

TO HER—UNspoken.

Go to him, ah, go to him, and lift your eyes aglow to him;
Fear not royally to give whatever he may claim;
All your spirit's treasure scruple not to show to him.
He is noble; meet him with a pride too high for shame.

Say to him, ah, say to him, that soul and body sway to him;
Cast away the cowardice that counsels you to flight.
Lest you turn at last to find that you have lost the way to him,
Lest you stretch your arms in vain across a starless night.

Be to him, ah, be to him, the key that sets joy free to him;
Teach him all the tenderness that only love can know,
And if ever there should come a memory of me to him,
Bid him judge me gently for the sake of long ago.
—Amelia Josephine Burr, in Century Magazine.

IN THE OPEN.

How George Verner Found Health and a Wife
in Southern California.

W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The girl lightly swung herself down from her pony and ran forward. The man was lying close to the trail, his white face turned upward, his arms stretched out. As the girl knelt beside him a strand of her black hair fell from beneath her soft, gray hat and touched his face. He twitched his eyes open.

For a moment he was bewildered. Then he slowly smiled.

"Howdy, lady?" he hoarsely said. The girl drew back.

"Ain't you got any sense?" she brusquely asked.

"Very little," he lazily answered.

"What's the new proof?"

"Lyn' out here in th' sun," she said. "Come, lift yourself. Here, hook onto this." And she gave him her hand.

He was weak and limp, and for a moment he tottered, but she held to him firmly.

"Wobbly," he said, with a quick smile.

"Get your bearings," she commanded. "Straighten up. My, but you're a rag!"

"A mere frazzle," he smilingly added. "The next puff of wind may be expected to flutter me along and hang me on the nearest bush."

"Cut out th' poetry," said the girl, "and brace up. Can you walk now?"

He tested his feet carefully.

"They seem to be dependable," he replied. "Whither away, fair lady?"

"Drop it," said the girl sharply.

"No foolishness. I'm neither fair nor a lady." She pulled up the straying strand of her hair as she spoke and tucked it under her hat.

His smiling eyes followed her movements.

"I'm a sick man," he said; "an abject example of masculine helplessness. Sick men must be permitted to babble. Even at the risk of incurring your displeasure I shall allude to you as a Diana of the plains."

"Plain enough, heaven knows," said the girl. "But there, th' sun has got into your think box. You'll be seein' things an' screechin' next. Come."

He leaned on her heavily as they moved toward the pony. And the effort caused him to cough feebly.

"I don't know what's come over me," he faintly said. "I seemed pretty fit this morning."

"It's th' sleepin' in th' sun at noon-day. I tell you," said the girl sharply. "Nobody but a tenderfoot would do a fool thing like that. Kin you hold on to th' pony?"

"I think so," he replied. "I've held on to bigger ones. But where are you taking me, Diana?"

"My name is plain Anna," said the girl brusquely. "I'm takin' you down to our ranch. Th' cabin is beyond th' clump o' trees yonder on th' creek. I live there with Uncle Jim. Let me help you."

She got him balanced on the saddle and led the pony down the trail and across the lowlands to the creek. Presently they came in sight of the cabin, a half bungalow affair, with wide porches, and flowers and climbing vines all about it, and with the creek—quite a wide and noisy stream—splashing along 100 feet away.

The girl helped the stranger down and led him to the porch and put him in a big, clumsy rocker with many cushions, and ran and fetched him a drink. He sipped the contents of the glass slowly.

"I thought I was going to faint," he said presently. "That was the reason I didn't have more to say to you. I'm usually pretty gabby. It's fine here."

He looked around with an approving smile.

The girl whistled to the pony and the latter trotted around the bushes and disappeared behind the house. Then she took a seat on the single step of the porch.

"You from th' East?" she asked.

"Boston."

"Doctor sent you out here, of course?"

"Yes. He gave me up, all right. Said Southern California was my only hope. I came out more to oblige him than anything else."

"Come alone?"

"Yes."

"No folks?"

"Mother. She's abroad."

"Where are you stoppin'?"

