When the book of the wars of men is done
And the story is truly penned
From the yellowing page of the tale between the chapter that holds The End-When the chapter that holds The End-Whill it will be developed that the dew of amother's tears?
Will it the down of amother's tears?
Will it tell of the grips of a ceaseless greed
That has wrought for a nation's shame?
O, the Book of the Wars of Men tent truth?

Will the Book of the Wars of Men tent truth?
Will it mingle the songs and cheers
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Will it the sacrifice of the beardless
youth
Will it in ingle the songs and cheers
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Youth?
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Youth?
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Youth?
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Will it wingle the songs and cheers
Youth?

"the incident is quite safe with me."
They had been left behind at the picnic, to which Burton had reluctantly consented to go. He had condescended to eat an indigestible luncheon on a

hard, grassy seat and a hot sun strik-ing full in his face, Afterward, he had escaped with his pipe, "to get a little peace," while Sylvia had been taken to wander by Archie Trevor, who, however, had re-Will we keep the Book of the Wars of Men: it waits Till the wakening of the world.

In a high and an honored place
That our children's sons may be thrilled
Will we cherish the book in faithful pride
That men of a future age of May acquaint themselves with the ones who died
That the volume might have a sage?

That has wrought for a nation's shame?

O, the Book of the Wars of Men: it waits
Till the wakening of the world.
Till the wakening of th turned to the general rendezvous alone, and in the rush for the train her ab-sence had not been remarked by any more than that of Burton, the other derelic, who now came back from his solitary ramble, to find her gazing

hopelessly after the retreating train. "There is no other till the mail passes tonight!" she cried; "what are we to do?"

They had scarcely spoken since the night of the dinner party, when she had disgusted him with her callous want of consideration for the feelings of the rightful recipient of the letter which had reached him by mistake.

"We must see if there is any other conveyance to be had," he said. "We are only fifteen miles from home as the crow flies. They may let us have a trap at the hotel. Anyhow, the first thing is to go and dine."

She looked at him with perturbed yes. They were pretty eyes, he thought.

"I'm very hungry. But can I dine there—alone with you?"
"Starvation excuses anything," he said. He felt curiously light hearted.

It was quite a merry little repast they had at the inn. As they sipped their coffee, while the horse which was to convey them across country was be-ing put in, he asked, "By the bye, what became of Trevor? Surely you were with him!"

She flushed, her eyes cast down, so that their long lashes swept her cheek,
"He was silly. I sent him on alone."
"Ah, poor chap! I see. You seem rather fond of refusals. How about the

other? Is fate still unkind?"
"I hoped," she smiled, "you had forgotten all that nonsense!"

"I want you to tell me something," for said, abruptly. "Sylvia, I'm tired of calling you that only to myself. Are you still-engaged?"

"I never was engaged!" she laughed.

"Never! Then why did you refuse,

"I refused no one. Oh, how can 1 explain? There was no one ever except Archie today. It was all—oh—how silly it seems, nothing but a play!" "Then if I were to ask you, would not refuse me?"

And as his arm swept round her, and his lips touched hers she whispered, "No!"—Modern Society.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Burns was a peasant's son.

Goethe was the son of a tailor.

Canova was a stonecutter's boy.

Paganini's father was a factory la-

Shakespeare's father was a wool

merchant.

Wagner's father was a clerk in

police court.

The Frencr law treats the frog as if it were a fish, and declares all fishing for it by night to be poaching.

Interest in a monument to Elihu Burritt has been revived at New Britain, Conn., the "learned blacksmith's

In 1858, \$570 a bottle was paid for some wine recovered in 1814 from a wrock in the Scheldt. The wine had been bottled in 1778.

The "Who's Who" for 1907 is such a bulky volume that The London World says the question now does not seem so much who's who as who isn't

Oliver Cromwell is the name of the incoming tenant of the Red Lion Ho-tel, High Wycombe, England, and it is said that he claims the Protector

After an interval of 367 years, the Franciscans have returned to Oxford. The friars were driven out in the reign of Henry VIII. The opened a training college. The order has

So many languages are spoken in the provinces of Austria-Hungary that interpreters are employed in the various parliaments to interpret the speeches of the delegates and make them intelligible to all the members.

