

The world is full of heroines. Whose name can doubt; In crosses they face the lions. At home put thieves to rout.

The fire is burning in the mill, The sea's stricken in the bay. To dash pell-mell across the mill And perish every one.

A golden pane thrills the school, The children rush to death; The gentle teacher, calm and cool, Controls them with her breath.

Pride Versus Love.

Clarissa Blois was happy that afternoon, very happy, and the sunshine flooding the moor was no brighter than that which glowed within her own heart.

the fact that Edwin was not General Talbot's son, but a plebeian, born of peasant stock, staggered and bewildered her.

She wandered on over the heath, transformed into a garden of beauty by the abundant purple heather and rich, yellow gorse.

As these bitter thoughts passed through her mind she turned into a lane which led to the high road.

Bye-and-by she sat down amid the bracken, and was soon lost in thought, dreaming happy day-dreams in which Dr. Edwin Talbot bore a significant part.

He greeted her warmly, and did not immediately notice the coldness and constraint of her manner.

So pleasant were her reflections that she needed not the flight of time, nor knew that the sunshine had faded, until she was startled from her reverie by a distant peal of thunder.

"I found I could get away sooner than I expected, and so thought I would take you by surprise," he said blithely.

Clarissa murmured something unintelligible, and a shadowy smile came into her eyes.

"What is the matter, Clara?" he said reproachfully.

Then Clarissa's anger burst forth, and in passionate words she told him what she had learned that afternoon.

"Don't mind for me, dearest. Your love will brighten my dark hours, now, and the trouble may not last."

Clarissa had a nervous dread of thunderstorms, and to be caught in one out here on the lovely moor appeared anything but inviting.

"You pretended to see your face again! You deceived me. You pretended to be General Talbot's son, when you are only a new-born commoner."

She began to retrace her steps hurriedly, hoping to be able to reach the high road and take shelter in some farm-house before the storm broke.

"Yes, I mean every word. I despise you for using a name you've no right to, and—"

Clarissa had a nervous dread of thunderstorms, and to be caught in one out here on the lovely moor appeared anything but inviting.

"But, Clara, if you loved me before you knew this, you must love me still. You cannot have ceased to care for me because I am not General Talbot's son."

She began to retrace her steps hurriedly, hoping to be able to reach the high road and take shelter in some farm-house before the storm broke.

"No, Clara, you wrong me," interrupted Edwin.

Clarissa took the picture, and looked at it. A low cry of surprise escaped her.

"No, my love for you died when I found you had deceived me. It is better for us to part."

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remorse. If only she could have seen him once more to tell him how dearly she loved him, and how bitterly she had repented her cruel words!

In the spring the father and daughter returned to Roydon Court, and the day after their arrival Clarissa turned her steps toward the moorland cottage where Edwin's mother lived.

The girl's heart beat fast. How like it was to Edwin's figure! Could it be—as it was possible that there had been a mistake, and he had not died out there on the veiled?

A few more seconds brought them face to face. Yes, it was Edwin himself, pale and thin, and looking very grave and preoccupied, but the eyes of love could not mistake him.

He took her gently in his arms and kissed her. "Don't mind for me, dearest. Your love will brighten my dark hours, now, and the trouble may not last."

Clarissa murmured something unintelligible, and a shadowy smile came into her eyes. "What is the matter, Clara?" he said reproachfully.

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TRUTH ABOUT THE FLY.

Some Crimes of the Commonest Invader of Your Home.

Worse than the curse of frogs, worse than the curse of serpents or the rivers running with blood, was the "greivous swarm of flies" brought on the Egyptians by Moses.

at heavy cost that if the city was to be freed from yellow fever the mosquito must go; and in the space of a few months, so vigorous was the campaign, the now famous stegomyia or yellow fever mosquito was nearly exterminated, and a price is now set on its head.

This insect, with its air pump feet and its faceted eyes, may be a thing of beauty to the entomologist; its drowsy buzzing on the pane has even inspired poets; but we may be sure that the poet sang of some fly roused to life in early March by a day of premature heat.

Visit in summer any suburb that is frequented by picnic parties. At the rear will be found piles of tin cans, papers and fragments of rotting food. Here feed swarms of flies that have found their breeding ground further on where the horses were tied, and these unclean insects are ready to descend on the food laid out by each party of picnickers.

Thank to the science of bacteriology, our case against the fly is no longer guesswork—it has been made to walk across the sterile gelatine plate, and the microscope has later told us what it fetches and carries.

I have sought in vain for any proof of good to man that can be credited to this insect. When I was a child I used to hear it said that flies were our friends because they consumed what would otherwise be a source of danger to us.

Old Mrs. Brown was greatly astonished an hour or two later by the entrance of her son with the fair young lady she had sheltered from the storm last autumn.

The housewife who gives frenzied chase to the intruder is not putting in her work at the most promising end of the line. The fly, like the mosquito, is only to be destroyed by allowing it no breeding place.

