YESTERDAYS.

A ghostly company they file away
Into the yesterdays dark, and come no more,
Bearing rich trophies of our human play
To cast them down upon a foreign shore.

Not long we watch them, for we face the new,
To-morrows beckon, radiant with delight,
Even at the parting we scarce say adieu,
The future charms us with its wondrous might.

And yet these yesterdays are all we own
Save this brief hour filled up with love and thought;
For they are days each yearning soul has sown,
From which time's coming harvests shall be wrought.

We strain our eyes to catch a gleam of light,
But no! their lamps burn baleful in the gloom;
We cannot read the fleeting message right,
And only hear their mutterings of doom.

Somehow they seem to jeer and mock us here,
As slow they march into the void of things,
And seem to say: "For every smile a tear—
Behold to us what joy and sorrow clings!"

They take the choicest blessings from our hands,
They take our youth, our strength, our high resolve,
And leave us but increasing soul demands,
New duties that our tired lives evolve.

But ah, they take our trials, troubles, fears—
Impartial servants of unfeeling fate—
They take at last the memory and tears,
And we have but to look ahead and wait.

Grim yesterday's, that ghostly file away
Into the past and come to us no more,
Their hands are filled with ashes and decay
Their destiny some long deserted shore!

We would not bring them back to fret the earth
With all their store of certain toil and tears,
Behold! for each a new day has its birth!
And we shall fill it with abundant cheers.

"The king is dead! Long live the king!" we cry,
To-morrow shall be ours for evermore.
Go ye your way! lo! all the days shall die—
While we shall own a still unending store.

—Charles W. Stevenson, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE PAINTER AND THE SIGN.

BY ROBERT C. McELRAVY.

SHE noticed him the first day he came; I noticed them both. I make no particular apology for the confession, and in fact am now so hardened that I take particular pleasure in the recollection. At first I had the same moral right to watch the young painter at his work that she had, or any other roomer in the block, for that matter. After the affair became involved, which it did so gradually that at first I scarcely recognized the inroads of Cupid, I acknowledge that for a time conscientious qualms mingled frequently with the pleasure I experienced in overhearing their remarks, but after a day or two the delights of eavesdropping swept all my compunctions to the winds.

First the carpenters put the signboard up. She and I could hear the noise of the operation early in the morning, and reached our windows simultaneously. We watched them a little while, mentally debating, or at least I was, as to the probable length of time the hammering would continue. Turning, she seemed a bit confused to see me leaning out at the next window. I thanked heaven that I was old and white-haired and decrepit; otherwise I am sure she would have drawn back hastily into her room. As it was, I spoke to her and she smiled. Our wonderment as to the work going on below took words, and we discussed the matter thoroughly. The immense signboard reached from the ground up to our windows, which were on the second floor, and when the job was completed we understood only too plainly that the mercenary disposition of our landlord was about to wreck the appearance of our lodging-house. For myself, I was in no position to allow trifles like sign-boards, loaded down with glaring advertisements, to coerce me into changing my quarters. An old man with a scant income, and beyond the power of increasing it, is not apt to be squeamish about his living quarters.

The girl, however, in a pretty, pouting way, was greatly displeased with the commercial acquisition, albeit, I am afraid, with a compulsory fortitude equal to my own. Young girls who sew for a living can scarcely afford to be too particular either.

But about the painter. He put in appearance about the third day, after the board had received a coat of white paint at the hands of two young fellows, who conversed loudly and chewed an immense amount of plug tobacco. The painter, I can scarcely call him an artist, although some of his brushes were quite fine, made a favorable impression with us from the first. After the preliminary racket caused by the rigging and adjustment of his swing, the work took on a comparative quiet in its execution, and he moved about with a fascinating deftness that it was really a pleasure to witness.

"I am glad there is to be no more noise below us, at any rate," said the girl to me as the young man began his measurements, following each with the slurring sound of a soft pencil.

"Yes, it will indeed be a relief," I replied, mentally remarking on the fondness I have always felt for the brunette type of beauty.

The painter raised his head, having overheard the remarks, and there was a little smile of appreciation on his clear-cut lips.

