

A SINGER OF THE MORNING.

When storms were fallin' dreary, an' the world was full o' sighs, He allus kept a-singin' of the mornin' in the skies;

Of the mornin', far away, Where the shadows never stay— Of the beauty an' the brightness of the everlastin' day!

He heard, across the billows, not the tempest's solemn roar, But the bells that ring to harbor all the ships that seek the shore; In the storm the rainbow's ray, And forever, far away, The brightness an' the blessedness of everlastin' day!

And so, his soul was comforted, and though the way was dim, There never was a night that hid the stars of hope from him; Sweet words to sing an' say— Life's winter bright as May, In the beauty an' the brightness of the everlastin' day!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

At the Eleventh Flour.

By Anne Shannon Monroe.

"GOT a match?"

I looked up from my painting. Bruce Blanchard stood in my doorway as coolly impudent as when I had parted with him in Yakima five years before. I did not start nor exclaim. I pointed to my match case and said quietly, "Tell me about it."

He came in on this halfway invitation and, seating himself on my divan, lighted his cigarette. His tobacco-stained fingers trembled as of old. I did not flutter myself it was from emotion—rather too many cigarettes.

As I leaned back in my chair and eyed him curiously a picture came before me—a wide, western plain, sage-covered and somber, the great irrigation canal winding snake-like down through the valley, and at its headgates the small settlement that had sprung up from the nucleus of engineers' and contractors' camps. On the ground in front of one of the tents stretched the handsome form of a man in canvas clothes. A girl swung lazily in a hammock, reading. The man was smoking a cigarette, and as he smoked he turned the weed with that peculiar little gesture of his nervous fingers that Bruce Blanchard now used as he sat smoking in my studio.

The gesture aroused me to the present. I blinked my eyes to dispel the vision, but the central figure staid on and the smoke was real.

"Tell me about it, Bruce," I said again.

"There is nothing to tell, Louise, no color, nothing heroic. 'Twould only bore you with a new story."

In those often days, when Bruce and I had been all the world to each other; when, in that faraway isolated settlement on the plains, news was rare, and we reveled in month-old papers and year-old magazines, one of our means of adding comedy to the prosy days was to hunt up magazine jokes and see which could find one entirely new to the other.

"Yes, here's a good one," I said, "just for you. It's this: The other art students think I am on fire with artistic zeal; that I have forsaken home and loved ones to follow my heart's desire; that I would give my life and think it cheap could I once be hung in the Parisian galleries. I have one thing hung here in the art institute. Go look at it some day—in the east room, at the south end—a wide stretch of western prairie, with white tents in the distance and a man in the foreground. They say it's 'after Remington.' Perhaps, but that's a good story, isn't it, about my soul being wedded to art? Sounds well."

Bruce snipped the ashes from his cigarette. He did not seem amused.

"Tell me, Louise, how are you getting on?" he asked in a serious tone.

"Tell me of yourself, dear boy," I replied.

"What's the use? Same old story. I went to Africa for a time, then to China; later to the Philippines. The fever struck me and I came home when I could. Haven't been doing much of anything since. I came to Chicago, drifted into the institute, and got to painting again. Yesterday I found rooms in this building through Todhunter. Know him? He lives on this floor. He said they were mostly students here, a sort of American Quarter Latin. I didn't dream of finding you. Supposed you had married a western cowboy or rancher, or something of the kind. You were quite in raptures over those products of the soil, as I remember."

"Only for sketching purposes, Bruce."

"Been here long?"

"A year," I answered.

"Like it?" Bruce lighted a fresh cigarette from the end of his old one.

"Immense-ly," I told him.

"Going in for the real thing, Louise—art in earnest?"

"Of course." Then I laughed. "You spelled me in the camp, you boys," I added. "You made me think I was the whole thing just because I was the only girl in the valley. I wondered why I couldn't be a bit out in the world as well. It was fearfully lonely on the ranch after the engineers' camps broke up. I saw papa couldn't make a success of ranching—he was too old, you know, Bruce—and there were my little sisters, Beth and Clara. I felt a certain responsibility about them. It seemed a shame that I had gotten my education before we lost so heavily, and that they could have nothing in comparison. They seemed to look to me, in a way, for help. I thought of my painting, and

how enthusiastic you boys were over my sketches. I was sure I could succeed, and so I came to Chicago. Well, I've done something. I've hung one picture and I'm making expenses."

"Still it's a long road, Louise, and all up the hill."

"I know it, Bruce."

"I remember the little girls quite well. I fear they will have a long wait."

