India, was near by and could reach Manila without much delay, and the other by the fact that an active chaplain, an Episcopalian, took up the service of the Book of Common Prayer," not as a chaplain but as a member of the American Episcopal church.

THE FIRST TO GO.

The very first representatives American Protestant churches to reach the Philippines were Young Men's Christian association secretaries, who went from San Francisco on the first transports to carry troops is stretched to the utmost. A cheroot is seldom out of a Burmese girl's and Bibles, literature and singing books, and they are still there, prosecuting a successful work. They have been joined by ten additional men, and in the lack of chaplains they are performing service for regiments which the government ought itself to provide. One of the landmarks of Manila has come to be the association tent near the bridge of Spain. Crowded beyond its capacity, the government loaned a building nearer to the Quartel del Fortin. Now a property has been purchased and is being converted into an association building of the usual pattern. The price paid for the property was \$6,000. The association holds services at Cavite and upon the menof-war anchored there.

Methodists began to hold a service in the Filipino theater and another in the Ermita district of Manila. Now they have organized two churches. Both are mainly for Filipinos, and both have services and sermons in Spanish. There is a school for girls and Bishop Thoburn, to whom the care of the work has been committed, hopes to have a school for boys in due time, besides a medical dispensary. Two missionaries supported by the Missionary society of the Methodist church are on the ground.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPALMISSION. On Decoration Day last the mission of the Holy Trinity was started in Manila, although Episcopal services had been held in the city since the beginning of that year. The Brotherhood of St. Andrew took the lead in this effort. Holy Trinity mission has now two clergymen and one layman, and attached to it is another layman who has had a tent and done work similar to that of the Young Men's Christian association. The mission has a typical eastern building of the Spanish type, and is located in the midst of barracks. The lower part is fitted up as a chapel, the upper part as library and writing and meeting rooms. Many officers and the army and navy attend services

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East political territory.

POPULAR IN TEXAS.

Reasons Why Senator Quay Has So Many Southern Friends.

A petition signed by twenty-three state senators and a number of representatives he has on a number of occasions shown that he is in sympathy with the southern

But few people, even in Texas, know Texas when a young man-before he was out of his teens-and located in Montschool, and then left the state. He was

former Confederates and their sympathis-ers toward all Yankees, as every man halining from north of the Mason and Dixon line was called. Quay, however, soon ingratiated himself into the hearts of the white people of Montgomery and Colorado counties. Those counties are in the heart of the "black belt" of the in the heart of the "black belt" of the state. The negroes outnumber the whites ten to one and young Quay had a practical experience with the race question, which, no doubt, formed the basis for his opposition to the force bill when it came before congress a quarter of a century later. He took no part in politics during his residence in Texas, but was content to quietly observe everything of a political political process. his residence in Texas, but was content to quietly observe everything of a political nature and otherwise that went on around him. It is said that he fell in love with a beautiful Texas girl, the daughter of a wealthy planter of Colorado county, and that he left the state because she rejected him when an offer of marriage was made. This young lady is now the wife of an attorney residing at Houston. Tex.

Quay has always taken a deep interest

Quay has always taken a deep interest in Texas and its people. Last year, when an overflow of the Brazos river devastated hundreds of thousands of acres of cul-tivated lands and made destitute several tivated lands and made destitute several thousand people and appeals went out for contributions to relieve their wants and suffering, one of the first responses came from United States Senator Matthew S. Quay. In a personal letter to Governor Joseph D. Sayers he inclosed a draft for \$5,000, which sum he asked to be applied as might be deemed best for the relief of the victims of the overflowed district. He made the further request district. He made the further request that no public mention be made of the fact that he had made the contribution. This is the first time that publicity has been given to this act of charity.

pickie. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be good and tender managed in this way, but, as a class, husbands are really delicious when preperly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel; nor by the golden tint, as if, you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as those brought to the door are always best. It is far better to have none than not know how to cook them properly. It does not make so much difference what you cook him in as how you cook him. See that the linen in which he is wrapped is white and nicely mended, with the required number of strings and buttons. Don't keep him in the kettle by force; he will

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stay there himself if proper care is taken. If he sputters or figures do not be anxious. Some husbands do this: add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not try him' with anything sharp to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently the while, lest he stay too long in the kettle and become flat and tasteless. If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you, and he will keep as long as you want.—Philadelphia Telegraph.