A Western Kansas postmaster want ed to inform the public that the loca tion of the post office had been changed, so he inserted this notice in the local paper: "The post office has been moved from where it was to where

The coffee plantations of Jamaica are mainly on the Blue Mountain range, and the great fruit growing dis triet is in Portland, with Port Antenio its outlet. Sugar is largely grown in the district of Vere, in Clar endon parish, and in the seaward parts of St. James and Trelawney where the best rum is produced.

The Weatherwise Brother. "How does you like dis warm

reather in November?'

"Hit's a dispensary er Providence, replied Br'er Williams.

"An' what's a 'dispensary'?"
"Pat's what you ain't ter know.
You mustn't inquire too carious into
miscreants you don't onderstan!"—

By R. C. McElravy.

HE opening chapters of ancient history devote considerable space to the Paleolithic or Old Stone age, and the Neolithic or New Stone age. In those days of ignorance and economy pre-historic man fashioned his rude weapons from flints and stones. Later came the Age of Metals, when copper, bronze and Iron became of invaluable use. Succeeding periods have taken their names from the forces of nature as they have been applied to progress. Thus more recent times are known as the Steam Age and Electric Age.

Man is of comparatively little account to posterity. He does not linger long enough. But the things he discovered and the implements he used shed their benefits upon posterity as it appears.

When time shall have stripped the vanity and veneer from the present era, it will undoubtedly take place in staid and reliable history as the Can age. History is not apt to be flattering, but it is presumed to be truthful. We are now showing an unprecedented disposition to preserve and concentrate not only the necessities but the luxuries of life as well. If we can just crowd everything we want into a can and walk away with the original package, we are perfectly happy.

Foodstuffs are now classified in condensed form. When we go to the grocery we see nothing in bulk. Everything is canned, from corned beef to cucumbers. Ask for the desired article and it will come to you in a can. In a similar manner the can has invaded the field of art. If you

to carry home a new song or a lecture or a piece of band music, go buy it on a cylinder and try it on your phonograph. Concentration is one thing, convenience the result. Literature is feeling the influence of this condensation. The three-volume novel may now be purchased in modern bookform, which is little more than a short story with plenty of pictures.

If you wish to make a trip through Yellowstone National Park without

paying carfare, go to a moving picture show. If you want to see the latest prize-fight, drop a penny in the nearest slot machine.

The latest is canned spelling, without the can. It is a simplified process

of writing down words and ideas without excess labor. A letter is no longer silent; it simply is not there.

These attainments, if attainments they may be called, have met with

criticism and opposition of no mean order. But the can has been tied onto the age and it will not come off. The next best thing to do is to sterilize

Canned beef has had its inning and the product has improved. Canned spelling and canned literature will have their inning, and in the end we will no doubt see a survival of the fittest.

John Phillip Sousa is protecting against canned music. Probably as much of his music comes out in canned form as that of any other composer or band leader, and at present it is just as hard to listen to. That is the fault of the can and in due time this may be remedied. There may be a falling off in the number of young lady pianists "across the way" as he predicts, but Mr. Sousa should think of the possibilities of a popular vote as between the young lady and the canned music before denouncing the can. Tennyson said:

"Fill the cup and fill the can. Have a rouse before the morn."

That was in the days before canning things became so popular and he undoubtedly had no idea at that time that a bit of Sousa music might some day be included in a morning rouse. Nowadays the cup is sufficient. So much for the cause of temperance.—Puck.

Commence of Anent Recent Disclosures

Present Searching of Hearts of Few Dangers and Many Benefits . . . .

By the Editor of the Century.

HE good citizen and square dealer falls back, however, upon two points of comfort; first, that there was a prodigal amount of rascality in the days when there was vastly less publicity; and, second—and here is his best consolation—that the standards of public opinion are as high as ever, and that, contemporary with this hideous exposure of wrongdoing, the signs are numerous of a revival of the ethics of business, as well as of the ethics of politics.

In a private discussion not long ago of one of the most pathetic cases of ruined reputation that recent events have illustrated, the fact came out that this man—so widely honored and beloved, and still so sympathetically regarded—had long realized the misfortune of his situation, deeply deprecating the supposed necessity of continuing certain corrupt and demoralizing practices. It is evident that if such ethical questions as he, for many unhappy years, decided according to unfortunate custom, could reach his authority again, after a period of exposure and retribution such as has just taken place, he would not hesitate to declare to his associates that, obviously, "honesty is the best policy," as well as the most agreeable part that honorable men can play. So it is now everywhere easier for honest impulses and suggestions to prevail in all matters relating to the conduct of business.

