Ancient Oak.

Among the interesting relies of Bishop Hendrix's life in China is a picture frame made of oak dug from beneath the foundations of the Chinese wall, where it is supposed to have lain since the year 214 B. C. Seward Tabor, who carved the frame, found the wood almost black and nearly as hard as fron. Not only is the frame an object of interest; the picture it surrounds is a novelty—a handsome photograph of Viceroy Li Hung Chang, with that distinguished statesman's-autograph in native characters adown the border. The photograph was a present to the bishop from the viceroy. The frame was obtained in the rough from some British contractors who were blasting out piling under a section of the wall, preparatory to repairs of the masonry.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Spring Wedicine

Purify YourBlood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

o One True Blood Purifier. All druggis's. \$1 arel only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Rood's Pills are the only pills to take

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3. SHOE BESTON THE o SG for shoes, ex-Douglas Shoe, and

But far away from sound or sight
The Power to whom the dark is light
Bids Nature send detectives forth—
The switt, cold bloodhounds of the North,
To freeze their footprints in the snow
And tell the world which way they go.
—The Open Court.

MISS DELY'S TWO TYRANTS ISS DELY was down at the spring-place.

It was an area of soft turf a few yards

ome from her loom, on the grass to bleech, and seemed now to be studying the loofprints. He eyes wandered from them to the farmhouse of the loof of th

ished for it, a kind of postic justice which appeals to souls of all grades. But soon her mood changed. She began to cry heartbrokenly. Big Alec Penland grew as weak as a

in another minute he had her in his strong arms.

It was only for a second, however.
Dely's sobs stopped suddenly. She struggled to get free.

"Ain't yer 'shamed, Alec Penlan', an' me most ez good ez married ter Bob Wilson!"

Aleo released her instantly and stood looking at her, his face drawn and pale.

"You act like a plumb fool, Alec,"

ISS DELY was a state of looked at her, his heart sinking, by footpaths, lying in a basin between two hills. The branch ran kept the grass green and tender, and the spring, which bubbled cold and delicious at the foot of a giant hylinete, contributed its largess to this end. A little square of wet earth just below the spring was almost constantly marked by hoofprints.

An expert rider, swinging downward from his seat, could easily grasp the long-handled gourd that hung from the tree's brown bole and refresh himself and his horse at the same time. Dely had spread the long breadths of cotton sheeting, which had just come from her loom, on the grass to bleach, and seemed now to be studying the hoofprints. Her eyes wan dered from them to the farmhouse on the hill, and again to the mountain which lifted its blue shoulder above the crest of the nearest hill.

"It do pintedly seem like ma gits wusser and wusser the hull time. I ain't hed a mite of peace all summer," said Dely, addressing the hoofprints.

"Why she should suspicion 'at them ar hootmarks war made by Alee Penlan's horse I cayn't surmise. An' Bob Wilsofn a comin' reg'lar an't the license got an 'overything."

"Oh, Miss Dely, Miss Dely!" called a soft, drawling voice.

"You she tilke a plumb fool, Alec, "You made like, wimpered Dely, "Irckon mabby I do," said Alec, thumbly. He looked at her, his heart sinking, but he saw that she was trembiling for all the harsh words. "Irckon mabby I do," said Alec, thumbly. He looked at her, his heart sinking, but he saw that she was trembiling for all the harsh words. "Irckon mabby I do," said Alec, thumbly. He looked at her, his heart sinking, but he saw that she was trembiling for all the saw that she was trembiling for like he harsh words. "Irckon mabby!" called a sharp, meacing voice. "Vol, Alee, don't let her see ye. She'll bength he how the strain words." "She's er comin!" "Alee went, seeing that the danger was inminent. Mrs. Townshend called again. "I'm comin', ma," and Miss Dely hastened. Mrs. Townshend called aga

poster bedstead, and confined her hands and feet.

"I'se reely afeard ye might hurt yerself, Mis' Townshend," he said kindly.

