#### THE OTHER HALF.

er a song that is worth if

In the depths of some music-

ereft of the power to sing its part.

od the half that floats upon the air With melody so rich and rare, Will fail the message to make come If the silent half it doth not mest.

There's never a message in music nor al But is seeking forever its voiceless par And it lies in the world a lifeless thing Till the two together in harmony ring.

There's never a message one soul would

give But a brother needs it that he may live If it prove a message true and kind. Its other half it will surely find. -Julia F. Deane, in Union Signal.

MARAYARARARARARARARARARARA **HIS EVIL GENIUS** . TATATATATATATATATATATATATA

"O H! Geoff, dear, how I hate to see your head buried in those papers; to see that anxious, worried look on your face, and to know what has brought it there! If you would only give it all up, and-and----

"And what, dearest?" he replied, tearing his eyes for a moment from the latest stable tips and sporting Intelligence, and letting them rest fondly on his young wife's pretty face. "What is the other grievance-a real one, or only imaginary, like the first?"

"They are both very real troubles to me, dear," she replied, sadly. "Not grievances, but troubles. And they press upon my heart night and day. The first is your terrible mania for speculation-gambling, pure and simple, either horse racing or on the ribs. "I tell you you are the only Stock exchange; the other in the in- friend in the world I'd have let in this; creasing influence which that man Sharp has over you. Week by week, day by day, I have seen it grow, and it makes my heart stand still with fear\_"

"Fear?" echoed Geoffrey Grey, flushing deeply as he spoke. "Now, what on earth is there to be afraid of? Sharp is as good a fellow as ever breathed; he wouldn't hurt a fly, and I am quite capable of protecting myself-

"Physically, yes," she replied, sadly, as she looked at the stalwart form and handsome face, "but not morally. Fred Sharp is what men may call a 'good fellow,' but what we women call a bad lot! He leads you on to gamble, he makes you fired with a mad desire for wealth hastily made. Sooner or later the end will come-ruin, real and complete, dismissal from your situation, bankruptcy-pray Heaven it may not be a prison cell. It is my love for you, Geoff, that makes my vision so clear. I see in Fred Sharp your black angel-the man who ere long will blind you so completely that you will be no loager able to distinguish right from wrong."

"You women are so fond of flying to conclusions," said he, irritably, because of the truth underlying her words, a truth he could not fail seei ing, in spite of himself; "and as usual you are all astray. The fact is that it cuts me to the quick, hurts my but the past can never be recalled. pride to see you shabbily dressed, to He had stolen, embezzled his employsee you cramped up in a box of a er's money-he didn't decieve himself angel, banished forever from that place like this, to think of you for ever as only the wife of a clerk. Oh! Violet, my mania for wealth is all for your sake, dearest, because I cannot bear to hide your beauty away in a cottage. I long to see you shine in the society nature intended you for, as you did in your father's house, as your sisters do in their wealthier husbands'. I alone am poor." "And I fell in love with you poor. I married you poor. I desire no riches, only your love, Geoff-our own dear pretty little home, and a clear conscience-oh! if you would only set my heart at rest and be content-as I am-with your salary. Is -is that man coming to-night? Are you-are you going out with him?" Geoffrey's eyes fell beneath her sweet, clear gaze and her heart sank. She was not one of the wives who grudged her husband his club, or would have denied him the society of his old friends; but she saw the whirlpool bearing him off his feet and she seemed powerless to save him. If Fred Sharp was his evil genius his wife was his good angel, and fair enough in appearance to add strength to her pleadings; but for once her entreaties, her eloquence, her beauty, was wasted, for her husband buried himself in the paper again, a moody gloom upon his brow. The crisis she dreaded was at hand, and he meant to make one bid for fortune-then he would give it up forever. He shivered as he realized how many barques had been shipwrecked on the sea of speculation; but this one thing was so safe, so certain, there was no possibility of failure, or even then at the last moment he would draw back; but Fred Sharp had had a private tip-had seen with his own eyes-it was a dead certainty, and old Mason would not return for another week. He had control of all the cash, and £500 at that juncture would be turned into thousands before he had to account for it. But how late impossible not to see something Sharp was. He said seven o'clock, and it was just on eight.

