There was never a night so dreary and dark That the stars were not somewhere shint Thare is never a doud so heavy and black That it has not a silvery lining.

There is never a waiting time, weary and long, That will not some time have an ending; The most beautiful part of the landscape is where The sunshine and shadows are blending.

Into every life some shadows will fail, But heaven sends the sunshine of love; Through the rifts in the clouds we may, if we will, See the beautiful blue above.

Then let us hope on though the way be long And the darkness be gathering inst; For the turn in the road is a little way on Where the home lights will greet us at last.

FRED DENNARD'S LESSON

By Helen Corwin Pierce.

"I said so, dear," meekly responded

"Used to be a great flirt, didn't he?

She rose as she said this, and saun-

tered out of the room, with a warning

ed by getting redder roses than ever

Fred looked out of the window and

whistled ostentatiously, but as soon as

"I haven't seen him since we were

married, Fred," Fay said, with a de-

gree of earnestness that made her

He was not quite in the humor to

remark just then upon the oddity of

her receiving parcels and sending mes-

sages to a man she had not seen for

three years, but he gnawed his mus-

tache over and thought till lunch time,

and by a certain lordly air toward

poor little Fay made her not only feel

The matter blew over for that time

though Fred did not forget it. The

like a culprit, but act like one.

ing the parcel, though he was

agony, so to speak, to know all about

"Fred," said Lue, a morning or two

after, "why didn't you tell me Mr.

might have made an impression, now

'Mr. Ramsay was not here last even

ing," exclaimed Fred, sharply. "You

know very well I was not at home my-

self. I walked with you as far as Du-

forge's and spent the evening down-

town. Of course Ramsay wasn't here

He remembered that his wife had

seemed rather earnest about staying

at home, though he had wished her to

accompany him to hear a favorite

"I don't know about that," Lue said

do

THE ONE MOVE THAT WINS.

This incident is told of Morphy, the renowned chess player: See-

ing a picture of a youth playing chess with Satan and doomed, to

chess men and with one move changed what was thought to be

all appearance, to inevitable defeat, Morphy procured board and

Does your problem look impossible? Does failure seem to your G

discouraged vision inevitable? There is One behind this game

of life that keepeth watch and ward above his own, and by a

single move on the board can bring to you glorious winnings. Shall we not confidently believe in both his skill and his willingness?—

STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P

time, and burst in upon his wife in a Mrs. Dennard. Mr. Fred was in a

effort.

stool.

with a mischievous glance at his

know that I saw him descend the

steps from our door last evening a

"You broke up early at Mrs. Du-

forge's," was Fred's only remark, but

He had not come home himself till

certain failure into positive triumph.

Mrs. D. L. Williams.

startling manner.

excitedly.

"Because

then he went upstairs, three steps at a

"Why didn't you tell me Mr. Ramsay

was not," Fas

"I was not well last even-

was here last evening?" he demanded,

said, boldly, but blushing like the

sensitive thing she was, partly at the

name, perhaps for the sake of old

times, and partly at Fred's strange ve-

ing. Don't you remember I told you

Ramsay called, I did not see him."

them for an instant.

swered the door.

Jim-you?"

muttering:

went to bed by eight o'clock? If Mr.

The clear, soft eyes, the truth-telling

voice, Fred Dennard did not doubt

"Lue was mistaken," he said to him

But on the way out an hour after

he asked the boy who generally an-

"Who let Mr. Ramsay in last night,

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; and

"So he was here, after all! I should

like deuced well to know what it all

On the way home in the afternoon

he overtook the carrier at his own

Fred shot past him into the street,

thoughtful countenance, "but I

or Fay would have spoken of it."

Einger

little after ten."

his face darkened:

that Fay is beyond his reach."

When did you see Ramsay?"

are raving about him since he came

back from South America."

in her dimpled cheeks.

turned to his wife.

husband frown again.

"What nonsense, Fred. I wouldn't ; givo two cents for a man who had no | Pay. sealousy in his make-up."

Miss Lue Dennard's rose-leaf tip Splendid-looking fellow. All the girls curled scornfully, and her tiny, slippered foot tapped the velvet carpet with energetic significance.

"Jealousy is not at all necessary to the perfect composition of man," re- glance at Fay, to which Fay respondsponded Pred, with an air of supreme unanswerableness.