"Alec Penlan', how dare ye! Turn me loose, turn me loose! I'll put yer in the penitentiary!" yelled the victim.

tim.

"Sho, now, I wouldn't! There!
Don't fret! Will is er comin' back
afore sundown, yer know, an' he'll
untie yer. I wish yer good day, Mis'
Townshend."

He backed out of her presence like
a courtier, carefully shut all the doors,
and hurried to the springulage.

Townshend."

He backed out of her presence like a courtier, carefully shut all the doors, and hurried to the springplace.

Poor old woman! She gave one or two discordant cries, and then astonishment got the better of anger. By this simple expedient of beating her head against the wall, she had all her life ruled with an iron rod her whole family. Was it possible it was going to fail now?

Alex found Miss Dely sitting on the steps at the springhouse, churning. She wore a dark-blue gown, and the cream which foamed up around the dasher was not whiter than her cape. She looked, Alec told himself, as pretty as a posey.

She smiled at him and bade him "Howdy!"

Alec thought of Bob Wilson.

"Thar shan't nobody say he war a better man than me!" he muttered.

He went boldly up to Miss Dely and kissed her. Then he laid his shaggy head close and whispered something in hear ear.

"Oh, no, no, Alce! Ma'd beat her head off."

"No, she won't. She cayn't."

Dely looked scared.

ead off."

"No, she won't. She cayn't."
Dely looked scared.

"You ain't killed her, Alec?"

"Oh, no! She's—gone a-visitin'."
Miss Dely got up quickly.

"Alec, what you been cr-doin'?"

"Nothin'! But I'm goin' ter kerry er off."

"Now, Dely!" caxnigly. "Be a good gal. Come!"
"I cayn't! Alec, what you done with ma?"

good gal. Come:
"I cayn't! Aleo, what you done
with ma?"
"You come an' I'll tell yer."
"No, no, Aleo! I cayn't!"
"But I say yer got ter."
"Bis Delly protested, but her resistance grew weaker. Perhaps it was
the tender words he kept whispering
in her ear that sapped her strength.
He half led, half carried her down
the bauk of the branch into a woodsy
bridle path. There stood his big, black
mare Molly, all saddled.
He helped Dely to the top of a bowlder close by, and then climbed into
tho saddle.
"Come!"

He reached out his hand and caught hers.

"No, Alec, no!"
But she put her other hand on his shoulder and sprang up behind him.

"Oh! I cayn't go, Alec!"

"Yer cayn't helped it,"he said triumphantly, and the mare cantered down the shaded roadway toward Asheville.

Three hours later, when the westering sun was low, they were slowly returning in the same way along the same road. And so returning, who knows what pleasant castle-building was interupted by the sight of a wood wagon joggling along in advance of them.

"Thera's Will!" exclaimed both.

was interupted by the sight of a wood them.

"There's Will!" exclaimed both.
Abrest of the team Alec drew rein.

"Whoa!" cried Will, and he stopped and stared.

"Et I were you, Will," said Alec gently, "I'd hurry home. Yer maneeds yer. An' Will, you tell 'er' at Dely an' me is married, 'n' ex fur ez we're got we like it fust rate."

As he rode on he turned to look over his shoulder into her smiling, rosy face.

"Don't we, honey?"

Dely's looks answered. She was not an emancipated woman, but she had changed tyrants. It was the happiest hour of her life. New York Tribune.

changed tyrants. It was the happiest lour of her life...-New York Tribune.

Irrigation by Windmilts.