The most conspicuous exposure that has taken place is, of course, that which was precipitated by certain insurance imbroglios; and there was good fortune in the fact that these exposures, almost more than any other possible ones, touched individual interests well-nigh infinite in extent. The lesson of common honesty has therefore been carried into every family in the entire country where exist responsibility and thrift. Every man in the business world is now watching his neighbor; better than that, he is watching himself—taking to himself all sorts of warnings; making to himself all kinds of good resolutions; witnessing and taking part in a revival of applied ethics not only in the community, but in his own heart.

There is, indeed, nowadays such a searching of souls, and such a stern application of higher standards, that there is almost danger that judges themselves will "stand up so straight" that they may fall backward into the pool of judicial demagogy. But the searching will go on; and, on the whole, its dangers are few, while its benefits will be many and immense.

& Vitality o **Vitality of Scarlet Fever** umam Germsman By Dr. Emma A. Walker.

Chamer and and

N a farmhouse in one of the New England states a case of scarlet fever unexpectedly developed not long ago. O seeking for its origin the physician found that some old co ton quilts, laid away in the payseth found that some out core ton quilts, laid away in the garret for years, had recently been taken down and aired and put to use by the family. These bed coverings, it was remembered, had been put away after a siege of this disease.

This is only one of many instances that could be re-lated, to show how long the infectious agent retains its

When I would say

vitality, and how common a thing it is for scarlet fever to be disseminated by bedding and other objects. These quilts should have been burned as soon

as the first patients had recovered. The children of a certain physician were one day allowed to unlock an antique secretary that had not been opened for years. In it they found tresses of hair that had been cut from the heads of children who had died 20 years before of scarlet fever. In a few days they were stricken with this dread disease. The ease with which this disease is disseminated is appail-

It has been known to be spread to a neighboring house simply from the

airing of bed clothing in a window. Infected clothing should never be washed with any other. The disease has been transmitted in this way. A bouquet of flowers that was sent from a searlet fever room to a hospital carried the disease .- Good Housekeeping.

A Most Valuable Agent.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the fedicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. —It—adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot, Golden Scal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomech, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine Jacts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Scal root, Stone root, Queetis root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure vorsumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, ham-on, chronic coughs, bronchial and myungent troubles, and chronic sore throat with hourseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs; or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most maryelous cures.

of, Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Ben-Med. College, Chicago, says of gly-

nett Mea. Conige, Chicago, eaga ac bacerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomatic action upon enfeebled, disordered stomatic arthal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach), it is a most efficient preparation (Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

or licers. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

William P. Letchworth, whose gift of 1,000 acres of Portage Falls, on the Genesee river for a public park has been accepted by the State of New York, is an adopted member of the Beneca tribe of Indians, and bears the tribal name, Hai-wa-te-is-tah, "the man who always does the right thing."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescribed. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENERY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Expert Testimony.

The prominent part being played by hired expert witnesses in the Thaw hired expert witnesses in the Thaw trial prompts the Washington Star to suggest that it is time to abolisa the present system of securing this kind of testimony. The expert employed by the prosecution naturally will testify only as the prosecution wants him to, while the expert for the defense, having a fine appreciation of his fee, will confine himself to his own side. It is up to the jury to determine which is the most expert liar or the most truthful, while the real value of either corps of experts is an open question in the pubthe real value of either corps of experts is an open question in the public mind. The Star denounces "the whole business" in cases involving human life as "immoral," and suggests that the court itself should secure the expert witnesses, protect them on the stand and see that their fludings reach the jury in proper indings reach the jury in

World's Costliest Dress.

It may seem a trifle incongruous that in a land where the masses are that in a land where the masses are at the starvation point all the time, and often on the fatal side of that point, the wearers of the richest raiment should be found, but such seems to be the case. One of the Princesses of the Burmese court, a young woman not yet 20, is said to be the possessor of the costliest dress in the world. It is a court costume and worn only on rare occasions, says Leslie's Weekly. It is studded with jewels reputed to be worth in the aggregate not less o be worth in the aggregate not less than \$1,400,000.

