

# ELDER BLOOM

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

You say elder bloom is stinkish sweet? I love it—it minds me so of things—things, maybe, I had better forget.

It's hard loving and losing just through pure pride. If I had known—but at twenty you think everything of your own way. John said I was twenty only by the book—the big Bible, where all our ages were set down. He would have it, outside of that, I was just about seven. But he thought I was old enough to marry him.

Somebody else thought so, too—Allen Wade, the squint's lame son. We had gone to school together, all three—John had always helped Allan on and off his pony, and in class it had often come my way to make things a little easier for him. A good lad he was, in spite of being so sadly spotted.

It hurt his people terrible to have their only child a cripple. He had been born straight and lusty as anybody's child—it was a fever that gave him the withered leg and twisted foot. Except for them, he was fine and well made, with a face like a picture. But some way, when I looked at him, John's face always came between—a good ugly, honest face, with the kindest brown eyes to fight it.

I loved John all the way up from spelling books—yet he never cared for me, except as a little lonesome girl, until I was rising nineteen. All at once it came to him that he couldn't live without me. He told me so right away—if you ever killed I shouldn't be living now. But here

off, and came almost every night. The lane was our refuge. Aunt Jane had gone away for a little while, and my stepmother never opened the best room for anybody short of the minister.

She didn't mean to be unkind—it was only that she loved to know and hear all anybody said. She could see us walking the lane length in the moonshine, else she would never have let me go.

She was all for Allen, thinking so much of money as she did. He came in the day time—evenings his father wanted him to stay and talk over cases with him.

Allen had read law, but never meant to practice, being sensitive as to showing himself. He had asked me to marry him the week after John proposed. Partly from vanity, partly to make John prize me more, I let him dangle on after me, telling him to wait—I didn't know what I would say to him in the end.

That wasn't a story—I loved John so. I went in fear and trembling. It seemed to me beyond hope that I ever could be his wife—and if I couldn't—well, certainly I couldn't live along with my stepmother. It was her house—father had left me only his bit of money. She had said:

"You're welcome to stay until you marry," fully expecting the time to be short.

That night of the full moon the world was all silver—the elder flowers more than silver—pearl. Wild spice plinks in the garden. Heaven grapes were in bloom, too, and the spice plinks in the garden. Heaven itself cannot be sweeter than was the air, and the dew was so heavy it showed in beads over everything, and plashed down big drops whenever the mocking-birds stirred. Three of them sang at once, up and down the lane—they had nests in the hedgerows and sang to their mates. Never was there such another night. Now I love to think of it—for years the memory was like fire.

Midway the lane we heard somebody riding in the far end of it—riding hard. There was a little rise before the end. As we looked we saw Allen come spurring over it, bareheaded and stooping in his saddle. He was upon us all in a whiff, and saying fretfully:

"What are you doing here, Lynette? Come back with me to your mother."

He said it with authority. John stepped before him, caught his bridle rein and said, before I could answer him:

"Lynette will stay here as long as she likes—with the man she is going to marry!"

"Liar!" Allen cried, scrambling down. In spite of the withered leg he had the strength of a bull.

He caught John in a bear-hug, foaming out curses. John only smiled. With a shake of the shoulders he was wreathed free, half swung Allen from him, but caught and steadied him, and holding him upright turned to face me.

"Choose between us, little girl," he said. "I thought you had chosen me. Remember, I shall never ask you again."

"Lynette! Lynette! My God! I love you so!" Allen cried hoarsely.

I hid my eyes. I wanted to do right—to be honest and true—but John had said he would never ask again—he must be mighty sure of me. And poor Allen! How could I flout him with a happy rival? I wheeled about, calling to them over my shoulder:

"I shan't marry anybody—until I please."

No; that's not the end. John went away next week; next year I married Allen—on his deathbed. He said I'd made him mighty happy. Myself! Oh, it hardly matters about women. But—last week I got a letter—next week John is coming for me. I shall give the Wate fortune to charity—my true love has enough for us both.

No Scratching.

The suffragettes had gone to war and their army had been repulsed.

"And what have you done with the suffragettes prisoners?" asked the commander of the mere man force.

"We are disarming them," replied his captain.

"Ah, relieving them of their weapons, eh?"

"Yes, we are filing their finger nails."

Precocity.

Kitty had found a stray section of gas pipe and was trying to crowd her doll into it, feet foremost.

"What are you doing to dolly, pet?" asked her mother.

"I'm puttin' a hobbie skirt on her, mamma," said Kitty.

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## Uncle Sam's Bug Sleuths After Cats



WASHINGTON—A bitter war on the house cat has been declared by the department of agriculture. Experts in the biological bureau of that department are making exhaustive investigations of the cat as a spreader of disease. Already they have found out enough to convince them that as much danger lurks in a cat as in a rat, and rats are known to be fatal distributors of plague.