"I fully realize that that would be true should I depend wholly on art. But I have discovered I have other resources. Perhaps, Bruce, there was something in me, after all, to warrant your devotion to me in camp—you engineers, I mean. I am engaged to a Mr. Haverknop, a wealthy patron of the institute, living in Hyde Park. He has persuaded me to forsake my undoubted career in the field of art—undoubtedly in his mind—and become the light of his life, the gentle guardian of his happiness, and the stewardess of his thousands. Of course it was a great sacrifice, but I consented to make it. He is 50 and generous. Beth and Clara are already making preparations to be in Chicago this winter. It will take a great load off papa's shoulders."

I realized I had spoken rapidly. It was a case where I must rush the thing through lest I should stumble in the recital. Bruce lighted his third cigarette. He did not speak for some moments.

"I suppose," he said, at length, "you will make more money in this way, and—it seems respectable."

That was exactly what I was thinking, but I burst out in defense:

"You have certainly forgotten the barrenness, the loneliness of those sage brush ranches! You've forgotten how the dust sifts into the corners and crevices of the houses, making every one irritable and miserable! You've forgotten the distance from civilization, the discomforts, the poverty. You have forgotten—"

"I have forgotten everything," Bruce interrupted, looking through the tobacco smoke with half closed eyes. "I have forgotten everything but the glorious sun setting behind those low western hills, lighting up the plains with a warm, yellow splendor. I can see a girl's figure as she stands rapt in the strange mysteries of nature. She is pulsing with life, truth, beauty. She has no designs. She is not calculating. She could not deceive. She is true as the nature of which she is a part. But there! We are in Chicago. This marriage takes place—when did you say?"

I realized I had turned deathly pale. My heart beat wildly. Words came to my lips, but I could not make a sound. Bruce had painted a picture which brought back such a flood of memories as to overpower me. He did not mean to be cruel, but—

At last I heard myself speaking as from a distance.

"The third of September." It was now the last of June.

Bruce took my last match and left without a word.

Our rooms were opposite, and gradually we drifted into the old habit of spending much of our time together. We breakfasted at a little cafe, lunched in my room on buns and tea, dined at the same cafe—it was popular with the students, and cheap—and between times worked as we had done during our first acquaintance. It seemed but a day since we had parted.

Bruce was a mystery to me in those days. He didn't once refer to my engagement nor remonstrate with me concerning my coming marriage. I often wondered what went on in his brain, and if he had entirely forgotten. I wished he would speak freely with me.

It was the second day of September. My leave taking preparations were under way. I was taking down a group of water colors, sketches of the lake in different moods, that Bruce and I had done together, when he put in his appearance.

"Can I help you?" he asked, with unusual tenderness.

"There is little to do," I answered in a voice strained and unnatural.

He went to work, and when we had everything packed he took up my sailor hat.

"Come," he said, "our last day together."

"But I mustn't—I haven't time," I protested weakly.

"Our last day, Louise," he repeated. I hesitated a moment, then silently pinned on my hat and we set out.

"Where shall it be?" Bruce asked, as we paused at the foot of the steps.

"Lincoln park, the north shore, or a row on the lake with a lunch in the woods?"

"The lake," I said. I knew we were playing with fire, but I said to my conscience, "Just this once, this one last day, and then—"

I dared not picture the future. For Bruce and I had loved each other since the day we had first met in a little western settlement so long ago. He had had trouble with his father that led to bitter words and his banishment from home. He was too proud to seek forgiveness, though I, who loved him so dearly, knew he was at fault. Even in my first girlish infatuation I realized that he would always be a failure, unless he were a gigantic success. I saw in him a spark of that unfortunate genius which is akin to madness. He was either in the heights or in the depths, and he had no strain of the practical in his makeup. His father had recently died and left his estate to his nephew. This had not served to mollify Bruce. He smoked away his life and his nerves, pessimistic, impracticable, impossible, and altogether lovable. He was an artist in every fiber of his being.

Well, we went to the lake. We rowed many miles along the shore, the wind blowing in our faces. We laughed and talked, and sketched as

freely and enthusiastically as if this were the beginning rather than the end. There was no sound of a funeral dirge in all the music of nature.

We lunched on bananas bought of the Italian peddler, who, Bruce assured me, had slept with them to encourage their ripening. They were cheaper that way, and we were economical.

The heart had gone out of the day. It was dying. The lights were twinkling from the tall buildings, and I could distinguish the Masonic temple elevators making ceaseless trips to and from the roof garden. Then we reached the pier in the Randolph street harbor.

"How cool it has grown," Bruce remarked, as we landed.

"Yes," I replied. We had become quite conventional. We hailed a car and soon were at the little cafe. Bruce handed me the bill of fare, and I sat fingering it, hardly realizing what I was doing.

"Order something," he said at last, crossly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed. The blonde waitress who always irritated Bruce because there was no soul back of her pretty face, smiled knowingly as I gave my order.

