

OVERWORKED.

Was it somebody's baby she wanted to praise?
A bull dog or anything active?
The best selling book? Or a Tiffany vase—
 No matter! She called it "Attractive."
 A bedstead—a ball dress—a luncheon refined—
 A quarrel—a romance—a chair—
 A public reception—in fact, any kind—
 She dubbed everyone "An Affair."
 I met but this day a man just from the sea,
 Who had been round the world with his wife,
 And Reggie, who'd been to a five o'clock tea,
 And for each, 'twas "The Time of his life."
 Ah, the dear old acquaintances mem'ry enshrines,
 So elastic, though used overmuch,
 That frayed "sense of humor," along the same lines!
 With the party who's always "In Touch."
 In the talk of society, school, or the shop
 Of clerk, demagogue, politician,
 They greet us wherever we go or we stop
 And we're "up against" this "Proposition."
 —Marian Phillips, in Brooklyn Life.

Alloy and Pure Gold

By Maree Fletcher

Traversy gave a start of surprise as he saw Elinor cross the street, and made a movement to join her, but paused as a little girl timidly touched her gown, upholding a basket of violets.

"Please buy," she begged sweetly. With an impatient, disdainful glance Elinor shook off the detaining hand and entered her carriage. Traversy saw hope fade from the little trusting face, and then flash out again as a tall, graceful girl stepped to her side, lifted the child gently in her strong arms and kissed the quivering lips.

"I will buy your violets, little one," she said, kindly. A trifling scene upon which to hinge a man's destiny, and yet Traversy found himself wishing with a wholly disproportionate bitterness that it had been the woman whom he had wished to make his wife, rather than the beautiful stranger, who had brightened the wistful little face. He allowed the incident to cause him only a momentary pang. She had perhaps been pre-occupied and not noticed. And yet, now and then during the day, he found the fresh, fair face of the stranger flashing before him, and permitted himself to dwell upon its rare compassionate beauty.

It had only been lately that the sun of prosperity had shone upon Traversy. His life had been singularly sad and lonely. He had been awaiting the opportunity to tell Elinor his shadowed past, and ask her to brighten the future by the radiance of her presence, but something had always kept the story back from his lips. He shrank from forcing a cloud into her bright, joyous life, yet had longed for a woman's sympathy, even if it were only for a past which was dead. He decided to test her love and compassion at once. He had much to offer her. He was eager to find all in her which he sought, anxious to make every allowance for her surface lightness if it concealed a woman's warm heart.

She greeted him brightly, and he marvelled anew at her fresh, radiant loveliness. When at length his opportunity came, he told her brokenly of the past. She listened for a few moments with impatience.

"I hate gloom," she cried. "Let us sweep away the cobwebs: Come, I will sing to you." Traversy stood very still, then moved to her side and watched her as she sang with intense wistfulness. As the rare, rich tones filled the room with their underlying suggestion of tenderness and pathos, his heart softened toward her once more, and he was willing to blame himself for having perhaps chosen an inopportune moment for his confidence.

During the days which followed, Traversy felt strangely alone. The world seemed to have lost much of its color, and he found the time when he could ask Elinor to be his wife becoming singularly remote and unconvincing. She still remained supreme in his thoughts, yet it was as if some insurmountable barrier were slowly rising between them. They met one evening at a musical, and although he sought to force himself with his old spontaneous attitude toward her, he felt a constraint, and while his eyes met hers with a steady light, he could not experience the same glow of intimacy. She had motioned him to the vacant chair by her side and he sank into it mechanically, allowing his eyes to wander from her about the assembly. Suddenly his gaze encountered two dark gray eyes and he recognized instantly the beautiful girl who had purchased the child's violets. He saw Elinor start slightly and bow with a cool, distant haughtiness.

"Who is she?" Traversy inquired eagerly. Elinor flashed a quick glance of cold surprise at his question. "Norma Williams," she answered briefly. "She used to be very prom-

inent here in society—but of course no one invites her now."

The words jarred upon Traversy's finer sense and he felt the barrier slowly rising.

"Why?" he demanded brusquely. "The failure of her father simply beggared them," she explained carelessly.

"Will you present me?" he asked with low gravity. Elinor flushed with displeasure, but complied with his request.

Traversy never knew just how that evening passed. He felt enveloped by the pure, thoughtful radiance of the dark grey eyes, and found himself marvelling at the depth of character portrayed by a soft, flexible voice. Norma's face was swept by varying and deep emotions as they conversed upon impersonal things, and Traversy discovered himself telling her with a spontaneous confidence many plans for his future.

When, at the close of the evening, they joined Elinor, her haughty gaze swept past Norma and rested with perturbed questioning upon Traversy. "I am quite ready to go," she said, smothered reproach in her low tone.

