

The Contented Man

Contented? What makes him contented?
The comforts that struggles have
gained.
Which men discontented invented.
The safety that fighters obtained.
Content in the mire would still wallow,
With troglodytes huddled in caves,
Or find in a tree's ready hollow
The shelter an animal craves.
Content hinders progress and action
And cultivates ignorant sloth.
Counts study a sort of distraction,
And pities the follies of both.
Content maketh freemen dependent,
And fastens the shackles on slaves,
Its motion is ever descendent,
To ditches and paupers' sad graves.
But the reverent, hearty submission
To Deity's footstool men bring,
After toiling with little fruition,
Is a different, manlier thing.

—W. J. Herbert.

THE LAST RESORT

BY FRANCIS GILLESPIE

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Miss Courtwright stood looking down the rose-bordered walk toward the white road. She hummed a little tune and tapped her white clad foot in accompaniment.

For the first time since her mother's death, three years ago, she had taken off her plain black dress, and to-day she was all in filmy white in honor of Billy's coming. She was thinking of Billy as she stood there, of his fresh, boyish enthusiasm, his invigorating personality and his love for her which never seemed to change, although she had told him every Sunday for weeks that he was not the kind of a man she could marry.

And after this dash of cold water, Billy would look very thoughtful for fully thirty minutes.

They had known each other for almost five years. Billy had met her abroad when she had been traveling with her mother, and the tender, fragile little mother had been completely won by Billy's smile.

As for Billy, "I never knew what my mother was like," he said to her once, "but she must have been just like you."

They had been so much to each other, this mother and daughter, and since the mother's death Billy had never missed spending his Sundays in the little town where Mrs. Courtwright had died and where her daughter lived. He realized how lonely the girl must be, and although she would not admit it herself, the impressive stillness of the big house was very trying at times.

To-day was one of those perfect days in June and Miss Courtwright, as she stood in the door was glad, in a vague sort of way, to be alive.

"Dear Billy," she mused tenderly to herself, "I wonder why he doesn't marry some sweet dimpled little girl and leave me to enjoy my spinsterhood in peace." But the smile died out of her eyes at the thought. It was useless to deny that Sunday was the brightest day in the week to her, and the last few Sundays especially had become very delightful memories.

Could she ever forget the time they had broken the Sabbath by fishing in the big lake behind the house, her wild excitement when she had first felt a tug at her line; how they had worked to land the big fish, and how dirty and wet and happy they both had been! She had told him that day, as she had for many weeks past, that she had no intention of marrying him and he had responded, as was customary, that he would not mention the subject again.

Finally Miss Courtwright opened the screen-door and moved with a slow grace out on the porch. A tall young man in white flannels was coming up the walk.

"Why, Billy, you're late," exclaimed his hostess, gayly. "But better late than never. Shall we sit here or go down by the lake?"

"The lake for me," answered Billy. Then earnestly, "I want to talk to you, Edith. I have something to tell you."

This was his usual beginning. Miss Courtwright sighed in mock resignation. "Again," she queried gently, "I thought you were never to speak of that subject."

Billy's face flushed slightly at her words. "I am not going to speak of that subject," he said, slowly, as they sat down on the rocks by the water "ever again." He was watching her face intently as he spoke. "I have

met a girl at last who will take your place in my heart and I am going to love her always and try and make her happy. I wanted to be first to tell you this, we have always been such close friends, I never imagine I could want any one else for my wife. But, you see, it's all so useless my expecting you to love me, and I think my future wife cares for me more than I am worthy of. She is one of God's best works, a sweet, straightforward girl," and Billy bared his young head reverently.

Miss Courtwright's absent gaze was fixed on the sparkling water, she



"I know I shall love her dearly," seemed intensely interested in studying its blue depths.

After a few minutes she turned her clear gray eyes on Billy and smiled her slow, understanding smile, "I'm glad, Billy," she said, simply, "and I know you will be happy."

If there was a note of sadness in her voice Billy did not seem to notice it.

"Tell me all about her," she continued, "for I want to know something of the girl who is to be your wife."

Thus encouraged, Billy began an enthusiastic description, and Miss Courtwright listened, still with a far-off look in her eyes.

