

THE CHICKADEE.
"Were it not for me,"
Said a chickadee,
"Not a single flower on earth would be;
For under the ground they soundly sleep
And never venture an upward peep,
Till they hear from me,
"Chickadee-dee!"

"I tell Jack Frost when 'tis time to go
And carry away the ice and snow,
And then I hint to the jolly old sun,
'A little spring work, sir, should be done.'
And he smiles around,
On the frozen ground,
And I keep up my merry, cheery sound,
Till I echo declares in glee, in glee,
'Tis he! 'tis he!
The chickadee-dee!"

"And then I waken the birds of spring—
'Ho, ho! 'tis time to be on the wing.'
They trill and twitter and soar aloft,
And I send the winds to whisper soft,
Down by the little flower-beds,
Saying, "Come, show your pretty heads!
The spring is coming, you see, you see!
For so sings he,
The chickadee-dee!"

The sun he smiled; and the early flowers
Bloomed to brighten the blithesome hours,
And song-birds gathered in bush and
But the wind he laughed right merrily,
As the saucy mite of a snowbird, he
Chirped away, "Do you see, see, see?
I did it all!
"Chickadee-dee!"

—Sidney Dayre.

Love and a Blotter.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
It was not quite a year after the death of Marcus O'Neale's wife that his interest in life had a resurrection. It may have been the fact that it was the springtime and the season of regenerations, but it is far more likely that it was because it was the time of house cleanings and the sight of it about him filled him with an inexpressible longing for things as they were of yore and a deep and undying disgust for the present. The present, be it understood, was represented by a careless housekeeper and by dust on every piece of furniture in sight.

"I don't really believe I am overfastidious," remarked Marcus O'Neale, "but really when it comes to this—"

"This" was a cup of muddy coffee and a cold storage egg. Sometimes very practical things are regenerating in these influences.

It was of no use to say anything. He had often spoken his mind, but had also become convinced that the thunders of Jove would be useless to restore order.

"I must do something," he thought with decision, "this cannot go on. It is a parody on life."

He left the breakfast almost untasted and went up-stairs. It was a pretty house still with all its sad traces of neglect. He had not wished to leave it. Why should he? The happiness of his life had been there and although he grieved sorely, why grieve so morbidly as to shut away all traces of the dear girl that had gone away?

Rather stay with the memories, cherish them and believe that she smiled down upon him and wished him to be happy. Had she not said to him, "I hope to be happy—and so must you. Do not let it spoil your life, Marcus, but live it out well. If you do not wish to live it alone, remember that I wish first for your happiness."

But who could replace such a sweet soul? Was there in all the world such another unselfish creature? No, she alone was fit to be among the angels whither she had gone.

He went into her pretty room, her dainty room with its brass bed, its chintz draperies, bamboo chairs and all the pictures she had loved in her girlhood. All was as she had left it and it gave him a poignant pang to see it as it was, to feel that it must be dismantled if he left his home.

Aimlessly he opened the desk, the little drawers, the large ones. In the very back of one was a sealed package, the red wax brown with the air. It had been sealed a long time.

"I wonder what this is," he thought, "this unmarked thing—it is strange that I never saw it before—but I did

she was always shy and never seemed to believe him.
Suddenly his heart beat. A paper lay in his lap and on it were some lines in Marian's writing, still so familiar:
"Marcus, dear, I found this once among your college souvenirs. I do not think you ever saw what is hidden between the leaves of this blotter. It is best that you do not see it as long as I live. No one ever loved you more than do I—so I have kept the secret."
What did Marian mean? He took up the blotter with a dizzy surging of the blood. Between the leaves? He fumbled with a man's awkwardness over each one and rubbed them. Between the chamois leaf rustled something like paper. Why! two leaves were laced together to form one. There was something between, a message come down to him unread through the years, come down from the very springtime of his life.

