

DAY OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

And one star calls to another
The full strains of a song
Will the deep of space glow with its
grace
And echo it full strong;
And whirling out of the silence
A world of worlds appears
An onward rush through the endless
space
And a day is a thousand years.
And one star sings to another,
And sun holds speech with sun,
While the drifting veil of a vapor pale
Shows another world begun.
But we count time by a dial
Or mark by a twilight fall;
But the stars sing on when the years
are gone—
And what are we, after all?
The words and hopes and doubting,
The joy and the dreams and dread,
And the puny lives in the puny lives
What tell is done for us?
A day, a night, and another—
A round of the spinning ball;
A sigh and a smile for the briefest
And what are we, after all?
And one star calls to another
A song we may not know;
Calls a distant sun to a dying sun
As the ages come and go.
And we mark time by a minute,
Or count over minutes and hours;
But the stars sing on when the worlds
are gone,
And a day is a thousand years.

Her Choice.

It is a night to carry away in one's
memory for years," he says.
It is moonlight, and it is Venice.
Out of the flower-scented balcony
The stars stand a man and a girl,
and to the man at least it is the su-
preme moment of his life.
Behind them, in the brightly-lighted
room, among the gay laughter and
ceaseless chatter, some one is playing
a waltz, a mazurka, and below
the sobbing accompaniment of a violin.
The girl outside plays idly with a
white rose petal as she asks carelessly,
"And you are really going away to-
morrow?"
"I must go," feverishly—
"don't you see how these days and
nights are tempting me?" And there is

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Hero of the Afghan War.
The most distinguished soldier ever
in the Victoria cross was the Her-
oic William Adams. He was by
an Irishman, and won his
ditch in the Afghan campaign of
Lord Roberts was a witness of
his valor which Adams performed
in the famous "ditch" episode.
Adams was an English, and he
quotes from Lord Roberts' "Forty-
Years in India" the general's account
of how the captain, who had accom-
panied him throughout the day, first
described a wounded man of the Ninth
Lancers by "mounting and dismount-
ing the man until he was relieved by
some of his comrades."
"Adams rejoined me," says General
Roberts, "in time to assist two more
of the Ninth who were snuggling un-
der their horses at the bottom of a
ditch. Without a moment's hesita-
tion, Adams jumped into the ditch,
he was an unusually powerful man,
and with sheer strength dragged the
lancers clear of their horses. The Af-
ghans meanwhile were so close to the
ditch that they could see Adams as
he in the British soldiers call the
chaplain could not possibly escape. I
called to him to look after himself,
but he paid no attention to my warn-
ings until he had pulled the almost ex-
hausted lancers to the top of the slip-
pery bank."
"The men were in danger of being
drowned, as the ditch was full of
water, and the 'padre' was up to his
waist in water while he was pulling
them out. He was under a heavy fire,
the leading Afghans being within a
few yards."
Possessing all the modesty of the
true hero, Adams was adorned by
"Tommy Atkins" not only as a self-
sacrificing minister, but also as a sports-
man. During the cholera epidemic in
Peshawar, Mr. Adams showed fearless
devotion to duty. "He saw service as
chaplain in Burma, and wore the
Burmese medals with clasps, and the
Kandahar bronze star."

She places her hand on his lips.
"Hush! that is a forbidden subject; we
will keep to stars, realities. The world
is too strong and powerful for us, my
poor Lionel! You have your name and
fortune to make, and I—"
"And you?"
"I shall go home and marry Vale-
court. It is so ordained by Fate, and
the melody behind them breaks into a
waltz like the rendering of a human
heart, and in the darkness the man's
teeth are set hard as he stands silent
with the hope of months crushed out.
Does he realize what he is sacrific-
ing? Some hinges and a door, and
science there must be as she thinks of
the long summer days when she had
let him be her devoted slave.
She seizes her hands and compels her
to listen. "Beatrice, darling, break off
this engagement with Valecourt before
it is too late. You love me, and I love
you. What are we to do? What are we
to do? What are we to do? What are
we to do? O, my darling, standing
here beneath the stars as in God's
light, let me teach you what love is.
Let me work you as I will away it."
She draws back and disentangles her
hands from his.
"You are making a mistake," she
says, and her tone is icy cold; every
word she utters falls with a chill upon
his heart. "You presume strangely on
our friendship tonight, as a man of
honor you should keep these exagger-
ated sentiments to yourself, and re-
member that I am the promised wife
of another. Love is changed—"
She became aware of a half-smooth-
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her, and then she hears him break
away in the darkness, like one who
dimly gropes his way, and she is alone.
"If things had been different," she
murmurs brokenly herself; "if he
had come into my life before—"
She does not finish the thought; her heart
realizes numbly that she is alone for
all time.
And the music suddenly ceases.