We ate dinner in silence, and soon afterward Bruce bade me good-night at my door. My heart stopped beating and I seemed sinking out of existence.

I awoke to the new day in gladness of spirit, my mind full of the dear home folks, and what I should be able to do for them.

There was a knock at the door. My landlady handed me a letter from Mr. Haverknop. It was to advise me that he would call at ten o'clock to take me away, instead of 11, as had been arranged. It was now nine. I hurried dressing, crowded the last article into my bursting trunk, and was only through when the carriage stopped below.

I did not glance toward Bruce's door as I went out. Mr. Haverknop put me into the carriage and we were on our way to the church. As we passed the little cafe I involuntarily glanced out of the window. Bruce was just entering. He did not see me, and I was glad.

We had reached the church. Friends who had been invited had not arrived, owing probably to the change in the hour. The minister was not there.

"Wait here," Mr. Haverknop said, as the sexton let us in, "I'll step over to the parsonage."

I waited. My heart began to beat wildly, and my head seemed bursting. A mad thought possessed me, and I could not put it away. I peeped out and saw the friends whom we had expected coming down the street. That decided me. I opened the door and slipped out around the church. I ran like a deer down a side street, through an alley, crossed the boulevard, panting, breathless, reached and entered the little cafe.

Bruce sat alone at our little table, his breakfast untouched before him. I sat down opposite him.

He looked at me stupefied. The waitress came up.

"Coffee and rolls?" she asked, glancing curiously at my costume.

I nodded. Anything to get rid of her. Bruce looked at me strangely, almost reprovingly.

"I couldn't help it, Bruce," I said quietly. "I couldn't go on with it."

He picked up the morning paper and glanced down the columns.

"There's a boat for St. Joe at 11:30," he said; "I think we can catch it."

The girl brought my rolls and coffee. Bruce threw down some money, and we went out from the little cafe, but to return after a time—to sing, to work, to paint, to starve together.

—Chicago Tribune.

A BISHOP'S QUAINT IDEA.

Pretty Little Tale of a Ruined Tower That is a Subject of Interest in England.

Freston Tower, the striking ruin which adorns the district of Freston, near Ipswich, was built as the result of a clever and quaint idea which came to William Latimer, who afterward became the famous bishop, martyred, together with Ridley, for Protestant principles, relates Golden Penny. Lord De Freston, the owner, carried a small American flag, when the men filed out they were greeted by their friends on the outside. In the crowd was noticed a large number of women. Much excitement of a subdued character followed the action of the men.

The plant when in full operation employed nearly 3,000 men and boys, when the first strike occurred, 16 weeks ago, about 800 men quit. The others remained at work. Now the entire plant with the exception of that portion manned by the new-comers is idle.

Officers of New Jersey K. G. E.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 2.—The New Jersey Grand Castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle, met here yesterday in annual session and elected these officers: Grand chief, Thomas H. Seals, Annandale; vice grand chief, Frank Gane, of Long Branch; grand high priest, Dr. George W. Chamberlain, of fourth for painting, from 12 to one; the fifth for literature, from one to two, and the sixth and highest, for the study of astronomy in the evening. Thus, for each of her works and studies, the fair lady for whom the tower was built had different surroundings and appointments, and from the windows gained varying and more or less extensive views, according to the time of day. Truly, William Latimer, beside being brave, was of an original turn of mind.

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His Other Talent.

Head of Firm (to new office boy)—Can you do anything else but whistle and loaf?

"Yes, sir. I can play craps."—Life.

Had Cut Her Wisdom Tooth.

Mrs. Sharpleigh (who has five daughters married)—Don't have anything more to do with that Mr. Smoothleigh. He is a miserable hypocrite, who will deceive you in a thousand ways before you are wedded a year.

Daughter—Goodness! Why do you think so?

Mrs. Sharpleigh—He treats me with as much affection and consideration as if I were his own mother.—N. Y. Weekly.

She Didn't.

"I will not wed for gold," said she. "My pa's a millionaire; Love-love alone—shall be for me, I will not wed for gold," said she. Her face was very plain, but he who got her didn't care.

"I will not wed for gold," said she. "My pa's a millionaire."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FEMININE IDEA OF TIME.

"Now, hubby, dear, please wait a second for me; I'll be back in a quarter of an hour."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Sometimes Turns Out That Way.

He swore he couldn't live without her. When he and she were two; But now they're one he can't live with her—So what's the poor man to do?—Judge.

Wants Them Trained.

"All her smiles seem to be for widowers."

"Yes. She's a cowardly little thing."

"How's that?"

"She has no confidence in her ability to handle the untrained animal."—Chicago Post.

Cruel Parent.

