SINGER OF THE MORNING. how enthusiastic you boys were over

When storms were fallin' dreary, an' the world was full o' sighs, 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!

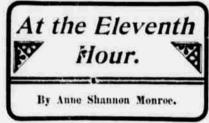
heard, across the billows, not the tempest's solemn roar,

But the bells that ring to harbor all the ships that sack the shore; In the storm the rainbow's ray,

And forever, far away. The brightness an' the blessedness of everlastin' dayl

And so, his soul was comforted, and There never was a night that hid the Star 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. Stauton, in Atlanta Constitution.



"G of 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 flatter 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 hore an ineafot a new story?"

In those orden 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 monthone of our means of adding comedy find one entirely new to the other.

my sketches. I was sure I could sueceed, 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 would be true But 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 campyou engineers, 1 mean. 1 am engaged to a Mr. Haverknap, a wealthy patron of the institute, living in Hyde Park. He has persuaded me to forsake my undoubted career in the field of art-undoubted in his mindand 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 lonliness 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 "I have forgotten everything eves. 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 spending much of our time toof old papers and year-old magazines, gether. We breakfasted at a little cafe, lunched in my room on buns and to the prosy days was to hunt up tea, dined at the same cafe-it was magazine jokes and see which could popular with the students, and cheap -and between times worked as we

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 peudler, who, Bruce as sured 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 sumption is a curable disease. could distinguish the Masonie tem- It is neglected consumption ple elevators making ceaseless trips to and from the roof garden. Then we reached the pier in the Randolph street harbor.

marked, 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 at once, has, in thousands of 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 not exist where Scott's Emulalways irritated Bruce because there sion is. was no soul back of her pretty face,

smiled knowingly as I gave my order. We ate dinner in silence, and soon sion checks the disease while it 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 glad- 409-415 Pearl Street, ness 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. Haverknap. 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. Haverknap put me into the carriage and we were think so? 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, Weekly. 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. Haverknap 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 stupified. The

waitress came up. "Coffee and rolls?" she asked.

glancing curiously at my costume. I nodded. Anything to get rid of er. Bruce looked at me strang



tion to fear is "neglected consumption."

People are learning that conthat is so often incurable.

At the faintest suspicion of "How cool it has grown," Bruce re- consumption get a bottle cl Scott's Emulsion and begin regular doses.

> The use of Scott's Emuision cases, turned the balance in favor of health.

Neglected consumption does

Prompt use of Scott's Emulcan be checked.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York. soc. and \$1.00; all druggists.

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

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

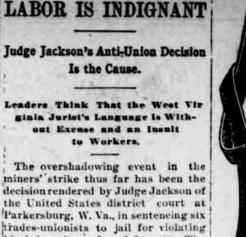
She Didn't.

"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."

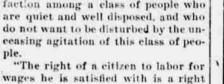
FEMININE IDEA OF TIME.





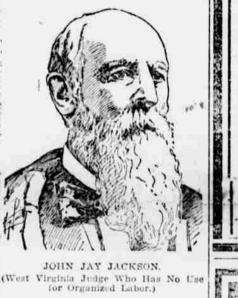
his injunction order of June 19. The case is altogether exceptional because the sentenced unionists are not apparently charged with violations of law, nor even with inciting others to violations of law, but merely with inciting contented workmen to join in the strike, in violation of an order issued 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.



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



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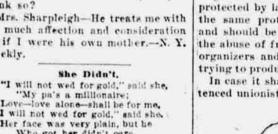
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WERTER L

FIDES CLA

NEAS MILL

100 ES ...



dere's a good-one." I said, art students think I am on fire with we had parted. artistic zeal: that I have forsaken Bruce was a mystery to me in those quietly. "I couldn't go on with it." day-in the east room, at the south freely with me. end-a wide stretch of western praiwell."

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

"Tell me, Louise, how are you get-"Tell me of yourself, dear boy," I He went to work, and when we had

replied.

"What's the use? Same old story, I went to Africa for a time, then to China; later to the Philippines. The gether." fever struck me and I came home when I could. Haven't been doing protested weakly. much of anything since. I came to and got to painting again. Yester- pinned on my hat and we set out. day I found rooms in this building American Quartier Latin, I didn't woods? dream of finding you. Supposed you "The lake," 1 said. I knew we had married a western cowboy or were playing with fire, but I said to e action of the men. rancher, or something of the kind, my conscience, "Just this once, this The plant when in full operation You were quite in raptures over those one last day, and then---- " products of the soil, as I remember."

Bruce.

eignrette from the end of his old one. his banishment from home. He was Immen-ely." I told him.

-art in envnest?

had gotten my education before we artist in every fiber of his being. lost so heavily, and that they could Well, we went to the lake. We help. I thought of my painting, and laughed and talked, and sketched as

had done during our first acquain-"just for you. It's this: The other tance. It seemed but a day since

home and loved ones to follow my days. He didn't once refer to my enheart's desire; that I would give my gagement nor remonstrate with me and glanced down the columns. life and think it cheap could 1 once concerning my coming marriage, 1 be hung in the Parisian galleries, often wondered what went on in his I have one thing hung here in the brain, and if he had entirely for- it." art institute. Go look at it some gotten. I wished he would speak

It was the second day of Septemrie, with white tents in the distance ber. My leave taking preparations and a man in the foreground. They were under way, 1 was taking down say it's 'after Remington.' Perhaps, a group of water colors, sketches of But that's a good story, isn't it, about the lake in different moods, that my soul being wedded to art? Sounds -Bruce and I had done together, when he put in his appearance.