"She is beautiful," he said, vaguely, "and dark haired and altogether adorable."

"Tall," asked Miss Courtwright, whose glorious hair was the color of ripe wheat.

"No, short and plump and dimpled," replied the enraptured Billy.

"I hate dimples," quickly decided Miss Courtwright to herself. But aloud, "I know I shall love her dearly."

Suddenly he pulled out his watch, and started to his feet. "I must hurry off," he announced. "It's too bad, but I have an important engagement in town and cannot stay to tea."

He shook hands hurriedly and went swiftly up the path and was lost to Miss Courtwright's watching eyes.

About an hour later Miss Courtwright made her way to the house and up the stairs to her room; she went straight to her full length mirror and examined herself with unflinching gray eyes. Did it show in her face, she wondered, all of her that had lived and died within the last hour.

"You fool," she said to the girl in the glass, "you utter, utter fool."

Slowly she unfastened the white gown and let it slip to the floor, and from her wardrobe she took a simple black dimity. There was a cynical little smile on her lips.

"He didn't even mention my white dress," she murmured. "I guess that girl wears bright blues and glaring pinks. Oh, how I hate her, I do hate her. How could Billy do it? But it makes no difference to me."

And Miss Courtwright powdered her nose, brushed up a few stray tendrils of hair and went down to partake of her cozy little tea on the porch, telling herself, very emphatically, that she was quite happy. She repeated the apparently obvious assertion more than once during the course of her solitary meal.

And then all at once while the twilight fell Miss Courtwright found herself sobbing quietly.

"Billy," she said, brokenly, longingly, "I love you, didn't you know, dear, I love you, now that it is too late."

And forgetting how happy she was, Miss Courtwright hid her face in a convenient sofa pillow and cried in a heavily unaffected way, much to her own disgust.

For the second time in her young life Miss Courtwright was genuinely, supremely miserable.

She did not see the conscience-stricken Billy as he emerged from out of the shadows in the garden. She did not know of the radiance in his face, but suddenly she felt his arms about her.

"Dear little girl," he told her, while he kissed her tear-stained face, "it isn't too late, it's never too late to mend."

About thirty minutes later Edith lifted her head from Billy's white flannel shoulder and looked up anxiously into his eyes.

"The other girl, the one who had taken my place?" she asked, weakly.

"Doesn't exist," said Billy, promptly. "She was only a bluff," and he kissed her on the mouth.

BERNHARDT AND MARIE LLOYD.

When Music Hall Artist Was First and Sarah Only Second.

Sarah Bernhardt has told in her memoirs, recently published, about the result of the final examination at the Paris conservatory, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. She was, she says, almost overcome, falling to receive even honorable mention for her performance in tragedy and obtaining only the second prize for her work in comedy. The first prize went to Marie Lloyd, who afterward became a music hall artist.

Of her chagrin and disappointment on that occasion Mme. Bernhardt writes:

"The tall girl I had pushed went forward, looking graceful and radiant as she arrived on the stage. There were a few protestations, but her beauty, her distinction and her charm won the day with every one, so that Marie Lloyd was heartily applauded. As she passed near me she kissed me affectionately. We were great friends and I liked her very much, but I always considered her a nullity as a pupil. I do not know whether she had received any prize the year before, but no one expected her to have the prize. I was simply petrified with amazement. 'Second prize for comedy, Mlle. Bernhardt.' I had not heard, but I was pushed on the stage, and while I was bowing I could see hundreds of Marie Lloyds dancing about in front of me. Some of them made grimaces at me; others threw kisses; some of them were fanning themselves, others were bowing; they were all very tall, all these Marie Lloyds; they were higher than the ceilings; they walked over people's heads and they came to me, seizing me, stifling me and crushing my heart. My face, it appears, was whiter than my dress."

Cash.
The preachers in the pulpits and the wise men everywhere "vittles" and the rainment that they wear are earnestly declaring, as men have since Adam's fall, that the rich are far from happy and that money isn't all; O, their logic is delightful and their reasoning profound.—But cash is still a rather handy thing to have around.