"Since you were afraid to tell papa of our engagement I told him myself," said Flossie Featherly.

"And what did he say?" asked Mr. Doolittle, anxiously.

"He said it was clear that the fools weren't all dead yet."—Chicago Journal.

Insuperable Obstacle.

Fosdick—Come and see us, Keedick. You'll find us in the same place."

Keedick—I thought you intended to move.

Fosdick—We did, but we couldn't find a house that suited the cook—thud.

Enterprise in Dakota.

Hotel Proprietor—I have a scheme bro'ed ahead of other hotels.

Co Clerk—What is the idea?

Proprietor—I think we might keep you divorce lawyer on the premises and let the guests have his services without extra charge.—Brooklyn Life.

Otherwise Engaged.

Madge—Do you think the minister offered any of his congregation by what he said about Sunday golf?

Marjorie—Of course not. Nobody who plays golf was there.—N. Y. Sun.

LABOR IS INDIGNANT

Judge Jackson's Anti-Union Decision Is the Cause.

Leaders Think That the West Virginia Jurist's Language is Without Excess and an Insult to Workers.

The overshadowing event in the miners' strike thus far has been the decision rendered by Judge Jackson of the United States district court at Parkersburg, W. Va., in sentencing six trades-unionists to jail for violating his injunction order of June 19. The case is altogether exceptional because the sentenced unionists are not apparently charged with violations of law, nor even with inciting others to violations of law, but merely with inciting contented workmen to join in the strike, in violation of an order issued by the court. The following extracts indicate the temper and purport of the decision:

"While I recognize the right of all laborers to combine for the purpose of protecting all their lawful rights, I do not recognize the right of laborers to conspire together to compel employes who are not dissatisfied with their work in the mines to lay down their picks and shovels and to quit their work without a just or proper reason therefor, merely to gratify a professional set of agitators, organizers, and walking delegates, who roam all over the country as agents for some combination, who are vampires that live and fatten on the honest labor of the coal miners of the country, and who are busybodies creating dissatisfaction among a class of people who are quiet and well disposed, and who do not want to be disturbed by the unceasing agitation of this class of people.

"The right of a citizen to labor for wages he is satisfied with is a right protected by law, and he is entitled to the same protection as free speech, and should be better protected than the abuse of free speech, in which the organizers and agitators indulge in trying to produce strikes."

In case it shall appear that the sentenced unionists made threats against



JOHN JAY JACKSON, (West Virginia Judge Who Has No Use for Organized Labor.)

miners not joining in the strike, or incited others to maltreat them, or greeted them with insults, the public judgment of this decision will be sensibly modified—for all such abuses of free speech are violations of law—but at present the "unjudicial" character of the language used by Judge Jackson is the subject of almost universal comment. To denounce trades-union leaders as "vampires" who "live and fatten on honest labor" recalls the rhetoric of the least responsible of labor agitators whom Judge Jackson would imprison for inciting class hatred. Mr. Mitchell's comment on the decision, which has been published in papers not generally friendly to the trades-unions, reads in part as follows:

"None of the defendants in this injunction case nor our speakers have violated the law. They were counseling miners on their own grounds. They were persuading them to remain out until our demands for a living wage have been granted, and were not intimidating them at all.

"The scope of Judge Jackson's decision can hardly be realized by those not familiar with the facts. It forbids men to walk on the highways, to talk to non-union men, or to persuade them to strike. It takes from the members of the United Mine Workers the rights all citizens of the United States are supposed to enjoy. Such decisions tend to destroy the confidence of the working people in the impartiality of the courts.

"We shall appeal to the supreme court of the United States, and shall immediately ask President Roosevelt to interfere before this outrageous decision can be put in force."

In case the present sentences are sustained, says the Outlook, it will give new life to the demand, already strong in congress, that the right of federal judges to punish for contempt of court without jury will be limited to offenses committed in the court's presence.

No Mustaches in Alaska.

Mustaches are not worn by men exposed to the severity of an Alaskan winter. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lips clean-shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a mustache becomes embedded in a solid cake of ice, and the face is frozen in a short time.

Kitchens on Top Floors.

It is the custom in Sydney, Australia, to have the kitchens on the top floor of the better class of residences. In these houses the clothes are usually dried on the roof.

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The POST

QUITE A LET DOWN.

Prof. Blinkers—I hope you did not find my lecture too technical, Miss Baynes?"

Miss Baynes (with pride)—Oh, professor. I was able to follow it all, school."

Prof. B.—I am glad of that, as I tried to make it intelligible to the merest comprehension.—Punch.

Timely Suggestion.

When from your love you part to meet again, One little tip for your consideration, Don't say an revoir, nor yet au revoir, Unless you're sure of the pronunciation.—Smser Sat.

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