"The carpenters made it disagreeable you, did they?" There was a quiet in his manner that convinced ately that he was a gentlese I should not have encontinue, on the girl's was burning with za to know what kind be.

girl, and thanked a gentleman, for the dawn of a the proposed adverthe time imagine the interest exr, and still do not alize only too well at love moves with in these days. At ed miss and noisy

ing for knowledge. "What is the sign to be?" I queried, endeavoring to suppress any suspicion of rudeness in my tone. The question had the double effect of securing the somewhat uninteresting information, and of letting the painter forever into our good graces. You see I have adopted the plural now without excuse, and the girl's wide-eyed interest and seeming dependence on my good judgment was beginning to justify it.

"A cigar sign," he announced pleasantly, pausing in his preparations and glancing upward, as if to see how the intelligence was received. I flatter myself that I have now reached an age when I can assume a stoical cast of countenance under stress of deep and lasting disappointment. It was not so with the girl, however. Her face not only gave evidence of displeasure, but she voiced the feeling in words. The words were:

"How perfectly horrid!"

The painter laughed immoderately. I was certain now that he was no boor, for it takes a brave and courageous man to stand a woman's scorn of his work. He was not without reason for his courage, though, and I must not over-rate his good nature.

"But this is not going to be a horrid sign," he said. "It's going to be handsome and attractive." Here's young American assurance, I thought.

"I am commissioned by the manufactures of the Dorothy cigar," he continued, "to illumine this sign with the head of a charming woman. She must be beautiful and alluring in the extreme. If I succeed my future is assured, and my fortune also."

"And do you feel certain that you will be able to paint such a face?" asked she.

He looked at her intently for a moment. "I was somewhat doubtful of it when I took the contract," he said, "but am beginning to feel that possibly I may be able to accomplish something that will help to sell the Dorothy cigar."

That ended our first conversation. Of course we could not see the work he was doing, as the sign-board was immediately below us and against the building. I was, moreover, unable to go down stairs that evening, being confined to my room by a painful attack of rheumatism, although I was haunted by a strange suspicion, and was more than anxious to have a glance at the rough outline on the sign-board. Nor was I able to move about much the following day.

The painter arrived bright and early, and I was awakened by a combination of harmonious melody, which emanated from a masculine whistle below and a girl's voice from the next room. The three of us exchanged salutations and discussed weather conditions without variance. Presently I found intent watching from the window more painful than pleasant, and sank back from sight into my rocker. Then it was I became an unwitting, and at first unwilling eavesdropper. The first remark that reached my ear was the following from the girl:

"Is this beautiful woman you are painting to be a blonde or a—brunette?" She hesitated slightly on the last word.

"Which do you consider advisable?" The slap of his brush had ceased, and I knew he was losing valuable time. I could also guess that his eyes were elsewhere than on his work.

"Why a blonde, of course. Everybody thinks blondes are more attractive than brunettes." The girl spoke in a manner that brought to my mind a number of impressions, chief among them being that she did not mean what she said. Realizing that she was probably conscious, or should be, of her own dark beauty, I could not bring myself to censure her.

"A blonde it will be, then," was his quick reply.

"But you have such a dark supply of paint. How will you be able to paint a blonde with that?"

He did not answer for a moment. Then he said: "Well, it's all in the mixing, you know." I hoped he was blushing with shame. If not, I was for him.

"Is this—this girl, to be your ideal?"

They were becoming acquainted remarkably fast, and I began to feel that my life was lapping over into a new and strangely rapid generation.

"I hope I can bring the picture up to my ideal," he finally answered.

My rheumatism was still aggravating me greatly that evening, but I made a groaning descent to the ground floor and out onto the opposite side of the street. Then I turned and beheld for the first time the gigantic cigar sign. The picture was still a mere outline, but it told me that my suspicions had been correct. I have said that the painter had courage. This was positive daring! And I also formed a poor opinion of his ability to mix dark paints into a blonde preparation. The hair was dark as night!

The next day I felt better. I was able to have leaned out of my window indefinitely, but fifteen minutes sufficed. My old-fashioned conscience was becoming a deliberate failure.

"What are you working on now?" she asked.