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Advisely was the had applied to us, soon after wrote: "Well, I tell you hat first day is one I'll sever forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug werybody and tell them that say old self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. Why didn't you tall me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?" And another wrote that I would find it this way?" And another wrote that I would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

In answering he sure and mention this paper, and the company promises to send the book in sealed envelope without any marks, and entirely free of charge.

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Briffalo, N. Y., and ask by the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD."

He was painfully white now. "What do I want?" repeated the

are no harems, and no restrictions to love-making, except flirtation and kissing, which are indecorous. All the business of Burmah is done by the women, while the men stay at home to smoke and mind the babies. Every woman has a shop of some sort, and when her husband is not kind she gets a divorce. She is probably better off than she was before, Indeed, the Burmese woman has far the best of it. Yet when she goes to the pagoda it is always her wish that in her next existence she will be a man. The Burmese woman is petite, and, though at first her features seem strange and are not attractive, you soon get used to them. Every girl is an artist, and she dresses artistically and in bright sunshiny colors. She wears a square loose-fitting, overlapping white jacket,

short in sleeves. Her frock is a piece of red or yellow or green slik tied tightly, so that she walks with short, mincing steps. The mold of the figure is distinctly shown, but, as every girl walks with a curious twist of the heel, there is nothing immodest. In Burmah, as in other lands, the pride of a girl is her hair, and if it reaches to the ground she has reason to be conceited. She never wears a

forgotten that event of a week ago, but the cutting tone of his voice re-minded her. She bowed her head, and

He had gone about fifty yards when she called his name. Her voice just reached him, but something in it told him that he had not suffered alone.

He turned about and hastened to

A PARADISE FOR WOMEN.

In Burmah They Are Practically the

Superior of the Men.

The Burmese are different from other

eastern women. Burmah is a wo-man's paradise. There is no necessity

to have Women's Rights associations

A woman is the equal of man. There

went on his way.

her.-Columbus Journal.

From the Ladies' Realm.

bonnet, but there is always a rose or some other flower stuck in the folds of her tresses. She is fond of jewelry, is never guilty of showiness. As, in great-grandmothers used to turn a the other, looking at him as Goliath plece of silver over in the palm of a man who would soon return from a long voyage and make them happy forever and ever, so the Burmese girl consults witches about her future hus-

band, and wears charms which she beieves will attract a certain youth. Every Burmese boy is tattooed about the limbs. He knows that no nice girl will look at him till he has a mass of tattoo designs, for among other things. these signify that he must have undergone much pain, and is therefore brave man. Sometimes a girl will have a tattoo mark placed between her eyes. This is not often, but only when she is afraid she may lose the affections of her beloved. Besides, with this tattoo mark, every girl feels that she cannot possibly die an old maid. But if she has not the mark, and there is a prospect of her being "on the shelf," she will cut away the hair above her ears, and this is a public sign that she would be infinitely obliged if somebody would marry her. As soon as she can toodle she starts smoking. She smokes all through life and with her last breath will probably

puff smoke. A Burmese cheroot is very mild in flavor, but it makes amends in size. It is anything from six inches to a foot in length, and so thick that a winsome maiden's mouth mouth, and she puffs with the unceasing regularity of an English girl munching chocolates. I have seen a little Burmese boy slide up to a little girl and look sheepishiy at her till she offers him a puff at her cheroot, just as a London boy will do to his sister who owns an apple. For several people to smoke from the same cheroot is quite the usual thing, and half a dozen girls will sit in a circle chattering and passing the torpedo-sized cigar around. When first I went to Burmah I naturally threw away my cheroot when I had enough. But afterward I al-ways presented it with a bow to some non-smoking Burman, for in Burmah to give some one else your half-smoked

