

**"Keep A-Tryin'" Signboards.**

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, "you'll soon be starting out? To drive o'er Life's long roadway, and off a bit of doubt Will puzzle you completely, as to which you'd best pursue Of branching ways, when roads fork out, as they're inclined to do. Each bears the equal marks of well-worn travel, like as not, And so, one's undecided which he'd better choose to trot; But I have learned the route, my boy, and thus much I'll confess— The 'Keep a-tryin'' signboards mark the highway to Success.

"Success is such a pretty town—to reach it, all men strive; You'll find the crowd, though growing less, the farther on you drive— For many, seeking shorter cuts through Dilly-dally Lane, Get so far off the highway that they find it ne'er again! You'll be assured, as on you go, by finger-posts that say: 'Take Chance's Road, past Wattingville, it's far the better way!' But I this safer route would fain upon your mind impress— The 'Keep a-tryin'' signboards mark the highway to Success.

"The road that runs through Wattingville has prospects bright and fair, When first you start, but, farther on, it leads through swamps of Care, And, after that, you'll have to climb the weary hill of Debt; Then, still beyond, there looms in view the tollgate of Regret. And so, my boy, when starting on the road of Life, alone, The route your Uncle Hiram chose I trust you'll make your own, And heed his plain directions, if you'd quite avoid distress; The 'Keep a-tryin'' signboards mark the highway to Success.

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Success.

**A SEQUOIA DRYAD**

By ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD.

DERRINGER thought he had a good thing when he bought up the lumber rights of Cleopatra canyon. The grade was down all the way to the opening and the inlet made up close to the hills. Nothing easier than to swing the great red wood sections on the waiting freighter and transport them to Monterey where the cheap Jap laborers could put on the finishing polish, convert huge slabs of rough timber to shining monolithic table tops—for that was his scheme, round tables, such as King Arthur would have envied. Already his friends—artists, decorators and millionaires in the country places, had filled his pocket with orders, and he could clear up a tidy little sum which he needed sadly. One acquisition he made, however, upon which he had not counted—the Dryad. He first saw her the day he brought up his men and tools and set them to building shacks by the spring side. She advanced to meet him from the trunk of a giant sequoia, with a hesitating, nervous step, paused some ten feet away and observed him. In turn he scrutinized her singular person. She was tall and sinewy, and her powerful shoulders were draped in an old Spanish shawl of Chinese crepe—a black ground embroidered in colors—a tattered skirt of dark silk hung below, and was gathered full at the waist after the ante-bellum fashion of California. The Dryad's face was haunting, white and hard like ivory, but cut by a strangely scarlet mouth that made a sudden flash of color in its pallid oval. Black eyes that burned slumberously drew down waxen lids to hide their fire and black brows met in a straight line over a thin aquiline nose. Derringer looked, and his flesh crawled. She continued to watch him in silence. He wet his lips thrice, and then murmured at last to speak.

"Who are you—and what do you want?"

"I am Carmelita," she answered, in Spanish. "What are you come for?"

"The timber," he answered, roughly; "what business—of that yours?"

She looked at him sullenly. "What for? You cannot move them; they are fast as the hills—and they do not wish to go."

He shrugged his shoulders and turned away. She took a step nearer. "To cut them?" she asked, in a hushed voice.

Again the uneasy quiver shook him.

"Yes, what else? You don't expect me to pull them up by the roots, do you?"

She looked up at the stately height of the tree beside her, rising massive and tall as a cathedral spire till it seemed to uphold the blue tent of sky, far above in the rift of the canyon. She shook her head. "You had better go away, man," she said, calmly. "They will never let you. I have lived with them for years, and I know them. Go away before they show their strength." Derringer stood still for a moment, then hastened off to camp with an uneasy beating in his usually placid heart. The mad woman for mad she undoubtedly was—moved his imagination strangely. The Dryad turned, slowly retraced her steps to the sequoia, stepped inside the hollow at its roots, and disappeared. Later in the evening Derringer saw a thin line of smoke climbing upward along the mossy bark walls of her dwelling. Evidently the tree was her home.

The timber contractor, though "even," was no tenderfoot. He knew enough of the surprises of California life to expect strange things of the people he encountered—dwellers up inaccessible canyons, or on the edge of the sage brush deserts. He had met hoary old men a hundred miles from civilization who talked Emerson and Plato with him, and had encountered more than one beautiful and refined woman recluse, ruling a tiny ranch in the very heart of the coast range. But this woman, whom he could not help calling "The Dryad," was a new and disconcerting type. However, he was bodily tired that night and so slept and forgot.

The next morning, bright and early, the great 10-foot, flexible steel saws were uncrated, the finest redwood tree was surrounded by a scaffolding some 20 feet from the ground, and the work of destruction was begun in earnest. Derringer thought no more of the strange woman or her predictions. But at noon, when the men rested, ate their bacon and hard-tack, drank bad whisky and water, and swapped stories, they were suddenly arrested by the appearance of

**W. MURRAY CRANE**

Elect of Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts Three Times and Governor Twice.

