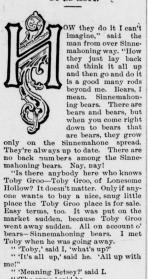
THE WOOING OF BETSEY.

BY ED MOTT.



Toby when he was going away. "Toby,' said I, 'what's up?" "Meaning Betsey?' said I. "The same,' said he. "Heation?' said I. "Education?' said I. "Education?' said I. "Education?' said I. "There's nothing better to have in a district,' said he, 'than editeration, row of the same in th

flares up and gives it to you is some-thing to remember. " 'U's a cortion to peppersass!' Jabez says. "Beeryhody knows this, and-is enre-ful not to get Betsy's red head between them and her if they want to keep on the right side of her. Betsey Briekton is popular, though. So popular that there ain't a young chap on the Sinne-mahone that wouldn't be happier than a bear in a bee tree if he could shine up to her and know that Betsey Biked it. Toby Groo, as far as money went, was the best each for a girl of all the young fellows on the Sinnemahone spread. Not badlooking, and not much over twenty-two. But he wasn't over-popular, because he was what Uncle Jabez cells 'a leetle night in his deal-in's,' and rather inclined to get the best end of a dicker, even if he had to stretch a point. For all that, old Billy Briekton, Betsey's father, got it into his head some time ago that Toby groo's money would be a good thing to have in the Briekton family, and so he did his best to help Toby get on the right side o' Betsey. Toby being not only willing but more than eager. He was erazy after Betse. "All the same Betsey didn't care for Toby not a little bit, nor for any-one else in particular. Toby kept pes-tering Betsey to marry him, and about it, until one day, a month or so ago, after Toby had asked her for about the nime hundredth time if she'd marry him, she sanped out: " 'Yesn' " 'When I' find a hear that can spall

'Yes!' 'When?' said 'Toby, tickled all but " When I find a bear that can spell " "When I find a bear that can spell

"When?" said Toby, tickled all but,
"When I find a bear that can spell,
"Then Detsey laughed and laughed but have said these strain?" is be over, lettese. And the strain?" is be over, lettese. And the year and there, and the strain?" is be over, lettese. And the year and there, and the strain?" is be over, lettese. And the year and ye

other amazing things. The spelling took Barnaby's eye more than anything else the pig did. "Pigs kin Farn to do that, k'n they? says Barnaby. Then I'll bet a farm that b'ars kin Farn to do it be a' durn quick, an' I'll Farn 'em?" "When Barnaby got back home he started right in to teach one of his young bears to spell as well as the learned pig could. One day as he was practising his bear on a lesson. Toby Groo happened to be going by Barna-by's clearing. Barnaby was feeling pretty sore against Toby on account of a little dicker in steers they'd had a few days before, in which Toby had got a good deal the best of Barnaby. "Win'n my b'ar his spellin' lesson,' said he. "Can you teach him anything you want to? said Toby. "Gould you teach that bear to spell Betsey Briekton?' said Barnaby. "Barnaby had heard all about the answer Betsey had given Toby, and knew at once what Toby's little game was. "Kin I harn that b'ar to spell Barnaby.

was. "Kin I larn that b'ar to spell Bet-sey Brielston? said Barnaby. 'I kin fer money.' "'Can you teach that bear to spell Betsey Brielston for ten dollars?" said Toby.

by. ''I ki n l'arn that b'ar to spell Betsey iekton fer twenty dollars, spot eash!' d Barrier twenty dollars, spot eash!'

Toby. " 'I kin I'arn that b'ar to spell Betsey Brickton fer twenty dollars, spot cash! said Barnaby. " 'In how long?' said Toby. " 'In two weeks,' said Barnaby. " Toby tried to get Barnaby to do it for fifteen dollars, but Barnaby to do ut for twenty, and Toby made a bar-gain with him. When the two weeks were up Toby went over to Barnaby's and was delighted to find that the bear could lay out the blocks that spelled Betsey's name, and could do it in short order without a skip or a break. " He daneed fer joy an' felt so rip-pin' good,' says Barnaby.' that I feel like lickkin' myself all around my clearin' an' then rollin' 'round in a bullpas full o' porcupines 'cause I din't tell him I'd hef ter hev five dollars more!' "Next day Toby drove to the Brick-ton place."