"Los Angeles. I'm in a sanitarium there. Don't like it. It's lonesome. Been there a week. Don't sleep well. Made up my mind to run away this morning. Boarded a train. Got off at second station. Wandered up and down and fell asleep. Then you came."

He told this in a series of little gasps and the girl studied his face while she listened.

"She's a very capable girl," he said. "There ain't anymore so," declared the old man.

For a time the invalid seemed to improve a little. He was happy in his new way of living, for the benefit and pleasure of life in the open strongly appealed to him.

But nothing pleased him better than to get out some favorite book and read it aloud to the girl. He had to read carefully to avoid hoarseness, but his voice grew stronger in time. Anna was a rapt listener, and what seemed very strange to him, she loved the authors he loved—and Robert Louis Stevenson more especially.

"He was a 'lunger,' too," George explained, "and always frail and delicate—yet full of hopefulness and helpfulness. But the darkness fell on him at last; fell on him at a time when he could have still done much for the world he loved so dearly. Why, what's the matter?"

For the girl had suddenly risen and gone away sobbing.

George Verner stared after her. "I must be more careful," he said. "But it was strange for her to take it that way."

So the girl and the invalid became very good friends. She was so willing, so gentle, so thoughtful.

"I don't see how I can ever pay you for all this care," he told her one day. "As long as you can read those stories to me," the girl responded, "I won't worry you for any balance on account. Trouble is they ain't going to last much longer."

George Verner laughed. He could laugh now without coughing.

"There are lots of other books," he answered. "I have but to wave my magic pen and lo! they will appear! Next week we will roll up our sleeves and tackle Dickens. You will like Dickens, gentle Anna."

She suddenly frowned.

"I don't like the name you just called me," she said. "I'm not gentle. I'm just Anna."

And she went away in the abrupt fashion with which he was beginning to be familiar.

George Verner had been living in the open for four months and he was none the worse for his experience. In fact he seemed a little improved.

Then one day he was much worse. The change couldn't be explained.

Jose was hurried to Los Angeles with directions to rush back with a doctor. The doctor came and looked at George and slowly shook his head.

"Speak up," whispered George. "But not too loud. I have faced this thing so long that it has lost the power to scare me."

"Then," said the doctor, "this looks like the last call. Of course we can't

Uncle Jim arose slowly, but the girl suddenly slipped to her knees beside the cot and put the wasted fingers to her lips, then drew away with a sudden sob.

This time it was a clergyman that Jose brought, and in the little tent he married the weeping girl to the sorely stricken stranger.

"Just a sick man's whim, reverend sir," George murmured with a brave smile, "and yet one of the worstiest acts he has ever done. Your hand and my thanks, good sir. And your hand, Uncle Jim. And now yours, Anna."

He looked up in her face with a bright smile and then the heavy eyelids drooped and he fell asleep—his hand held fast in the girl's.

He was sleeping quietly the next morning and did not awaken until afternoon.

"What!" he murmured. "Still here?"

And he lay there a long time with his eyes half closed.

"I believe I'm much better," he suddenly said.

And from that moment he began to mend.

The doctor, being duly sent for, was amazed, but did what he could to conceal the fact.

"Science doesn't recognize miracles," he said, after he had examined George very carefully, "but I'll admit this is a pretty close imitation of the old-fashioned brand. I'm ready to predict now that you are good for a bunch of years. You'll never be strong, but with reasonable care you should outlive many stronger men."

So George Verner continued to mend, but not a word said he of that strange marriage. But one day he showed Uncle Jim a carefully prepared paper.

"That's a settlement for Anna," he said. "It's half I've got."

The old man shook his head.

"She won't touch it," he said.

So the weeks passed away, and George slowly improved, and Anna was still the helpful Anna of old, but no word was uttered by either concerning that strange rite within the tent.

And then one bright afternoon a surprising thing happened. A lady came down the trail from the highway on the ridge, the sound of a motor preceding her coming.

She was quite a grand lady, and carried herself with a stately air.

George Verner looked up and recognized her and hurried forward.

"My son!" she cried and held him fast. "Why, you look almost yourself again, dear. Just think—I've come all the way across the continent to find you. I left your stepfather in New York—he's not at all well. Can you go back with me at once, George?"

George drew back.

