First Prize in Contest of 5000 Poems.

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

confident, daring, never despairing, He's eager to do. Upright, and God-fearing, Thus still persevering, Both earnest, and true. 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 Right never swerving, Till, thanktul, 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.

ing 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 eignors, 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 ground. verve commonly supposed to be attributes of that gallant branch of the

Bervice. It was a case of true love, and had not ran smooth. Miss Rossini was torn between a desire to obey her parents and the wish to give way to Taunton's entreaties. The outcome of the conflict has been written beforehand in the book of life these thousands of centuries. A weakness of will -sweetly feminine, but trying when It is not one's self who wields the power-was her worst fault. Her promises were governed entirely by the speaker of the moment. To her father she swore enternal renunciation of Paunton; to Taunton eternal fidelity in her love, and yet, if untruth is to be judged only by its intention, she was not guilty of falsehood. The time had passed, some two weeks before, when she might with honesty tell her father that she would give the first lieutenant up forever. Moreover, Captain Rossini had begun to lose faith in the promises. At last she replied to his remonstrances, one day, that she loved Taunton, that he loved her, and that she meant eventually to marry him. At this she turned first red, and then pale, but remained firm against all the parental wrath poured on her head with a vehemence and force of language calculated to impress her with the deep respect a child should nourish toward the author of Its being. To his choice epithets she made no reply. The humor of the situation struck her even then-the vast paradox of paternal reverence. But she showed the obstinacy which lies

preservation, and she held her tongue. The strain was telling on her, however. She was greatly changed from the girl who, but six months before, had come back from school to the gayety and adulation of a big army post The suffering gave a sweetness to her rather cool prettiness, which lent her charm. The garrison was sorry for her: it did all in its power to help along the meetings of this muchenamored couple, and succeeded only

at the bottom of even a weak nature,

which is part of the instinct of self-

Captain and Mrs. Rossini were persons of a type not prevalent in the service, with an eye very much to the main chance, worldly wise to a degree. A rich man "back East" who had taken a fancy to the little boardingschool miss, and who sent numerous letters, rolls of music, books and boxes of candy, was looked upon as a far better match than a first lieutenant, even a most exemplary first lieutenant, as Taunton certainly was. When Taunton's attentions had become too marked, he had been forbidden the house and Lucia had been commanded to repulse him. The mere fact that she promised faithfully to do so, in presence of her father's wrath, had no influence on her when once she was thrown with her lover. It was a choice of evils: whether she should oppose her parents or Taunton, and she chose

the former as less unpleasant. Just at first they kept their meetings secret, but once they were discovered they threw aside concealment and saw each other openly under the very eyes of the powerless father and mother. They took long rides among the foothills, long walks around the outskirts of the garrison. Taunton striding along with his fine head very erect, his gray eyes seeing nothing but the girl at his side, who picked her way daintily among the litter of tin cans and broken bottles and old horseshoes that marked the approach to the post. There were no leafy bowers under which to stroll and no velvet sward to press their feet upon; but they could well afford to ignore the surroundings; It is only later in life that we learn the value of the background of the picture. At the hops, too, they danced together a great deal of the time and made no secret of their infatuation. Captain ssini looked savage and Mrs. Rosrini was manifestly uneasy, but an open scene was not to be thought of, public opinion being against the parents. There were bad half-hours and tearful nights for Lucia after each deflance but there was more sweet in Taunton's love than bitter in her father's fury. And so it happened that the long

The devotion of her look was afford- | notes of the "Santiago" were bearing the two onward with the other dancers, snatches of singing, of laughter, and of conversation sounding with the music, until they broke in suddenly, drowning it all, a clang, a roar, a bellow of thunder. The music hesitated for an instant; for an instant there was a cessation of movement and exclamations of fear; then the bright figures swayed on and the chatter was resumed and the damp, cool wind of a summer shower blew over them while the rain beat down on the roof and

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But Taunton's eyes had lost, somehow, the look of perfect content; the girl's head was farther away from his shoulder, and the swing had gone from their step. They stopped by an open window to let the fresh wind blow over There came a sudden gust which wafted in a great dark butterfly that, in the rays of artificial light, seemed dead black, the omen of impending harm. It fluttered for an instant, dazzled and wind-beaten; fluttered and circled around, then, spreading its shadow wings, it floated steadily, relentlessly upon Taunton and the girl beside him. She watched it with parted lips and frightened eves as it came toward her out of the lightningstreaked night, and neither moved until it sank and settled on her light hair. Then she threw up both arms and brushed it off with a heavy blow. The creature of the night flew out into the storm again with a drooping wing.

An orderly crossed the hop-room to the adjutant, who was speaking to the band-master, but none of the listening ears could hear the soldier's message.

