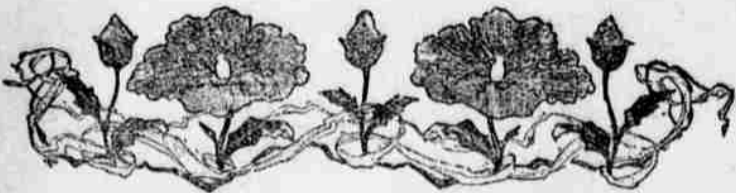


## DUTY.

She wore her duty as a crown,  
And in her passing up and down,  
One came who laughed to see her wear  
Such trials with so grand an air.

She took it off. "One cannot be  
A laughing stock for such as he."  
Behold! her feet once swift to go,  
Move now reluctantly and slow.

She walks a prisoner, looking down  
At that which binds her limbs in pain.  
Who wears not duty as a crown,  
Must drag it as a chain.  
—Good Housekeeping.



## MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY

By JOHN SMITH TASSIN.

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"Brethren," began the preacher, when all had been assembled, "I feel like Jacob did after he had wrestled all night with an angel for a sight of the Almighty."  
"Amen!" bawled the blacksmith at the head of the congregation, and his eyes roved ceaselessly as if in quest of someone.  
"Only my fight has been with the powers of darkness; and I bear about me the stains of the soot, and the scars of the fire and the brimstone of that terrible place."  
"Amen!" bellowed the lusty fellow in a louder voice, and his eyes continued their fruitless search.  
"Brethren, let us pray and thank the Lord for the victory He hath granted over Satan in this benighted spot."

And the blacksmith prayed with all the fervor of a convert on the mourners' bench. His voice was like the echo of thunder in the mountains, peal redoubling upon peal, and crash after crash deflected from the many hills, until the little building fairly shook with its reverberations. Meanwhile he craned his neck and almost stood up in vain endeavor to single out somebody.

"Guess you're lookin' fo' de docto', ain't yo'?" gibed an irreverent youth behind him.  
The man glared at him but did not answer.

Doctor Ben was there. He chuckled despite the sanctity of the place, and there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes and a sly smile about the corners of his mouth. His face was as a mask, behind which all manner of droll thought held high carnival. Bill Jenkins caught sight of him, whereupon the doctor made the sage reflection that it would be best for him to have his horse shod by another blacksmith for some time to come. At this his face fell, for the prospect was not inviting, Bill Jenkins being acknowledged the best horseshoer within miles of the neighborhood.

The doctor's irresistible longing for little fun was responsible for the blacksmith's discomfiture. This is the way it came about:

"No preacher-man ain't agoin' t' preach in dis 'ere town; no, s'iree, not ef I knows m'self."

The group about the anvil stood stock still, and burly Bill Jenkins straightened himself to his full height. The "help" paused with the horse's hoof still in the lap of his leathern apron.

Standing with folded arms and with his back to the table, on which were his artisan's tools, was a figure so quizzically queer that it was sure to set you laughing. It was Doctor Ben; short and thin, with red hair, red beard, and red spots on his face which some would call freckles. He was stoop-shouldered and hollow-cheated,



"No preacher-man ain't agoin' t' preach in dis 'ere town."

and had a cast of countenance so comical that you could think of him only as a king's jester.

The blacksmith was so angry that he fairly bit his words.  
"See 'ere, doc," he cried, and his forearm sawed the air, "we ha' spliced our young uns, an' buried our dead in dese 'ere cross-roads fo' nigh on to thirty years without interlopin' o' no pa'son-man; an' we ain't agoin' t' pay no fees now fo' w'at de good Gawd grants free."

"Oh, I dunno as to that," said the little doctor. "I hearn our pa'son 'low that he intended holdin' a prey'r-meetin' here to-night."

"Dang yo' pa'son!" replied the other,

and he bared his arm, on which the muscles stood out like cords of steel. The bellows heaved; the fire leaped up; the iron became a cherry red; then white scales formed upon it; the anvil rang, and a shower of sparks fell about the place.

The little doctor chuckled knowingly. It was a way he had whenever highly amused, which must have been most of the time, for his thoughts were a perennial fountain of fun, bubbling up within him.

It is not to be concealed that Doctor Ben—a recent convert, by the way,



The spectators gathered around.

and one whose motives were not always easy to fathom—had been at the paragonage that very morning.