Upon the completion of these investigations efforts will be made by the Federal authorities to have cat lice laws passed. It is much more desirable, they say, to have a license for cats than a license for dogs.

"We know that cats carry disease," said H. W. Henshaw, chief of the bureau, in discussing the fight against tabby, "but we do not know to what extent. We are practically certain they carry diphtheria, scarlet fever and ringworm, and we suspect they carry tuberculosis. All this we want to find out. Of course the fight to bring about a cat license will be a hard one. Such a suggestion will be scoffed at. But in time people will come to realize what a menace cats are. That is what we hope to do—bring the people to such a realization."

Dr. A. K. Fisher, of the bureau of biology, is at work on a bulletin on the house cat. He has been studying the question for years and knows the general habits of cats thoroughly.

"There are lots of fallacious theories regarding the usefulness of cats," says Dr. Fisher. "As a matter of fact they do almost no good and a great deal of harm. The difficulty in following the question of the extent to which they carry disease is measured by the difficulty of following the cat. And yet there is no doubt in the world that many a child who, for no apparent reason, develops a case of diphtheria or scarlet fever owes its illness and often its death to the cat it has been fondling. Moreover, cats are as susceptible to hydrophobia as dogs.

"The highly pampered pet cat of the luxurious household never fails to get out and roam around with the ordinary alley cat. In many instances the alley cat, which prowls all night long with the pet cat, has spent the day sleeping in some hut or hovel in an alley where smallpox, diphtheria or tuberculosis is hid.

"Recently there has been much attention paid to rats and the harm they do, both as destroyers and as spreaders of disease. In this connection the cat has been pointed out as a valuable aid in keeping down the rat. That is an error.

"I can state from my personal observation that only about 5 per cent. of cats are really mousers. I have seen cats that would tackle the biggest rat going and kill him, but such instances are rare. As a rule a cat cares little for a conflict with a rat.

"As a matter of fact cats prefer birds to mice. They will spend twice as much time hunting birds. If one keeps count of a cat's quarry during a year he will find that the birds killed will far outnumber the mice. Little harm would be done if the whole cat tribe were exterminated, but there would be too much opposition to that. Still we think that when some of the facts concerning cats are well known to the public, many mothers will be more careful about allowing their children to play with cats."

name in the foolishness—I tormented myself wondering if he had not sensed how I loved him and had come to me out of pity? So I hung back.

He was patient enough with me—too patient for our good—until Allen Wade began haunting me, and saying everywhere I was the beauty of the country.

It was truth, though all along until I was full grown I'd been called almost ugly, a tearing tomy, all bony and freckled, who cared no more for frocks than to have them whole and clean, and had rather play hop-scotch and ride races bareback on the colts than sit and sew patchwork, or make puddings, or darn stockings.

Aunt Jane had changed all that—she was my mother's sister, and let me see she cared to have me look like the lady. My stepmother had not cared—nobody had until Aunt Jane came. She made me pretty dresses, and brushed my hair till it was like spun gold, and took off my freckles with buttermilk, and kept me in gloves till my hands were baby soft. She was to blame for the boys both loving me. But they never held it against her—and certainly I don't. It's right down pitiful to think of a girl growing up and never knowing what it is to play the great game. Love is the great game. I had my fill of it that summer twenty years back.

In the early June the elders all flowered, the richest, heaviest bloom I ever saw on them. And there were such clumps of them all up and down our lane, with wild roses in between and wild buckwheat climbing and tangling everywhere. I loved to walk there, stopping while to bury my face in the elder bloom. I never liked to pick the clusters—it seemed a sort of sacrilege. The moon filled as they were in prime, and John walked with me through the shining. He lived a little way



Allan Came Spurring Over It.

When Britishers Burned the Capitol

SOMETIMES it does us good to reminisce a little bit, and this leads us to remark that 96 years ago, the British forces burned the capitol. There were about 6,000 in number landed from the British vessels on the Patuxent August 26, and on the 24th they reached the capitol. There were only about 2,200 men available for defense of Washington in the American army, and they only had 17 pieces of artillery. So when the British made their raid on Washington, although they were met with splendid resistance, the American army was compelled to retreat, and the red coats made a triumphant entry into Washington and began to carry out the threat of the commanding invader, who said: "I will make a cow pasture of this Yankee capitol grounds." Just as soon as the British got possession of the city they set fire to the capitol, the White House and other public buildings. It was at this time that Dolly Madison cut the famous portrait of Washington from its frame, where it stood in the great east room of the White House, and, rolling it up, had it carted away with the few effects which she was able to remove from the White House. The British description of what went on in the capitol at that time is as follows:

"The blazing houses, ships and stores, the report of exploding magazines and the crash of falling roofs was one of the finest sights to be conceived. The sky was brilliantly illuminated by the conflagration. The scene was as striking and sublime as the burning of St. Sebastian's. Toward morning a violent storm of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, came on, whose flashes seemed to vie in brilliancy with the flames which burst from the roofs of burning houses, while the thunder drowned the noise of falling walls and was only interrupted by the occasional roar of cannon and of large deposits of gunpowder as they exploded, one by one." But we don't look much like a cow pasture now, don't you know.

