

TWO POETS.

Two poets lived: their time came and they died. Silenced, they slept their long sleep, side by side. In memory of the one with loud acclaim Men built a temple beautiful, of Fame, 'Mid richest carvings splendidly enscroll'd His name shone radiant, embossed in gold, And even proclaimed him greatest of man-kind.

The Master-singer and the Master-mind. With lauds and praises did the temple quake, But of the other silenced poet no man spake. Calmly surveying from his heaven's height The temple-builders in their puny might, Enthroned in splendour sat the Oversoul: And on eternal tablets did a name enroll Upon the honour-list of heaven's best; In flaming colours it outshone the rest. But lo, the letters did not spell the name Of him whom men placed in their hall of Fame.

A Voice spoke: "Empty is the name ye quote." This poet lived the poetry the other wrote.

—Elizabeth R. Finley.

AUNT MEG'S COLUMN.

"Harry, I can sum up your case in three words," said Lancaster. "The fact is—and you cannot deny it—you're in love."

"How on earth did you find that out?" he muttered.

"Experience and casual observation," replied Lancaster, shortly. "By the by, I saw Milly Holworth today." Then, with a grin, "Um, I thought I wasn't far out. She's a nice girl, Harry, and a clever one. Women nowadays who are good looking and can earn their own living are in great demand in the matrimonial market, so I'm told, and I can quite believe it."

"Yes," groaned Ellington, "but when a man has only a paltry twelve hundred and fifty a year the idea of—er—er—even proposing to a lady who can buy him up might give rise to unpleasant comments—h'm!"

"Personally, I should try my luck. 'Faint heart,' etc., you know. You never know what may transpire. Say you decide to see how absence might affect the case and to wait until your return from England. She might be snapped up in the meantime. Perhaps the steamer might founder, and—"

"Don't Lancaster, don't!" shuddered Ellington. "Your advice, old chap, I fear has not advanced the improvement of the outlook at all."

"Then the only course that remains open for you is to consult Aunt Meg," sighed Lancaster.

"Aunt Meg! Who is she? And what's she got to do with it?"

"Aunt Meg is a lady connected with a popular publication entitled 'The Daisy,' whose official duty it is to receive and reply to, through the columns of the aforesaid journal, all questions that may be submitted to her notice on the all important theme of love and its attendant trials, misunderstandings and vagaries in general."

"Consult Aunt Meg!" the words seemed to ring in Ellington's ears for some time after the departure of his friend Lancaster.

"A precious fool I'd be thought," he mused, "supposing I was idiot enough to trust my private affairs to the tender mercies of a modern lady journalist, if the story leaked out. Certainly one might write under a nom de plume or initials, but then I don't believe in such rot."

Half an hour's meditation, however, served to put matters before him in a different light. He reflected that the journal in question bore a very high character, and he resolved to try Aunt Meg.

After due destruction of various sheets of note paper, his communication was at last fairly neatly transcribed and ran as follows:

"To 'Aunt Meg,' Daisy Office, 420 Fleet street, E. C.:

"Madam—I trust you may be able to successfully advise me as to my actions in the following matter: To be brief, I am aged 30 and am in receipt of an annual income of twelve hundred and fifty dollars as private secretary to a titled gentleman, who is about to depart on a voyage of indefinite duration in three weeks' time for his health's sake, and I am to accompany him. A month ago I made the acquaintance of a charming lady about my own age, and we have met at various intervals ever since.

"As you will already have surmised, I am deeply in love with her, though I have not as yet declared my passion. As far as I am aware, from the statement of a friend, she is in receipt of an income exceeding mine by two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, derived from her employment, the exact nature of which, however, owing to the shortness of our acquaintance, I am unfortunately in ignorance beyond that it is something in a city office.

"I have every reason to believe that my attentions, such as they have been, are not altogether distasteful. What would you advise me to do? Ask her now and risk a slender income, or wait until I am in more affluent circumstances, which chance is slightly remote at the present outlook? "

H. A. E."

Two Saturdays passed and left him in the deepest depths of despair, owing to the nonappearance of a reply to his communication.

In the meantime he met Mildred Holworth on two occasions at the house of a mutual acquaintance and once was almost on the verge of a declaration, but checked himself in time to save making himself an arrant ass, as he termed it.

It was with feverish excitement that he opened the last issue of the Daisy published before he left England.

Eagerly he scanned the page sacredly set apart for the benefit of "Aunt Meg" and her amorous amblings. Yes, it was there at last! "H. A. E.:—Waste no time, but go and ask her at once. If I judge rightly from the tone of your letter, you need scarcely have any apprehension as to the nature of her reply. As to monetary matters, a girl who cannot comfortably manage and be happy on the untidy income doesn't deserve a husband at all."