He turned with obvious reluctance from Norma's side and moved with Elinor to her carriage, then bowed with courteous aloofness, as he opened the door.

"But you are coming—" she faltered with unexpected humility. "I think not," he answered kindly.

"But why?" she flashed out with impatient earnestness. Then she paused, breathless with mortification, as the full significance of his attitude burst upon her, and at his quick recoil before the spontaneous confession conveyed by her eagerness. Then, as the carriage door closed between them, Elinor shrank back with a sharp cry of vain regret. Her woman's intuition had grasped his estimate of her superficial nature. Traversy waited the conventional length of time, then eagerly availed himself of Norma's permission to call. Before the evening closed he had told her the sad, sacred story of his life. He watched the gravely eloquent face and tear dimmed eyes with which she listened, and felt his heart glow and stretch out toward her.

"How you have suffered," she whispered with a quick breath. "But you have been brave, so very brave." Then she paused timidly and raised her eyes frankly to his. "I wish that I might have been able to help you. But it's over now," she went on softly, "and you have every opportunity to be very happy."

"Yes," he cried joyously, with a full, complete understanding. "I have indeed." It was too soon to pour out the words which sprang to his lips, but he stored them in the deep recesses of his heart until their companionship should ripen, and contented himself by watching the sweet upturned face. —Boston Post.

THE MIRROR BABY CRIED.

And That Seemed to Have a Reforming Effect on the Real Child.

"It cannot be a new way to attempt to quiet a crying baby," said the young man, who couldn't be expected to know a great deal about children, "but it certainly was effective."

"The child was sitting up in a carriage red faced and bawling, with its mouth wide open and tears streaming out of the corners of its eyes. The nurse was making unavailing efforts to quiet the infant as she wheeled it along.

"At a corner there was a store that had a square post in one corner of the show window. The sides of this post were covered with looking glass.

"The nurse wheeled the carriage close to the window and the baby, still howling, got a glimpse or the image of its angry faced, wailing self in the looking glass. The effect was marvelous. The child stopped crying at once and surveyed the glass with an air almost of being ashamed. Then it broke into a smile, and when the looking glass child also laughed it waved a tiny mittened fist and was borne away, chuckling.

"This, of course, can be explained on scientific grounds as being only a manifestation of curiosity on the part of the child, but the suddenness of the reform instituted by the mirror was impressive to those who saw it." —New York Sun.

Light on Domestic Problem.

Polish and Slav girls prefer scrubbing in restaurants for \$5 or \$6 a week, which gives them a miserable existence in Polishtown, to \$3 or \$4 a week in addition to a good home in a private family with its long and indefinite hours and Sunday work would interfere with their social pleasures and aspirations.

Domestic work puts a damper upon their ambition to marry as quickly as possible by throwing them out of the society of their equals, by taking away their Sundays and by curtailing the number of balls and dances they attend and the appointments resulting therefrom.—The Survey.

Eighty-seven in every hundred Canadian farmers own their own farms

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

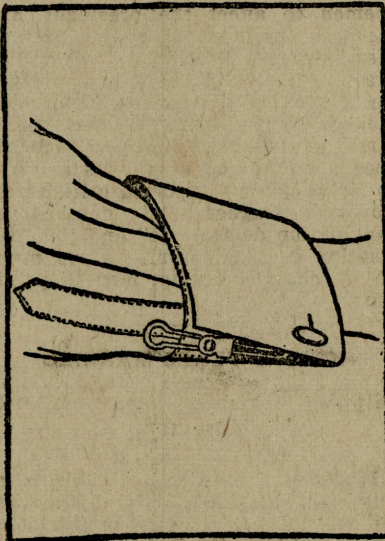


AGED EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

She has just announced the completion of her memoirs, which will be published after her death. They are expected to create a sensation.

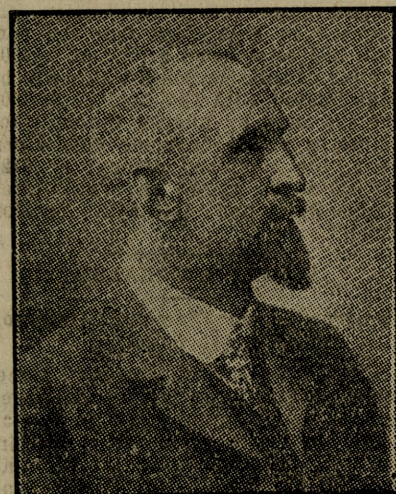
Holder For Cuffs.

The length of coat or shirt sleeve makes little difference in the set of a cuff that is held in place by the holder invented by a California man. The holder is a metal plate with a slot in it just large enough for the shank of a sleeve button to pass through. At one end is an enlarged space to admit the head of the button, and it is equipped with a slid-



able member which can be adjusted at any point to engage the button and hold the whole affair firmly. The other end of the holder can be attached to the cuff proper. As will be readily understood, a cuff fastened to the shirt with this device may be adjusted to any point on the wrist, so that the length of the short coat sleeve can be made to look not quite so short by keeping the cuff from protruding too far below it, and thus calling attention to the discrepancy. —Washington Star.