He stood up, drawing deep breaths. He must think first. Where was the girl who would be the woman of to-



"In half an hour? Very good." day? Then, with a rush of recollection, he recalled the last time he had seen her, here in the city and some two years ago. She was in the street car with her married sister and he had greeted her without any sensation save one of pleasure at meeting with an old acquaintance. Marian had had his whole heart—but now?

Something was coming to him from the past. It was coming with a rush. But he must not be too sure. Suppose she was now the wife of another—well, the message should never be read by him, that was all—he was sure of that.

He went down stairs to the telephone. He thrust the blotter into the pocket of his house coat. He found the number of the sister's telephone nervously and waited a long time before he could get any answer. Then a maid with an unmistakable Irish accent asked:

"What's wantin'?"
"I wish to speak to Mrs. Stark."
"Sure, she's ill—has a bit o' the grip, Sor. Will Miss Eve do, her sister, Sor.?"
"Who?"
"Mrs. Stark's sister, Sor."
"I think she will."
He had to be glad. It was so long since he had cared or dared to be glad. And he listened.

Presently, it seemed an eternity, a gentle voice said:
"Yes—what is it?"
"Marcus O'Neale, Miss Eve—or is it still Miss Eve?"
There was a low laugh.
"It is still Miss Eve. I have just arrived, that is, I came yesterday. And I was sorry to hear, some long time after it happened, of your great loss. We were aroud."
"We?"
"Papa and I. I am the only one left at home, you know."
Marcus was suddenly confounded. He did not know what to say next as he had not read the message. Presently he recovered his wits.
"I suppose I may call while you are here?"
"Why, yes—if you care to. Was there any message for sister?"
"No—not if she is ill. I hope she will soon be better. I will certainly call, Miss Eve."

Then he hung up the receiver and went up the stairs. He closed the door and locked it. Slowly he cut the lacings between the two chamois leaves. Something as soft and shiny as a baby's hair fell out, and a thin paper. He picked it up most reverently. It was a wavy tress of Eve's shining hair as when she was a girl and tied with a white silk thread. He took it in one hand and with the other held up the thin paper. It read:

"Darling Marcus, you have asked me so often to say that I loved you. But I waited until St. Valentine's day when maids may choose their lovers. You will always have my heart. EVE."
And ten years had gone by? He had always had her heart.

Half an hour later the telephone bell rang again. The housekeeper, making a pretense at arranging the dining room, listened and heard:

"Miss Eve, it is Marcus O'Neale again. I have something to explain to you. Could you see me about fifteen minutes? I'll come over on my way up town if you can. I know 'tis a great favor to ask but really it can't be postponed. In half an hour?—very good—I'll be there, thank you."
Then Marcus O'Neale hung up the receiver and whistled for the first time since his wife's death as he sprang up the stairs to make himself fit.

Joke on an Irishman.
An Irishman, who was indulging in the intellectual feast of reading a newspaper and sucking raw eggs, chanced to swallow a chicken. It chirruped as it slid down his throat, and the Irishman politely expressed: "I feel sorry for you, but yez spoke too late."—Ex

DEERING AT PARIS IN 1900.

The Famous Chicago Harvester Company Received More and Greater Honors than Ward Ever Before Accorded an American Exhibitor in the History of Expositions.

America may well feel proud of the interest which her citizens took in the Paris Exposition and the elaborate exhibits which were prepared with consummate skill and displayed in a manner not excelled by any other country. Those of Harvesting Machinery in particular were most complete and interesting. The Deering Harvester Company, of Chicago, America's foremost manufacturer of this line of goods, was accorded the position of honor, having contributed more to the advancement of the art of harvesting than any other manufacturer, living or dead, and with a greater array of important inventions to its credit than any other company in the world.

Visitors to the Exposition were prompt to accord the Deering exhibits supreme honors, and it only remained for official mandate to ratify the popular verdict, which was done in a manner as substantial as it was well-merited. Each one of the seven Deering exhibits secured the highest award in its class.