saw a prettier, 'pon my honor. And just think what it means to her. Why, it's little less than a crime to keep a creature like her board up in a wretched little place like yours. Ex- he stoop so low as to cuse plain speaking, old chap, but his sins onto inm she'll be the happlest woman in En- | It was terrible gland when you go to her and tell her how much you are worth. Show her your bank book-she's been used to better things than you can give her as yet, but we'll change all that."

Geoffrey's heart was heavy as head, but his very power of speech seamed affected, his free-will gone-lost in the suttle influence his avil genius exerted over him. over him.

The evening was passed in differe same subject-and the papers were scanned by eager, burning eyes, and a voice kept whispering in his car that 500 would be 5,000-old Mason my sake that is killing me." would never know anything about ithe should buy a partnership in some first-rate firm.

And so the roseate dream went on, night passed, and Sharp, eager for the money, called at the office for it almost as soon as Geoffrey reached there himself.

Just as he was handing the notes over a terrible revulsion of feeling set in. Confidential clerk; one who had been in the same office for 15 years; trusted by old Mason as his

own son would have been. "Good heavens, Sharp," he said, almost ghastly in his pallor, "if-if it fails; if there is any mistake, nothing can save me. It's-it's not my money. I-I feel like a thief."

He was a thief; but Sharp's airy anwer reassured him.

"Nonsense! You are only borrowing it. Think of this day week, lucky dog"-with a facetious poke in the it's too good, you know. To-morrow the shares will be bounding up like wild fire."

How Geoffrey lived through the day and night he could not tell. His head seemed in a whirl; everything was onfused and blurred. Sharp did not look in that evening and the next morning's papers had said things were unchanged.

Twenty-four hours later an unooked-for catastrophe happened. Some hideous blunder had sent the shares down; they were dropping like lead-down, down, down; but they never reached the level of Geoffrey's heart, for that was trampled to the earth-crushed with the impending doom which no power of his could now avert. He would ere long be lodged in a felon's cell, sent there by his own act and deed, Sharp merely showing the way.

Sharp had absconded-just as poor Violet had told him a hundred times would be the case sooner or laterand he carried with him the reputations and situations of scores of men who all, like Geoffrey Grey, had listened to his specious stories and risked their honor on the fairy tales he had told them.

If Geoffrey could have called back that one week by the sacrifice of his right hand, by years of penance, he would have sacrificed them freely; any longer with the specious word would be stamped on his brow forever! He was so new to crime that he could not hide the fearful agitation which never left him, and gradually his fellow-clerks shrank away from him, whispering among themselves, and he knew they had guessed the secret. Someone knew the money had been paid in but was not entered in the ledger-everyone would be a witness against him and see his degredation! Could he live to face it? Sometimes he thought not! Then again, he set his teeth and asked himself if he were coward enough to leave poor Violet alone and disgraced in the world. Woman's love! He had often heard of it, and his wife's love for him was so great that she would meet him at the prison gates when the time was up, and never utter one word of reproach for the havoe he had made of her life. God bless her! God bless her! Oh! if he could ever atone, ever retrieve! But it was too late! How en strong and despicable. clearly he saw then, with a felon's cell awaiting him, the truth and beauty of the words she had so often said to him:

there was nothing to be guilty; he would not a the streets to pris

the har sweet ligh mutmur: places—but the society was all the dear-not luxury, not wealth, not a same, the conversation all on the grand house and jewelry. If I had wanted them, I should have married Mr. Watson, the millionaire, who asked me a week before you did; it that before another week had fied is the knowledge that you did it for

"Come in."