It was all over. The last slipper had sped its course in the air and disappeared through the window of the compartments which had the honor of accommodating the happy couple, and the last handful of rice lay whitening the platform like a miniature fall of snow.

"I'm so glad it's all over at last," sighed Mildred Ellington as she threw herself wearily back among the cushions. "But the whole affair was a complete success and went off without a flaw."

"Yes, darling, quite complete, except for the absence from the ceremony of one to whom I owe a great deal of my present happiness—in fact one of your sister strugglers in the field of literature. Milly, I've a confession to make. I know you'll think I'm an awful fool, and perhaps be angry, but promise me, Milly, beforehand, that you will forgive me."

"I'd promise you anything, Harry. It—it can't be anything dreadful, I'm sure," falteringly.

"Then read that and put me out of my misery."

And taking from his inside breast pocket a copy of the Daisy containing Aunt Meg's advice, which he had so successfully acted upon, he opened it at the fatal page and handed it to her.

"Harry," she said quietly, pushing it away, her eyes filling with tears the while, "I—I know what you mean now. She—she was there, and—and you saw her."

"I saw her, Milly?" ejaculated Ellington, utterly taken aback by her answer.

"Yes, Harry, and you see her now! I—I was Aunt Meg at the time, and knowing whom your question concerned replied accordingly. I, too, meant to confess all today, and you have made it easier for me to do so. Kiss me, Harry, and say you forgive me."—Waverly Magazine.

QUEER ARE WOMEN.

That is, Some of Them Are, Says a Cynical Masculine Observer.

"Women are critically curious creatures," said a cynical citizen, "and the wonder to me is that they ever make a wise selection in marriage. I do not mean to say anything unkind, for no man has a deeper or more profound regard for women than I have, and I admire Drummond chiefly because he said that woman represents evolution's nature's, God's, highest achievement, and that she was really the climax of all these forces, and they reached their limit in her creation, a result the forces had been striving to bring about from the very beginning of time. I believe this is true. Being of a cynical turn of mind, I am not inclined to admit that the world is wholly good, but what good there is on this old planet is to be found in the other sex.

"But why is it that we are constantly confronted by the perverseness of woman's taste in the matter of choosing between men as we find it, for instance, in the stage portrayals? Take the average play, and we will generally find the woman's love drifting toward some fellow who is totally unworthy, a fellow who is a veritable scawlag in all that the word means.

"In nine cases out of 10 it is necessary to kill a few men in order to protect some good woman—on the stage—from the fearful tortures of living all her life with an unworthy man. At least, one man will have to be of the melodramatic kind, why, there is no limit to the number of fellows who will be sacrificed in order to get the woman out of a bad matrimonial bargain. Are men's ideals higher than the ideals of women? Is the heroic and the sublime in man's nature more highly developed and more delicately outlined than these same impulses in the nature of the fairer sex? Fiction, you know, and fiction of the standard sort, is filled with women of the kind I have mentioned. Of course, they are not all of the kind I have been discussing. Shakespeare's women, for instance, are made of sterner stuff, and historical examples of the stronger and more thoroughly balanced kind are not lacking. There are the women of the French revolution, who towered above the men like giantesses. There are our own noble women, who struggled through the blood and tears that drenched the '60's, and others might be mentioned, for we may count all around us the good examples of wise women in all of life's relations.

"But I was just thinking lightly about the apparently natural devotion which a woman has for the scawlag, and in a majority of cases, if she is called upon to make a selection between two men, she will lean toward the fellow who needs reclamation, indeed if she does not take him. If you do not believe it, keep a tab on them for awhile."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Patience.

"I never lose my temper when a man insults me," said Broncho Bob.

"But you didn't waste any time on Coyote Bill."

"No. But I didn't lose my temper. I've learned by experience that nothing keeps a man from shooting straight like losing his temper."—Washington Star.