The professors keep explaining that the richest men are those who possess the deepest knowledge and are free from petty woes; Much we hear of tainted money and the heathen that it brings. To its pitiful possessors, the perturbed financial kings; We are constantly reminded of "the last six feet of ground"—But cash is still a rather handy thing to have around.

He that works from early morning till the shadows fall at night, She that sews with aching fingers while her cheeks are thin and white, May be heaping future treasures where the sunbeams in glory dwell, But the rich man's auto passes, leaving trails of dust and smell.—He is free from toll's exactions, and he probably has found That cash is still a rather handy thing to have around.—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

French Wit.
Clyde Fitch was discussing French wit.

"The wit of France," he said, "won't bear transplanting. We shouldn't like it here. It is too subtle, too unexpected, too delicate, and, above all, too wicked."

"I heard yesterday a French witicism that exemplifies well the Gallic qualities of subtlety, delicacy and wickedness."

"Two clubmen meet, and the first says: 'What is the matter, Charles? You look blue. Has your wife caught you kissing that pretty governess of yours?'"

"Charles groaned."

"Worse than that," he replied. "The pretty governess caught me kissing my wife."

An Epigram.
During a discussion of Oscar Wilde's interesting posthumous work, "De Profundis," an editor said:

"I had the honor of meeting Wilde in London on the opening night of his amusing comedy, 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' A little group of us got supper at the Carlton and during supper the subject of epigrams came up."

"To Wilde, as the foremost living epigrammatist, the duty of defining an epigram was assigned."

"He thought a moment, smiled slightly, and then, in his low and pleasant voice, he said:

"An epigram is a commonplace couched so adroitly that only clever people can tell what it means."

Unavoidably Detained.
Judge—You are sentenced to twenty years in state's prison. Have you anything to say?

Prisoner—Ys, your honor. Will you please send word to my wife not to wait dinner for me?

CHANCE SETTLED TOWN'S NAME

Toss of Coin Resulted in Selection of Portland.

Frank W. Pettygrove of Seattle has the penny that named the city of Portland, Ore. On the toss of this coin depended the question whether the Willamette metropolis should be known as Portland or Boston. Twice the coin turned "tails," and the town was named after Portland, Me., the former home of Mr. Pettygrove's father.

A. L. Lovejoy of Massachusetts, a member of the party that laid out Portland, desired to name it Boston, after the most important city in his state. Pettygrove wanted to name it Portland, after the most important city in Maine, his native state. They agreed to toss a penny, heads to be Boston, tails to mean Portland, the best two in three to be the choice. Pettygrove won the first toss; Lovejoy won the second, and the third proved to be tails, and Portland it was.

The younger Pettygrove still has the identical penny and would not take any amount of money for it. His father kept it for a pocket piece, and it has been handed down to the son, who bears his father's name. It is dated 1835, and is one of those large coins in vogue at that time, about the size of the quarter of the present day.

Lesson for Women.

Jersey Shore, Pa., Aug. 28th (Special)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done worlds of good for me." That's what Mrs. C. B. Earnest of this place has to say of the Great American Kidney Remedy.

"I was laid up sick," Mrs. Earnest continues, "and had not been out of bed for five weeks. Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and now I am so I can work and go to town without suffering any. I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have good reason to praise them everywhere."

Women who suffer should learn a lesson from this, and that lesson is "cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and your suffering will cease." Woman's health depends almost entirely on her kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills have never yet failed to make healthy kidneys.

Regulated Price of Meat.

In 1592, in England, butchers were compelled by law to sell their beef for a half penny a pound and mutton for three farthings. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor, every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pounds for a penny.

TEA

Go by the book you find in our package, and have such tea as will make you drink more.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Locomotive Needs Much Oil.

A passenger locomotive needs about 120 gallons of oil each year to keep it in running order.

TEA

Three-quarters of the tea is not very good; what's the use!

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Cremation in France.

The cost of cremating a body in France is only three francs.

TEA

Shake hands, we are friends, tea friends, friends altogether.

We have hosts of friends.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

"Baker's Dozen."

The phrase "baker's dozen" arose from the custom of the trade to allow thirteen penny rolls to each dozen sold. The same custom still holds good in the wholesale book trade.

