

REVIEW.

Dimly the spent days arrange themselves in rows; Backward we look upon the serried files; And what strong heart would fain recall the blows, Fate-struck—the weariness, the tears, the smiles?

We did not live as we had planned to do; We did not walk the path our eyes desired; What deemed we sweet turned out but bitter rue; Our firstling joys came fair, but quickly died.

Still the mosaic life so deftly wrought Within the halls of memory is hung; As wonderful as if the things we sought Had all been found, and all our songs been sung. —Richard Wightman, in Hampton's Magazine.

Lonely Miss Barbara.

BY MRS. T. GODFREY.

From envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness.

The rector's rich, full voice floated down the hushed church, rousing echoes in Miss Barbara Lynn's shriveled heart. She dropped her head in her hands with a little sigh, and joined her tremulous treble to the response:

"Good Lord, deliver us!" Then she covered down with a shiver, peeping at the girl in front of her between her fingers. How fresh, how young, how happy she seemed as she knelt close by the young man, evidently her lover.

Miss Barbara's eyes moistened. Something in the girl's rosy face reminded her of days long dead. The swift movement of the small, brown hand as it slid confidently into the young man's, under the paw ledge, sent a quiver of exquisite pain into the old maid's breast. With a gasp she closed her eyes, and tried to concentrate her thoughts on the prayers. But instead they wandered back into the glade of youth, and, with the tantalizing image of those two before her, a feeling of rebellion against her fate surged over her, and she felt herself indeed a hypocrite, for the Lord had not yet delivered her from the throes of envy.

The sense of her shortcoming overwhelmed her with horror, and although force of habit made her chime in with the congregation, her mind was in a country lane, her heart throbbing with the remembrance of a tall youth, with sun-kissed curls and blue eyes like the blue of heaven.

For years she had not so let her mind dwell on such things, but had lived her quiet life feeling that she was "going softly," that nothing pained her much nor gave her excessive joy, imagining that her heart had died in the lane flecked with dancing shadows of leaves and the golden light of the setting sun, when her lover had kissed her good-by, long years ago.

And lo, the sight of a strange, handsome young couple had awakened the old aching pain, and reminded her of what might have been!

The rustle of the rising crowd swept through the building like the rush of a hurried sea. Mechanically she rose also, her sweet face flushed by the pink of emotion, her eyes shining dark through unshed tears, her snow-white hair ruffled by nervous hands.

She must be brave. Lovers still thronged the world, though she had had her day and was no longer young.

She opened her hymn book and held it upside down, for the girl's hair claimed her attention. It shone like burnished brass, and here and there a captured sunbeam dazzled the enchanted eye with elflike mischief.

Miss Barbara's hands trembled so violently as she looked, that she dropped the book into the seat before her. The girl turned quickly and handed it back, with such a smile of bewitching charm, and sparkling smiles, that Miss Barbara quailed. The blue dancing eyes pierced her to the soul, and sent her bewildered thoughts circling back to the forbidden past.

When the voice of the people soared up on high, Miss Barbara's remained silent. The thrill of the music added to her emotion, she closed her eyes, and imagined she was looking once more into those like the blue of heaven. Again she felt the loved arms around her and leaned against the brave young breast, while on her chaste lips she felt a kiss.

Then, suddenly, a cold wind swept over her, and the murmur of voices fell on her ears. With a shudder she raised her heavy eyelids and stared around in surprise, for she was out in the sun-baked churchyard, on the soft, green grass, and the blue-eyed girl was bending over her, anxiety in her pretty face.

"Do you feel better?" she asked. "Yes," stammered Miss Barbara, her cheeks unfurling the flag of confusion as her gaze fell on the young man, who was supporting her in his arms.

He helped her to her feet. "You fainted," he explained, "and we brought you out."

She smiled, wondering what they would say if she told them she had not fainted, that she had merely rested in the arms of her long-lost love and said good-bye once more.

"It is good of you," she murmured. "I felt queer, I remember. This is the first time I have ever done such a foolish thing. Thank you very much for your kindness. And now I will go home."

But in spite of her protestations they insisted on accompanying her up the long village street. And as she walked between them, a tiny, dainty figure, with her sweet, wildrose face, and silver hair, her heart regained its calm and she met the girl's blue eyes with a thrill of pleasure. Yes, the girl was beautiful and good. She

deserved all the happiness the world could give, all it had withheld from her.

At the little white cottage, covered with roses and ivy, where Miss Barbara lived with one faithful maid, the trio parted the best of friends.

"I will come and see you to-morrow," said the girl, laying her fresh lips on Barbara's soft cheek, "if I may."

"Yes, do. Come to tea, both of you," added Miss Barbara shyly, as she glanced back into the youth's dark face.

Then, for a moment, she stood watching them as they turned away, and the girl's voice floated back to her on the breeze, thrilling her with its music.

