

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

First Prize in Contest of 5000 Poems.

He's keen, and clear-headed. To duty soon wedded. Ambitious to rise. At start, self-denying. And keeping on trying. To grow rich, or wise.

While toiling, and striving. He's constantly thriving. And helps all he can. A good friend and brother. To many another. A warm-hearted man.

With grit for a lever. Success crowns endeavor. He knows when to stop. From fight never swerving. Till, thankful, deserving. He reaches the top.

-Mrs. Findley Braden, in The Gentlewoman.

BLACK BUTTERFLIES.

How They Presaged Evil for the Girl Who Loved Lieutenant Taunton.

By GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

The devotion of her look was affording amusement to the chaperons and elderly officers, who, by reason of physical infirmities, were convinced that dancing is a hollow vanity, and therefore abstained from it, but not from comments upon people and frocks, which have been definitely proven not to be vanities, and are indulged in by the most potent, grave and reverend signors, and have their sanction. She was dancing with Taunton, waltzing the long-stepped, fast, gliding waltz which the cavalry is apt to affect, and which has in it the dash and verve commonly supposed to be attributes of that gallant branch of the service.

"I suppose that's it. But let me tell your father now. It would be so much better in case anything were to happen to me." "Oh, Marion, there's no danger, is there?" "Probably not. But you can't always be sure. You see, it would be better to have it over with if I should get hurt."

"You won't. I'm sure you won't. Don't tell him yet, Marion, please don't, and oh, don't get killed! Do you think the black butterfly meant anything—do you?" "Of course not. Lucia, I'm doing wrong to give in to you. I know it, and—but here comes Murray, he must not catch me here. Good-by, little girl, good-by. I wish you were braver. Adios."

Taunton ran down the steps and, keeping in the shadow of the buildings strode off to the troop quarters. And the girl stood there in the darkness looking with wide eyes up at the sky, where gray, thick clouds drifted together and apart, showing patches of starry black heavens and covering them over as quickly. The cottonwoods rustled in the wind, and her hair blew about her face, all damp and clinging. She bent her fan until one of the sticks snapped, and started at the sound. She turned about and looked at the barracks where F Troop was making ready to depart—a portion of the troop, that is. Men ran by alone, or leading horses; orderlies galloped beneath the shadow of the trees. Shaking with cold she stood there, her heart seemed numb and still. From the open door of the soldiers' quarters fell bars of light, and uniformed figures passed in and out, forward and backward. She saw Taunton run along and hurry to his house. In five minutes he was back again in scouting clothes. All this the light from the barracks showed her. When he had started for his quarters, she had wavered for a second, almost determined to go to him and tell him she would do as he wished. But, as usual, it ended in indecision. It would be all right when he came back; it would be time enough then. She threw up her arm and brushed away a flying black thing, whose big soft wings had touched her cheek.

The music had stopped and begun again, and again stopped while she stood there. People had passed by her, going out, but they had not seen her in the shadow of the corner.

There came a sudden silence. The leaves of the trees stopped their whisperings, the wind died away in the night, the voices about ceased their murmuring, the rain-drops clung to the branches; and out from the silence came the word of command which all the garrison and the rigid woman were waiting to hear: "Prepare to mount."

A clash of accoutrements, a tramping of hoofs, the wind blew fresh once more, the leaves rustled and shook down the drops and the world went on. The woman brushed her hair from her eyes, gathered up her skirts, and walked home alone.

It was a beautiful morning after the storm. Every one was on the porches watching guard-mounting with as much interest as if it had never been gone through before, deeply engrossed in the choosing of the commanding officer's orderly.

A second lieutenant sat upon the steps of Captain Rossini's quarters, beside the captain's fair daughter, who was smiling and talking in her old lively way. The second lieutenant reflected that she could not have been much in love with Taunton after all; she seemed in no wise depressed by his absence on an expedition which was not quite safe at best. The second lieutenant gathered hopes, for there was a lingering fondness for the pretty creature in his own heart.

So they talked and laughed and watched guard-mounting in the sunshine of the cool summer morning. When it was over, and the adjutant and officer of the day and ex-officer of the day were going their ways, there came a sound of the hoofs of a galloping horse and a courier from the agency drew up at the commandant's quarters, while the people on the porches craned their necks and strained their ears in a vain attempt to hear the mud-splashed man's message.

The Rossini's house was next to the commanding officer's. Lucia jumped up and ran down near the courier.

"Lucia! come back here! What do you mean?" thundered the captain, indulging in some assorted oaths. She wheeled around and faced him. "I am going to see what has happened to my husband," she said, deliberately, and did not wait to notice the look on his dark face. The second lieutenant leaned against the railing for support.

