DREAMLAND

Where sunless rivers weep Their waves into the deep, She sleeps a charmed sleep;
Awake her not. Led by a single star. She came from very far To seek where shadows are Her pleasant lot.

She left the fields of corn For twilight cold and lorn And water springs. Through sleep; as through a veil, She sees the sky look pale, And hears the nightingale That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest Shed over brow and breast, Her face is toward the west, The purple land. She can not see the grain Ripening on hill and plain; She can not feel the rain Upon her hand.

Rest, rest for evermore Upon a mossy shore; Rest, rest at the heart's core Till time shall cease; Sleep that no pain shall wake; Night that no morn shall break. Till joy shall overtake Her perfect peace.

-Christina Rossetti.

Romance of a Sleigh Ride.

BY G. H. HOWARD.
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It was the universal sentiment of the country side that Nancy Simmons was the belle of Valley Edge, a village in which every girl was pretty. Thus Mary Sykes was a close second in the estimation of some; Tiny Colson in the opinion of others, and so on. But aggregating beauties of face, form and character, and taking a dispassionate survey of all the girls of Valley Edge, but one general conclusion could be reached-Nancy Simmons was not simply the belle, but the favorite of Valley Edge.

Nothing could be more faultless than the pink and white of her complexion, purer hazel than her eyes, more symmetrical than her form or bewitching than her mouth. But if these charms called for the surrender of judgment in her favor, her smile, her voice, her laugh captivated and held prisoner all brought within her realm. Ever smiling or singing or laughing, she was sunlight, music and mirtha triad of fascination.

Of course she had a lover-several in fact. But John Pearson—so gossip said-was the favored one. And gossip for once was right; but it did not, in this case, know all. For not only was John Pearson favored, but he had been accepted; and they were only waiting until the mortgage of four hundred dollars on John's ten-acre field down the valley could be taken up, and his young peach trees on the mountainside should bear, and the store he had recently started should pay a little better. Then they would get married. For John had an old mother to look out for, and was helping to educate a brother who wanted to be a preacher. Otherwise he could

have married two years ago. Of late, Nancy had thought-merely suspected-John was somewhat reserved, constrained in his manner towards her. "But poor, dear fellow," said she, "he is so disappointed at the way things are going, and he wants to marry me so much-and don't like to wait. But times will soon be better, and then we shall be happy.

So one evening, when the snow was beating against Nancy's cottage window, and the old father and mother were sound asleep, Nancy, who was waiting for somebody, after poking the log fire into a cheerful blaze, went to the window and drew the curtains

"Gracious!" she exclaimed, "what a night. Will it never stop snowing? | dred dollars, Nancy, for a wedding I'm glad I'm not out sleighing tonight | present. So you and John may get -though everybody else is. I'd rather be home—especially as John'll so**o**n be here. Poor boy! it's hard to expect him out such a night. But he ley." won't get lost in the drift at the gate,



She was the prettiest girl in the neighborhood.

for I've put a lamp out there for him; and how it lights up the road!" Just then she heard sleigh-bells ap-

proaching. "Well," she resumed, "if people like to be out such a night as this, that's their business. As for me, I'd much rather be warm at home, especially as John will soon be sitting at the fire

"Ding-a-ling-a-ling!" the bells nearer and le-ler. "I wonder who they are? Perhaps Tom Bradley and Mary Sykes; for people say he's that may be all nonsense; for they used to say John was dead in love with Tiny! And to think, Tiny's uncle has just given her a thousand dol-

Now this uncle, who lived in the village of Ellaville, three miles away, had recently sold a copper tract for leaf which has been dried by the sun.

twenty thousand dollars, and was the rich man of the neighborhood.

Just then the sleigh passed, and Nancy saw that its occupants

Tiny Colson and John Pearson! Now poor Nancy was not a jealous girl. But as John had promised to see her this evening, and had told her he had refused to join several sleighing parties-well, she simply put her hand to her side, gave a little shrick, and rushed up to her room where she could cry to her heart's content.

The next morning, though the sun was shining brightly, and the snow under the girl's window glistened like If the match was good. At last she got myriads of crystals, the earth was a dark one to Nancy. Yet she had strength of will and character, and pride enough, to conceal her feelings. | nal. But her heart was lead, a big lump was in her throat, and her eyes were red. Breakfast was set, and her father and mother, who were not so old as to have forgotten the possibility of a lover's quarrel, looked significantly at each other, but said nothing.

Nine o'clock came, Nancy, an hour before, had washed up the breakfast again. This time the sleigh stopped John Pearson and Tiny Colson!

"What audacity!" she muttered, be-



benefactor. tween her teeth. "But I suppose I can't be rude in my own house; but I won't—I can't kiss her! And John -well, I'll call him Mr. Pearson to start with-that'll cut him, and give him an idea of my feelings! Oh!

"Good morning, Nancy," came from John in his cheery, hearty voice.

"Good morning, Mr. Pearson." "Mr. Pearson! Listen to Nancy! O-O-! Isn't that sublime?" laughed Tiny Colson, winking at John, who returned the wink with a broad grin thrown in.

Now Nancy stood with a red face and a quivering lip, and withal a mystified air.

"Come, come, Nancy," said John, laughing; "don't be angry. Tiny has something to tell you-haven't you, Tiny?"

"Yes, if she'll only listen to me. I thought you and John wanted to get married, and that I'd try to help youthat's all."