## When Britishers Burned the Capitol



War Vessels to Go to the Scrap Heap

Every man who joined in the movement for Cuba's freedom views with sadness the passing of these four battleships. Accompanying the condemnation of the four Spanish war vessels is the passing of the old ship-of-war Portsmouth, forming the last chapter in the history of what is believed to be one of the most interesting ships in the old navy.

Launched before the beginning of the Mexican war, the Portsmouth took an active part in that struggle, participated in the suppression of the African slave trade, fought in Chinese waters, and had a large share in the operations in the Gulf of Mexico during the Civil war.

The Portsmouth was built in 1843, and after a voyage of one year and a half arrived in San Francisco to protect the American citizen vessels who were decimated afterward and lost to the possession of San Francisco, and hoisted the stars and stripes there for the first time.

At present she is with the New Jersey naval militia, but in a few days will be towed from Hoboken to the yard in Brooklyn to end one of the most varied and interesting careers of the United States navy.



## TAPS SOUNDED DURING YEAR

Men Who Fought in Three Wars Among Those Claimed by Death Since January 1.

Death has claimed many famous soldiers during the last year. Gen. O. O. Howard is one. He was the last of the officers of the army to receive by name the thanks of congress. "The gratitude of the American people and the thanks of their representatives in congress are due and hereby tendered to Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard and the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac for the skill and heroic valor, which, at Gettysburg repulsed, defeated and drove back broken and dispirited beyond the Rappahannock the veteran army of the rebellion."

Brig. Gen. Daniel H. Rucker died in Washington just at the time of the births of the new year. General Rucker served in Arlington. At his death he was ninety-seven years old. For sev-



Gen. Daniel H. Rucker.

enty-three years he was a soldier in the United States army. He saw service in the Seminole war, in the Mexican war, in the Civil war and for years he did duty on the plains against the Indians. His body lies with that of Lieut. Gen. Henry C. Corbin and Brig. Gen. John J. Copinger, both of whom he heard the last call within the year.

Maj. Gen. Alfred E. Bates, last June, visited West Point during the commencement exercises. Every year since his graduation and whenever his duties permitted General Bates went back to the academy. He loved the old place, and on his last visit he made a request that when taps sounded for him he might be buried in the cadet cemetery which lies almost under the shadow of the academy halls. Within a few months of the time that his request was made taps sounded, and General Bates is at rest in the little cemetery on the Hudson plateau.

Brig. Gen. Hamilton S. Hawkins, who died within the year, saw service in the Civil war as a subordinate officer. In the Spanish war he distinguished himself. General Hawkins entered West Point in 1852, but he failed to graduate. The academy had such a hold on his affections, however, that he asked before his death that he might be buried at the place which his boyhood experiences had endeared to him. General Hawkins was a southerner by birth, and with many other southern officers who had received their military education and their lessons in loyalty at West Point, he remained true to the union.

Of all the regular army officers of southern birth, who either rose from the ranks or were appointed from civil life to commissions, not one remained true to the flag at the outbreak of the Civil war. Of the southern graduates at the military academy nearly one-third remained true to their oaths of allegiance and to the spirit of love for a united country which the academy had inculcated.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *J. C. Watson*

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels.

NEARLY 100 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL SERVICE.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Law.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# SPHON'S

For DISTEMPER, Pink Eye, Epizootic and Catarrhal Fever

Some men need to be called down about twice a day.

USE Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers, 5c a package.

# CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Don't Persecute your Bowels.

Cut out radicals and irregulars. They are hard on the liver.

Purely vegetable. As gentle on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the stomach and bowels.

Care Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches and Irritability, no matter how Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine mottled Signature

# W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWED SHOES

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—your guarantee.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you for Mail Order Catalog, W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Mr. Hayrick—Mandy, this here catalogue says that that artist got \$5,000 for paintin' that little picture.

Mrs. Hayrick—My rosh, Hiram! I wonder what on earth he'd charge for paintin' a barn?

Beware the Dog!

A family moved from the city to a suburban locality and were told that they should get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a neighboring dog fancier, who was a German. Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul, while the big dog slept. The man went to the dog fancier and told him about it.

"Well, vat you need now," said the dog merchant, "is a leedle dog to vake up the big dog."—Everybody's.

Gruel.

Mrs. Benham—Every time I sing to the baby he cries.

Benham—He gets his ability as a musical critic from my side of the house.

PUZZLED

Hard Work, Sometimes, to Raise Children.