GIVIN' MY BEAR HIS SPELLIN'LESS

the cute things the animals and the snakes did, and Toby said: "'That was pretty hard lines you held me to about marrying, wasn't it, Batsar?"

"That was pretty hard lines you hold me to about marrying, wasn't it, Betaey?" "Think so? said Betsey, laughing. "I have a sort it didn't want to hurry our feelings by saying "No," plump out's said she. "I suppose you'll stick to what you said about marrying me?" said Toby. 'If you see a bear that will spell your mame you'll stick to what you said?" "Chrianly,' said Betsey. 'Why not?" "Then Toby nodded to Barnaby and Barnaby nodded to the bear. The bear jumped for a pile of blocks that lay on the ground, and the next second put a big letter B at Betsey's fect. "I guess Betsey must a begun to smell a rat, 'Barnaby says, 'fer when she see the letter B she sort of turned pale.' "The bear followei the B with an E and then dropped a T after the E, and thend the done it herself. Betsey could have done it herself. Betsey could have done it herself. Betsey could and shivery, and had to take hold of the fene to steady her-self. Toby stood by, grinning and gloating. Then the bear brought out another B. The second name was be-gun right, and it kept on right Betsey couldn't keep her cyse off the proceedings, although she saw tho bear senling her fate, letter by letter. B-R-LC-K-TO the bear hail down, and Betsey was so near fainting that she grabbed both hands on the fenee, and Barnaby jumped to eatch her if she fail.

Iarnaby jumped to catch her if she fell. ""Only one letter more? Toby said, 'and the strain'll be over, Betsey. And then you and I'll get married?" "The bear put down the last letter, It wasn't an N. It was a P. And there was spread out in a line of big black letters that anybody with haif an eye could read, 'BETSEY BRICK-TOP? Betsey's face quit being white in a second, and flashed as red, almost, as her hair was. She turned on Toby, and Barnaby says that he actually saw fire shoot out of her eyes. Nobedy knows what she would have done to Toby, because he didn't wait to have it done. He jumped the fence and into his wagon, and away he went. And that is why, as near as the facts can be got at, the Toby Groo place is for sale, terms easy. "They say, over on the Sinnemahone,

BASIS CF MARRIAGE.

BASIS CF MARRIAGE. Without Love There Can Be No Happiness in Times of Trial. The girl who wrote to me recently said: "Wouldn't a marriage based on friendship, on good comradeship, and on thorough respect be a happy one?" I don't know. It might be a placid one, it might be a respectable one, but a marriage without love cannot be the one for which you or I were intend-ed, writes Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal. Comradeship and re-spect and a thorough liking might be all that were necessary during the sum-ship days, but what would they amount to when the gloomy days came? Mrs. Skinner (the landhaly)—You ap-pear to be very interested in that bock, Mr. Forthflohr. One of those realistic novels, I suppose? Mr. Forthflohr-It is not realistic to me, for I can hardly think such things exist as I read of here. Mrs. Skinner—What is the title of the book? Mr. Forthflohr-"Mrs. Fuller's Cook Book."—Puel.

amount to when the gloomy days came? And do you think if a man were try-ing to solve some great question, were trying to drive from his soul the demon of unbelief, that he would turn to the good comrade for help? No; he would go to the woman who loved him, and whom he knew knelt down every night of her life and said a prayer for him.

whom he knew knelt down every night of her life and said a prayer for him. When people are suffering, mentally or physically, they do not tarn for help or sympathy to that one whose speech is brilliant and withy and whose berait is strong, but they reach out, like a lif-the child, to that one who loves them best, and whose heart is overflowing with sympathy and pity. Friendshift is a great blessing, but it cannot taka the place of love. And, if either a map or a woman marry, believing that a friendly feeling will be sufficient in their united lives, they surely in time will realize only too sadly the possi-bility of love coming to them, and the dread of a tragedy if he should be greeted with joy. Therefore 1 say tr you need as foundation for its helter their corner-stone of love and no other will answer. If in its place you put friendship, mental sympathy, or good cover when the wind of missry comes for its foundation stone will drift away, carried along into the sands of indifference, and you will stand alone, weeping for that one who is not, and having around you only friendship and this kindness, while you long for love and its sympathy.