USE THE FAMOUS

Red Cross Hall Blue. Large 3-oz. package, cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

The Really Strong Mind.

"The mind that is parallel with the laws of nature will be in the current of events, and strong with their strength."—Emerson.

TEA

There are perhaps no two more important words between you and your grocer than Schilling's Best.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Consider the Wasp.

"The wasp is a disputatious creature, to be sure," observed the professor, "but it always carries its point."

TEA

We like to pay-out the money; won't you please take some?

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Use of Corals is Ancient.

The use of corals by infants while teething is at least 200 years old.

BRIDE'S CAKE IS ROMAN.

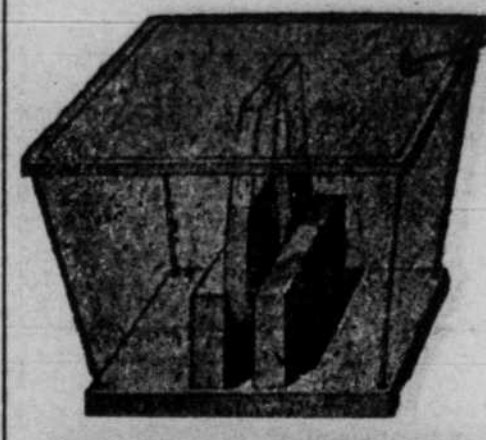
It Used to Be Broken Over Her Head After the Ceremony.

The custom of having a special cake at weddings came from the Romans. This cake, or rather biscuit, signified fruitfulness, hospitality and prosperity. The rice that was showered on a bride had a similar meaning.

For many centuries after the Romans left England, the custom was to break the biscuit over the bride's head, and then the fragments were picked up and piled before her for distribution to her friends.

At the restoration Charles II returned with a small army of French cooks, who speedily converted the ancient biscuit into a delicious piece of confectionery, laced it with sugar and gradually adorned it with emblematical devices, till it towered into the amazing structure which the luxury of later times has developed.—Stray Stories.

Horse Shoe Trick.



Prop a horse shoe magnet up between two upright posts, which should be tacked to the bottom of a box, then put a pasteboard cover on the box and scatter steel shavings over it. They will form in circles while whirling from one magnet to the other.

Copperhead Around His Neck.

Monday evening James A. Allen, who lives in Annandale, went into his haymow to get a bundle of hay for his horse. When he picked the hay up he pressed it against the mow to get a better grip on it, and as he did so noticed what he thought was a strap fall against his neck with a very cold feeling.

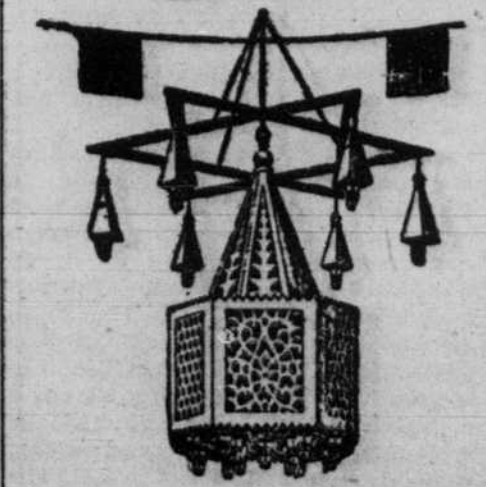
Just then he reached the light, and to his horror found that it was not a strap, but a live copperhead snake that had been caressing his juglar. A copper is a very quick reptile, but in this instance Allen landed before his snakeship could strike.

Just what happened Mr. Allen can't relate, but the snake is dead, and died so suddenly that Allen's recollections of the windup are very hazy and confused. Mr. Allen says he has had enough copper about his neck to satisfy him for the rest of his life.—Moundville Herald.

Sneeze Won His Heart.