The courier's words were low; but Lucia heard the tiding of death as plainly as if he had shouted them aloud. She flushed—and then turned very pale. There came a queer thud in her heart, and a whirl in her head, and all she saw was thousands upon thousands of black butterflies that flew around her. She laughed and put up her hands to seize them, bit at them, struck at them, shook her clenched fists at them, fighting off the dull wings that only herself could see.—Reprinted from the Argonaut.

A Test of Conservation. Do you show your love by your works? While you have time, as you have opportunity, do you in fact "do good to all men," neighbors or strangers, friends or enemies, good or bad? Do you do them all the good you can, endeavoring to supply all their wants, assisting them both in body and soul, to the uttermost of your power?—John Wesley.

"The Greed for Gold" GREATEST OF ALL MORAL ISSUES. By Governor John Mickey, of Nebraska.

HERE are many moral issues confronting the American people today, but in my opinion the greatest of these is greed for gold. This is really the fountain head of most, if not all of the great moral issues, and the cause for their existence can usually be traced to the great desire for personal aggrandizement or accumulation of wealth.

The desire to make money is not in itself an issue, for we have Scriptural admonition to be diligent and not slothful in business, but it becomes a moral issue when the desire is prompted by an evil motive, or the means employed to acquire it are questionable or unlawful.

The fact that a vast number of our people are filled with an abnormal greed for riches and have an all-consuming desire to make money regardless of principles, is evidence enough that this question is decidedly a moral one. Wealth is being hoarded up, not for the good that it can do humanity, but for the power that it represents—power to be used for selfish ends, for political preferment, and oftentimes for purposes inimical to good government.

The greatest abuse of this power in a political way is found in our largest cities, where elections seldom pass without the commission of some fraud; and where franchises are bought and sold like personal property. This kind of business is a travesty upon our ballot system and upon our municipal governments.

It is greed for gold that makes the president of a bank risk his depositors' savings on the board of trade; it is greed for gold that causes the loaning of large amounts of trust funds upon worthless securities; and it is greed for gold that prompts the officers of an insurance company to use their reserve funds for personal gain.

I am not one of those who believe that this great country of ours is going to the bad. Far from it! As a people, we are becoming more enlightened; our ideals are getting higher and broader, and as time goes on our nation is growing more potent among the powers of the world, with its influence ever on the side of peace and justice. We have but to look about us to see by the light of recent events a noticeable quickening of the public conscience. But there must be a greater awakening on the part of our citizens to the dangers that best our nation. We are prone to place a premium upon the accumulation of riches regardless of the means employed, and to measure a man's success by the amount of money he has acquired. This of itself lends respectability to the man of illicit wealth and makes the issue a most dangerous one. We must have, and I believe we shall have, a higher and better standard by which our daily lives will be measured, and when that time comes the ban will be placed upon all unjust methods used for the accumulation of wealth.

Where Good Farms Are Cheap By W. W. Higbee.

EVER has there been a time in the last fifty years more favorable for investment in New England farm property so far, as least, as relates to Vermont.

In the Champlain valley farms can be bought from \$25 to \$50 per acre that are as productive as the choice lands of the West. In fact, the buildings alone, on many of them, cost what is asked for the farm. With railroads, good highways, access to markets by way of Lake Champlain, the Champlain canal and Hudson river, is there any reason why farming should not be among the foremost enterprises? Why capital should seek the high priced lands of Illinois and Iowa, or other Western States upon which to grow its grain and meat, is a confusing question.

Suppose a farmer in Vermont should put in as much personal effort and business sagacity as his Iowa brother on land that costs him \$30 per acre, against the \$75 per acre Iowa land? The rate percent of profit would take care of itself. The assertion is made, and can be maintained, that there is no business going more sure of successful returns than farming right here in Vermont. There has never been a time when it paid better than now, considering the amount of money employed to conduct it. Think of an investment of \$3000 to \$4000 for a farm of one to two hundred acres that will keep a dairy of twenty to thirty cows or a like proportion of sheep or young cattle. At present rates for money in savings banks, 3-1/2 to 4 percent, the \$4000 investment would call for \$160 income at the highest rate. What kind of a farmer are you that cannot get more than this out of your \$4000 in a farm? What kind of stocks of syndicates or mines are you going to invest in that will come anywhere near the solidity and safety of this \$4000 farm?