CURLING FEATHERS.

Now to Restore Brilliancy to Dull an Dusty Plumes. How t) Restore Brilliancy to Dail and Dusty Plumes. There are few things that give a hat a more rumpled and shabby appear-ance than an ostrich feather limp and dejected, looking almost as forlorn as when it and its fellows arrive fresh from ostrichland. Any one seeing an ostrich feather then would think it only fit for the ragbag, but a series of brisk scrubbings in warm soapsuds on a washboard, a judicious patching to grether and elimination of ragged blaces, where Sir Ostrich has preened himself too vigorously, a curling and combing, soon make of the ostrich feather a thing of beauty and a joy forever-until it gets wet-when the process of rejuvenation again becomes necessary.

process of rejuvenation again becomes necessary. Have a tea-kettle full of boiling water; shake the feather vigorously through the escaping steam, taking care that it does not get too damp. This livens up the plume and restores brilliancy if it has become dull and dusty. Next take a silver fruit knife, and, beginning with the feathers near-est the quilt, take a small bunch be-tween thumb and forefinger and draw gently over the blade of the knife until they curl as closely as desired. Follow this process up each side of the tip; then take a very coarse comb, comb out carefully and you have your plume as good as ever.

A HANDY RECEPTACLE.

Norel and Very Effective Arrangement for Holding Letters. The fertility of inventive power is shown nowadays in the novel and va-ried arrangements for holding the small things that are apt to accumulate and prove annoying if not kept or-



For letters this receptacle will derly. be cut cent sl derly. For letters this receptacle will be cut from cardboard, formed in cres-cent shape and covered with white silk. A pale-blue silk pocket crosses the low-er edge, and the word "letters" may be marked in old-gold, silver or sepia. Ribbon bands radiate from the right end of the pocket to the inner edge of the crescent, and the article is suspend-ed by a ribbon loop, a bow being placed at each end of the loop, and a dainty Louis Republic.

Cupia painted on the crescent.—St. Louis Republic. Home-Made Candy. To two cupfuls of granulated sugar add the grated rind and half the juice of a small orange, together with enough cold water to thoroughly moisten the sugar. When it comes to a boil add half a cupful of desicented, or better, freshly-grated coconnut. Let it boil without stirring until it stiffens in cold water, so that you can take it up in a very soft ball. Take from the fire and set saucepan and all in a cool place un-til the sirup is nearly cool; then stir vigorously until it becomes thick and white, and pour quickly on a but-tered plate. Cut in squares. To Restore Bleached Hair.

To Restore Bleached Hait. Hair that has been bleached Hait. Hair that has been bleached by the use of peroxide of hydrogen will return to its hatural color when the use of the peroxide is discontinued, but the change will be very gradual. Frequent washes will hasten the process.

Partaken Of Previewsiy. Howie-I could swear nobody has alken my hat off that hook since I hung it there this morning. I've been here all day. Bought the hat new when I same down town. It was a perfect fit. There it hangs just as it has hung all day. And yet it isn't the same hat This hat is a whole size larger than the one I put on that hook this morning. How do you explain it? Appleawim-Spirits.-Chicago Trib-une. SUMMER VERSE.

Thro' the Wood. Thro' the Wood. There's a road lo ding down thro' the wood where I pass On these dialoand-decked mornings of May, Soft abed dialoand-decked mornings of May, Soft abed dialoand-decked mornings of May, and the violets peen from the bid's they keep With such innocent, confident ores, That I long to remain and remove the disguise Needed out on the public high way. Oh, beautiful road of the wood' So rolvety, silent and gray, The few who have followed our trail as they should Are the nearest to Heaven to-day. I have pused on my way thro' the sweet

Not in His Experien

Rain Makes a Change.

THEN THE FIGHT BEGAN.

CTT

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A little iron, A cuming curl. A box of powder, A pretty girl. A little rain. Away it goes; A homely girl, With a freekled nove. --Reboboth Herald.