Children's taste is oftentimes more accurate, in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body, than that of adults. Nature works more accurately through the children.

A Brooklyn lady says: "Our little boy had long been troubled with weak digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on.

"One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I think he would have liked the food for dinner.

"The difference in his appearance is something wonderful.

"My husband had never fancied cereals of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts and has been much improved in health since using it.

"We are now a healthy family, and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts.

"A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. They showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment and the result was almost magical.

"They continued the food and today both children are well and strong as any children in this city, and of course, my friend is a firm believer in Grape-Nuts for she has the evidence before her eyes every day."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found page, "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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# DR. T. FELIX GOUDA'S Oriental Cream and Maggot Extract

Removes Itch, Pimples, Rash and Skin Diseases, Itch and every kind of skin ailment, and every kind of skin ailment. It has stood the test of 70 years and is the only preparation that will cure you.

Dr. T. Felix Gouda's Oriental Cream and Maggot Extract is the best for all skin diseases. It is the only preparation that will cure you.

Ferd. T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York

# Worms

Cascarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for constipation of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape-worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape-worm 45 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Treck, of Millersburg, Indiana Co., Pa. I am quite a worker for Cascarets. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood.

Chas. E. Gordon, Levittown, Pa. (M.D.)

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Gripe, Do, Do, Do. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guarantee to cure or your money back.

# ELECTROTYPES

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IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY

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Choice quality; reds and whites; white faces or Angus; sought by order. Tons of Thousands to select from. Satisfaction guaranteed. Correspondence invited. Come and see for yourself.

# National Live Stock Com. Co.

At either Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., or Omaha, Neb.

# WANTED

Everybody suffering from Piles or any other form of Hemorrhoids, write me for Free Trial of my Positive Painless Pile Cure.

St. U. FARNEY  
AUBURN, INDIANA

# A HOMESTEAD

Do you want a Good Home? Information sent free. How to Get a Farm of Land. Address THE COLONY HOMESTEAD COMPANY, Board of Trade Building, Indianapolis, Indiana

### A Brick Carrying Record.

Edward Ashbee, an employee of the High Bloom Brick Company, near Tunbridge Wells, holds the record of having carried considerably over 40,000, 900 bricks on a wheelbarrow in the past 30 years.

The weight of the bricks is estimated at nearly 130,000 tons, and in the course of his work he has walked nearly 55,000 miles, or more than twice the distance round the world. Ashbee is a man of fine physique and looks much younger than his fifty years.—London Daily Graphic.

### Another Victim.

"Here is a news dispatch that may be styled the pipe dream of a pipe-bitter."

"What's that?"

"A plumber thinks he has solved the problem of perpetual motion."

### Progress.

"As a politician that man was a disgrace to the city."

"Well, he has risen in the political world since then. Now he's a disgrace to the state."—Puck.

### Paris's Polyglot Policemen.

The polyglot policemen of Paris, who made their appearance about two years ago, are not an unqualified success, and only two members of the corps now patrol the boulevards. Their failure is to be ascribed to the color and ignorance of the tourist.

"It is a dreary and monotonous occupation to have to supply information to foreigners who have never before been to Paris," said one of the men, "and we decided that we would have to have ourselves abolished. Nearly every hotel nowadays has an interpreter, and the need for our assistance struck us as more than doubtful."

### True Independence.

You will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness, his independence of solitude.—Emerson.

## Sight of \$7,000,000 on a Joy Ride



SEVEN million dollars on a joy ride through the streets of Washington is a sight to be seen every week day at the national capitol. And this stands less chance of getting hurt through the carelessness of the driver of the wagon it rides in or from outside forces than any joy rider, animate or inanimate, in the country. For the treasury has a new money wagon, a brand new vehicle, made of hardwood, iron and steel, with heavy locks and bars, to bring money from the bureau of engraving and printing, where it is made, to the vaults of the treasury, where it is stored for safekeeping.

And not only is the new wagon nearly bombproof in itself, but just to make sure that some foolish person, with visions of a Jesse James holdup scheme, will never succeed in accomplishing anything of the sort, eight heavily armed guards ride to and fro with the seven millions.

And this extra precaution is due to the change in the system of making money. Until recently the money was printed at the bureau of engraving and printing, but now the treasury minus the seal and the number, so that it was not real money until handled in the treasury.

Now one machine does all the work, including the stamping of the seal and number. These figures—the round seal to the right and the number to the left of the face of a paper bill, stamped in blue—are what make bills legal tender. Hence when the money passes through the wonderful cutting and stamping machine, which counts bills out in lots of 100 after it is through with them, it is ready to spend and anyone who got hold of it would have the real thing.

"It seems queer to some people that we should take such precautions to guard the money wagon," says Director Ralph of the bureau of engraving and printing, "but we think it necessary. A stitch in time saves nine, as we have been told from childhood."