"Wait, mother." He turned and looked toward the cabin. "Anna," he cried. Her voice answered him.

"Yes, George."

She came to him quickly, but stopped short at sight of the lady.

"My mother, Anna. Mother, my wife."

"Your wife?"

"Listen, mother. Wait, Anna. Mother, there was a time, not very long ago, when I believed my moments were numbered. And then the desire to do a good act influenced me to ask Anna here to marry me—to marry your son, mother, who was no better than a dead man. Anna had been good to me in a way that nothing could repay—and she could not resist my last request. So we were married and I fell asleep with her hand in mine, and when my feet splashed in the dark waters she drew me back—and held me to the shore and defied the black shadow—and that is why I am here to-day, mother."

He paused a moment. "Anna married me through a misapprehension, mother. I took what now seems an unwarranted advantage of her goodness. I am willing to make the best amends I can. But just now, mother, I cannot go with you without Anna's consent. If she wants me, if she will bid me stay, I will know that all is well for me."

He paused again. The mother looked from the girl to her son.

"This can be easily arranged, dear son," she said. "Come. I am your mother."

And then Anna looked up—her eyes blazing.

"And I am your wife," she cried and flung her loving arms about George and held him fast and would not let him go.

George looked at his mother with a sudden smile.

"Anna wins," he said.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No poetry was ever written in a dental parlor.

Some people would rather join the crowd than go to heaven.

All cats remind us of most women; they think they can sing.

No, Alonzo, beads of sweat are not classed as ornaments.

Fear of consequences keeps a lot of men in the straight and narrow path.

Gossip is due to the fact that the world contains more talkers than thinkers.

The sick man who is able to swear at his doctor isn't likely to give the undertaker a job right away.

Even if a woman does fall to enjoy an outing she always tries to make those who remained at home believe she did.

Of course, you know just what you would do in another man's place, but why don't you do the right thing in your own place?—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

ELECTION WIT AND HUMOR.

Candidate and Heckler in English Political Campaigns.

More often than not the heckler has the best of it and Ian Malcolm hits the nail on the head when he says apropos of the "voice in the crowd," "You are powerless in face of it; the lilt of your sentence is ruined. Your withering scorn is turned to laughter and after laughter no retort appears effective."

Even Bernal Osborne, the wit of the Victorian age, was nonplussed when after a glowing speech at Waterford upon patriotism and a soldier's duty there came a voice from the gallery: "Och, what's the world to a man if his wife's a widow?"

Another election story of the Emerald Isle which Mr. Malcolm tells is that concerning a leading member of the Irish bar who in an eloquent speech upon the woes and injustices of his native land sought to impress his audience still further by squeezing out a few tears which trickled over his expansive cheeks. But the sublime was turned to the ridiculous when the wit of the gallery shouted out: "Shure, boys, there's a fine field for hydraulics."

This was as disconcerting as the reply made to Sir Richard Temple, who returned posthaste from his duties in India to contest a seat. In the course of a speech he remarked that he "had traveled 8000 miles and surrendered £5000 for the privilege of representing this great constituency," and the audience were impressed until the remark in a loud voice came from the crowd: "Oh, what a fool!"

And the heckler silenced Lord George Hamilton on one occasion when the latter, describing the late Mr. Gladstone as "a political adventurer who always had his eye on the Treasury bench," was met with the shout: "Yes, and he'll have his body there soon if you don't watch it!"

During the last general election a speaker at one meeting was somewhat irritated by a member of the audience who continually repeated, "We won't have our food taxed; no taxes on food." But it was not long before he silenced the interrupter by the cutting remark, "Console yourself, my friend; Joe isn't going to tax thistles."

"The voice" at another meeting shouted out, "Talk to us in language we can understand," because a speaker had quoted some Latin phrases. Like a flash came the cry from the platform, "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" And the heckler vanished.

The son of a certain lord was addressing a meeting and was interrupted every few seconds by "the voice" saying, "I'm good as you; what's the difference 'twixt you'n me?" Suddenly the answer came, "One difference is that you drink and don't work, and I work but don't drink."