The expression, "falling in love" is good. No man ever got in love unless he fell in. A fell in love with Miss B.'s neck; C. fell in love with Miss D.'s ribbons; E. fell in love with Miss F.'s teeth; G. fell in love with Miss H.'s hair; I. fell in love with Miss J.'s walk; K. fell in love with Miss L.'s throat; M. fell in love with Miss N.'s hands, etc. But the strangest falling in ever heard of was by Colonel —, who was a celibate of 48, then suddenly married. "How did she catch me?" he says. "By sneezing. I had never seen her in my life. I heard her sneeze. I loved her instantly. Ah, such a sneeze! It was so ladylike, so refined, so elegant! Something said in my heart, 'Colonel, a woman who can sneeze in that way is a queen, a pearl beyond price, an angel!'"—New York Press.

Egyptian Lantern.



Lanterns, such as these, were used by ancient Egyptians to hang across streets during wedding festivities.

Malingering Animals.

It is said that certain animals often pretend to be ill so they will not have to do things that are distasteful to them. This is particularly true of cavalry horses. Often they will pretend to be lame so as to get out of attending drill.

Oldest Maine Pensioner.

The oldest person on the state pension rolls in Maine is Eli Cook of Belfast. Mr. Cook, who is a veteran of the Aroostook war, has passed the century mark and has two sons, veterans of the civil war, who also draw pensions.

Find Remains of Sea Reptile.

The remains of a big sea reptile, said to be the first of its kind known to scientists, have been dug out of the limestone in Humboldt county, Nevada, and shipped to the University of California.

CUTICURA GROWS HAIR.

Scalp Cleared of Dandruff and Hair Restored by One Box of Cuticura and One Cake of Cuticura Soap.

A. W. Taft of Independence, Va., writing under date of Sept. 15, 1904, says: "I have had falling hair and dandruff for twelve years and could get nothing to help me. Finally I bought one box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and they cleared my scalp of the dandruff and stopped the hair falling. Now my hair is growing as well as ever. I am highly pleased with Cuticura Soap as a toilet soap. (Signed) A. W. Taft, Independence, Va."

Tons of Cheshire Cheese. In Cheshire, England, and the adjoining counties more than 25,000 tons of Cheshire cheese are made annually.

TEA

Did you ever lose any money on Schilling's Best anything?

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Filmflamed.

"Well, dern the luck!" muttered Samson through his close-cropped beard after Delilah and her Philistines had finished with him. "Bunked, and by one o' them lady barbers, too!"

TEA

You can almost borrow the best of it.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Progress.

"People that live in glass houses needn't have any fear nowadays," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "There are plate glass insurance companies."

TEA

Do you drink Schilling's Best?

Don't you know it?

What! don't know it!

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Buhl Work.

Buhl work is said to be very popular now in England. It is furniture made of wood, tortoise shell or other costly material, pierced and inlaid with metal or pearl.

"I Went Home to Die from Gravel Trouble. Doctors failed. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me." Mrs. O. W. Brown, Petersburg, N. Y.

A Woman of Resource.

A young woman while in Pittsburg lost her railway ticket. She offered to sell her pretty petticoat to a woman at the station for the price of a railway ticket home, and the bargain was promptly effected.

Railway Notes.

Mr. E. P. Spitting, who for several years past has occupied the position of Northwestern passenger agent of the C. & O., has been appointed General Northern Agent of the Big Four Railway, with headquarters at 238 Clark street, Chicago.

Englishman's Harsh Criticism.

An Englishman says that the people of the United States are nerve-racked, bald-headed, gray-headed, catarrhal people, who do not know how to live.

TEA

Isn't there anybody else in the tea business but Schilling?

Yes, a dozen, two dozen, three dozen.

Choice in Color of Skin.

The color of the skin is a thing that makes for beauty or mars it among different people. Each race considers its own color preferable to every other. The North American Indian admires a tawny skin and the Chinese dislike the white skin of the Europeans.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an Infallible

medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Monks Made Champagne.

In the seventeenth century a monk named Perignon had charge of a vineyard belonging to the abbey of St. Peter Hautvillers, Champagne, and he also superintended the making of the abbey wines. In the course of his experiments he discovered "sparkling champagne."

TEA

The majority buy poor tea. There is plenty of good.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Generally Justified.

There always remains a suspicion in the mind of the most devoted wife that perhaps she could have done better.—Atchison Globe.