He found his friend expatiating on the glory of such as were called upon to contend with the heathen in foreign parts, thereby securing for themselves the crown of martyrdom; while he bitterly lamented the fact that his own ministry lay in a civilized land, where nothing ever happened, and the only distinction possible was that of patience and long suffering.  
"Oh, I dunno as to that," remarked the little doctor smiling blandly. "Now there is Rowden cross-roads, for instance, which, while not exactly pagan, is about as tough a place as one would wish to run against. They ain't had a pa'son there inside of thirty years; not since the last one was stoned out of the settlement. 'T' ought to be a purty good field fo' the sowing of the Gospel, seem' 's how the land has lain fallow so long."

"Enough!" cried the parson, smiling, "I shall preach there this very night."

The doctor stopped again at the paragonage on his way home, after his visit to the blacksmith soap. He found the preacher, like another Paul, working in his garden, that he might not be a burden to his charge. He leaned on his hoe and mopped his perspiring face with a colored cotton handkerchief as the doctor came up.

"Hello, pa'son! still bent on preachin' at Rowden to-night?"

"If the Lord spare me, brother, I shall most assuredly try to do His work in that part of His vineyard."

"Wa'al, it looks as if you might find opposition."

"We have to expect to wrestle with Satan sometimes, brother."

"Yes, but it looks as if Satan d' be powerful strong in this instance."

"How so? Was it himself you saw in the flesh?"

"It was himself that I saw in the flesh of Bill Jenkins, the blacksmith at Rowden. He's a heap sight heavier man 'n you be, pa'son, an' he says that you'll have him to lick before you preach in Rowden to-night. So long, pa'son."

The little doctor chuckled. He knew his men and that they were game. "Goin' to be a little affair down to Rowden to-night; better be there about sundown," he shouted to more than one acquaintance as he drove past.

True to his word, Parson Jones rode into Rowden about dusk and hitched his horse at the rack near the smithy, which at that hour resembled a fiery pit. The interior was lit up by the sullen glow of the forge as with an evil eye, and without was the gathering gloom.

The preacher was long and lank, and in his clerical clothes was a sight to see. They hung about him as loosely as the limp rags flap about a scarecrow in the fields.

The blacksmith came out muttering inaudibly.

"Are you he who would dare inter-

fere with the preaching of the Word of God in this place?" asked the parson, as he calmly removed his coat.

"No preacher-man ain't agoin' t' preach in dis 'ere town," sputtered the blacksmith, drawing off his leathern apron and wiping his hands upon it. "No, s'iree, not ef I—"

The preacher's hand descended upon his mouth, cutting short the sentence.

Then ensued a lively scuffle, during which the spectators hastily gathered around the two combatants. The blacksmith directed a well-aimed blow with all his force; but the wiry parson simply turned sideways, and it went past him like a blade, which unexpected ruse sent his heavy antagonist sprawling face foremost, in the dust. He soon had him covered and was pounding vigorously.

"I am going to preach in this town to-night."

"Not ef I—"

Again the blows hailed thick and fast.

"Let up, there! Enough! Stop, stop!"

"I am going to preach and want you to attend in the front pew and to lead in all the responses."

"I will, I will! Oh! Oh! Stop!" pleaded the blacksmith.

Somebody handed the minister his coat, and he brushed the dust from his trousers as well as possible. And straight from the field of battle all marched to the little town meeting house, where we find them at the opening of this story.

## THE FIELD OF JOURNALISM.

Puck Treats Grave Subject With an Attempt at Humor.

A tiny typographical error often causes more comment than a column editorial.

Never judge a person by the clothes he wears. The frail, wan man with dilapidated trousers and debilitated shoes may be a great financier or the editor of your local paper.

After reading of a certain man who was buried alive for a week on a wager, and of another who eats poison in a time museum for a modest stipend, we faintly confess that we might be doing worse than running a newspaper in this town.

In a certain aquarium is a large turtle which has not eaten for more than a year, and does not seem to have suffered the slightest inconvenience from its prolonged fast. What a phenomenal success a turtle would be in the newspaper business in this region!

Once upon a time an editor found a fifty-dollar bill, gave it to its owner and seemed greatly surprised when a reward was offered him. His eccentric action was generally thought to have been prompted by the sterling honesty which we so frequently see mentioned in stories, but it may have been that he did not know what it was he found.