The words were uttered drowsily as Geoffrey Grey opened his eyes and saw his wife standing by his side. "There is a knock at the front door, Geoff, darling," she whispered, hurriedly; "it is Mr. Sharp. Geoffmy sweetheart-my husband, there is been troubled-you have muttered black cat. such strange things, Geoff. I went up "I can believe it," responded the to my bedroom, and I knelt down and prayed to God that you might be kept from sin, and that the craze for speculation might burn itself out." He was wide awake then-wide, wide awake, and he looked from the sweet, anxious face of his wife to the crafty, crocodile smile of his evil genius, as Mr. Sharp began his spology for being so late.

"Was kept in the city-very sorry, really couldn't help myself. You will excuse me, I'm sure, Mrs. Grey, for taking your husband out to-night, but we have most important business to transact together-

Violet's breath came quick and hard; she did not speak, although her square meals."-Chicago Tribune. lips moved, but she kept her eyes on her husband's face and set up one last prayer for help-help that no human being could give her.

Geoffrey's hand wandered mechan ically to his breast-pocket, where there was a thick, soft packet or roll of paper-bank notes paid to him that afternoon after office hours; notes belonging to Mr. Mason, his employer; notes that Sharp knew he expected to receive that day, and had pated in no fewer than 17 engagewrung a promise from him should be ments .- Chicago Daily News. entrusted to him to put on "a dead certainty."

"I'm very sorry, Sharp," said Geoffrey, slowly; "but our little business s 'off', now and forever. I've done with speculating. It costs too much. she knew right from wrong-she knew and healthy condition. For sale by what real love was: she knew victors what real love was; she knew victory from defeat; and as she shed tears of joy on Geoffrey's breast when the front door slammed behind his black

just on the edge of the precipice; and

that night, perhaps, Geoffrey Grey and

Spinster Musings.

When a man wants to say some

thing particularly idiotic he begins it

A man thinks the woman who has

remained single for his sake is the

most wonderful woman God ever

made, but the one who has remained

single for some other fellow is men-

Jealousy in a husband is more often

sign of self-love than of wife love.

Men regard flattery as truth and

The weak man has friends, the

The drinking man is often wea

and lovable, the abstemious man oft-

A man never displays his grief ex-

The angels are masculine; they a

A Well-Kept Secret.

"They say woman can't keep a

cret," said Mr. Henpeck, "but-"

"Well," the old bachelor urged,

when the meek little man hesitated,

"did you ever know of a woman that

her mother fixed it all up between

themselves nearly a year before I

proposed, to have me in the family,

and I don't 'spose I'd know it yet if

the old lady hadn't made a deathbed confession."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Nearby Treasures. Lucie-I always give the prettiest embroidered things I do to my moth-

Marie-That is kind and thought-

"Yes; then I can borrow them, you

Feminine Charity.

Sylvia-I sung in an amateur con-

Phyillis-Indeed! I had no idea

"I should say I did. My wife and

ing to believe &c., &c."

"Thinking men are now com-

Tit-Bits.

thus:

tally lacking.

truth as abuse.

kept one?"

moved to tears.

strong man admirers.

cept when he loses his hat.

in Heaven.-N. Y. Herald.

Ro had been trying to skate. "Woman," he said, as he got up, Introduces many absurdities into



STATISTICS.

Globe-Democrat.

Uses of the Great,

Great Caesar dead and turned to clay May stop a crack to keep the wind away; Napoleon gone, they slip his portrait in To advertise a patent medicine. --Chicago Record-Heraid.

To Be Envied,

"Didn't you say you were obliged

"But I don't see that's anything to

"Well, I've got to go to a society

function and talk about nothing."-

A Small Apprehension,

you when you strike American so-

"Well," answered the distinguished

slightly, "I hope they will stick to that

endeavor to make a monkey of me."-

Shocking.

telephoned to Rev. Steenthly this

morning while my hair was in curl pa-

The Old, Old Tale.

stand how men allow themselves to be

led by the nose by their wives; and I

can assure you, sir, that I drive my

Sharpshins-That may be, but from

what I have heard your wife tells you

Regular Thing with Him.

again," remarked the man who had

"At the usual time. When the com-

pany rendered its bill."-Stray Sto-

Children as Blessings.

little ones out there with the nurse

are yours? Ab, madam, children are

Good Minister-And those beautiful

"I was nearly overcome by

come from the suburbs.