"Well, play it if you can find the music," the adjutant said coolly, then wheeled about and followed the order-

He was back again in ten minutes, speaking hurriedly to Taunton. Taunton answered, bowed his head, and, turning away, crossed the room to where Captain Rossini stood with his daughter.

"Good-evening, captain," he said, and waiting for no reply, put his hand on Lucia's arm and drew her aside with an air of proprietorship that left the father aghast.

"Lucia, listen, dear. I've hardly time for even this good-by. Don't look so frightened; it amounts to nothing. Some trouble over at the agency that makes it necessary for me to go up there instantly with a detachment. You know there has been expectation of trouble for some time. My dear child, you must not look like that; ow silly of a soldier's daughter! tell you I'll be back in a few days. If you are going to faint, come out in the air; the rain has stopped."

She took his arm and let him drag her out upon the stens. The music came to them from within and smothered the sound of their voices.

"Marion, you aren't going to go away? How can you, how can you?" she said, in a whisper. "How can I? Why, because I'm or-

dered. But I've an order for you in turn."

"Well?" She bent her fan and worked her fingers nervously, still leaning hard on his arm.

"You must go with me instantly and "I won't," she answered, with set

"Why, but Lucia, you will if I say

"I won't."

"Then I'll do it alone." "I can't stop you, but if you do 1 shall hate you-as much as I have loved you.'

"But why? He must be told some time. I'm in a fearful hurry. As a matter of fact, I've no right to be here now; if the C. O. catches me, I'll get the dickens. Come along and tell him."

"I said I wouldn't and I won't." "What makes you so obstinate? It's not like you."

, "It's like me sometimes. It's like me when I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of papa. I wouldn't mind so dreadfully if you were here, but I think it's mean and cowardly of you to leave me to bear the brunt of it all alone for days and days. It might kill me. I'm about worried to death now.'

A tear dropped on Taunton's hand and melted his firmness in a moment. He began to plead. "But, Lucia, he must know in a few weeks at most. I've let you persuade me too long already. We ought to have been brave and open in the first place, or else have gone up and made our confession immediately. What the deuce ever

made me give in to your silly fears, I can't understand." "You were glad enough to get me 'most anyway.

"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 al ways 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.

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 locking 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. Shak ing 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 cut, but they had not seen her in the shadow of the corner.

There came a sudden silence. The leaves of the trees stoppd 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, deply 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 sec ond 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 asserted oaths.

She wheeled around and faced him. 'I am going to see what has happened to my husband," she sald, 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 r heart, and a whir 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 sieze 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?-

"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 perpersonal 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 ac

quire it are questionable or unlawful. The fact that a vast number of our people are filled with an abnormal reed 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 ofttimes 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 eyer 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.

garan Where wares 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

eason 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 ousiness sagacity as his lowa 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 if 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 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.

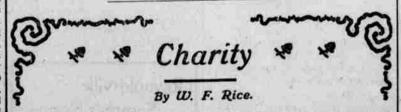
Berman On the manage Taxation of Spinsters

By George Harvey.



HY 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 ma-

jority 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.





HARITY 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 nnnecessary but very irknome 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 busiss 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, bitters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, com-pounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as picra, which was aloes and quassia, dis-solved in apple brandy. Sometimes a op 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, ad-vertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LAT-TERLY 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, be-fore 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 increas and at last he established a manufi tory and furnished it to the gene drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great man climatic ailments, such as cough colds, sore thront, bronchitis and c tarrhal diseases generally. THOU-SANDS 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 judg-ment, and to rely on his remedy, Po-

George Compere 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.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance: Nervous Diseases per-manently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nervo Restorer. 82 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ld., 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

City Names on Stamps.

The idea of impressing the solution of cities on the postage stamps, as will soon be done in this country, is the solution of owed 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 United States government, I involve considerable additional n 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 thieving. Six thousand cities of this country will be supplied with these special stamps. Twenty-six of these cities will be honored to the extent of having their respective names woven into the design of thes tamp, while in the other instances the name will be printed across the face of the stamp

Frog With Habits.

South America has a frog of pe culiar habits. Dwelling in the virgin forest, at the tops of the highest prees, 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 under-go 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

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 forawhile-then Grape Nuts and got well without an oper

She says: "Five years ago what school, I suffered terribly v constipation and indigestion." much starch, white bread, pota etc., which she did not digest.)

"Soon after I left school I ha attack of appendicitis and for thir weeks lived on milk and we When I recovered enough to eat s food there was nothing that we agree with me, until a friend recon-

mended Grape-Nuts. "When I began to eat Grape-Nuts I weighed 98 lbs., but I soon grew to 115 lbs. The distress after enting left me entirely and now I am like a

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