When Benjamin Franklin was about to establish the Pennsylvania Gazette, in 1728, his friends warned him that he might be overloading the field, as there were already three newspapers in the country. But, despite the fact that there are to-day nearly 3,000 dailies and about 20,000 publications of all sorts in the United States, there are still innumerable promising openings for talented young optimists with money to lose.—Puck.

## Serious Quarrel Over Water.

Recently a member of the legislative assembly of South Australia said in a speech: "I am ready to take up my rifle, and it may be necessary to send a South Australian army into Victoria and New South Wales to destroy their irrigation works." This direful threat is due to the tapping of the waters of the Murray—the Australian Mississippi—by Victoria and New South Wales, the two states between which it forms the boundary line for the greater part of its course. The result is that when the one big river of the commonwealth enters South Australia for the final stage of its career it is not the noble and generous stream that it was before being robbed for irrigation purposes by the other two states. And the South Australians, being prevented by insurmountable natural conditions from getting the first pull at the river themselves, are angry and indignant.

## A Quartet.

He—My dear Miss Smith—or may I call you Kitty?  
Moon—(This promises, I fear, to be quite tame.)  
She—You oughtn't, but you make it sound so pretty!  
Cupid—(They're starting in as usual. Same old game.)  
He—The moonlight paints with gold your fairy tresses.  
Moon—(Now wouldn't that just make you faint away?)  
She—Only a poet thus his thought expresses!  
Cupid—(What idiotic things some people say!)  
He—Dear, if I loved you, would you care to know it?  
Moon—(Now that, I must admit, is rather good.)  
She—O, if I cared—I'd be too shy to show it.  
Cupid—(They're doing better than I thought they would!)

He—Ah—if I dared—but you're so far above me—  
Moon—(Ahem!) I think I'll hide behind this tree.)  
She—Love levels all ranks—  
He—Do you, can you, love me?  
Cupid—(Well, now they have no further use for me!)

## Hen's Strange Ride.

From Tivenshall, Norfolk, England, Mr. C. L. Linn, a farmer, drove the other day to Pulham Oak, a distance of several miles. On arrival there he put the cart in a shed and transacted his business. Nearing home he was astonished to find one of his own hens perched on the axle of the cart. The fowl had ridden the whole journey in this curious position. She was not disturbed and occupied her chosen perch till next morning.

# The Gift of Gab

The corporation lawyer and the conspicuous financier were waiting for the board of directors to assemble. From the Broadway pavement far below the office window floated fragments of the monologue of a toy "fakir."

The lawyer said to his friend: "That reminds me of the days in my teens, when I got a job driving the wagon of a medicine fakir in a circuit of the small towns of Ohio. The 'doctor' had a wonderful harangue, and I listened to it several times a day for three months, until it became riveted in my memory to this day. His finest effort went like this:

"In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, an English nobleman and member of parliament, Sir Richard Seymour Plantagenet, was traveling in India, during his lordly eye over the vast domains of his sovereign queen. While hunting the mighty three-tusked elephant of the Ramapootra river, in company with the Rajah of Calcutta, he was bitten by a cobra de capello, the deadliest serpent known to man, ladies and gentlemen, whose bite is fatal in the space of one-half hour by the clock.

"Sir Richard wrote his will on the leaf of the papyrus plant and said farewell to his weeping friends, when a native staggered up, torn and bleeding from the thorns of the jungle, bringing a bundle of leaves of the ori-bori plant, whose secret had been confided to him by the Grand Lama of Thibet.

"He bound the leaves on the wounded ankle of Sir Richard, ladies

and gents, and in one hour the nobleman was again in full pursuit of the savage, three-tusked elephant of the Ganges. The secret of the ori-bori plant was brought to England in this way, and eminent physicians found that its wonderful healing powers were able to kill any poison whatsoever in the blood.

"If you have coughs, colds, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia or boils, the marvelous Ori-Bori Tonic will attack the seats of disease without mercy. It is the cheapest and most wonderful medicine known to man. A teaspoonful in a pint of boiling water and a wineglass after every meal. Ah, what is this? Here is this bright-eyed young man, who says he was so lame three weeks ago that he could not work, the sole support of his aged mother. He happened to buy one bottle of the Ori-Bori Tonic and comes to buy another bottle for his mother, who is in bed with pleurisy. He is the picture of health and it touches my heart to see such filial devotion. Thanks, young man, only 50 cents, the half of one dollar. Here is your change. Remember this is your last chance to buy health and happiness for yourself and family."

