

A BUNCH OF CARNATIONS

People who did not know the Bertrams wondered how it were possible for so many children to live in so small a house. When Dr. Bertram built the house it was considered of very good size, but that was many years ago, and since then five bright, happy children had come to crowd the little brown house. On one side of them lived a little boy who was an only child and the idol of his father and mother. He had the enviable reputation of having everything he wanted. When some of the little Bertrams wished they were as fortunate as Lawrence Cole, their sister Helen, who was 14, would say:

"Oh, it wouldn't be nice to have all the things we want—there wouldn't be anything to wish for, and wishing is such fun!"

Of their neighbor on the other side the children stood in great awe. He was a bachelor named Samuel Jorden, who lived all alone, and who detested children; and how in the world he happened to build a house right next to the little brown house full of them is not known.

But, in spite of all the wealth on either side of them, the Bertrams were the happiest, most contented of families. There was always such fun there, with never a dull day, so that every child in the neighborhood loved to go there, but after dinner at night was the jolliest time, when Dr. Bertram was at home. They would all gather around the open fire in the library and everyone had to tell what he and she had been doing all day. Then they would have a little music from Helen and her mother, and the girl would transfer them all to an ideal world with the music from her violin. Then came the procession to bed, where Marjorie would be carried, half asleep. The queer thing about the Bertram family was that everyone was utterly different in look and character, so that one never knew just which one they loved best.

It was only the third day before Christmas, when Dorothy, who was just "half past six," went up stairs to find her mother. She had a wistful look on her little face that one could never resist.

"Mother, dear, have I got something for everybody now?"

"Yes, Dorothy, I think you have, and you have helped me very much, besides," answered her mother.

"Well, then, would you please give me just fifteen cents more and let me go out all alone and spend it?"

"Why, yes, my child, you may have that. I suppose it is some great mystery, isn't it, and I mustn't ask?" said Mrs. Bertram.

"No, please don't ask—ever!" said the child earnestly.

"Ever!" thought her mother, as the child went out, "what can she be going to do with it?"

It was almost dark when Dorothy opened the door of a florist's little shop, two blocks down the street. Never was a child who loved flowers more than this little maid, and she would talk to them as she would to her dolls. She was a frequent visitor at this shop, and when the other children hurried off to a candy store with an occasional five cents, she usually spent

ne hates children, I guess," she said, opening the door wider.

A big lump, which she tried to swallow, came up in Dorothy's throat.

"Yes, I do, but may I just see him a minute? I won't bother him."

"Well, I don't know what he'll say, I'm sure," said the girl, as she led the way through the beautiful hall to a door at which she knocked.

"Here, sir, is one of them children that lives next door. She's got some message, I guess."

And in one second Dorothy found the door shut behind her, and there, in the chair before the fire, sat Mr. Jorden.

"Well, what is it you want, little girl?" said he as he turned toward her. "Be quick, for I am very busy."

"Oh, are you busy?" asked Dorothy, surprised, because he was not doing anything but looking at the fire. "I— I only wanted to give you these, sir, and I'll go right away."

The man stared hard at the white paper parcel she held out to him.

"Flowers?" said he.

"Yes."

"For what, may I ask?"

"Just for Christmas, because you live all alone. Good-bye," and she was gone.

The pretty flowers had begun to fade by the warm fire before Mr. Jorden came out of the brown study into which he had fallen.

"God bless her brave little heart," said he, as he held Dorothy's flowers.

The first joy of the Christmas tree was over, the presents were all distributed, and every one of the little Bertrams were sitting around admir-



"FLOWERS?" HE SAID, holding the candles and the clever trimming of the tree.

"There goes the door bell again," said someone.

"Do you think Santa Claus has come back?" asked Marjorie.

It was a great disappointment to her when she saw her mother shaking hands with Mr. Jorden. He looked rather sad, though he smiled at them all. There was a bright carnation in his buttonhole, the sight of which made Dorothy want to get behind someone.

"How happy you look," said the visitor, sitting down. "I could see you through my side windows—I have often looked in upon you, and tonight I took the liberty of joining you for half an hour. Shall I intrude?"

"Not at all," said Dr. Bertram. "You are very welcome."

Mr. Jorden drew Dorothy toward him and kissed her.