In addition to four high decorations, the Deering Harvester Company received twenty-five awards, or twenty-nine in all, as follows: Decoration of Officer of the Legion of Honor, Decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Two Decorations of Officer of Merito Agricole, a Special Certificate of Honor, The Grand Prize, Six Gold Medals, Six Silver Medals and Eleven Bronze Medals, including Deering Collaborator Medals.

The Decoration of the Legion of Honor was instituted by Napoleon Bonaparte when First Consul in 1802, and is only conferred in recognition of distinguished military or civil achievements. It is the highest distinction in the gift of the French Republic.

The Decoration of the Merito Agricole is an honor of but slightly less importance, which is conferred upon those who have contributed greatly to the advancement of agriculture.

An Official Certificate of Honor was accorded the Deering Retrospective Exhibit, which showed the improvements in harvesting machinery during the past century, and excited the highest praise of the French Government Officials who had entrusted to the Deering Harvester Company the preparation of this most important exhibit. By special request this exhibit has been presented to the National Museum of Arts and Sciences at Paris, where it has become a permanent feature of that world-famed institution.

The Deering Twine Exhibit and Corn Harvester Exhibit, both of which received the highest awards, have by request of the French Government been presented to the National Agricultural College of France.

There was no field trial, either official or otherwise, in connection with the Paris Exposition, but the most important foreign contest the past season was held under the auspices of the Russian Expert Commission at the Governmental Farm of Tomsk, Siberia, August 14th to 18th. All the leading American and European machines participated and were subjected to the most difficult tests by the Government Agriculturist. The Expert Commission awarded the Deering Harvester Company the Grand Silver Medal of the Minister of Agriculture and Domain, which was the highest award.

The Deering Harvester Works are the largest of their kind in the world, covering eighty-five acres and employing 9,000 people. They are equipped with modern automatic machines, many of which perform the labor of from five to fifteen hands.

This Company is also the largest

manufacturer of Binder Twine in the world, having been first to produce single-strand binder twine, such as is in general use today, making over a third of the product of the entire world. The output of its factory for a single day would tie a band around the earth at the equator, with several thousand miles to spare. The annual production would fill a freight train twenty miles long. Made into a mat two feet wide, it would reach across the American continent from ocean to ocean.

Deering machines are known as LIGHT DRAFT IDEALS, consisting of Binders, Mowers, Reapers, Corn Harvesters, Shredders and Rakes.

This company exhibited at the Paris Exposition an Automobile Mower, which attracted much attention, and exhibitions were given with one of these machines in the vicinity of Paris throughout the season.

THE BEST HE EVER SAW.

A Missourian Pronounces on the Farming Possibilities of Western Canada.

Just at present considerable interest is being aroused in the fact that a few new districts (of limited acreage) are being opened out by the Canadian government in Saskatchewan and Assiniboia (western Canada), and any information concerning this country is eagerly sought. Mr. W. R. Corser, of Higginsville, Lafayette Co., Mo., was a delegate there during last summer, and writing of his impressions he says:

"I found surprising yields of grain of all descriptions. One farmer I visited threshed of 175 acres:

- "600 bushels of wheat from fifteen acres, 40 bushels to acre.
- "600 bushels of barley from ten acres, 60 bushels to acre.
- "15,000 bushels of oats from 150 acres, 100 bushels to acre.

"The samples were all No. 1.

"I also saw a considerable number of stock. Swine do well and there is no disease amongst them. They are a good source of income to the farmer. The cattle on the range beat anything I ever saw. Fat and ready for beef, fully matured and ripened on the nutritious grasses of the prairie. I am firmly convinced that this country offers better facilities for a poor man than any I have ever seen."

Information concerning these lands can be had from any agent of the government whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this paper.

"Debts," said an old philosopher, "are the silent partners of experience."

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

There are 611 Catholic priests in active service in Wisconsin.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Activity is not always achievement.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood, regulates the digestive organs and promotes good health. It is the herb medicine that has been used successfully for many years.