"I am finishing up the right eye," responded the painter.

That explained their low tones. The right eye was directly under her window, and for that reason I had difficulty in hearing.

"She has blue eyes, of course, being a blonde," was the next observation from the girl.

"Of course," he returned. I cowered like a guilty wretch in my chair. I felt it almost a duty to correct him, but discovered that I was calling myself an "old fogy" and "back number." Deceitful silence was a happy recourse.

Several days followed, more rapidly for me than the time was wont to pass. I wondered vaguely at times if sewing was remunerative, and if making up for lost time by lamplight was not a trifle hard on the eyes. Also whether painting signs had to be done with any great dispatch in order to be profitable, and just how much time should really be taken to paint a large cigar sign like the one below our window. Then I began to hope that time was no particular object in sign-painting and that gaslight was not hard on the eyes.

"I will be through to-night," he said, on the morning of the tenth day.

"Then I will be able to see the picture to-night," she said, not gaily, but with a half note of sorrow. She had rigidly refrained from viewing the sign until it was completed.

He painted silently for a time.

"You seem very much in love with your work," she said finally.

"Yes," he replied quietly, though the words reached me clearly. "You are right, I am very much in love with my work."

That night he came for her, and they crossed the street together in the gathering dusk to look at the picture. ...d myself quivering with excitement, and wondered if my old ears would serve me at that distance. At least I could depend upon my eyes to a certain extent. I both saw and heard something of what occurred. They stood closely together, and as the girl turned I heard a sharp exclamation of surprise. I could detect no anger, though I was listening intently for it. He began talking rapidly and vehemently. I knew intuitively what he was saying, and almost prayed that he would be successful. After a short time the two forms melted together, and I could see his arms steal about her. I fell on my knees and the tears rained down my cheeks.

"We must tell Uncle Ben," I heard her say presently.

"The first thing, to be sure."

They were upon the steps in a moment, and it was a guilty old, rheumatic wretch they found simulating surprise on their arrival.

I have saved and reread a hundred times the clippings from the daily papers which told of the sudden rise to prominence of a young "ad" painter in the city, and the crowds which gather every day to look upon the picture of the young American girl on the Dorothy cigar sign little imagine the secret in the heart of the old man in the window above.—National Magazine.

A WOMAN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Romance and Hardship of a French Girl Exile on a Lone Island.

Off the coast of Newfoundland lies a small island known as the Isle of Demons, which holds within its rocky shores a romance as thrilling and a tragedy as real as any told in fiction, says Youth's Companion. About 1540 Marguerite de Roberval, niece of the French viceroy, fell in love with a young cavalier and promised him her heart and hand. Her uncle, the viceroy, considered the youth unworthy of his niece's proud position, and angered by her refusal to give up her lover, he passed a sentence of exile upon both of them. A vessel carried the couple to the Isle of Demons, leaving them there alone, with an old nurse who attended the lady Marguerite from her childhood, and who wished to share her exile.

At first the banishment did not seem so dreadful a thing; the young man's strength stood between his wife and suffering, and for two years all went well. A child was born, and the parents began to plan for the establishment of a colony which might thrive in this island home. Then came trouble, swift and terrible.

Disease smote the little family, and the young wife and mother saw her husband, child and faithful nurse all sicken and die. With her own hands she dug their graves and buried all that was dear to her; and then began a life alone, a life in which the mere question of existence became a problem hard indeed for a frail woman to solve. By means of the gun that had been her husband's, she kept herself provided with food and with skins for her clothing.

For two years she lived a Robinson Crusoe life, this gently nurtured, highly bred girl.

At last she was rescued by some fishermen who ventured on the island, half-frightened at first by what they thought was an evil apparition.

Marguerite was sent to France, but her uncle discovered her whereabouts and continued to persecute her. She finally found a refuge in a small French village, where she hid until the viceroy's death. After that she came into the world once more and lived to a good old age.

Do It Now!

Wait not for the critics so sage
To trumpet your genius or moot it;
This is a business age—
Get your own horn and toot it!
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

THE CRUEL MAID.



Cholly Chumpleigh—I say, I wonder what she meant when she told me she would never marry a man?