"Help us to get married?" she gasped. "What do you mean, Tiny?" "Simply that as Uncle Tom sent me a thousand dollars, John and I went to see him last night, and I asked him whether I might lend John four hun-Ired to take up the mortgage until the store pays. That's all."

Nancy said nothing, but threw herself on Tiny's neck.

"And what did he say?" she asked between her sobs.'

"Why Uncle Tom said I was a trump; but that there was no need of that; for as he'd known you and John all your lives, he'd give you four hunmarried at once-unless," she added slyly, "before you do you and he would like to stand for me and Tom Brad-

But this arrangement couldn't be made; for three months later, when the lilac blossoms began to nut out in the yards along the village street. there was a double wedding at the old church at Valley Edge; and John's brother, just licensed to preach, officiated.

Brought Up Astor with a Round Turn. A story is going the rounds of William Waldorf Astor and the venerable Duchess of Cleveland. On the occasion of the opening of the new offices on the Thames Embankment of Mr. Astor's newspaper and magazine enterprises he invited a large and distinguished company to see them and their splendor. Among others who came was Her Grace of Cleveland, Mr. Astor took especial pains to show the duchess about, and with an embarrassing minuteness pointed out to her the fittings of the establishment. He called her particular attention to the great staircase, and, wearied out, the duchess said: "Very grand indeed, Mr. Astor. So much finer than mine at Battle Abbey. But that, you know, has been so much spoiled by the mailed heels of the Crusaders tramping up and down."

Coasting in Hawaii.

The hillside at Pacific Heights facing Nuuanu valley is becoming a great resort for youngsters of all colors and of many conditions of prosperity, says the Honolulu Republican. The "kids" flock to place in droves. In emulation of the example set by their brothers of a colder clime these chilgiven up Tiny Colson for her. But dren, who probably have never seen snow, have constructed a coasting place down the steep incline. A sled is not necessary, and they don't have to wait for snow. Nature has provided the hillside, and the long grass which grows on it, as well as the sled which is used. The latter is a palm

Many Troubles of Her Own. Loren P. Merrill of Paris tells the story of the particular old woman, and he makes her a resident of Livermore. She was not only old, but she was of the worrying, fretting species of antiquity. She had frotted away her friends and relatives, until she was at length living alone in a small house in the outskirts of the town. Just as she was retiring one bitter cold night, she discovered that but one unlighted match remained in the house. She lay awake until almost daylight, worrying and disturbing herself with wondering up and hunted up the match and struck it to see if it would light her kindlings in the morning.-Lewiston (Me.) Jour-

ONE DOLLAR PER PILL. Miss Nottle Hixon Says the Remedy That Cured Her Would Be Cheap at

This Price. Cincinnati, O., Feb. 11, 1901.—(Special.)—Miss Netta Hixon is Sergeantat-Arms of Camp No. 1, Patriotic Order of America. Her home is at No. 1717 things, and sleigh bells were heard Hughes street, this city. She is a very popular and influential lady. For at the door, and who should alight but three years she has been ill. Now she is well. She says: "I cannot praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly for what they have done for me. I was troubled for three years with weakness. and often had dizzy spells, so that I dared not go out alone. My head would ache continually for four or five days at a time, until life became simply a burden.

"All the medicine I took did me no good, until my physician advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I secured a box, and soon found that my headacha was leaving me. I felt encouraged and kept on taking them and getting stronger. The pains gradually diminished, until I had used four boxes, and all trace of pain had gone. I am today a strong and well woman, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills. If the price was one dollar per pill, instead of 50c a box, they would be cheap, compared with other so-called medicines placed before a suffering public." This is but a sample of the letters received every day by the hundred. They all tell the same story of sickness and soreness, changed into health and vigor by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They never fail. 50c a box, Six boxes for \$2.50. Buy them from your local druggist if you can. If he can't supply you, send to the Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Moonshiner's Knowledge of Law. "After having supplied a moonshiner in a South Carolina jail with a month's supply of smoking tobacco," said a government surveyor the other day, 'I presumed upon the deed to ask: "Didn't you know it was against the law to manufacture moonshine whisky?' 'I heard that was a law once,' he replied. 'What do you mean by "once"?" 'Why, Juba French told me thar was sich a law, but when I asked Jim Truman about it, he says that Juba is sich a liar that nobody kin believe him under oath, and so I reckoned I was safe to go ahead. Shoo, but I wonder how Juba come to tell the truth fur that one time!"

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He, and all others like him, will find immediate relief in Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. This is just what it was intended for. It never fails to make weak men strong and vigorous, puts new life, vim, strength, power and energy into them. Dr. Greene's Nervura is New Life, Hope and Strength for Weak Men. Mr. John D. Smith, electrician for the Thompson-Houston Electric Co., of Lynn, Mass., says:—"When a man has been sick and is cured, it is his duty to tell others about it, that they, too, may get well. Three years ago I had been working almost raight and day, could not (at regularly) and got only a few hour sleep at night. No man can stand that long, and I soon began to be prostrated. I could not sleep when I tried, and my food would not stay on my stomach. I was in a terrible condition, and was much alarmed. I went to doctors, but they did me no good. Learning of the wonderful good done by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to try it. It cured me completely of all my complaints. I eat heartily and sleep well, thanks to this splendid medicine. I believe it to be the best remedy in existence." Dr. Greene's Nervura is the One Great Restorative Which Cures. Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters

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One smile is worth a dozen frowns at any

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