3

SPR S

'Me man hasn't touched a drap fer a

wake." "Yis; Oi heard that Casey had stopped his credit."—Judge.

Phonegraphs in the Future. Mother—What in the world shall we do? Our son cannot afford to marry, yet he is determined on it. Father—I'll fix him. The very next hight he comes in late, I'll start that ald phonograph to screeching out some of your midnight talks to me.—N. Y. Weekly.

Zealous Officer. Officer McWart-Here, now! It is gin the law to ride thot wheel ahn

agin the law to ride thot wheel ahn the sidewalk. Beginner-But I'm not riding; I'm enly trying to. "Be jabers, thin, Oi will run ye in for givin'an akkyrobatic exhibition wid-out a license."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Got Daylight Through It. Clubby-Did you know that Weggy actually put a ballet through his head last night? Willie-Weally! I thought that he was particularly rational this norming when I met him.-N. Y. World.

Scandalous. Hojack—Did you hear how Skidr isgraced his family at church

At the Races. Hill-How do you manage to wir

Inil—Ilow do you manage to win every day? Berg—A friend who knows all about it tells me which hores to buy. Ilill—And you do just as he tells you? Berg—No; just the opposite.—N. Y. World.

Little Room. Smithers—How many jokes on the bathing suit have you written to-day, Pen Dennis? Pen Dennis? Pen Dennis dear boy, there's not room enough on the average bath-ing suit to write more than one.—Town Topies.

Our Parlor Soldiery. She—Is Mr. Dudley much of a mili-

tary man? He (of "Ours")—Well, I should say he was. He can put on a fresh uniform every morning, with two changes dur-ing the day.—Detroit Free Press.

Conclusive Proof. Mother—I sent you my photograph. Don't you think it is a good likeness? Married Daughter—Well, I should say it is. It is so lifelike that when my husband saw it the turned as pale as a ghost.—Texas Siftings.

George Was All Right. Her Mother—I abhor kissing. The idea of placing your lips to the lips of a

Are the nearest to Hearen to-day. I have paused on my way thro' the sweet scented wood E'er i came to the turn for the town. And my soul would have stayed in the shade if it could. And forgotten the doubtful renown Of a battle for pelf, where the good in one's soif I discolored. distorted and marrel, And the virues we love meet a sneering re-Or the billsh of an autoerat's frown. Oh. happiest p-thway of life! The fault is in turning away From our perfect delight to the wither ing strife Of the dity's delirous fray. As I rest in the dim lichted aisle on my war

Of the city's delirons fray. As I rest in the dim lighted aisle on **my way** To the score of unequal delate, I am temptel by every condition in play To relinguish my parpose and wait-But my heart heeds a cry it can never demy. But my heart heeds a cry it can never demy. That the twiss mourn, hait airsil Parts and the sy a gloomier fate. Dear tood of the wood may the fears Of the violets win me at last. With victories torn from the desperat years, A reproach to the desolate past -George E. Bowen, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Jeorge E. Bowen, in Chicago Inter Ocean. When All Goes Wrong or Well. When algoes wrong about the school: When logic seems but folly: When knotly problems vez the brain And make us melancholy: When Germo verbs and substantives Seem saily disconnected. And passing strange the way in which Quadratics are affected: When Rome with Carthage wr declares and gives us care and sorrow--When shall we frown and frect and fumper To-morrow, boys, to-morrow!

To-morrow, boys, to-morrow! When all goes well about the school; When study is a pleasure: When school and the school of the source of yoy. And tadpoles our chief treesure: When Fatcher Timo brings round the date Of the summer-tide vacation; When Father Timo brings round the date Of the summer-tide vacation; And all the world the school are the source of the And all the world the school are place. When shall we smite, sing and rejoice? To-day, dear girls, to-day! — E. E. Armstrong, in Outlook.

A Song of Night. an drifting cloud-fleece burn the st Through drifting cloud-ficecee burn the (The medicing bird is singing) The cattle stand by pasture bars, (The medicing bird is singing) Down by the alders night-winds blow, On swaying grasses dewdrops glow, The rose drops petals sort as snow. (The medicing bird is singing.)