Gov. Winthrop Murray Crane of Massachusetts, who has declined to succeed Lyman J. Gage as secretary of the treasury, was elected last November for the second term as governor, and before he became governor he was lieutenant governor three years. He is a millionaire paper manufacturer, of Dalton, in the western part of the state, where he was born in 1853. His grandfather founded the Berkshire paper mill there in 1801. There are now four mills in the control of the Cranes,



W. MURRAY CRANE. (Massachusetts Governor Who Declined Treasury Portfolio.)

the Berkshire, at Dalton; the Pioneer, which is one of the largest mills in the country; the Bay State mill, and the mill at Pittsfield, where the paper used by the United States government in the manufacture of money is made. W. Murray Crane has been the guiding and controlling mind not only in the management of these large paper mills, but in the various other enterprises of the Cranes of Massachusetts. The Crane mills are noted among workers as never having had a labor difficulty, and their principal owner has a reputation for fair dealing with employees and public-spirited support of undertakings for the welfare of the community in which the mills are located. Gov. Crane became extremely popular during his first term as lieutenant governor, and in the state convention of 1899, when it was agreed the then governor should be satisfied with having served three terms, no name but Mr. Crane's was considered by the convention. He has been a member of the republican national committee and has a number of times been a delegate at large to national conventions.

**HAS SUFFERED MUCH.**

Queen Sophia of Sweden and Norway Has Been an Invalid for Many Years.

Queen Sophia of Sweden, who is at present very ill, is now in her sixty-sixth year, and is noted among European royal women as a devoted mother, who has had more than the average happy mother's lot to contend with. She was formerly Princess Sophia, and is the daughter of the late Duke Wilhelm of Nassau. She



QUEEN SOPHIA OF SWEDEN. (One of the Most Popular Sovereigns of Europe.)

was married to King Oscar on June 6, 1857, and brought him a truly royal dowry, which has constituted the only great wealth which the Swedish king has had. For 14 years the queen has been unable to take an active or conspicuous part in any affairs or in public functions of our kind. Since her serious illness of 1887 she has been a great sufferer, and has been compelled to live a quiet life. She has found time and strength, however, to devote herself to works of philanthropy, especially to the Sophia home in Stockholm, endowed by her, in which she takes a never-failing and active interest.

**Where Women Are Firemen.**

In the town of Mont Clare, Ill., the women are the fire fighters. Most of the men are in Chicago all day attending to business, and they leave the management of the suburban town's affairs largely to their wives and sisters. So the fire captain is a woman, and so is the fire marshal, and all of the women are trained to fighting fire.

**Don't Accept a Substitute!**

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

Made a Great Hit. Old Samson was an actor great. Though timid as a mouse; An encore he did not receive— Yet he brought down the house. —Chicago Daily News.



"Is it true we're made of dust, auntie?" "Yes, dear."

"Then why don't we turn muddy when we drink?"—The Sketch.

Didn't Do It That Way. "Very few girls," said the mother, "know how to sit down gracefully. You should be deliberate about it."

"I am," returned the girl. "Nix," said her snapping small brother.

"Yes, I am, too," said the girl. "Not when you were learning to skate at the park this morning," insisted the small brother.

Thereupon the discussion ended.—Chicago Post.



**Nobility Recommends Nervine.**

The above portrait is that of Countess Mogelstod, of Chicago, Ill., whose gratitude for the benefit received from the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine prompted her to make this statement:

"It affords me great pleasure to add my testimony to the very excellent merits of Dr. Miles' Nervine. Although I am past 60 years of age, I find it soothes the tired brain, purifies the irritated nerves and restores vitality. I never feel contented without a course of it in the house."—GRACEY JONES, CHRISTIANA, W.VA., Countess Mogelstod.

**Dr. Miles' Nervine**

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Sold by all Druggists. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

How He Popped. Harry (hesitatingly)—Miss Mabel, I—ah—have something most important to ask you, May—I—that— Mabel (encouragingly)—What is it, Harry?

Harry—May I—Mabel, would you be willing to have our names printed in the papers with a hyphen between them?—Glasgow Times.



Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "imitations just as good."

Flint Economy. Customer—You advertise carpet remnants, I see. I want two, one to cover the parlor, and the other for the sitting-room.

Salesman—But, madam, a carpet as large as that would not be a remnant. Customer—Oh, yes, it would. I live in a flat.—N. Y. Weekly.

After the Argument. Tomson—Did you finally succeed in bringing Smith around to your way of thinking in your argument last night?

Jackson—Yes; but I expect, almost any moment, to be arrested for assault and battery.—Harlem Life.

A Valuable Investment. Papa—Dorothy, what do you want with an automobile coat when we have no automobile?

Dorothy—Oh! You dear, old stupid thing! This exquisite coat will make many a man be only too happy to furnish the automobile!—Puck.

Had Small Hope. First Physician—I understand the measles have broken out in your neighborhood?

Second Physician—Yes, but the families are so scattered I'm afraid they won't catch.—Boston Post.

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**As Usual.**

Visitor—Who is that you Editor—That's our new Visitor—Oh his face is familiar.

Editor—Perhaps it is, but his name is more so.—Philadelphia

**His Preference.**

Head of Foreign Missionary—Where would you prefer as a missionary? Young Missionary—Well, where the natives are very Brooklyn Eagle.

The Hayner Distilling Co. will send you four full quart Seven-Year-Old Rye for \$1.25, express Write them for full particulars.