"Do you know," he said, turning to look at them all, "that a man may grow to be fifty years old and learn for the first time what he should always have known. It is this little girl who has taught me how sweet and comforting a child may be, and I used to think they were put into the world only to annoy people."

This was Mr. Jorden's conversion, and though all the children grew to love him, it was Dorothy who became his daily companion and friend.

Christmas Waits.
In England the "waits" are musicians who play throughout the towns and cities at night, for two or three weeks preceding Christmas. They call on the inhabitants for donations. At one time it was the custom to let out this privilege to one man, who was privileged to hire as many waits as he chose and to take a goodly percentage of the profits, none others but his players being allowed to engage in this occupation.

She Knew.
"What are pauses?" the teacher asked the first class in grammar.
"Things that grow on cats and dogs," answered the smallest girl.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

Nothing Dry About Him.
Jaggs—Waggs told me the other day that I was full of dry wit.
Naggs—Waggs was evidently kidding you. I never saw you full of anything that wasn't wet.—Chicago News.

Our Nation's Wealth.
The material wealth and strength of our nation is in iron, the most useful of all metals, just as the wealth of a human being lies in useful stomach. If you have overworked yours, try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will relieve the clogged bowels, improve the appetite and cure constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness.

On His Mettle.
Uncle Bob—Well, Johnny, are you at the head of your class?
Johnny—No; but I can lick the fellow that is.—Answers.

Seat for the Bowels.
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Marked Improvement.
Customer—How's the trade, landlord?
Host—Oh, picking up, sir; picking up.
Customer—That's good.
Host—Yes, James' here, knocked over a gentleman's glass last night, and he called for another, and paid for it, too.—Judy.

HER HEART WAS TOUCHED.

A South Dakota Mother and Her Little Girl Express Their Gratitude in an Open Letter.

FOLSOM, Custer Co., South Dakota, Dec. 15.—(Special).—Mrs. H. D. Hyde has given for publication a letter expressing her unbounded gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills for the double cure of herself and little daughter.

Mrs. Hyde has been troubled with pains in her heart for over three years and for a long time her little girl suffered from weak kidneys. The grateful lady does not seem able to find words strong enough to express her gratitude. She has written the following:

I cannot say too much in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are the greatest kidney and heart medicine I ever used. I had been troubled for over three years with a severe pain in my heart, which entirely disappeared after I had taken a few doses of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I also gave them to my little girl, whose kidneys had been weak, and she commenced to improve from the very first dose. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly a wonderful medicine. I would be pleased to have this, my statement, published, as I feel it my duty to let others know just what the Pills will do for them.

MRS. H. D. HYDE.
Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure. 50c a box. All dealers.

New Golf Sticks.
"I see that you have added to your collection of golf sticks, Miss Frock," said young Postlethwaite.
"I do not understand you, Mr. Postlethwaite," replied Miss Frock. "My collection of golf sticks has been complete, so far as I know."
"Perhaps; but I saw Charley Goslin on the course with your this morning."—Harper's Bazar.

There is a Class of People who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Cause of His Inspiration.
Mrs. Wayuppe—I thought the wedding music magnificent. A throbbing note of triumph, of ineffable joy, seemed to run through it, as though the organist was inspired.
Mrs. Nowitt—The organist was inspired, no doubt. He was the bride's first husband, and now he doesn't have to pay alimony any more.—Philadelphia Press.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease, Free.
Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. Makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Chills and Frost-bites. At all druggists and shoe stores; 25c.

John Morley on Truth Telling.
A man should surely dare to live his life with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life, only caring that his days may be full of reality and his conversation of truth-speaking and wholesomeness.—Exchange.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. A. Platt* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

It All Depends.
"Everything comes to him who waits," quoted the man with the shiny coat.
"It all depends upon whether you tip the waiter," said the man who travels for a wholesale house.—Boston Journal.

An Unpopular Theme.
"I have an excellent reason for being an optimist."
"What is it?"
"People won't listen to pessimistic talk more than two minutes and a half."—Indianapolis Journal.

Little Loss.
Cumso—Fosdick lost his head yesterday.
Cawker—Oh, well, there's nothing in it.—Detroit Free Press.

Worst Yet.
The Coquette—I have given the mitten to seven different men.
The Idiot—I must have kept you busy knitting, eh?—Puck.