The mooiline with singing;) The mooiline with singing; (The mocking bird is singing) The ele ming white road aculy winds (The mocking bird is singing) Around the modow, by the mill, Where all the noise of day is still, And silent broods the whip-poor-will, (The mocking bird is singing.)

(The mocking bird is singing.) The song of night above day's death-(The mocking bird is singing) It needs no words, the thing he saith (The mocking birl is singing) With evermore that minor strain Biont in the haunting sweet refrain, Such as hearts sing when taucht by pain. (The mocking bird is singing) -Irene N. McKay, in Youth's Companion

An Old-Fashioned Girl. There's an old-fashioned girl in an old-fash-ioned street, breach borr destreet, here to be fost; And she spends all her time in an old-fash-foned way. A-caring for poor people's children all day

And she knows not been to cotillon or ball. And she knows not the style of the spring or Two hundred, spar will suffee for her needs, And an old-tashioned Bible is all that she reads.

Why They Came Late. Why They Came Late. Husband (in hat and overcoat)—Good gracious! Haven't you got your coat on yet? Wife—It's all fixed, except tucking in my dress sleeves so they won't get mussed. I'll be ready in haif an hour. —N. Y. Weekly.

reas. And she has an old-fashioned heart, that is true To a fellow who died in an old coat of blue. With its buttons all brass-who is waiting above For the woman who loved him with old-fash ioned love.

-Philadelphia Times. --Philadeipna T Only a Dream. When wintor winds were blowing, And all the flowers were dead, dreamed of June and roces, And blue skies overhead. Of days of perfect pleasure, When you and I would go Together all along the way, And glad to have it so.

Non june is here and the roses Are lavish with their bloom, And summer's genite breezes Are rich with rare perfume, But I an lone and loneiy-My dream did not prove true-For you are gone, and June is drear As window and you. —Siller Purvis, in Womankth

A Rainy Day. 'Neath a lowering, leaden sky, The day creeps drearily by; Like tiny, magicai hofs; Fail the p:ttering drops on the roofs; And the ittle once at the pane Weep with the failing rain. Weep with the laining rain But the jonguli, looking up, Offers her golden cup; And the lily's fragile form Gratefully greets the storm; The violet sweeter grows, And blushingly blooms the rose

Then weep not, little ones dear; Sunshine is lingering near:

Sunshine is lingering near: its glowing rays will unfold Petals of purple and gold: No queen gives so rich a dower As a long, soft, summer shower ence K. Cooper, in N. Y. Indep

A Never-Mind Fellow. I nover m

idea of placing your lips to the lips of a man!
 Herself - But I don't, mamtaa.
 George's mustache always prevents it.
 Brooklyn Life.
 Another Widow Joke.
 First Doctor-Well, doctor, I hnl a peruliar case to day.
 Second Doctor-What was it, please?
 First Doctor - I attended a grass widow who is afflicted with hay fever.
 Oakland Times.
 An ere always and the second mean and the roses fol around me in a perfect for an of year.
 An ere always and the second mean and the roses fol around me in a perfect for an of year.

Sourced, — proof of the formation of the formation of the family of Sam Johnsing for malaria, remonstrated with Sam for having the pig pen so near his residence. "Wat's de reason I ought ter put de pig pen furder away frum de house?" asked Sam. "Because it is unhealthy," replied the doctor. o' sea, An' the good Lord runs the weather, an' it's all alike to me!



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A Chance for a Dark Horse. A Chance for a Dark Horse. Sister May—I think if you should propose to Grace she would accept you. Brother Jack (cagerly)—Do you? Has she said anything? Sister May—Not but I know she was deceply in love with Harry Maxwell, and his engagement has just been an-nounced.—Brooklyn Life.

doctor. "Reekon you is mistaken," replied Sam; "dat pen has been dar for two yeahs, and dar ain't been no siekness yit among de hogs,"—Texas Siftings.

Fore in the Field. Soon will the little busy bee Improve each chance to lance His enemy, the city boy, pants. Right through his outling pants. —Truth.

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 Kajones-I beg to assure you that did not remember that you had ever told me the story before.
 W. E. DROKAW, - Editor.

 Kiljordan-Then I take back my first remark.-Chicago Tribune.
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