"Isn't she a pretty darling, Eric? Now if father's Miss Babs were like her how delighted I should be!"

The next afternoon when Miss Barbara sat in her little parlor, looking more than ever like a Dresden china figure, with her soft gray silk gown and snowy fichu, and softly piled silver hair, the girl came alone.

"Eric has gone fishing," she explained. And as she sipped the scented tea out of the precious egg-shell china and nibbled the home-made dainties, she chatted merrily to the little lady.

ROOSEVELTISMS FROM THE EX-PRESIDENT'S BERLIN SPEECH.

The play of new forces is as evident in the moral and spiritual world as in the world of the mind and body. Forces for good and forces for evil are everywhere evident, each acting with a hundred or a thousand fold the intensity with which it acted in former ages.

One of the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of the virtue virtues of the fighting edge. When men get too comfortable and lead too luxurious lives there is always danger lest the softness eat like an acid into their manliness of fiber.

We cannot afford to develop any one set of qualities, any one set of activities, at the cost of seeing others, equally necessary, atrophy.

There has never been a greater need of a high and fine religious spirit than at the present time.

It would be worse than folly on our part to ignore our need of intellectual leadership.

Unjust war is to be abhorred; but woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own in time of need against all who would harm it.

Finally, this world movement of civilization, this movement which is now felt throbbing in every corner of the globe, should bind the nations of the world together, while yet leaving unimpaired that love of country in the individual citizen which is essential to the world's well-being.

"We've taken the house on the hill—the one that looks down upon this—so we shall see a lot of you, I hope. We've been married three months, and have never settled down anywhere yet, but we like this quaint little place, and the people, and the country. After Oregon it's such a change!"

Miss Barbara's heart jumped at the name of Oregon, then she blushed.

"Do you know Oregon well, then, Mrs. —?"

She paused. "Dale—Margaret Dale," said the girl smiling.

"Yes, I've lived in Oregon all my life until the last year. Father—you'll see him soon, for he comes tomorrow—left Ohio as a young man. He says he left his heart behind, but for all that, he married, and I'm his only child."

The heavenly blue eyes thrilled Miss Barbara again. Her lips trembled slightly.

"It is rather amusing to hear of father's love affair," continued the young bride, with a chuckle. "He's searching for his first love now. Of course he's quite serious, but I can assure you we are not. Think of it, Miss Lynn; he wants to find the girl he loved twenty-five years ago. He does not realize that she is now probably a fearful old frump, with a long, thin face, flat feet, no waist and a wig."

"My dear, my dear," quavered Miss Barbara, a sharp pain at her heart, for twenty-five years back she also had loved her blue-eyed youth, and, although she had grown old, she did not think she was a frump.

She looked furtively across at her reflection in the mirror. She was old, yes, seen by the girl, but frumpish, never! How hard and unsympathetic was happy youth!

"You may laugh," continued Margaret, "for you are so pretty, so sweet yourself! But think of my dear father remaining faithful to such a scarecrow! Can we allow him to find her?"

"If your father married he did not always remain faithful," said Miss Barbara, demurely, her heart swelling with fellow feeling for the lonely frump. "And are you sure that she is so objectionable?"

Margaret laughed. "No, but we suppose it. A sour, disappointed old maid. Oh, don't you know the type?"

"In an old maid, also," said Miss Barbara, stiffly.

"You, my dear, are one of God's prettiest creatures. Now, if you were Miss Babs, well and good, but you aren't, worse luck."

Miss Barbara started. Then, in a low voice, she asked:

"Is that her name?"

"Barbara is her Christian name. I don't know her surname. Dad would never tell it to me. Miss Babs he calls her, but we say, 'Babs the Impossible,' for she is quite impossible, I am sure."

Miss Barbara smoothed out the folds of her dress with trembling fingers and averted eyes.

"Does he love her very much?" she quavered.

"He's mad to find her. Yes, he loved her and she loved him, but her father wouldn't allow them to be married, and she hadn't the strength to go against his will. In those days girls feared their fathers, strange to tell! So father said good-bye, and went away, intending to return later and ask for her again, but he heard that she was married, and—why, how pale you are! Do you feel ill?" she exclaimed, springing forward, solicitude upon her face.

"No, no!" whispered Miss Barbara. "Go on. This story interests me. I have heard of one so like it."

"Well, as a man mustn't remain faithful to another man's wife, father married also. My mother died two years ago, and father retired then. Soon after we came to Ohio, and he heard that his first love had never married. It was her wicked old father who had spread the lie. So now father is looking for her."

A long silence succeeded her words. Miss Barbara sat stiff and straight in her chair, one bright spot on either cheek. She dared not move, for the room seemed swimming around, and hundreds of eyes, the blue of heaven, looked at her from every corner.

Through a fog came Margaret's laughing voice: "And of course she'll be a frump—a sour old thing! Ah, if she could only be like you!"