"When did it occur?"

which way to drive.-Ally Sloper.

Bumptious-No, sir, I cannot under-

pers!-Brooklyn Eagle.

family coach.

"I suppose they will make a lion of

Castleton-I envy you! Clubberly-What for?

Detroit Free Press.

ciefy."

"How old is the baroness?" Mrs. Hospitality (to Mr. Henpeck) -I want you, Mr. Henpeck, to make "Oh, that's something that sobody has yet been able to find out!" yourself perfectly at home. "And still people say that wom onn's keep secrets!"-Polichinelle. Mr. Henpeck-Well-er, have the dishes been washed?-St. Louis

Strennoas Life. Peaceful business methods oft Succeed where others fail; ' Yet dentists and chiropodists Keep fighting tooth and nail. -Chicago Daily News.

His Worst Enemy.

"I believe statisticians say more still time to draw back; but I fear the men are killed in war times by beans crisis really is here-your sleep has than bullets," remarked the thin

> to attend a deep philosophical diswhite cat with one eye. "I have never cussion lasting several hours?" been hit yet by a revolver bullet, but I know that boys with bean shooters will be the death of me!"-Brooklyn envy me for." Eagle.

## What Broke the Engagement.

She-But I would never marry a man who loved me for my good looks. He-Of course not, dear. I never

thought of such a thing .- Philadelphia Bulletin.

#### The Principal Thing.

personage who knows English but "How do you like your new boarding place? Have you a good, square department of the menagerie and not landlady?"

"I guess so. She gives us good, Washington Star. The Main Thing. Mr. Doubleduff-I suppose you know "Did you see this? A Pennsylvania it is now possible to see the person

woman stopped a fast mail train just with whom you are talking over the to ask the engineer the time of day?" telephone. "Well, what time was it."-Cleveland Mrs. Doubleduff-Goodness! And I

Plain Dealer.

## An Explanation,

He-Your friend, Miss Dashway, has quite a military air about her. She-No wonder. She has partici-

Won't Follow Advice after Paying for It

In a recent article a prominent physician says, "It is next to im-possible for the physician to g-t his patients to carry out prescribed course of hygiene or diet to the can't afford it on a clerk's salary. smallest extent; he has but one re-And I feel sure Mr. Mason would pre- sort left, namely, the drug treat-fer choosing his own investments; I ment." When medicines are used don't mean to choose them for him." for chronic constipation, the most With a snarl like an angry terrier mild and gentle obtainable, such as the tempter went away. He was Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver beaten-beaten by a woman who didn't know enough about business to indorse a check properly. No! but as they leave the bowels in a natural

# Would Break the Fall,

among Heaven's choicest blessings. Mrs. De Style-Yes, indeed. It's perfect bliss to shop for them .- N. Y.

ries.



# **Recommends** Nervine.

The above portrait is that of Countess Mogelstud, of Chics-go, 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 80 years of age I find it soothes the tired brain, quiets the irri-tated nerves and insures restful sleep. I never feel contented without a bottle of it in the house." Gratefully yours. CHRISTIANA MARIA, COURTERS Mogelstud.

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See the announcement of The Havner Disti-ling Co., Dayton, Ohio, which appears else where in this issue. explaining their plan of supplying the consumer with four full quark of Hayner's Seven-Year Old Rye for \$5,20, er-press prepaid.

#### Realthy Indeed

"So this is a healthy town?" interrogated the new arrival.

"Healthy ain't no name ror it, stran-ger," boasted the native. "Why, we have only three patients in the bospital."

"Who are they?"

Philadelphia Press.

gas

"Why, the ductor, the undertaker and the tombstone man. They are there for lack of nourishment."--Chicago Daily News.

What's In a Name.

Tess-I've written Mame Woodby; an invitation to my tea. I suppose I must.