Lord Morley is one of the few political speakers who can silence a heckler with a smiling retort as effectively as the famous Campbell of Monzie, who, when he asked an Edinburgh burgess to vote for him and received the angry answer, "Vote for you! I'd sooner vote for Satan himself," sweetly replied, "Yes; but if your friend doesn't stand, may I depend upon your support?"—a remark that earned him a stanch adherent.

The fact that a blind man, Mr. Walter King, is standing as Liberal candidate for one of the divisions of Somersetshire recalls a story of Prof. Fawcett, who as a candidate for Brighton was asked by an elector how he, a blind man, was going to "catch the Speaker's eye" and vote in the right lobby. Mr. Fawcett scored effectively by replying that he would depend on the kindness of his friends. But, as to mistaking the lobby, he said he might occasionally vote wrong, "but at all events that would not be so bad as your present M. P., who is always in the wrong lobby, and he does it on purpose!" The answer was cheered to the echo.—From Tit-Bits.

The Landlady's Philosophy.

By CHARLES R. BARNES.

The more folks needs money the less scruples they carries around with them.

Seems as if there's wimmin in the world that's trouble garages. Men will run to some wimmin with worries faster than a cop gettin' away from trouble.

Wouldn't you be nice and friendly with the butcher if he'd send good meat three times in succession?

It takes a nerve for a street sweeper to stop an automobile to ask what time it is.

Politics and Wall Street is real chummy.

Why do they rub it in on the lawyers for bein' crooks when there's so many doctors workin' both sides of the street?

Noo York is full of crooked doctors. There's all grades of 'em, from the man that takes a case of rheumatism and keeps it goin' for ten years, at so much a visit, to the feller that will kill anybody with slow poison for a thousand dollars.—Popular Magazine.

And That's Going Some!

A teacher in a New England grammar school found the subjoined facts in a composition on Longfellow, the poet, written by a fifteen-year-old girl:

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phoebe and Alice Carey."—Everybody's.

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Contraction in Names.

A time-saving generation may be thankful that the changes in place-names tend to simplification. How much easier to write, say, Wyrabury than Wyrardisbury, Fraiton than Froddington, Fulham than the Fullen-hame of the Saxon Chronicle. An odd state of things exists in London's northern suburb, where the older spelling and the present-day form are found side by side. How many of the working class population of Harringay, on the Great Northern line, are aware that the name is but a variant of Hornsey, which anciently figured as Haringhee, Haringe and in a few other like spellings.—London Chronicle.

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Big Game Plenty.

Pennsylvania is a large state, with plenty of mountain territory, and it is declared by the state game commission that the number of bears killed there in recent years has surpassed that of the deer. During last season between six hundred and seven hundred bears were killed.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Accidents Reduced on Cars.

Since introducing the "pay within" cars in Philadelphia the number of accidents to persons has decreased 74 per cent. This is attributed to the arrangement of the closed doors and steps, making it impossible for passengers to get on or off when the cars are moving.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Young Men of Today.

The young men of 1910 are apparently better developed physically than were the youngsters of 1864. That fact is brought out by a table comparing the Yale seniors of 1910 with Yale and Harvard seniors who were examined in 1864. The averages show that the young college man of today is just a little bit taller, is considerably heavier and has better muscular development than did the college man of the Civil War period. The change is naturally attributed to the present love of outdoor sports and exercises. It appears that 88 per cent of the present senior class at Yale are taking regularly some form of systematic exercises, either by playing healthful games or by training in the gymnasium. These figures and statements are all in relation to college students, but could similar comparisons be made it would probably be found that the boys of today are in better physical condition than were the boys of half a century ago.—Portland Press.

Size of Antarctica.

It is a somewhat curious fact, if it is a fact, that the last of the terrestrial continents to be explored is the largest mass of raised land in the world. The concentration of attention upon the South Pole since Commander Peary landed the other end of our axis makes it highly probable that the antarctic antipode will soon be dangling from some explorer's belt. Incidentally, the south polar continent will be opened, if not to the settler, at least to the mapmaker. We already know something of its fringes at a few points, and Lieut. Shackleton pushed into it south of Mount Erebus and Terror for several hundred miles, but the greater portion of its surface is still terra incognita.—Collier's Weekly.

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