"When the crowd was wrung dry," said the corporation lawyer, as two directors entered the room, "the doctor used to turn to me and soften his trumpet tones to remark: 'Well, William, we must get back to the tent and mix some syrup and water for an early start to-morrow. And we're pretty near out of coloring extract. And don't you forget to remind me to order another gross of bottles.'"—New York Times

## The Man That Laughs

I love the ringing music of a cheery, hearty laugh.  
For it routs the imps of worry as the breezes scatter chaff,  
And there's not a scene of gladness known to mortals here below  
But is made a little gladder by a merry ho! ho! ho!  
For Merriment's a singer, and laughter is his song,  
And where the singer singeth the happy angels throng,  
For in all celestial anthems nothing sweeter is, I trow,  
Than the melody that lures us in a ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

You are feeling rather weary—'tis an oft-recorded tale—  
And you fancy trouble's demons all are camping on your trail,  
Till you meet the man of laughter with his cherry ho! ho! ho!  
And, some way, as you listen, all the haunting demons go;  
Then you vow that this old planet is a place of joy and cheer,  
And there's pleasure in reflecting that you now are living here  
And you wouldn't for a fortune lose your grip on things below—  
All because you hear the music of a ringing ho! ho! ho!

Two angels walk upon the earth, walk

daily to and fro,  
The one is clad in robes of white, the other in garb of woe.  
The voice of one is laughter; the other's is a sigh,  
Joy is the one, the other Woe; for souls of men they vie;  
And the one comes running, running, summoned by the witching spell  
Of the ripping notes of laughter that the spirit's rapture tell;  
While the other straight is driven from the souls it haunts below  
By the ringing and the singing of a ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

We all do love the music of a cherry, hearty laugh—  
To spirits bowed with trouble 'tis a heaven-given staff—  
But our burdens seem so heavy as we pass them in review  
That we often let another do the laughing we should do;  
At any rate, it's so with me, for I'm of brittle clay,  
And happy it is with you, although I do not say:  
And so, perchance, you'll join with me, this one bouquet to throw,  
To the man who brings us blessing with the ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
—A. J. Waterhouse in New York Times.

## The Old-Time Ball Club.

I like to see a game of ball; I think it's loads of fun  
To see the players at the bat and watch 'em strike and run  
And slide and yell and all of that, and yet, it seems to me  
The game ain't half so full of life as what it used to be.

I wish you could have seen the club in which I used to play;  
Of course, it wasn't like the clubs you run and play to-day,  
For that—now let me think—was nearly forty years ago,  
And ball clubs then weren't like the ones they have to-day, you know.

Our club comprised the leaders of our little country town;  
We knocked out every club there was for twenty miles aroun'  
We had no fancy uniforms, but, mind you, we could play;  
We made ten times as many runs as what they make to-day!

Cy Jones, the blacksmith, pitched for us, and in them days, you know,  
You had to please the batter—he could have it high or low,  
And Deacon Perry used to catch, except his camp meetin' time,  
(When he was off exhortin', and we used his big son Lyne.)

Old Squire Smith played at first, and when his game was played in place  
So he could see the ball he always fortified that base.

Judge Simkins played at second, while I proudly guarded third,  
And young Doc Squills was shortstop and as lively as a bird.

The right was held by Elder Tubbs, the left by Lawyer Green;  
Cap' Siders with a wooden leg filled in the gap between,  
And they were just the men, you bet, designed to do the biz,  
Unless 'twas Green, whose leg was stiff because of rheumatiz.

He was our safest player, for he never tried to pounce  
Upon a fly and show himself; he'd take it on the bounce,  
But when we got a new-style ball he quit. 'I'll just be darned,"  
Said he, "if I will catch a ball that ain't made out of yarn!"

Them days the umpire had to do the bizness on the square,  
Or else we'd throw him out and get another then and there,  
And sometimes when the other side would kick too hard and loud  
We'd have to compromise the thing and leave it to the crowd.

Our wives and sweethearts used to come and watch us play the game,  
And though we'd win or lose they'd always cheer us just the same,  
"Would do my old heart lots of good to be back there once more  
And play a game with jest the same old club we had before."  
—Boston Herald.