Miss Cutting—I suppose she wanted to give you some encouragement.—Chicago Journal.

Six and a Half Dozen.

They who lie about us
Anger us, in sooth,
Quite as much as they do
Who but tell the truth.
—Chicago Tribune.

Identified.

"Please, sir, have you seen a gentleman without a little girl?"

"Well, what if I have, little one?"

"My Uncle John has lost me and I thought if you'd seen a gentleman without a little girl you could tell me where he was."—Portland Telegram.

Right in His Line.

Comedian—Who's backing your show?

Tragedian—He's a wealthy Chicago pork packer, and he seems confident that the venture will be a success.

Comedian—Great faith in his ability to make money out of hams, eh?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Flint and Steel.

Mrs. Highmore (with cold dignity)—To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?

Unexpected Caller—To your careless servant, perhaps, madam. I dare say she forgot that you were not at home.—Chicago Tribune.

Effect of the Reaction.

Uncle Eph'm—Boss, wot's dis watahmillion wuth?

Downtown Grocer — Seventy-five cents, uncle.

Uncle Eph'm—Um—got any turnips, boss?—Chicago Tribune.

Dietetics.

"If I understand you, so long as I eat nothing, I shall be well," said the natural man, in a sarcastic vein.

"If you chew it thoroughly," said the food crank, guardedly.—Puck.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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His Estimate.

"You used to tell me I was birdlike," complains the fond wife.

The brutal husband continues to bury his nose in the paper.

"You used to tell me I was birdlike," repeats the fond wife, "but now you never act as if you thought so."

"You're still birdlike," growls the husband.

"One wouldn't think you thought so, to judge by—"

"Isn't a parrot a bird?"—Judge.

His Claim Made Good.

"When I die," said the candidate, reaching his grand climax, "let them put but three words upon my tomb. I ask no more. I shall rest in peace if above me are carved the simple words: 'He was honest.'"

"Yah," said a little man at the back end of the hall, "I've always claimed you'd take your nerve right with you to the grave."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The One Thing Needful.

"What do you think of those songs without words?" asked the fair maid as she arose from the piano.

"With a little alteration they would be divine," replied her bachelor relative.

"How could they be improved?" she asked.

"By omitting the music also," he answered.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Club Finances.

"But," expostulated Jones, "if you'd only pay me what you owe me I could pay Smith what I owe him."

"I know it," said Robinson. "But Smith wouldn't pay me what he owes me. You and I would merely impoverish ourselves to enrich Smith."—Town Topics.

LIVER TROUBLES

"I find Thedford's Black-Draught a good medicine for liver disease. It cured my son after he had spent $100 with doctors. It is all the medicine I take."—MRS. CAROLINE MARTIN, Parkersburg, W. Va.

If your liver does not act regularly go to your druggist and secure a package of Thedford's Black-Draught and take a dose tonight. This great family medicine frees the constipated bowels, stirs up the torpid liver and causes a healthy secretion of bile.

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"I used Thedford's Black Draught for liver and kidney complaints and found nothing to excel it."—WILLIAM COFFMAN, Marblehead, Ill.

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In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

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TWO GREAT CONTESTS

The first contest will be on the July 4th attendance at the *St. Louis World's Fair;* the second relates to *Total Vote For President* to be cast Nov. 8, 1904. *$20,000.00* will be distributed in each of these contests, making *$40,000.00* on the two, and, to make it still more interesting, in addition to this amount, we will give a

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

to the one who is *nearest correct on both contests,* and thus your estimates have two opportunities of winning a big cash prize.

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WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST

What will be the total July 4th attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair? At Chicago, July 4, 1893, the attendance was 283,573. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, Ohio, on or before June 30th, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
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2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE CONTEST

What will be the total Popular Vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904? In 1900 election 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Co.'s, office, Toledo, O., on or before Nov. 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

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1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	2,500.00
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1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES.	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

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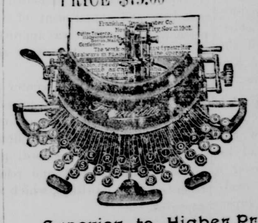
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