COFFEE THRESHED HER

15 Long Years.

"For over fifteen years," writes a patient, hopeful little Ills. woman, "while a coffee drinker, I suffered from Spinal Irritation and Nervous trouble. I was treated by good physicians, but did not get much relief.

"I never suspected that might be aggravating my condition.

I was down-hearted and discouraged, but prayed daily that I might find

something to help me.
"Several years ago, while at a friend's house, I drank a cup of Postum and thought I had never tasted anything more delicious.

"From that time on I used Postum

instead of Coffee and soon began to improve in health, so that now I can walk half a dozen blocks or more with

ease, and do many other things that I never thought I would be able to do again in this world.

"My appetite is good, I sleep well and find life is worth living, indeed. A lady of my acquaintance said she did not like Postum, it was so weak and tasteless

and tasteless.
"I explained to her the difference when it is made right—boiled according to directions. She was glad to know this because coffee did not agree with her. Now her folks say they expect to use Postum the rest of their lives." Name given by Postum their lives." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," "There's a reason.

Who Was Sylvia 

"I shall be twenty-two on Thursday." she said to herself, "and I've never had a real lover or proposal in my life! It's most extraordinary. All other girls seem to have so many. Maisic Turner

says its quite embarrassing to go to a dance, she gets so tired of saying 'No.' But though Maisie is awfully smart, I don't think I can be so very plain, either!"

Drawing a small mirror from her pocket she contemplated her reflection in it attentively. "My hair is really rather nice," pensively curling one of its golden strands round her finger. "And there doesn't seem anything real-ly wrong with my eyes," gazing criti-cally into their blue grow doubts. "It cally into their blue gray depths. must be my nose that doesn't take," stroking its straight outline slowly. Perhaps it should turn up; I've heard

that men like a retrousse nose."

"Do they, indeed? Well, of all the conceit! I always knew that girls were vain. But if this doesn't beat all!" a vain. But if this doesn't beat all! a laughing voice cried, and the surprised maiden blushed indignantly as a tall, clean-limbed young man in uniform yaulted over the stile behind her and

alighted on the grass at her side.

"Oh, Archie, what a plague you are! I declare one is never safe. But, Archie, before we go in, I wish you'd tell me something. You see I came out to be quiet and think; now, mind, I want the truth. Am I very plain?"
"Well"—his eyes twinkled again—"not so very; at least, some people mighn't think so!"
"Well it receives the section of the sec declare one is never safe.

'Well, it seems so strange; you know I get plenty of partners, and all that, but"—a soft carmine dyed her cheeks— 'no one ever seems to fall in love with me! It's not that I want to be mar-ried, but when the other girls tell me of all their offers, I just feel ashamed. So I wondered if it could be my face that was to blame!"

Archie Trevor lav back on the grass chuckling.

"My word! Girls are funny!" he

"If that isn't the best thing I ever heard!" 'So glad you are amused," Sylvia said, with dignity, "though I fail to see why. There's Maisie, for instance;

Burton! Burton of Ours!" Archie laughed louder and louder. "I thought every one knew he hated girls. Never goes to a dance if her can help it—"

That's because she won't have him; he's proposed to her lots of times, and it's turned him misanthropic. I wonder why she doesn't like him; he looks rather nice, I think "And so he is. The best chap in the

regiment, though he does keep us at it so jolly hard. Miss Turner had better say 'yes' next time she gets the chance he chuckled. "But I say, Sylvia, if you're so keen on being asked, I don't mind if I do it myself; and what's more'— his cheeks flushed, he drew a little nearer—"you need not refuse me unless you like."

"You're very kind," She rose from her nest among the buttercups, and drew herself up severely, "I am not quite reduced to that yet! And as you can only make fun of me-'

"But I wasn't. I thought you wanted an offer, fair cousin. "But I want the real thing if I have

it at all." 'I dare say you won't have so long to wait," Archie said slowly. Somehow he looked less boyish as they walked rather silently up the meadow, and through the gate into the garden which sloped down from the Manor

Sylvia's writing table was in the win

dow; she was fond of scribbling.
"Love letters must be delicious!" she sighed, with a dreamy look in her blue eyes. "I wonder if I shall ever get one or if Maisie is right, and I am not a

man's girl.' It must be rather nice to refuse some one." She took a sheet of paper and began writing.
"Sylvia! Sylvia!" A short-skirted girl of twelve looked into the room. 'Mother says will you write a note to Captain Burton, asking him to dine on

"Captain Burton hates going out; he Why doesn't mother write herself?"