## Some Facts About Babies.

A baby serves a manifold purpose in the world. He makes men and women more unselfish and furnishes the amount of trouble necessary to keep them comfortably busy. He sanctifies home and gives the doctor an excuse to look wise. A well-ordered well-born baby with a red face and a bald head is a delight, particularly when he belongs to a friend, and doesn't spend nights in your neighborhood.

Every baby is the prettiest baby in the world, and it can be proven by his mother. A baby that won't eat carpet tacks, brass-headed nails and young kittens is a mistake. Babies are bosses and boddlers. They control the first ward, along with the twelfth, rule outrageously over the counties and take everything that comes their way without asking any questions. All babies are supposed, quite properly, to come from heaven, but what the angels, cherubim, seraphim and the rest of the celestial

population do for sleep has never been inquired into. Boy babies are sweetest at 4 and girl babies at 24.

A baby is a joy forever until he begins to fall out of the second-story window, turn over the water pitcher, hammer the china to pieces with his fork and investigate the medicine bottles on the shelf. Every baby is eternally trying to find out more than he has any business knowing, and the habit of asking questions lasts through life. The touch of a baby's hand opens up heaven to a woman and makes a man willing to wear patches the rest of his natural life. It has been said that every woman is entitled to at least one child. So is every man, but nobody has ever mentioned the fact.

Borrowing babies is much sadder than it is funny. Some day the government will go into the business and keep babies to rent out—as a matter of morals alone. Every old bachelor's quarters will contain a nursery and clubs will be a thing of the past. —Paris (Mo.) Mercury.

## WORN OUT WOMEN.

Will Find Encouragement in Mrs. Merritt's Advice.

Mrs. W. L. Merritt, 207 S. First Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "Last winter I began to suffer with my kidneys. I had pains in my back and hips and felt all worn out. Dizzy, spells bothered me and the kidney secretions were irregular. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills brought decided relief. I am sure they would do the same for any other woman suffering as I did."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Japan and America.

The worse than silly twaddle which is still being printed in certain of the American newspapers concerning the relations of Japan and the United States is none the less iniquitous and mischievous because its character is so transparent. No sane and well-informed person believes for an instant that there is, in the normal development of the affairs of the two nations the slightest intention on the part of either government of provoking hostilities, or that conditions arising in the near future where there could be danger of a war.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## CUTICURA CURED FOUR.

Southern Woman Suffered With Itching, Burning Rash—Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles—Calls Cuticura Her Old Stand-by.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of tetter or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrist. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I went back to my old stand-by, that had never failed me—one set of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby, whose head was a cake of scurf, and another baby who was in the same fix. Mrs. Lillie Wheeler, 770 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, '07."

## Britain's Smallest House.

The quaint old town of Conway, North Wales, boasts possession of the smallest house in Great Britain. This quaint house consists of only two rooms, one above the other, each of which is just two yards square. The place is more than 300 years old and is in every respect a curious dwelling place. The upstairs, which is reached by mounting a tiny ladder, has in it a four-foot bed and a washstand, so that there is none too much room for the occupant to move about. Names of visitors ornament the walls. The present caretaker states that one tenant actually brought up a family of 10 in this miniature house, though no explanation is forthcoming as to how the feat was performed. The present occupant, who has inhabited the cottage for seven years, pays a rent of seven and sixpence a week, and is very proud of the fact that she lives in the finest house in Great Britain. —Wide World Magazine.

## Gorillas Terrorize Negroes.

Alfred Yorke, a young explorer, who has returned to London from the French Congo, brought back with him three immense gorillas. He states that a section of the territory between the French Congo and the German Cameroons is filled with these big beasts.

The natives had been driven away by the ferocious animals, which had even succeeded in getting rid of all the monkeys. These animals are generally armed with heavy clubs, and woe to the caravan that is attacked by them. Mr. Yorke describes one such incident that happened to the caravan with which he was traveling, and says that he and his companions owe their lives to the large amount of ammunition they carried, with which they succeeded in routing the gorillas.

Fence Wire Carries Messages. Telephone communication has been established between a number of Australian farms by means of wire fences. It has been found easy to converse with a station eight miles distant by means of instruments connected on the wire fences.

## CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive On Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry, and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My little baby was given up by three doctors, who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on, and is also a delicious, healthful food for grown-ups, as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.