HOPE FOR THE NEGRO.
Free and Easy Life of the Black Man Contrasted With That of the White Man.
It is strange that two races, working side by side should possess so many opposite traits of character. The white man has strong will and convictions, and is set in his ways. He lives an indoor, monotonous life, restraining himself like a Puritan, and is inclined to melancholy. The prevalence of Populism throughout the South is nothing but the outcome of this morbid tendency. Farmers and merchants are entirely absorbed in their business, and the women, especially the married women, contrast with the women of Germany, France, and even England, in their indoor life and disinclination to mingle with the world outside. Public parks and public concerts, such as are found in Europe, which call out husband, wife and children for a few hours of rest and communion with their friends, are almost unknown in the South. The few entertainments that receive sanction generally exclude all but the well-to-do, by the cost of admission. The life of the poor in town and country is bleak and bare to the last degree.

Contrasting with this tendency is the free-and-easy-life of the blacks. The burdens of the present and future sit lightly upon their shoulders. They love all the worldly amusements: in their homes they are free entertainers, and in their fondness for conversation and love of street life they are equal to the French and Italians.

May we not hope that the conflict of these two opposite races is working out some advantages to both, and that the final result will justify all the conflict has cost?—Prof. Jerome Dowd, in the Century.

Little Boy and the Inevitable Man.
Once upon a time a little boy went fishing on a Sunday and met the inevitable man in the white chokey.
"Why," asked the inevitable man, "do you fish upon the Sabbath day?"
"Oh, sir," protested the little boy, earnestly, "it is because I have thought of something quite original to say if anybody shall ask me what becomes of little boys who fish on Sunday."
The inevitable man did not rise to the occasion, but went his way, much dazed.—Detroit Journal.

Don't Get Footsore! Get FOOT-EASE.
A certain cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. Cures Frost-bites and Chills. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Where Isinglass Comes From.
The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian Sea and the rivers which run into it. The fish often grows to the length of twenty-five feet, and from its air-bladder the isinglass is prepared. A great deal is made along the Amazon, in Brazil, but it is very coarse and inferior, and is used for the refining of liquors and similar purposes.—London Globe.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Up Boston Way.
"And what," asked the caller, in his most ingratiating tones—"what did Santa Claus put in your stocking, my little girl?"
For a moment she looked at him through her diminutive spectacles; then, in a voice of mingled pity and indignation, she said:
"We no longer put credence in obsolete tradition—now was it delicate of you to mention that article of feminine apparel."
Gathering up her copy of Ibsen, she hurriedly left the room.—Lippincott's.

Crime's Lower Reaches.
Cautiously the educated but depraved burglar swept the valuables on the dressing table into his sack without stopping to sort them over.
Then he climbed noiselessly out of the window and escaped from the building unobserved.
"And now," he chuckled, "I'll just go up into this blind alley and cull-de-sac."—Chicago Tribune.

TO CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

His One Request.
Agitated Father—You have rescued my daughter, sir, from an awful death by drowning. Ask me anything.
Brave Young Man—Do you really mean it?
"I do, I do."
"Then don't compel me to marry her."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The Self-Proclaimed Novice.
"No," said Broncho Bob, "we jes' let that young feller from the East alone."
"He seems harmless enough."
"Yes. But he goes round asking people to teach him to play poker. We've been caught once or twice by that same low-down hypocrite, an' we don't intend to git hyperless any more."—Washington Star.

Age tends to kill the hair and turn it gray. PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM restores color and life. Hindoo-sassa, the best cure for corns. 15c.

FRUIT LANDS IN FRESNO COUNTY, SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
HON. JOHN C. FREMONT said: "One might travel the world over without finding a valley more fresh and verdant more bountifully watered than this." Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Prunes, Peaches. Four thousand acres of Raisins, valued at \$4,800,000, shipped in 1900. Write for circulars.
301 DRAKE. H. T. DRAKE ST. PAUL, MINN.

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MRS. BREWER RECOMMENDS PERUNA FOR GRIP AND FEMALE CATARRH.



The Home of Mrs. Lizzie M. Brewer at Westery, R. I.