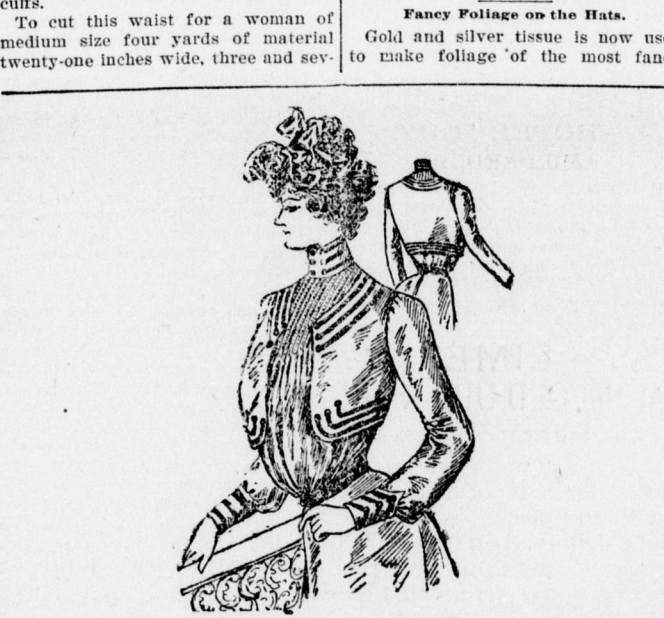
New York City.—The novelty of the season is undoubtedly the shirt waist with pleats that run to or over the shoulders. The smart May Manton



example illustrated combines that feature with the new deep pointed cuffs and stock and is suited to all the season's waistings, madras, Oxford, pique, chambrays, linen, batistes, silks, light weight flannels, albatross and the like, but in the original is of silk chambray in pale blue, stitched with white, and is held by white pearl buttons.

The fitted lining extends to the waist line only, but forms the foundation on which the waist is arranged. The fronts and back of the waist proper are laid in two pleats at each side, which meet at the shoulder seams. The fronts include the regulation box pleat and are gathered at the belt or left free and adjusted to the figure as preferred, but the pleated back is smooth and without fulness. When the plain back is substituted it is drawn down in gathers at the waist line. Ornamental stitching, simulating pointed bands, is shown on the fronts. The sleeves are in shirt style, but with deep pointed cuffs that lap over and are buttoned at the outside. At the neck is a novel pointed stock that matches the cuffs.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and sev-



en-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Woman's Bolero Waist.

The bolero waist is a marked favorite of fashion, and is shown in many of the advance styles. The smart May Manton model shown in the large drawing is admirable in many ways, and is adapted to a variety of materials. The bolero, having no collar, makes it peculiarly desirable for wear beneath a wrap, while at the same time it gives sufficient of the jacket suggestion to be suited to street costumes designed for spring. As shown it makes part of a costume of satin-faced cloth in sage green, with the full waist of Liberty satin in a lighter shade of the same color, the trimming being folds of the satin, cross-stitched on with black corticelli silk, and at the ends by jeweled buttons.

The fitted lining closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the waist and the bolero, so that both are made in one. The full front and back of the waist are tucked to yoke depth then left free to take soft folds, the closing being effected at the left front where an opening is cut from the shoulder to waist line. The jacket is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams only, and is cut away at the neck to reveal the chemistette. The sleeves are novel, while in bishop at the upper edge which render their shape they include deep cuffs, pointed exceptionally becoming. At the neck is a regulation stock that closes invisibly at the centre back.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size two and one-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, one and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required for the waist; two and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, one and seven-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

It appears that the greatest velocity of a rifle ball is not at the muzzle, but some distance in front. An average of 10 shots with the German infantry rifle has shown a muzzle velocity of 2068 feet per second, with a maximum velocity of 2132 feet per second at 10 feet from the muzzle.

The extension of the use of electricity in British warships in place of steam for subsidiary purposes is to be made the subject of a series of experimental tests. At the present time the capstan, steering engines, ventilating fans and derrick hoists are worked by steam power.

Arsenic is a very brittle metal, steel gray in color, and of no great importance in the arts. Metallic arsenic is found native in veins in metamorphic rocks in Saxony, Bohemia, and abundantly at Chanareillo in Chile. Arsenic is widely disseminated, as few sulphur ores are free from traces of it. The white arsenic of commerce is arsenious acid.

A striking proof of the lasting qualities of cedar wood has been discovered in the state of Washington. Near Acme is a forest of hemlocks, which has grown up over a buried forest of cedars. It has been found that the trunks of cedar are well preserved, although they have been lying in damp soil for at least 150 years. The rings of growth on the hemlock show that they have been growing over the cedars for that length of time.

Mr. Birkeland has continued his calculations to determine whether the periodic changes in the area of the spotted regions of the sun's surface are in any degree due to gravitational disturbances produced by either of the planets Mercury, Venus or Jupiter. His latest calculations cover the period 1892-96, and his conclusion is that we must seek for other causes than planetary influence to explain the sun spot period and that in future it is idle to look for the cause of this period outside of the solar sphere itself.

Professor Georgeson, who is in charge of the agricultural experiment stations in Alaska, sends encouraging reports of the conditions there. He made a trip into the interior and down the Yukon early in August and found new potatoes, cabbages, cauliflower and other vegetables ready for the table, and gardens blooming with a variety of annual flowers. On the lower Yukon he found extensive tracts of land covered with luxuriant grasses, six feet in height in places, and apparently well suited to agricultural purposes.