Twilight descended upon the house, whiffs of newly mown hay came in

ribbons in her silver hair, a bunch of roses in her belt.

"Miss Babs!" repeated the old servant, tears streaming down her cheeks, "but for your white hair I'd say you're eighteen again. I'd—"

"And so I am, Marion, for he, Carol, is coming back to me," whispered Miss Barbara.

Marion threw up her hands and fled to her kitchen.

"Lord help her!" she sobbed. "She's daft! Thinks herself young again and talks of him, her faithless lover. May the Lord help poor women who eat their hearts away, and drown all men in the tears they make them shed!" she added vindictively, rocking herself to and fro in her great despair.

Meanwhile in the parlor, Miss Barbara drank her tea with longing glances at the steep, white road leading past the windows to the house up on the hill.

And Margaret's parting words rang in her straining ears: "You must dine with us to-morrow. I'll send father for you, and you'll be able to tell him about Miss Babs."

As she repeated the sentence to herself for about the thirtieth time, a quick step sounded on the path outside, and she rose palpitating.

The next instant a tall, weather-beaten man stood on the threshold, a man with short, crisp, silvery curls, and eyes like the blue of heaven.

And as these same eyes fell on the little trembling figure before him, a great joy sprang into them, and with a loud cry of "Babs! My little Babs at last!" he took the no longer lonely Miss Barbara to his heart.

Out in the Open.

Boys and men owe it to themselves to go to the fields and woods and there to get as close to nature as possible. Nature is the great mother, and the boy who plays in her yards is filled with good clean thoughts, and you can generally rely on him. He breathes in the exhilarating air of freedom and drinks from the streams that are unpolluted by civilization and takes home with him a supply of health and spirits that money can not purchase in a city.

This not only applies to the boy, but to the man. A tired brain is renovated and refreshed by a few hours in the open, and the man who communes with nature and becomes intimate with her has a friend who will never lead him astray. Take to the woods and fields whenever the opportunity presents itself, and if you have boys and girls take them with you. Teach them to shoot and to become familiar with firearms, boats, water and woods, birds and animals, and give them a chance to learn and love nature. If you cannot take them, let them go with some one in whom you have confidence. You will be surprised how quickly they will become proficient in woodcraft and how soon they will feel the charm of outdoor life. The open plants the seeds of independence and teaches the young to take care of themselves. Encourage them in this direction and then try yourselves just as often as you can.

It beats sitting around a club. An hour, a day, a week spent in pursuit of fish, feather or fur, never forgetting to visit nature all the while, will prove an inestimable blessing to the nerve-fagged man or woman. Let me impress upon you that the act of killing is only incidental. Never take advantage of game. Always give it, at least, an even chance, and stop before you have had enough. Remember that there are other days and others coming after you to enjoy the same pleasures. Obey the game laws, but if you have the proper conception of this form of sport and you are a true sportsman at heart, the last admonition is superfluous, as the laws always allow a reasonable length of time for its indulgence, and a liberal limit to the daily and season's bag.—The National Monthly.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Our doubts are traitors.—Shakespeare.

Many hands make light work.—German.

Who comes first grinds first.—German.

A clean fast is better than a dirty breakfast.—Irish.

A true friend is forever a friend.—George MacDonald.

A drop of fortune is worth a cask of wisdom.—Latin.

He who follows the crowd has many companions.—Dutch.

The bald-headed man is the original star-gazer.—Dallas News.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise.—Bible.

Great men are never sufficiently shown but in struggles.—Burke.

He whose goodness is part of himself is what is called a real man.—Mencius.

Truth may have a thousand tongues but only one face.—Florida Times-Union.

The problem of life is not to make life easier, but to make men stronger.—David Starr Jordan.

Somehow a girl never feels that she's really well dressed unless her shoes hurt her.—Puck.

A little cheerful chatter is better than medicine to the average sick man.—Florida Times-Union.

That which is past is gone and irrevocable. Wise men have enough to do with things present and to come.—Francis Bacon.



Father Goose. Lloyd-George is a Welchman, Lloyd-George is a chief; Lloyd-George wrote the peagee And caused it lots of grief. The dukes and lords were angry, But Lloyd-George didn't care; He biffed 'em with his budget And had some votes to spare. —The Commoner.

Break, Break, Break! "Your new maid uses broken English, doesn't she?" "Mostly broken china."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Growsome Jest. She—"They say her husband was driven to his grave." He—"Well, he couldn't very well walk."—Boston Transcript.

For Conservation. Housewife—"Are you willing to chop some wood for your dinner?" Plodding Pete—"Sorry, mum, but I am a Pinchot man."—Boston Transcript.

Her Instructions. Conductor—"Ticket, please!" Passenger—"Certainly, sir. Here is the key of my trunk, which is in the baggage car. In the pocket of my second best dress is my mileage book."—Harper's Bazar.