True, the scarcity of labor is a handicap to farming. Investigate and you will find that every other line of business has its uphill sides. Ask the contractor, the manufacturer, the merchant, and see. At present prices for farms and farm products in the Champlain valley, no safer investments can be found. Probably a like condition holds throughout the choice farm sections of all the New England States. There seems to be a boom in farm lands in many sections in Maine.

New England is being overlooked by investors. The great West has been too alluring. Lands there are too high. Here they are too low, and this fact is coming to be recognized.

On the Taxation of Spinsters By George Harvey.

WHY not tax old maids? As a class, they enjoy all the advantages of civilization, barring those of a minor nature excluded by their own insistent regard for the conventions, and make no adequate return. True, their property, if real, is forced to yield a slight contribution to the common fund for preservation of order and protection of life and liberty, but their personal possessions are practically immune from imposts, and the less said of their contributions to customs revenue, perhaps, the better. Moreover, the great majority of them have no substantial acquisitions and, though in special instances no doubt a joy, are generally a burden upon patient relatives. Thus they become mere clogs upon the wheels of progress from the sheer obstinacy that holds them from the performance of their proper tasks in life.—Harper's Bazaar.

Charity By W. F. Rice.

CHARITY is an ingenious scheme of philanthropy by which the giver is the real beneficiary. Only the rich can really avail themselves of the fulness of its benevolent provisions. They are the beneficiaries. The poor can be grateful. It is the privilege of the poor always to be grateful.

One who has never treated himself to that feeling of righteous self-complacency which an act of charity affords has failed to make the most of his opportunities. One must not confuse generosity with charity. They are not synonymous—they are not even distantly related. One must be very careful about this, or the first thing he knows he will be really denying himself something, or making some personal sacrifice which is not only unnecessary but very irksome and very, very common. One should leave that for those who cannot afford anything better.—Life.

The Evolution of Household Remedies.

The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies. In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, biters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as picra, which was aloe and quassa, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter barks. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this wholesome, old-time custom. In the beginning some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old-time remedies. It was used by the Mennonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Mennonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great many climatic ailments, such as coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis and catarrhal diseases generally. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE LEARNED THE USE OF PERUNA and its value in the treatment of these ailments. They have learned to trust and believe in Dr. Hartman's judgment, and to rely on his remedy, Peruna.

George Comper has returned from China with a parasite that will speedily destroy the red scale that has been such a pest to the citrus groves of California.

FITZ, St. Vitus' Dance; Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, M.D., 661 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

City Names on Stamps. The idea of impressing the names of cities on the postage stamps, as will soon be done in this country, is not a new one, for it has been followed in Mexico and other countries, but it has never been done to the extent to which it is proposed by the United States government. It will involve considerable additional work in the printing and issuing of the stamps, but will be a safeguard which will result in an enormous saving and, in a great measure, prevent the six thousand cities of this country will be honored to the extent of having their respective names woven into the design of this stamp, while in the other instances the name will be printed across the face of the stamp in ink.

Frog With Habits. South America has a frog of peculiar habits. Dwelling in the virgin forest, at the tops of the highest trees, it chooses as the site of its nursery some hollow stump and then proceeds to line it with rosin procured from trees in the neighborhood, says the New York "Tribune." This lining serves to catch and hold the rain-water with which it quickly becomes filled. As soon as this takes place the eggs are laid therein, and here they undergo development into tadpoles. How the rosin is collected is a mystery, nor is it yet known how the separate pieces become welded to form the watertight basin necessary to insure the safety of the treasures deposited therein.

APPENDICITIS Not at all Necessary to Operate in Many Cases.

Automobiles and Appendicitis scare some people before they are hit. Appendicitis is often caused by too much starch in the bowels. Starch is hard to digest and clogs up the digestive machinery—also tends to form cakes in the cecum. (That's the blind pouch at entrance to the appendix).

A N. H. girl had appendicitis, but lived on milk for awhile—then Grape-Nuts and got well without an operation.

She says: "Five years ago when at school, I suffered terribly with constipation and indigestion. I ate much starch, white bread, potatoes, etc., which she did not digest."

"Soon after I left school I had an attack of appendicitis and for three weeks lived on milk and water. When I recovered enough to eat solid food there was nothing that would agree with me, until a friend recommended Grape-Nuts."

"When I began to eat Grape-Nuts I weighed 95 lbs., but I soon grew to 115 lbs. The distress after eating left me entirely and now I am like a new person."

(A little Grape-Nuts dissolved in hot water or milk would have been much better for this case than milk alone, for the starchy part of the wheat and barley is changed into a form of digestible sugar in making Grape-Nuts.) Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Recovery," in pkgs. "There's a reason."