Dispair is hope's blighted fruit.

Rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness, pain, sore throat and all bodily suffering relieved at once by Wizard Oil. Internally and externally.

Every man has his own message
Each package of PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYES colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly.

Selfishness insults love.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The miser may carry his gold to the edge of the grave, but he must leave it there.

If You Have Dyspepsia
Send no money, but write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Box 10, for a bottle of Dr. Shoop's Bismuth; express paid. If cured, pay \$5.00—if not, it is free.

It is sometimes easier to step into another man's shoes than it is to walk in them.

What Do the Children Drink?
Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains, without injurious stimulants. It is the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.

A man can sometimes correct almost any bad impression by simply paying his debts.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask your Grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury just as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach relieves it without distress. If the price of coffee is 15c and 25c, per package. Sold by all grocers.

The sceptic hits at the New Testament miracles with a view of hurting its morals.

Lane's Family Medicine
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts freely on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Prices 25 and 50c.

The "training" a man receives before marriage doesn't go after he is married.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists sell them. The money it saves you in a cure E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

The pains of colic are not to be confounded with penitence for apple-eating.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, sore throat, etc. 25c a bottle.

You will not make any heaven less your home by making home heavenly.

I do not believe Piase's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds—JOHN P. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Smartness enables a man to catch on and wisdom enables him to let go.

Baseball players; Golf players; all players chess White's Yucatan whilst playing.

A horse eats nine times its weight in food in a year, a sheep six times.

DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Pen Picture for Women.
"I am so nervous, there is not a well in my stomach. I am so weak at my stomach and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."
This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's attention daily. An inflamed and altered condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symp-



Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS.
toms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the guiding advice of Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store. Anyway, write a letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your troubles. Her advice is free.

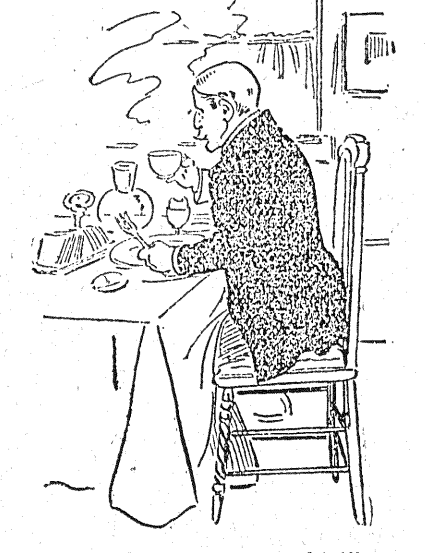
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When Answering Advertisements Mention This Paper.



"When it comes to this!" not recall, look—things seemed too sacred to disturb."
He sat at the window where the soft air blew his dark hair from his temples. He slit open the package with his penknife. A curious thing dropped out—something from a past remote—a past when Marian knew him not. About the thing still clung a faint smell of violets, of springtime.

A little foolish thing it was indeed. A blotter of one chamois leaf and one of dark maroon cloth quite thick and caught curiously with silken stitches. There was a celluloid cover tied on with a now-faded ribbon and on it was painted an improbable bird sitting impossibly upon a spray of flowers. He remembered it at once. A girl had sent it to him as a valentine, a girl he had once thought himself madly in love with in those old college days when the heart was riotously young. He believed he had told her so a half dozen times but she—

\$100.00 Reward

To protect your health and our reputation, we will gladly pay this big reward to any one who will furnish us information on which we can secure conviction of a dealer who tries to sell worthless fake imitations, when CASCARETS are called for. When you're offered something "just as good", it's because there is a little more money in the fake. Buy CASCARETS from the honest dealer. They are always put up in blue metal boxes with long-tailed trademarked C on the cover—every tablet stamped C. C. C., and they are never sold in bulk. Remember this and when- ever fakes are offered when CASCARETS are called for, get all the details and write us on the subject at once.

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