Jess-Yes, but you've spelled her name "M-a-m-e." Tess-That's so. She spells it

"M-a-y-m-e," doesn't she? Jess-O! no. She did three months

ago, but it's "M-a-i-g-h-m-e" now

The Cook Won Out.

is the safest way to settle disputes?

Yeast-Don't you think arbitration

Crimsonbeak-No; I must say that I

do not. We had some trouble with,

our cook and I went to the kitchen to

arbitrate the matter with her. Come

up to the house some time and I'll

Inef

beals

by private

d Lev

leave

imen by lette

cure of ENNSY Lew

. . . . . . . . "Come in-oh! I thought it was you.

"Stoppage on the line, horrid nulsance. Never mind, come along now, it's all right about that biz. You're a lucky fellow to be in it. You have the money all right, of course?" "At the office," weakly, while

sense of awful depression seized him. "But, Sharp, my wife----"

"It is not wealth and luxury that bring happiness, Geoff, dear. It is true love, sufficient for the daily wants, a contented mind, and a clear conscience. All the rest is superfluous-pleasant sometimes, but superfluous."

A clear conscience! Would to Heaven he had it! It was worth every other thing in the whole world. Aye, he realized it all too well, when he had lost it forever.

. .

The time hurried on. Everything seemed dim and blurred. Mr. Mason came back, and Geoffrey's very face and manner condemned him. It was was wrong; and the face, hitherto always so pleasant and genial, became

white and stern as he found out what ful in you. had happened. The receipts and the entries in the ledger did not corre- know."-Detroit Free Press. spond. Someone had been tampering with the figures. Did Mr. Grey suspect anyone?"

No! but everyone else down to the cert last week and everybody was | office boy suspected Mr. Grey!

He had been so strange-ill, they shought at first-now merely a thief! your voice was as bad as that.-Chi-Yes! they all had something to say, cago Daily News,

house and its owner's presence, she ser toilet, but now and then a man "borrowed"-and the brand of thief heard Geoffrey's dream and realized :an see the advantage of some of the that it had been sent in answer to her innovations he has been accustomed prayers to pull back the slipping feet to deride and condemn."

"How is that?" they asked.

"Oh, it's a small matter," he rehis wife were the two happlest peo- plied; "a minor detail, as you might ple in the whole of London.-London say, but I can't help wishing that I could wear a bustle without creating comment."-Chicago Post.

#### Wanted No Frills.

"Have you got what they call tabledy hote dinners at this eatin'-house?" asked the man in the bearskin overcoat.

#### "No, sir."

"Stepping to the door, he beckoned to somebody on the outside. "Come in, 'Mandy," he said. "They eat in English here."-Chicago Tribune.

#### No Loss of Time.

I have sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholers and Distrhoea Remedy for bears, and would rather be out of coffee and sugar than it. I sold five pottles of it yesterday to threshers that could go no further, and they are at work again this morning --H. R. Phelps, Plymouth, Ohlahoma, As will be seen by the above the threshers were able to keep on with their work without losing a single day's time You should keep a bottle of this medy in your home. For sale by Middleburg Drug Co.

Secret of Her Success. Fond Mother-I understand y made quite an impression at Mrs. Upperten's pink ten yesterday. What subject did you discuss? Fair Daughter-I didn't discuss

anything, mamma; I-I sat down on a plate of cake .-- Chicago Daily Soothing Explanation.

He-I hear that you have been talking about me.

She-No, indeed; I make it a point never to speak of my friends unless can say something good of them, and so I knye not mentioned you at

all.-Tit-Bits. CANDY CATHARTIC

For Concentration. Desmond-If you buy this elegant fur coat, Dorothy, how are we ever going to pay for it?

Dorothy-Oh, Desmond, don't let's talk about two things at once! Let's talk about the coat .- Life.

#### Told the Truth,

"What did Freddy say when you caught him coming out of the pantry with his hands stained red?" "He told me the truth by saying that

he had jammed his fingers."-Tit-Bits.





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