"Then I shouldn't want him perfect," Miss Lue said, disdainfully. "I should have no confidence in the affection of | Lue was fairly out of the room he a man incapable of being jealous. It's not possible.

"Humph! I fancy you won't find many happier couples than Fay and 1, and I was never jealous of her, the darling, in my life, though I dare say she has been of me. I was rather a flirt in my day, you know," and Fred threw up his graceful head with an air of complacence that made his sister's lip curl again,

"I always thought Fay was too devoted by half. She never had eyes for any one but you. I imagine you would have liked her all the better if she had caused you a twinge or so under the left rib."

"I don't think she could," Fred said, more sensitive he was about Ned Rampositively. "I either believe in a wosay, the more unwilling he was to own man, or I don't believe in her. None to the same, and, rather to Fay's surof your half and half for me.' prise, he did not question her concern-

Lue laughed incredulously, and resumed her watch of the passersby through the plate-glass window. Suddenly her roguish dark eyes began to twinkle as she looked, and with a malicious glance at her brother, who was knitting his handsome brows over Review article, she tripped out of the room, and upstairs to her sisterh-law, a blond little creature, with a sensitive, daisy face, and timid, loving

"Oh, Fay, dear," cried Miss Lue, hypooritically digging at her eyes with a cobwebby handkerchief, and speaking in the most doleful of tones. "won't you do something for me? There's Ramsay's boy coming with a package, and you know how Fred Won't you go down hates Ramsay. and get the package for me, and don't let Fred know it's for me, not for the world.

Fay looked uncomfortable, but it wasn't in her line to say no, so she allowed herself to be started downstairs under the guidance of Lue's urging hand.

Ramsay's boy was just coming into the hall, and she hurried on to intercept him; but the servant, a fresh importation, before she could do so, had already shown him into the room where Fred was lounging over his Re-Yiew.

As Fay tripped over the threshold. looking miserably self-conscious. Fred chanced to lift his eyes and saw her. Poor Fay made a desperate snatch at the boy's package, saying in a frantio whisper, which it did not require a very long pair of ears to catch the import of:

"You can tell Mr. Ramsay you saw me, and it's all right."

And then, hurrying the parcel into her pocket, and the boy out into the hall, beyond Fred's possible questioning, she escaped to her chamber again and delivered her prize to Miss Lue, who, halfway down the stairs, had witnessed the whole performance through the swinging door, and only retreated in time to escape being

"Well, upon my word," exclaimed Fred Dennard, as this surprising tableau vanished from his view, and by war of venting his surprise he tore up-

stairs after Fay.
"Really, Fay." he began, as he en lered his wife's boudoir, and stopped

upon seeing his sister. "Don't mind me, Fred," Lue said, "I always suspected that you and Fay had your seasons of doing something besides coo a la turtle-

"Don't be a simpleton, Lue," Fred muttered, and threw himself into the ripdow-seat in a huff, furtively watching his wife therefrom, and wondering angrily at her still flushed cheeks.

"Didn't you know Ned Ramsay before you were married, Fay?" Lue asked, presently, in most innocent

fashion. She knew very well that if her broth-

r Fred had been jealous it had been of Ned Ramsay, who was half an inch taller than he (Fred prided himself on his height) and was generally considered a magnificent-looking man.

Fay murmured something in onse, and shook her head at Lue with with a distressed look that did not escape her husband.

"What nonsense, Fay," he interjected, fretfully, "of course you knew

him. There was one for his sister, and one for Mrs. Fred Dennard 41 rected in a bold, handsome chirography that Fred remembered on some old notes of Fay's, and the monogram on the lip of the envelope was "E. R." He went in and tossed the letters

door almost, and took his letters from

respectively into his wife's and sister's laps as they sat, one at some needlework and the other reading. Fay's daisy face became a carnation as she glanced at hera, but she did not offer to read it.

"Why don't you read your letter." Fred questioned, tartly, of his wife. "It's—it's nothing of—of importance

I guess, and I'm busy," stammered Fay, with the oddest incoherence, "Then I suppose you won't object to my reading it to you?" suggested her

husband, reaching for the letter. Fay caught it eagerly from his hand,

and hid it in her pocket. "I always like to read my letters first myself," she said, with a little embarassed laugh; and Fred, catching the glimmer of a most provoking smile in his sister's eyes, dropped the subject with an assumption of indiffer-

ence he was far from really feeling. The first moment he got his wife alone he said: "I was not aware you corresponded

with Mr. Ramsay, Fay." "I don't," Fay replied, bluntly,

"The letter I gave you this afternoon was from him."