In 1888 Dr. Nuttall had shown that flies transmitted cholera. In 1895 Dr. Kober, of Washington, said that typhoid fever was spread by their aid in old-fashioned non-sewered dwellings, but not until the Cuban war, three years later, was this transmission proved on such a scale as to convince the medical profession.

From her earliest childhood Miss Moyer, who is now winning fame twirling the spheroid across the home plate, had a deep love for baseball.

In 1865, in keeping with the needs of the Civil War the Government bought an immense quantity of white oak—500,000 cubic feet—to be used in ship and boat construction.

While Miss Moyer has been fond of all kinds of athletic sports "since childhood's busy hour," it was not until she was a student at the Kutztown Normal School, a few years ago, that her great ability as a pitcher came into observation.

The reason for this exceptional equipment lies in the material used on the boats—white oak, which has been lying at the bottom of the Delaware for more than forty years, now one of the rarest and most valuable of timbers.

She there played upon the regular school nine and helped win many a victory. While she prefers pitching, as being most scientific and affording a greater opportunity for display of skill, she is able to fill worthily any position on the diamond.

Not only does the fly carry about on his feet and legs any disease germs, but such germs taken into the body in food are known to remain alive in its intestines and also for days after they are ejected in the specks.

Her style of pitching is a puzzling proposition. In a recent game in Bethlehem she struck out five men. Apparently, she pitches a slow ball, but it is so very elusive that not one in three is able to find it when it reaches the plate.

PERTINENT EPIGRAMS

BY GOVERNOR FOLK.

From the Address Delivered at Lakeside, Madison, Wis.

If Adam lived through all these centuries and received \$175 a day—not \$175 a year—he would not be as rich as some of our experts of the financial class. But the world is getting better every day.

Some four years ago a prominent citizen of St. Louis said he would like to die for his country; two weeks later he was hailed into a court of justice for bribing an entire Legislature. He had patriotism on his lips and treason in his heart; he wanted to die for his country and he wanted a prize of 10,000 francs to the author of a memoir which outlined a method for the use of "residual oil" in the destruction of the eggs and larvae of the fly.

It is as important—more important—to fight to get good men into office as it is to bare one's breast to bullets of the enemy; and it requires more courage, too, for the lawbreakers make much noise.

Everday living patriotism is more essential than war-time fighting patriotism.

The trust denounces the law-breaking pickpocket, but thinks it has a perfect right to violate the anti-combination statutes.

The burglar abhors the trust law-breaker, but thinks the law against rousebreaking is an interference with his personal liberty.

The saloonkeeper thinks the law to protect his cash drawer from the thief a good law, but hates the law requiring his saloon to close on Sunday.

The powers of evil, the law-breakers, will support a candidate for prosecuting attorney or sheriff, taking an agreement from him that in consideration of their support he will not enforce laws that they do not like.

Some of our great merchant princes have been found to be law-breakers by taking rebates from railroads. They did not think it was wrong.

VACATIONAL.

From breakfast bell to supper bell, From supper bell to nine o'clock, This is the part of Mrs. Pell— To rock and talk, and talk and rock. The other boarders glibly about. In private parlors, I assure them best. But Mrs. Pell, who's rather stout, She came up here, she says, to rest.

She doesn't heat, she doesn't climb. She never drives, she never walks. From rising bell to luncheon time She talks and rocks, and rocks and talks. The other boarders drift away— She talks them east, she talks them west She talks and talks the livelong day. She came up here, she says, to rest.

Holding the best veranda chair, She circles daily with the sun. She's traveled—has been everywhere. She talks the new moon up the sky. She talks the song bird to his nest. She never stops. You wonder why. She came up here, she says, to rest.

The housefly buzzes on the glass. The brooklet chatters in the dell. The humbler drone the grass— So drones and chatters Mrs. Pell. When she will stop, it stop at all. The dear Lord knows who knoweth best. She means to stay "clear through to fall." She came up here, she says, to rest. —B. L. T., 13 Puck.

Enthusiasm is never misplaced except in a bore.—Life.

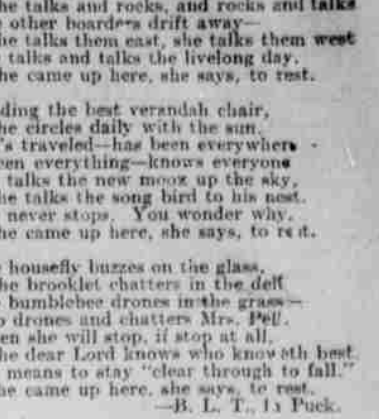
Beggar (pitiuously)—"Ah, sir, I am very hungry." Draepetic (savagely)—"Then have the decency to keep your good fortune to yourself. I haven't had an appetite for years."—London Paper.

Stubb—"What kind of shoes are those you are wearing?" Cogger—"Walking shoes." Stubb—"Walking shoes for automobile riding?" Cogger—"Yes, I know my machine."—Chicago Daily News.

"Ah understand dat Deacon Jones has charged wid chicken-stealin'—an' he wuz a pillah ob de chu'ch, wuzn't he?" "No, he wuzn't a pillah. He turned out ter be wot dey call de nave."—Judge.