In a letter to Dr. Hartman concerning the merits of Pe-ru-na, Mrs. Brewer writes, among other things:
Westery, R. I.
"Dear Dr. Hartman—I find Pe-ru-na a sure cure for all catarrhal affections so common in this part of the country. It cures a cold at once. There is no cough medicine that can at all equal Pe-ru-na. As for the gripe, there is no other remedy that can at all compare with Pe-ru-na."
"I am among the sick a great deal in our city and have supplied many invalids with Pe-ru-na, simply because I am enthusiastic in my faith as to its results. I have never known it to fail to quickly and permanently remove that demoralized state of the human system which follows the gripe."
"In all cases of extreme weakness I use Pe-ru-na with perfect confidence of a good result. In cases of weakness peculiar to my sex I am sure that no other remedy can approach in good

the action of Pe-ru-na. It meets all the bad symptoms to which females are subject. The irregularities and nervousness, the debility and miseries which afflict more or less the women from girlhood to change of life, are one and all met and overcome by this excellent remedy. I wish every young lady in our city could read your book."
"Mrs. Lizzie M. Brewer."
Pe-ru-na will cure the worst cases of catarrh. La gripe is acute epidemic catarrh, for which Pe-ru-na is a specific.
Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, New Lisbon, Ohio, suffered for many years with chronic catarrh of the lungs, head and throat; continuous cough; many physicians failed to cure. Permanently cured by Pe-ru-na. Thousands of testimonials could be produced. A valuable treatise on catarrh sent free by The Pe-ru-na Medicine Company, Columbus, O.

Hateful Clerk.
"One hundred twos!" said the post-office clerk. "Yes, ma'am."
"And charge them to Mr. Newlived, No. 41—"
"Sorry, ma'am," interrupted the clerk, "but we can't do that."
"You can't?" the young bride exclaimed, indignantly. "My husband's credit is good everywhere, and, besides, we always get our letters from you!"—Philadelphia Press.

Dropsey treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsey specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Power of Oratory.
"You call him a powerful orator? Why, when he spoke of the abyss that confronts our nation the people yawned!"
"Certainly. He made the people actually see the abyss yawning, and you know how infectious yawning is."—Detroit Journal.

PATENTS.
List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.
Gustav A. Beltz, Renville, Minn., draft equalizer; Orville A. Hullett, Laverne, Minn., milk stool; Joseph M. Nesley, Grant, Mont., reversible wrench; Chris E. Paulson, Boyd, Minn., car coupling; Henry G. Roth, Minneapolis, Minn., sampling tube for cheese; Carl G. Skoog, St. Paul, Minn., convertible stool and cane; Perley E. Stevens, St. Paul, Minn., guide for picture trimming.
Lothrop & Johnson, patent attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Another Question.
"Ah! beautiful lady!" exclaimed the clairvoyant, "you have come to find your future husband? Is it not so?"
"Not much!" replied the beautiful lady. "I have come to find out where my present husband is when he is absent."—Philadelphia Press.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, S.S.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 9th day of December, A. D. 1884.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

What is the difference between a person suffering from heat prostration, and Allen's Foot-Ease? One feels the heat and the other feels the feet.

In Quarantine.
The letter read: "Dear John—You kin come home an' spend Christmas with us now; they've done dismissed the warrant ag'in you."
—And this was the answer: "Dear Bill—I can't come home an' spend Christmas with you now; they've got a warrant for me here."—Exchange.

I am sure Pisco's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Mistress and Maid.
Lady—It seems to me that you are asking extremely high wages, for you say yourself that you are quite inexperienced.
Bridget—Shure, mum, and that's the reason why! Isn't it harder for me when I don't know how?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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"I WANT ALL YOU CAN GIVE ME." hers for a few pretty flowers. So as she stood there hesitatingly, the man smiled and asked her what she wished.

"I want all you can give me of some kind that smells sweet, for fifteen cents. I suppose the flowers are all very dear, aren't they?" she added dubiously, but the man had disappeared inside the glass closet, and when he brought out a lovely bunch of Dorothy's favorite cinnamon pinks, she fairly danced. He was very generous with his little customer and gave her eight blossoms, sweet and fresh.

It was quite dark when Dorothy arrived home, but she went straight on past her door, and, wonder of wonders! she turned in at the gate of Mr. Jorden's house!

"Please might I see Mr. Jorden for a minute?" she asked the astonished maid who opened the door just wide enough to look out.

"Well, I never! you don't know how

Minneapolis. Woodward & Co., Grain Commission. Duluth.
ESTABLISHED 1870.
ORDERS FOR FUTURE DELIVERY EXECUTED IN ALL MARKETS.