The same distressed embarrass ment that had so often clouded his wife's lovely face came into it now as she, stammering as usual, said:

"I don't correspond with Mr. Ramsay, Fred; do believe me.'

"You don't correspond with him, but you get letters from him. Humph! that's a distinction without a difference, to my mind."

"I don't get letters from him, Fred, either. Indeed-"

"I don't care who you get letters from, so don't make a scene!" Fred exclaimed, in a momentary dread of sister's entrance, and getting a hint of tears in Fay's sweet, scared voice. "But you can't deny that letter which I gave you this afternoon was from Ramsay," he added, in a low tone, but with angry emphasis.

"No, but-you know, Fred I would not tell you a story for the world."

"I don't know anything of the sort. think this looks exceedingly like it. You say the letter I gave you was from Ramsay, and in the same breath you say it wasn't. Humph!"

Fay Dennard was a timid, sensitive little creature, but a prouder woman never looked into a man's eyes lovingly. She got up from her chair, white Ramsey was coming last evening? I and trembling.

"I can't explain the matter to you at present, at any rate," she said, in a cold voice, "so it will have to remain a mystery, I am sorry to say.'

And then she went out of the room as stately as a grander-looking woman might, and Fred sat and poked the fire, and kicked the fender, and doubtless would not have minded if the latter had been Ramsay.

Staring moodily from his office window, the following day, he saw Ned Ramsey's elegant turn-out come flying by, and amid the whirl and swiftness caught the glimpse of Fay's blue carriage cloak and floating snowy plumes. It was as much as he could do to be lieve his eyes.

"Out riding with him now!" he muttered; with a choking sensation in his "I suppose she'll deny that, throat.

Home at three. Fay had not come, and he would not ask where she was, eleven. He sat in a nettle of impa- though Lue sat smilingly waiting to be tience till Lue left the room, and questioned.

Four, five, six o'clock, and still no

Dinner was served at the usual time,

but the wretched husband could have

swallowed pebbles as easily as a mor-

sel of dinner. His sister ate with a

relish, and with her usual cheerfulness

chattered away, calling upon Fred for

responses to "Did you know," and "Do

you know," etc., till he felt like fling-

the plane, Fred pretending to read,

and getting paler and paler with every

"You look ill, Fred," Lue remarked

About eight o'clock the doorbell

The servant showed in Ned Ramsay.

Tall, black-haired, jetty-whiskered.

just the splendid looking fellow Lue

Dennard had called him, he came in,

his handsome face wreathed in smiles.

Fred's face turned to the hue of

shes. Involuntarily his hands clinch-

ed themselves, and, as Ramsay said a rather puzzled "good-evening." he

rang. Fred jumped as though some

sweetly, from her perch on the piano

"Well, I'm not," tartly.

one had shot him.

In the parlor after dinner, Lue at

ing a dessert plate at her head.

state bordering on distraction.

looked at him like a madman, about to spring.

Lue's voice in his ear, and her hand gently guided him from the parlor into the library, where excusing herself she left him and went back an instant

"I meant to have made you own up to being jealous in so many words," the saucy girl said, stopping before him, and crossing her hands behind her in the most tantalizing manner, "but you're too obstinate, though you will hardly be able to deny the fact to me now.'

Fred stared at her.

"No," he said, savagely, "I won't deny it. I should like to crush that fellow's handsome mug with my bootheel."

"Which laudable desire will have to remain unfulfilled for the present," laughed Lue. "Where do you suppose your wife is?"

"Deuced if I know or care. The last saw of her she was riding down Broadway with Ramsay."

"She was not doing anything of the kind. You saw me with Fay's hat and cloak on. Fay went to see Nurse Bagshaw early in the day. She's not expected to live, you know, from one day to another.'

"Lue, you're an angel!" Fred cried, in a rapture.

"You mean to say that Fay is, and so she is, to endure all she had to from you the past week."

"But Ramsay's been writing to her. "Not he. He wrote to me under cover of her name, just to bother that old maid aunt of his. She's always poking her nose into other people's business."