"Of course," said the architect, "you will want a porte cochere." "Sure," replied Mrs. Nurich; "we'll want a big one with glass dingle-dangles on it hangin' from the parlor ceiling."—Philadelphia Press.

"Where did you get that song?" said she; "I got it out of my head," said he; "I got it out of my own small head!" "What a lucky thing for your head!" she said. —Cleveland Leader.



RIPPLES OF MIRTH

"I don't object to hearing a man brag about his ancestors," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "if that's all he has to brag about. It comforts him and doesn't hurt the ancestors any. They're dead."—Chicago Tribune.

"Do you think that wealth brings happiness?" "No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "It doesn't bring happiness. But it gives a man a little bit of option about the kind of worry he will take on."—Washington Star.

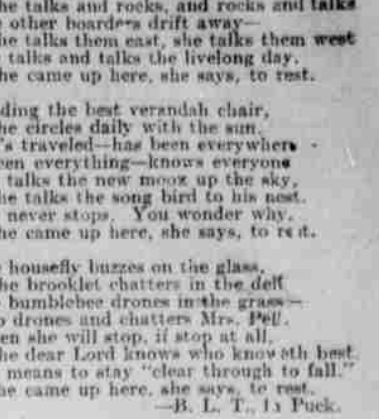
"Saburban Patient"—"Doctor, I am sorry you have had to come so far from your regular practice." Doctor—"Oh, it's all right. I have another patient in the neighborhood, so I can kill two birds with one stone."—Judge.

"Why don't you tell your views?" "I'm afraid to," answered Senator Sorghum. "Whenever I tell my views on any subject I run the risk of stirring up an unanswerable argument on the other side."—Washington Star.

"Twixt beggar man and man of wealth, The difference is not immense; The former lives upon his rage, The latter on his rents." —Boston Transcript.

"I tell you, Eben," said Aunt Miranda, as she looked lovingly at the twins who were gathering handfuls of wool from each other's kinky heads on the sanded floor of the cabin. "I heard Miss Lisa A'rding in the hogry yintidy an' I's bout cided walt I's gwine ter name dem two young uns. I's gwine call 'em 'Flora' and 'Fauna.'"—Macon Telegraph.

The following order from the records of the town of Ipswich, Mass., May 11, 1644, illustrates, in a comical way, the custom of using fish for manure in those early days: "It is ordered that all dogs, for the space of three weeks after the publishing hereof, shall have one leg tied up, and if such dog shall break loose and be found doing any harm, the owner of the dog shall pay damage. If a man refuse to tie up his dog's legs, and he be found scraping up fish in a cornfield, the owner thereof shall pay twelve pence damages beside whatever damage the dog doth. But if any fish their house lots and receive damage by dogs, the owners of those house lots shall bear the damage themselves."—Forest and Stream.



Work For Rich Young Men. For the rich young man who wishes to make a name for himself in public affairs the way is wide open. He need not become a socialist, or go to live in a slum, or indulge in any other social eccentricity. All he needs to do is look about him and take up the task of practical politics at hand—take it up decently and straightforwardly and without excuses or apologies or putting on of heroic airs—just offering himself to do it because it is there to be done and on his merits as a man and his ability to do it.

For such rich young men there is abundant work, and the rewards of satisfaction in work well done and all the public honor their merits deserve are certain.—Chicago Inter-Sean.

England's Malignant Weather. We may as well own up to the truth, that the conventional abuse of our climate and our weather has been greatly overdone. When we are inclined to envy countries whose meteorological conditions have less of the element of "glorious uncertainty" than our own, we are much too ready to overlook the immense advantage we possess in our almost absolute freedom from violent extremes.—London World.

There is work for each of us to do right around where we live. The right must always be fought for, the wrong must be fought against. Show your colors.

The young man is advised to get right and stay right rather than to get rich and stay rich.

The influence of the aggressive, law-abiding citizen cannot be overestimated. Ten such will prevail against a regiment of outlaws.

We are learning that honesty is the best politics as well as the best policy.

What Made It Valuable. An excited individual ran up to a porter at a railway station and asked: "Have you seen a parcel I left on this seat?" The porter replied that he had not. "Oh, what shall I do?" exclaimed the excited passenger; "it contains three poems I have written." "Can't you write them again?" asked the unsympathetic porter. "Yes, I can do that, but," hesitatingly, "there were two sandwiches in the parcel as well."—Christian World.

Nutmegs. The nutmeg, properly clothed, is about the size of a peach and is an edible fruit. When ripe it breaks open in halves, and our warm friend, dressed in a scarlet undershirt, peeps out laughingly. The undershirt soon turns brown and is called mace.—Stewards' Bulletin.

The Geographic Society of Switzerland has provided Dr. Volk, instructor in zoology at the University of Bern, with the funds for exploring the interior of Liberia.

A year ago New Orleans learned

One way is enough for a good

One had one and a thousand.