The French Seeker of the South Pole. Dr. Charcot has been for many months in the Antarctic, and is ex-



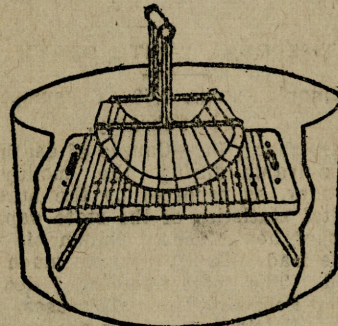
pected by the French to reach the southernmost extremity of the globe, although the English say he cannot possibly do so.

Why Protect the Bee Martin?

One of the protected birds is the bee martin, or kingbird. Bee raisers are at a loss to understand why it should be protected in a bee country, because it makes terrific inroads on the swarms. Captain Dixon, of Flushing, lives next to a man who has a hive of bees. He told Tip recently of the work of one martin. The captain, who was sitting on his side porch, noticed that the bees seemed unduly excited. Suddenly a bee martin swooped down, caught one of the little honey-makers, flew to a neighboring telephone pole and ate it. That was repeated many times, the captain keeping tabs. The count showed that in the course of one short afternoon the martin caught and ate more than fifty of the bees. —New York Press.

Washboard Improvement.

The washboard appears in a new form in an invention which has recently been perfected in the shape of a washing machine without any of the usual mechanism of levers and wheels. It consists of but two parts working together and the clothes between, and is designed particularly for use in stationary washtubs, but is equally serviceable in portable



tubs. With the water on a level with the base, the soaped pieces are spread thereon when, with the addition of an inch or two of boiling water, the segmental rubber is oscillated back and forth twenty or thirty times. This action forces the water and soap or other alkaline ingredients through the interstices of the goods. It is said to be especially serviceable in large pieces such as blankets, curtains, rugs, etc. When operated in stationary tubs there is the added convenience of hot and cold water, and the discharge of waste without carrying the water, and as the two parts may be left in the tub after use, no extra room is required. —Washington Star.

Food For the Gods.

"That girl must think I'm made of money."
 "What's the matter?"
 "I invited her to a little lunch after the theatre and I'll be hanged if she didn't order pork chops." —Detroit Free Press.

MADE WELL AND STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Jefferson, Iowa. — "When my baby was just two months old I was completely run down and my internal organs were in terrible shape. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and mother wrote and told you just how I was. I began to gain at once and now I am real well." — Mrs. W. H. BURGER, 700 Cherry St., Jefferson, Iowa.

Another Woman Cured.

Glenwood, Iowa. — "About three years ago I had falling and other female troubles, and I was nothing but skin and bones. I was so sick I could not do my own work. Within six months I was made sound and well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I will always tell my friends that your remedies cured me, and you can publish my letter." — Mrs. C. W. DUNN, Glenwood, Iowa.

If you belong to that countless army of women who suffer from some form of female ills, just try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years this famous remedy has been the standard for all forms of female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, fibroid tumors, ulceration, inflammation, irregularities, backache, etc.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

Constipation

"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water once every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowels. Happily I tried Cascarets, and today I am a well man. During the nine years before I used Cascarets I suffered untold misery with internal piles. Thanks to you, I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity. B. F. Fisher, Roanoke, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 930

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont gave away two thousand dolls to poor children during the Christmas holidays just passed. Each doll wore a "Vote for Women" sash.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. 19

The great Lick telescope will pick out a star so small it would require 30,000 of them put together to be visible to the naked eye.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

Hard on Professors, Too.

In discussing the problem of the assistant professor in American universities, in science, Prof. Guido H. Marx of Stanford university, says: "The rapid increase in the cost of living in the last 20 years has made the situation acute; for there has been no general increase of salaries commensurate with this, and as a consequence these men find themselves driven to a lower and lower standard of living. This is a grave menace to the efficiency of the institutions, both present and future, for it must not be forgotten that the highest ranks must be recruited from time to time from men whose development has necessarily been limited by the conditions surrounding this rank."

WOMEN'S ILLS.

Many women who suffer with backache, bearing-down pain, headaches and nervousness do not know that these ailments are usually due to trouble with the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills remove the cause.

Mrs. Rudolph Ruscke, 44 Willson St., East Buffalo, N. Y., says: "For several years I had severe headaches and was so dizzy I feared to go out. I lost thirty pounds in weight and for a whole year could not do my household work. After doctoring and using different remedies without help, Doan's Kidney Pills brought relief and finally a cure."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