It was found that in the Arkansas valley water could be obtained by shallow wells ranging in depth from eight to twenty feet. This is raised by hundreds of windmills into hundreds of mind reservoirs constructed at the highest point of each farm. The uniform eastward slope of the plains is seven feet to the mile. The indefatigable Kansas wind keeps the mills in active operation, and the reservoirs are always full of water, which is drawn off as it is required for purposes of irrigation. These small individual pumping plants have certain advantages over the canal systems which prevail elsewhere. The irrigator has no entangling alliances with companies or co-operative associations, and it is able to manage the water supply without deferring to the convenience of others or yielding obedience to rules and regulations essential to the orderly administration of systems which supply large numbers of consumers. The original cost of such a plant, exclusive of the farmer's own labor in constructing his reservoirs and ditches, is \$200, and the plant suffices for ten acres. The farmer thus pays \$20 per acre for a perpetual guaranty of sufficient "rain" to produce bountiful crops; but to this cost must be added \$2 per acre as the annual price of maintaining the system.—Century.

I saw the Chief Justice of the United ply, in softest tones. 'Jest ter see yer once't more. I cayn't come to the weddin'—yer couldn't expect that—"

"Why not?" interrupted Dely.
"She axes me why!" groaned Alec.
"Come out hyar, Dely. It ain't comfable ter talk wi't then logs atween us."
"I cayn't," answered Dely.
"Mit's the last time," pleaded Alec,
"When I give yer up ter Bob Wilson—"
"Yer didn't give me up," interrupted Dely, almost angrily. "Yer couldn't, 'cause yer never hed me."
"An' why didn't I hev yer?" despending tetting the settled, only we hed ter brek it ter yer ma gradooal—Miss Towdshend's so sensitive. Oh, Dely, come out hyar."
"I ain't ergoin ter. You war eleven year a breakin' it an' Bob Wilson only tuk two months," said Miss Dely, the wild apple tint in her cheeks growing rosier.
"An' it never war all settled, only which are a breakin' it an' Bob Wilson only tuk two months," said Alec.
"Don't yer know I cared for ye?"
He gave her a look of such intense affection that the grew pale and felt like fainting. Then, like the man he was, he loat his advantage by beginning to trampup and down the narrow space in the rear of the spring house, groaning and gestionlating.
"I wish Pd a fit him. I vow I wish Pd and him. I vow I wish Pd a fit him. I vow I wish Pd and him. I vow I wish Pd a fit him. I vow I wish Pd and him. I vow I wish Pd a fit him. I vow I wish Pd and him. I vow I wish Pd a fit him. I vow I wish Pd and him. I vow I wish Pd and

WOMAN'S WIT.

Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pro-nounced the German Coffeeberry equal to



Gladness Comes

this way,

rest, somenow, and cleaning, "An absurd idea?" Of course.

"An absurd idea?" Of course.
But when a person has cleaned house with Pearline, year in

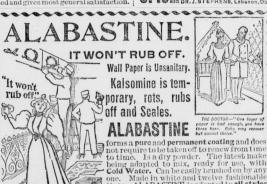
When Namiet Exclaimed: "Aye, There's the Rub!" Could He Have Referred to







GOLD SIO AND UP GOLD



MANUFACTURED ONLY BY ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

ASK YOUR PAINT DEALER FOR If not for sale in your town, we nearest dealer.

Ask for (and take no other) the



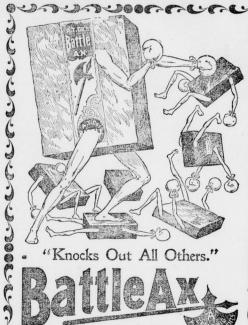






PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Successfully Prosecutes Claims, Late Unincipal Examine: U.S. Fension Bureau,





The Large Piece and High Grade of "Battle Ax" has injured the sale of other brands of higher prices and smaller pieces. Don't allow the dealer to impose on you by saying they are "just as good" as "Battle Ax," for he is anxious to work off his unsalable stock.

rest,

Better use them if you don't use Pearline. Give your tired arms and aching back a t, somehow, when you're scrubbing

avavaoor vava

house with Pearline, year in and year out, and knows how much work it saves, and time, and rubbing, nothing seems more absurd than to try to clean house without it. Pearline—no soap with it—just Pearline—makes house-cleaning easy.