"Since when has my Lady Beatrice
arrived at this strange conclusion?"
The little duke is growing momen-
tarily more annoyed and irritable; he
has been so confident that the game
was his; he has a florid face cast in
the mold of a groom, and his whole get-up
is distinctly horsey; but his placid
Hardfordshire is the envy of half the
match-making mammas in London,
and his town house in Park lane as
perfect as unbounded wealth can make
it.
The girl gives a shudder of disgust
as she mentally contrasts the picture of
the unattractive person with another
whose mainly grace and beauty she
would fain forget.
"The fact remains, duke, I am sorry
if my decision causes you pain, but I
have quite made up my mind. I do
not love you; I can never marry you."
His grace was too startled for words.
He gets up and walks about the room
with a red face and a swaggering gait.
"By Jove," he blusters, "it is rather
late in the day to discover all this; you
think precious little of my feelings in
the matter. What is to become of
me?"
The girl smiles as she lays a friendly
hand upon his arm.
"You will not be inconsolable, I
know. There are girls who would be
only too glad to take my place, girls
who do not realize, perhaps, as I do,
that to marry for anything but love is
to sell to sell one's very soul! Thank
God I have found an excellent girl in
you."

The little duke pines his way care-
fully across the street as he leaves the
house after this trying interview, and
as he does he ponders many things.
Somehow he has never admired
Lady Beatrice half so much before; the
feastive spirit with which she has told
him her convictions, and braved public
opinion by breaking off her engage-
ment at the last moment, wins his re-
luctant approval, for being a horse
man, he can appreciate true mettle
when he sees it.

Across a crowded London bell room
Lionel sees her again after five long
dreary years. She is little changed.
Her face is, if anything, yet more per-
fect in line and coloring; her grace and
loveliness are as attractive as ever.
To the man who has vainly tried to
stifle his heart-hunger all these years
of separation, her presence is intoxi-
cating; his love leaps up with all the
old, wild longing, as his eyes meet
hers.
"I am anxious to be introduced to
Mr. Lionel Craven, the lion of the
evening!"
Her laughing, mocking voice is still
the same; her slightest word or touch
has power to thrill him yet. And he
partakes all unconsciously of the com-
pliments being enacted, duly effects the desired
introduction.
"Lady Beatrice French."
As his dark head bends low, the
lover of long ago hears her well-re-
membered name. Beyond there is a mis-
take; can it be she has never married?
He looks into her face as she takes
his arm and they pass out on to the
smell-free terrace.
"Lady Beatrice French still?" he
breathes.
"Lady Beatrice French still?"
For a moment she leaves him.
He forgets time and place; he only
realizes that by some strange freak of
fate the only woman the world holds
for him is here by his side, free!

Once more they are alone together
beneath the stars, and his heart is call-
ing for her love.
He holds out his arms as he cries
brokenly, "Beatrice! have I made a
mistake? Have all these hideous years
been spent in vain, and is it possible
that you loved me all along?"
His words fall strangely sweet on
the girl's ears; she feels his arms about
her as she whispers, "I think I loved
you always!" and the eyes she raises
to his face are wet with unshed tears.

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A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—MRS. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.

A medicine that has restored so many women to health and can produce proof of the fact must be regarded with respect. This is the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which cannot be equalled by any other medicine the world has ever produced. Here is another case:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For years I was troubled with falling of the womb, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, backache, headache, dizzy and fainting spells, and stomach trouble. I doctored for months, but did not seem to improve. I began the use of your medicine, and have taken seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, three of Blood Purifier, and also used the Sanative Wash and Liver Pills, and am now enjoying good health, and have gained in flesh. I have done for me, and heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering women."—MISS EMMA SYDNER, 218 East Center St., Marion, Ohio.