"And his call-" "Was for me. Naturally I saw him go down our steps that night, for he came home with me from Duforge's." "Lue, you are an angel! I wish

Ramsay joy of you." Lue laughed. "Never say jealous again, Fred, when I'm around. Hello! where are

you going?" "After Fay." "Oh, she's upstairs with a headache. Come in an hour and a half ago. I

told her you were very much engaged reading, and she said she wouldn't in terrupt you." "Hump! you're a baggage, Lue. I'll

pay you for this, if I live!" and Fred vanished to make his peace with Fay, which was not a difficult matter. Lov. ing, little daisy-faced women like Fay Dennard are not very implacable."-New York Weekly,

QUAINT AND CURIOUS

The water front of Brooklyn is 33 miles in length.

Rockway Beach is about 20 miles from Manhattan.

There are about 26,800 worms to an acre of cultivated land.

Lavender and rose perfumes are said to be fatal to microbes

It is estimated that the earth now has a population of 1.520.150.000

Peanut cake seems to be supplanting cottonseed cake as the preferred food for Swedish cattle.

Washington is fast becoming the city of beautiful homes of the country. Its growth is marvelous.

There are 99 breweries in New York. They annually have an output of beer valued at \$40,105,837.

The Carnegie Steel company pays about one-seventh of the entire taxes collected by the city of Youngstown,

In 75 years the American Bible soclety has distributed 54,233,712 copies of the Holy Scripture in all parts of the world.

More than 1000 killed and nearly 22,000 injured is the record of the American railroads for the closing quarter of 1909.

Bellevue hospital has an operating room that is considered among the best in the world, with a seating capacity for 1000 students.

The pickpockets are said to have made at least a half a million dollars out of the great crowd that attended the funeral of King Edward.

The building occupied by the assay office is the oldest in Wall street, having been erected in 1823 for the Branch Bank of the United States.

The Rev. Angus Bethune, vicar of Seaham, England, who has died at the age of 97, discharged his clerical duties to the last. He was 67 years s clergyman in the diocese of Dur-

"Affection for children is an Indian characteristic," says Dr. Charles S. Moody of Idaho. "I have never seen an Indian mother or father punish a child, nor have I ever seen an Indian child cry."

That tips are wages has been decided by the appeals court of England. The case came before it in a claim made under the workmen's compensation act, in behalf of a waiter who was accidentally killed in a dining

Seemingly New York is not such a night-hawking city as bus been inti-mated. The "day and night bank" started there some time ago, has decided to discontinue business after midnight, as it does not pay to keep open after that time.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Nerves are as often as not thinking you have them.

A splendid thing to reform would be reform movements.

If a man can't invent anything else he always can deviltry. Comfort makes a man a lot more

satisfied with himself than principles do. Having tact is being a caressing

hand touch instead of the militant hind leg of a mule. A girl can imagine romance that is

more real to her than steak and fried potatoes are to a man. The exasperating thing about money is even if you don't spend it your-

self somebody else will for you. A woman will always intrust her daughter's happiness to a man who

shows devotion to both of them. A girl can be interested in most anything a man wants to talk to her about till she is married to him.

No matter how much a girl loves a man she likes him to think how near she came to marrying a lot of other fellows.

The more a man's faith in a thing turns out not to have been misplaced the surer it is that it wasn't an in-

A woman's idea of an artistic photograph is when it shows her very young and 50 times as good looking as she is.

If a man had ten times as much to do as he has his biggest grievance would be that he hadn't enough time to be bad.

Just as soon as you begin to give anybody charity he begins to think you owe it to him right along and a lot more besides.

A woman always tells her friends how much more her new clothes cost than they did so as to strike a fair average with how much less she tells her husband they did.-From Reflections of a Bachelor in the New York Press

MATRIMONIAL BELT LINE.

Oddities of a Little Railroad on the Tennessee-Virginia Border.

Charles H. Warner, the sugar refiner of New York, and Colin H. Livingston of Washington are part owners of a street railway system watch in one respect has no rival. In fact Benjamin F. Dulaney, a coal operator who owns Black Mountain, Virginia which aside from its mineral possibilities has achieved fame by being selected by John Fox, Jr., as the scene of two of his novels, asserts that the railway is the most remarkable in the world.

Bristol, Tenn., is where the road is situated, and some people out there call it the Matrimonial Belt Line. For a mile and a quarter the track straddles the Virginia State line, so that a man may be riding in two States at once.