"Can I help you?" he asked, with

"There is little to do," I answered ting on?" he asked in a serious tone, in a voice strained and unnatural.

> everything packed he took up my sallor hat.

> "Come," he said, "our last day to-

"But I mustn't-I haven't time,"

"Our last day, Louise," he repeated. Chleago, drifted into the institute, I hesitated a moment, then silently "Where shall it be?" Bruce asked, through Todhunter. Know him? He as we paused at the foot of the steps. lives on this floor. He said they "Lincoln park, the north shore, or a were mostly students here, a sort of row on the lake with a lunch in the ie. In the crowd was noticed a

too proud to seek forgiveness, Officers of New Jersey K. G. E. the only girl in the valley. I wonders pate genius which is akin to maded why I couldn't be a hit out in the ness. He was either in the heights world as well. It was fearfully lone- or in the depths, and he had no ly on the ranch after the engineers' strain of the practical in his make- the fifth for literature, from one to eamps broke up. I anw papa couldn't up. His father had recently died and, two, and the sixth and highest, for make a success of ranching-he was left his estate to his nephew. This too old, you know, Bruce-and there had not served to mollify Bruce. He were my little slaters, Beth and Clara. smoked away his life and his nerves, I felt a certain responsibility about pessimistic, impracticable, impossible, them. It seemed a shame that I and altogether lovable. He was an

have nothing in comparison. They rowed many miles along the shore, seemed to look to me, in a way, for the wind blowing in our faces. We William Latimer, beside being brave,

almost reprovingly.

"I couldn't help it, Bruce," I said He picked up the morning paper

"There's a boat for St. Joe at an hour."--Fliegende Blaetter. 11:30," he said; "I think we can catch

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 lpswich, was built as the result

of a clever and quaint idea which came to William Latimer, who afterward became the famous bishop, Doolittle, anxiously.

martyred, together with Ridley, for Protestant principles, relates Golden weren't all dead yet."-Chicago Jour-Penny. Lord De Freston, the owner, pal.

an carried a small American flag. hen the men filed out they were eeted by their friends on the outrge number of women. Much exciteent of a subdued character followed

nployed nearly 3,000 men and boys. I dared not picture the future. hen the first strike occurred, 16 "Only for sketching purposes, For Bruce and I had loved each other seks ago, about 800 men quit. The since the day we had first met in a thers remained at work. Now the en-"Been here long?" "A year." I answered. "Like it?" liruce lighted a fresh father that led to hitter words and i idle.

"Going in for the real thing, Louise though I, who loved him so dearly, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 2 .- The New knew he was at fault. Even in my ersey Grand Castle, Knights of the "Of course." Then I laughed. "You first girlish infatuation I realized olden Eagle, met here yesterday in specied me in the camp, you boys," that he would always be a failure, inual session and elected these offi-I added. "You made no think I was unless he were a gigantic success. I ers: Grand chief, Thomas H. Seals, the whole thing just because I was saw in him a spark of that unfortu- Annandale; vice grand chief, Frank Gane, of Long Branch; grand high iest, Dr. George W Chamberlain at lourth for painting, from 12 to one

and studies, the fair lady for whom man.

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, was of an original turn of mind.

"Now, hubby, dear, please wait a second for me; I'll be back in a quarter of

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-

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.

"He said it was clear that the fools

Insuperable Obstacle.

th. Fosdick-Come and see us, Keedick. \$7 You'll find us in the same place." sa Keedick-I thought you intended to nove.

Iv Fosdick-We did, but we couldn't Rlind a house that suited the cook .-thJudge.

Enterprise in Dakota,

Hotel Proprietor-I have a scheme brio get ahead of other hotels. co Clerk-What is the idea? fre Proprietor-I think we might keep ven divorce lawyer on the premises and Rdet the guests have his services withdiout extra charge .- Brooklyn Life.

Otherwise Engaged.

th Madge-Do you think the minister deoffended any of his congregation by 20 what he said about Sunday golf? Marjorie-Of course not. Nobody who plays golf was there .-- N. Y. Sun.

Or in Batallion,

Church-Do you think appendicitis is caused by grapes?

Gotham-Well, I don't know, but I the study of astronomy in the even- do know that lots of other troubles ing. Thus, for each of her works come in bunches. - Yonkers States-

Didn't Mollify Her.

Henry Peek-Yes, my dear, I shall swear devotion to you with my last breath. Mrs. Peck-Just like you, Henry. 1 suppose you really will take that long

to appreciate me .- N. Y. Sun.

miners not joining in the strike, or h cited 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 lawbut at present the "unjudicial" character of the language used by Judge Jackson is the subject of almost universal comment. To denounce tradesunion 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 pres-

ence. 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.

IT PAYS to advertise in a live and m to date newspaper. For real try The POST QUITE A LET DOWN.

Prof. Blinkers-I hope you di

find my lecture too technical Baynes?"

Miss Baynes (with pride)-0h s professor. I was able to follow its Prof. B .- I am glad of that as It to make it intelligible to the means comprehension .-- Punch.

Timely Suggestion.

When from your lave you part ! again, One little tip for your consideration

Don't say au revoir, nor yet auf widd schen,

Unless you're sure of the protunci Smart Set.