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN."
Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women right road to recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham never violates the confidence of her patients, and although she publishes thousands of testimonials, she never publishes any that do not contain the full and complete facts.

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have married anyone she liked, you
know!"
Whereas, a little, shameless, chubby
brunet, perched up somewhere aloft,
puffing his arrows, chuckles as he
thinks what a good day's work he
has effected.
However, the world says, "The girl
is throwing herself away." But there
the world is wrong—Lucia Giola.

There is a considerable duffer in
Vanity Fair when it becomes known
that Lady Beatrice French is to marry
Mr. Lionel Craven, a penniless no-
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"Papa," said young Edgar, "I know
what makes people laugh in their
sleeves."
"Well, my boy, what makes them?"
asked the father.
"Cause that's where their funny
bone is," was the logical reply.

FACTS ABOUT THE BANANA

When Ripened on the Plant It Is Not
Suitable for Food.

There is a vast amount of ignorance
prevailing among intelligent people of
the North concerning the growth, pro-
duction and marketing of bananas.
Many people imagine that the natives
in tropical climates step out of their huts
in the early morning and pluck and
eat bananas fresh from the plant the
same as they would oranges and other
fruits. Bananas ripened on the plant
are not suitable for food and would
be much the same as the pith which is
found in the northern cantaloupe or melon.

Bananas sold in the United States,
even after traveling 8,000 miles in a
green state, are every bit as good as
bananas ripened under a tropical sun.
This is probably true of no other ex-
port fruit. The plant of which ban-
anas are made is not a tree, nor is it
a bush or vine. It is simply a giant
plant, growing to a height of from
fifteen to twenty feet. About
eighteen feet from the ground the
leaves, oftentimes eight feet long, com-
e out in a fan-like cluster, from the
center of which grows a bunch of ban-
anas. These do not grow with the
bananas pointing upward, naturally,
and if the stem grew straight they
would hang exactly as seen in the fruit
stores and grocers' windows. This,
however, is not the case. The stem
bends under the weight of the fruit
and this brings it into directly the
opposite position, with the large end
of the stalk up and the fringes point-
ing toward the sun.

A word of explanation concerning
some banana terms. Each banana is
called a "finger" and each of these lit-
tle clusters of fingers surrounding a
stalk is called a "hand"; the quality
and value of each bunch depend on the
number of hands it has. Some may
wonder how the fruit is cut from the
over-ripened bunch and carried to the
river or railroad for shipment. The
plant at the same time is cut close to
the ground. The banana is a very pro-
lific producer of itself and at every
cleaving of the land it is necessary to
dig down many of the young plants,
"suckers," as they are termed, in
order that they may not become over-
crowded up to, a certain limit; the
fewer suckers on a given area the larger
the fruit they will produce.

There was nothing about the con-
taminants to indicate a trap, even to the
oldest and wisest rat. The cheese was
in plain sight and apparently easy to
get, and by its small attracted rats
from all over the warehouse. The
whole arrangement looked so innocent
that even the sight of the bodies of
their predecessors did not frighten
away the hungry rats. On the morn-
ing after the "rat electrocution trap"
was first tried over a score of dead
rats were found. The next evening
half a dozen, similar traps were set,
and the following day the rats were
gone. It was plain that the rat ques-
tion was settled, so far as that ware-
house was concerned.

"I think I ought to get out patent
for my electric chair for killing rats,"
said the inventor of the novel trap,
rejoicingly. "And, besides, my money,
which my scheme might bring me, I
think I am entitled to a large medal
from the Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals, for the rats don't
suffer the least pain. They are dead
before they know what has happened."
—New York Tribune.

Benefits of Seeing Double.
A resident of one of the small towns
came to the city to consult an oculist,
whose fee is never less than
\$10. The stranger was rather green
in appearance, so the doctor thought
to have a little fun at the expense of
his rural visitor. A prism was placed
before his eyes in order to test the
muscles.

"Why, doctor," exclaimed the pa-
tient, "I see two candles!"
"Indeed?" replied the doctor. "You
are very fortunate."
"How so?"
"Why, just think what an advantage
you have over the rest of us. You see
everything double, and beautiful
pictures, charming landscapes and
lovely faces are all repeated to you."