Parson Burroughs, a clergyman, owns a hotel and meets every car, and neighbors say that if two strangers of opposite sexes arrive together the parson promptly asks them if they wish to get married. Frequently they do, so the parson gets into the car with them and conducts them to his hotel, though not infrequently the ceremony takes place in the open, the bride standing in one State and the bridegroom in the other, while the officiating clergyman straddles the line Parson Burroughs admits having joined

more than 3,000 couples in wedlock. You can drink on the Virginia side of the line, but not in Tennessee, and it often happens that one side of a street car is parching with thirst, while the other is very wet indeed .-New York Sun.

When Wrecking Was Good.

Natives of the Scilly Isles, where the Minnehaha struck and sank recently, had in the old days a reputation for being inveterate "wreckers." The wrecking sometimes took on a strange form. This story is told of an islander who put a ship on the rocks in order that the slander might profit: "A Scillonian (native of the Scilly Isles) sailor was on board a West Indiaman, homeward bound, and the skipper got into a fog and lost his reckoning. Then he asked this man if he knew the Scilly Isles."

'Better nor any book,' says the sailor, 'Then,' says the skipper, 'take the wheel.' In an hour crash went the ship upon the rocks. 'D-- your eyes!' says the skipper; 'you said you knew the Scilly Isles!' 'So I do,' says the man; 'this is one of 'em.'

"The ship went to pieces and nearly all hands were lost; but the people of the islands had a fine time with the flotsam and jetsam for a good man's days afterward. The patriot is buried in the old churchyard."-Chicago News.

Bounty for Wild Pigeons.

The American Ornithologists' Union, New York City, offer \$3,000 in prizes for finding the nests of wild pigeons throughout the country. The finder of the first nest will receive \$1,100. Leaflets have been prepared giving nesting habits and descriptions and a large finely colored pic ture showing the male, female and young of these pigeons. These will be sent to any address, toegther with complete list of the rewards to date, and what to do to get them, for 6c in stamps to defray postage and clerical work.

An Easy Onc.

Her Father-"Blanche, why doesn't Mr. Linger go home earlier?"

Blanche—"I'm why, dad!—Puck.

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Liver Pills known and
a positive and speedy
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sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I un-hesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal or letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMOEO-PATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 534 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

What News Is.

A Toronto paper in endeavoring to describe what news is says: Some people never can understand what news is. Let us define it. what news is. Let us define it. A daily paper will never publish an ex-tra because of Maltese cat eats a cannary. But let the canary eat the cat, and see what will happen.

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Cysts, Styes, Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care, Try Murine Eye Salve, Aseptic Tubes, Trial Size, 25c. Ask Your Drugist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allayspain, cures wind colic, 25ca bottle.

Lord Chamberlain,

One of the first appointments made by King George V was that of Earl Carrington to be lord great chamberlain. In this office Earl Carrington will have charge of the arrangements relating to the coronation of the new king. There are some quaint privi-leges attached to this office. Among these are certain perquisites dating from the reign of Henry I. He will by virtue of his office, be entitled to have 50 yards of crimson velvet from

the crown for his coronation robes. On coronation day he will carry to King George his wearing apparel, and when his majesty leaves his bedroom this noble servitor will be entitled to take the bed, all the furniture, the king's nightgown and any clothes there may be, as his fee. He will serve the king with water before and after dinner on that day, and have the basin and towels as his perquisite. The velvet and the gilt basin have been given at the last three or four coronations, but the right to the bed-room furniture is compounded for about £2,000.—Indianapolis News,

A Negro on Negro Suffrage

I know any number of negroes in the South whose influence is so strong because of their character that their wish or word expressed to a local or state official will go almost as far as the word of any white man will go. There is a kind of influence that the man exerts who is prosperous, intelligent and possesses high character, a kind of influence that is intangible and hard to define, but which no law can deprive him of. I do not mean to suggest that the sort of personal influence I have described is in any way a substitute for the ballot, or can be expected to take its place ought to be clearly recognized that, in a republican form of government, if any group of people is left permanent-ly without the franchise it is placed at a serious disadvantage.—Booker T. Washington

Prussia's laws at one time inflicted penalties for smoking, not only in railway carriages, but in any public place. In 1840 the psohibition was so far relaxed as to allow cigar smoking in the streets, provided the lighted end of the cigar was protected by a kind of wire cage, which was supposed to obviate the risk of fire from flying sparks.

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