eigar is as great an honor as in Persia

for your host to pick a tit-bit of stewy

meat from his dish and stick it into your mouth with his fingers. There is much juvenile sweet-hearting among the youngsters of Burmah. But a girl must give up such nonsense when she reaches twelve or thirteer years of age, for then it is time for her to be serious and give her thoughts to possibly being soon married. The transition stage in England from girl to young lady is the adoption of long skirts and the "doing up" of the hair. In Burmah it is when the ears are pierced. The ceremony is marked by a great feast to all her girl friends. The day and the hour are fixed by a soothsayer, and then, in the midst of the jubilation, the girl is seized and the needles run through the lobe of the ear, and the more she screams the louder all her friends chatter, and the native musicians outside get hot in banging doubly hard at their instruments. A piece of gold wire is usually passed through the ear, but later on thicker material is used until there is quite a large hole, maybe half an inch in diameter, and in this the girl-or young lady, as she is now-wears a tube, either of gold studded with preclous stones, or amber, or, if she is very poor, colored glass. After the ear-boring a Burmese girl begins to

put on airs. Love-making in Mandalay is very much the same as it is in Bayswater. A young man and a young woman, by a strange coincidence, are always neeting at friends' houses, or they happen to meet at pagoda feasts or at pwes, or native performances, and people begin to remark the coincidence and say things; and when the maiden is interrogated on the point she prob-ably blushes. When it is understood the couple are to be married the young man does love-making in the evening, but he never sees his sweetheart alone. She has always three or four girl friends with her, and so all the nice hings he wants to say must be said in their presence.

A Cautious Man.

"Bixby is the most cautious milu about advancing opinions I ever met. I asked him yesterday if he didn't think Mrs. Flypp's rainy day skirt was pretty short for a woman of her dimensions."
"What did he sav?"
"He said with great hesitation that the fault might lie in the fact that her dimensions were a little long for the skirt."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

and progressive intent. Comity in mission work will be discussed at the ecumenical conference already referred to. As everybody in charge of misnumber than ever before, it will indeed be strange if some definite step does not result. Christians of all bodies, their leaders at any rate, say they want no wastes of mission funds, and they have proved their professions by their works thus far in our new Far

Austin, Tex., Letter in Chicago Record. of the Texas legislature was forwarded a few days ago to United States Senators Chilton and Culberson, at Washington urging them to vote and work for the seating of United States Senator Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania. All the signers of this petition are Democrats, but they have a great admiration and kindly feeling for the erstwhile Republican boss. Quay is popular throughout the south. This popularity is due to the fact that

southern Democrats when he opposed the the reasons for Quay's pronounced sym-pathy for the southern people. It is due to the fact that he lived for several years gomery county. He taught school there two years and afterward conducted a photograph gallery in the village of Montgomery. He removed from Mont-gomery to Columbus, Colorado county, Tex., where he taught another term of not heard of until many years afterward, when he had risen to the height of his political power in Pennsylvania. An old citizen of Montgomery remembered the youth and wrote to Quay in Pennsylvania and asked if he was the man who formerly taught school in that place. A reply was received from Quay stating that he was one and the same person and

making inquiries about many of his Texas friends of the early days.

When Quay taught school in Texas the war had just closed and there was a bitter feeling on the part of some of the former Confederates and their sympathis.

HOW TO COOK HUSBANDS.

A good many husbands are entirely spoiled by mismanagement in cooking, and so are not too tender and good. Some women keep them too constantly in het water; others freeze them, others roast them, others but them in a stew, and others keep them constantly in a pickle. It cannot be supposed that any