The following item relating to the Manila observatory is taken from Prof. Barward's account of his trip to Sumatra: The observatory is equipped for both astronomical and meteorological purposes. It has a fine refracting telescope of 19 inches aperture, the object glass being by Steinheil and the mounting by Saegmuller. On account of the troublous times of the past three years the object glass had been removed and hidden away during that period, so that the telescope was not in a condition to be used when the observatory was visited by the American eclipse observers during their stay at Manila. Father Algue, the director of the establishment, stated that they had a large percentage of clear nights during the year, and that the atmosphere was steady much of the time. This observatory is doing very valuable meteorological work. The study and prediction of typhoons—so destructive in the China sea, and of which Father Algue has made a special study—is of the utmost importance to navigation. The work was spoken of highly by the officers of the various vessels on which the expedition sailed.

Measuring Humidity.

To most minds scientific instruments are so fearfully and wonderfully constructed that no attempt is ever made to pry into the manner of their performing their functions, the results obtained being accepted as a matter of course. Yet many such instruments while apparently complicated, are really based on very simple principles. Of these the aneroidometer and the barometer are, of course, now generally understood, although this was not always true.

Another meteorological instrument, however, which is much used, but which is more or less mysterious to the public, is that by which the amount of moisture in the air is determined. While delicately constructed and balanced by means of fine springs, the chief reliance is placed on a few horse hairs, which are exceedingly responsive to the influence of dampness. When the air becomes moist they relax, and a pivoted bar, one end of which forms an indicator, is drawn along a scale, which shows just to what extent the air is saturated with water. When the air is dry the horse hair becomes tense and the indicator is returned to its appropriate place on the scale.

It is in this way that track is kept of General Humidity, whose damp forces so effectually conspire to keep humanity in misery during warm weather.

Intelligence and the Suffrage.

Symonds—So you object to woman suffrage. I should like to know upon what grounds, if you have any reasonable ones.

Belcher—I've heard more than a hundred women say the men are all alike. With such an idea in their heads, how can you expect an intelligent use of the suffrage from them?—Boston Transcript.

The Price of Thickness.

The persiflage of some of the snobs where the trade is with the poor is not without its humor. Into a Fifth avenue butcher's establishment there came the other day a little girl of the tenements. She had a large hat with a feather—evidently the product of some ill-conceived charity box—and a little shawl was thinly covering her shoulders. She carried a small brown paper parcel.

"Please, Mr. Schmidt," she began, showing this across the counter to him, "my mother says this ten cents' worth of steak ain't thick enough. You have a right to send her a thicker piece."

"I have, have I?" growled Mr. Schmidt, opening the parcel and looking sternly and suspiciously at the returned meat. Then he went to the till and produced a dime.

"There, take that to your mother," he said, "and tell her if that's thicker, she'd better keep it."—New York News.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The man isn't necessarily a crank who believes that one good turn deserves another.

MISS BONNIE DELANO

A Chicago Society Lady, in a Letter to Mrs. Pinkham says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Of all the grateful daughters to whom you have given health and life, none are more glad than I.

"My home and my life was happy



MISS BONNIE DELANO.

until illness came upon me three years ago. I first noticed it by being irregular and having very painful and scanty menstruation; gradually my general health failed; I could not enjoy my meals; I became languid and nervous, with gripping pains frequently in the groin.

"I advised with our family physician who prescribed without any improvement. One day he said.—'Try Lydia Pinkham's Remedies.' I did, thank God; the next month I was better, and it gradually built me up until in four months I was cured. This is nearly a year ago and I have not had a pain or ache since."—BONNIE DELANO, 3248 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Trustworthy proof is abundant that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves thousands of young women from dangers resulting from organic irregularity, suppression or retention of the menses, ovarian or womb troubles. Refuse substitutes.

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DR. RADWAY & Co., NEW YORK: Gentlemen—I send inclosed M. O. for which you will please send me one dozen Radway's Ready Relief and one dozen Radway's Pills. Your Ready Relief is considered heretofore to be worth its weight in gold. This is why I am induced to handle it. I have handled—Oh! for some time—but I consider the R. R. far superior to this, as it gives better satisfaction. J. M. ALEXANDER. Hoxban, I. T.



Radway's Ready Relief cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. For Headache (whether sick or nervous), Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Sold by druggists.

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In all 150 kinds positively furnishing bushes of charming flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue, telling all about Tomato and Pea Cuts and Bromus and Speltz, onion seed at 5c. a pound, etc., only for 16c. in stamps. Write today.
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