Non Sequiter. Innis—"Do I love her? Why, man, I can't sleep nights for thinking about her." Owens—"That's not proof positive. I get the same effect from my tailor's bills."—Boston Transcript.

Solitude. "During our stay in Egypt we visited the Pyramids. They are covered with hieroglyphics." "Lor! Wasn't you afraid of getting some on you?"—New York Telegram.



Her Flat. Mrs. Noobridge—"Yes, dear, I was married last month. I'd like you to call on me and see the pretty flat I have." Miss Jellus—"I've seen him, my dear."—The Sacred Heart Review.

A Lick and a Flick. Mr. Hubb—"The intelligence office manager told me that our new girl was once an actress." Mrs. Hubb—"I believe it. She dusts the furniture exactly as the soubrette does it on the stage."—Boston Transcript.

The Bargain Instinct. Lady (who has been shopping)—"When does the next train leave for Oshkosh?" Trainman—"Two-fifty, madam." Lady (absent-mindedly)—"Make it two forty-eight and I'll take it."—Chicago News.

Bound to Stand. "We expect to have every track in the country put out of business," said the reformer. "I suppose you will," answered the New York man, "except the hundred-mile course between Washington and Warrentown."—Washington Star.

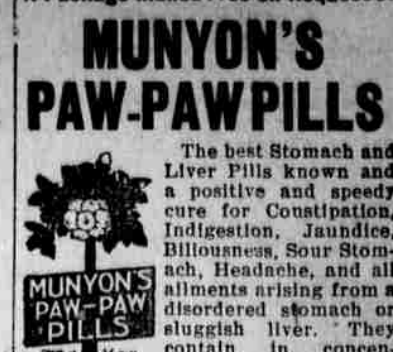
A Quicker Way. "I'd like to pay my respects to the king." "I can arrange for an audience in about three weeks," explained the American minister. "How long would it take you to get him on the telephone?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Had Yachts of Their Own. McCarthy was boasting of the prominence of his family in bygone ages. "But there were no McCarthys in Noah's Ark," said O'Brien. "No," said McCarthy, "our family was very exclusive in those days and had yachts of their own."—From Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

The Handwriting. "If you look about you," said the ominous acquaintance, "you will see the handwriting on the wall." "The handwriting on the wall doesn't worry me," replied Senator Sorghum, "so long as they don't get rummaging into my private memoranda."—Washington Star.

How It Happened. "How does it happen," said the young woman in the library, "that Lord Byron is the only poet you read?" "Well," replied Mr. Lobrow, "I once won a bunch of money on a horse by that name, and I thought it was up to me to get acquainted with my mascot."—Washington Star.

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A Scholar's Faith. When Goldwin Smith was elected an honorary professor at Cornell in 1868 he brought with him an excellent historical library, which he gave to the university. This indicates his faith in the United States, at a time when British opinion was far from friendly. But Prof. Smith had a longer vision.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

Chocolate, according to Balzac, is even more dangerous as a stimulant than tea or coffee. The decline of Spain from the proud position it once held he ascribed to the introduction of chocolate and its adoption by all classes.

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

There is no barren land in Manchuria. Almost every acre is cultivated. The yield of beans, the leading staple, is between ten million and eighteen million koku (koku—five bushels) a year.

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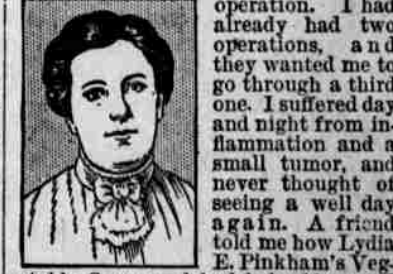
Postal Savings Banks. The establishment of a postal savings bank system was promised by the Republican platform, and the necessary bill will almost surely be passed at present session. It will have to be passed because it was promised in order to attract radical votes. The president, with his usual scrupulous regard for good faith, believes that if we got any votes by that promise they should be promptly paid for. There is no other reason for passing the bill, and the system is likely to be costly and unsatisfactory. It is wholly unnecessary in this country, where we have developed under private enterprise the most effective and extensive saving system in the world. However, we are in for it, and it is only a matter of settling the details.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Somewhat Opposed to Snowing. Henry M. Stanley once had an experience which shows how a hatred of tobacco is apt to swamp the finer feelings. In 1863, when staying at Brooklyn, N. Y., he noted in his diary: "Boarding with Judge X. Judge drunk. Tried to kill his wife with hatchet. Attempted three times. I held him down all night. Next morning, exhausted, lighted cigar in parlor. Wife came down and insulted and raved at me for smoking in her house."—Kansas City Star.

THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

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Chicago, Ill.—"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured."—Mrs. ALVENA SPERLING, 1468 Clybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill.



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For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?