Too busy gardening." And Madge hurried away. Sylvia wrote a formal Captain Burton had just returned

from early parade, and sat down to his breakfast and his letters. "What's this?" he queried, taking up a creamy envelope, with a faint odor of violets. "Another of these invitations, I suppose! Bother the women! still more

Burton's eyes grew round with covered enough to speak, "you—you amazement as he re-read the missive will never tell?"

Sylvia sat in the long meadow with the buttercups that matched her hair, ter surprised me very much, for, though and the forget-me-nots that matched her eyes, reflecting sadly on her van-offer, I fear I could never, never give you the answer you desire! I am so sorry if I have ever given you reason to expect a different one. I like you ever so much as a friend, but anything else would be quite, quite impossible! I could never marry without love, and

> in strictest confidence, of course—that there is some one else very dear to me, though a cruel fate keeps us apart
> "SYLVIA." With a thoughtful air the captain

perhaps it is only right to tell you-

consigned the letter to his pocket.
"If any of these youngsters are at
the bottom of this," he said to himself, "at least they won't have the sat-isfaction of thinking they've curled my hair. But she writes a nice hand, does Sylvia, though she won't have me at any price!"

It was a lovely afternoon for the officers' first "at home" of the season; their fair friends had assembled in new summer frocks, the regimental band was playing, and fun and flirtation

were in the air. The fascinating Maisie Turner had apparently relented of her cruelty; for she smiled on Captain Burton. A little way off, her blue eyes dreamy as ever, stood Sylvia Glennie in a white erge gown. Burton's glance strayed to

"Rather a nice looking girl," thought; "forget who she is; nothing of the garrison hack about her, I should say!

"I say, Sylvia, do come along, we are all waiting for you!" Archie Trevor houted, and the captain gave a lit-

So that was Sylvia!

"Can you tell me that young lady's ame?" he interrupted Miss Turner's mart talk to ask Here Mrs. Glennie, an enthusiastic gardener, tore hereself away from an inimated discussion on the best soil

"You are dining with us tomorrow evening, I hope?" she asked. "I de-puted my daughter to send you an invitation. 'You were very kind, but I fear there

has been some mistake; I have received none, or should have sent a reply. 'How very odd! But Sylvia is so un-Captain Burton is just madly in love practical; perhaps she forgot to have t posted. Still, if you have no other engagement—"

The woman hater hesitated just a econd; then, "I shall be delighted to ome," he said, gravely. Captain Burton took up his menu and studied it attentively. The handwriting was necessarily small, but its forma-

tion was familiar. Next to him sat Sylvia in pale blue gauze. She had been rather a silent neighbor. "Miss Glennie," he asked, "do you make it a rule not to talk to the man whose privilege it is to take you in to

dinner 'I am so sorroy," she said, as she looked around at him in surprise. "I thought you did not care to talk-to

"That is rather a sweeping accusa

tion. And excellent as Mrs. Glennie's chef is, a little conversation between the courses is at least an aid to diges tion." "that I care to conled mischievously, verse as an aid to Captain Burton's di-

gestion. And I am afraid," she added meditatively, "that I never have very 'Perhaps your thoughts were other He drew a letter from his pocket. "Did

you ever discover where my invitation had gone?"
"Oh!" The color rushed over her face. "That was too bad of me! I found it this morning under some papers on my table. It was dreadfully careless

"ePrhaps your thoughts were otherwise engaged. I must apologize for not returning this before," he added, handing her the sheet of paper, "but it only yesterday that I discovered who the writer was.

Now the carmine wave flooded her arms, her neck, and her soft red lips parted in utter consternation. "I sent you that!" she stammered. "Oh-what ould-what could you have thought! "I don't exactly know what I thought when I got it first," he said slowly.

"but now-I am only deeply sorry for the person for whom it was really intended! Poor chap! Is there really "Oh, none. Not the very slightest!"
She laughed a short, gurgling little

You have no pity for him at all?"

"Not the very slightest!" She laughed still more. "But, Captain Burtonn," she asked apprehensively, when she had re-

"Certainly not," he said, coldly;

.. The Can Age ..