

What with high flaring and chorus girls this is a bad year for millionaires.

The king's cup has filled the cup of the New York yacht club full of joy to overflowing.

The Northwest Passage has been found, but it doesn't appear to be good for much, after all.

The tallest shaft in the cemetery won't prevent a man from being forgotten after he is dead.

Death is a mistake, according to a young female lecturer in New York. So many of us make it, too.

Notwithstanding Mark Twain's venerable appearance, the heart of him seems to be as young as ever.

That alleged comet which the papers announced, has gone. It was only a little celestial fuzz, anyway.

It isn't really hard to quit smoking; the only difficulty is to avoid changing one's mind, and taking it up again.

About all there is left for L. d. Rosebery is to sit on the fence and throw stones at both parties as they go by.

The Rochester Globe prints this scare headline: "Robbed in a hotel." Such an obvious statement to put in a head!

Mark Twain says he doesn't believe in exercise. Evidently he has never had to frame an excuse for belonging to a golf club.

Mme. Calve says Milwaukee is "a bum town." We are sorry that Milwaukee's opinion of Calve's voice is unfit to print.

"Give your stomach a vacation," says an advertisement. Lord, don't we wish we could! When our stomach goes, we go.

The height of the atmosphere is 100 miles, but there is so little of it, five or six miles up, as to take one's breath and freeze one's ears.

The Chinese have a game called "che-fa," which is said to be very much like policy, even to the detail that the Chinese printers play it.

A Chicago woman refused to pay for a new coat because she said it made her look like a camel. Chicago women like to hump themselves.

Owing to a sudden attack of influenza, Mr. Tellum Whott has been forced to defer writing his article on "How to Avoid Catching Cold."

It must not be forgotten that Mme. Bernhardt presents a more conspicuous mark for egg-throwers now than she did in her younger and leaner days.

A young woman in New York has coyly owned to being 2,000 years old. This is a whole lot safer than mentioning a limit that looks suspicious on the face of it.

The Emperor of China is talking of going abroad. Perhaps the dowager empress has been looking in his hand and informing him that he is going on a long journey.

The Chicago typewriter girl was just inherited a fortune of a million dollars; can continue to work as a stenographer, but hereafter she won't take much "sass" from the boss.

Mark Twain's moderation in making it his practice never to smoke more than one cigar at a time will be commended by everybody, with the possible exception of the tobacco trust.

Capt. Bernier says he would not go to the North Pole in a balloon. The cap has seen icebergs, at close range and has an inward presentiment that they would not be desirable things to fall on.

The dyspeptic who is ordered by his physician to walk five miles a day, and who recovers his health by following the advice, ought not to complain because he has to have soles put on his shoes.

It is this way with the man at the races: If his pony wins he will have a pony of brandy after a good dinner, but if the horse he bets on salls in lower, then he will have a schooner with his sandwich.

When U. S. Grant Smith of Minnesota became a grandfather a few days ago it was clearly shown that people who were born during or immediately after the civil war no longer have the right to pose as "young folks."

Write in his case the winds are not tempered to the shorn lamb, the bald-headed man congratulates himself that there are no more flies to crawl slowly across his cranium, evoking muttered curses and frenzied, if awkward blows.

We are surprised to learn that a fashionable young man wore a pink shirt at a wedding in Pittsburgh. Everybody knows that the proper thing to wear at a fashionable wedding in Pittsburgh is a white shirt flecked with sooty spots.

Caroline Fischer, arrested in New York at the request of Swiss authorities, is said to be another Cassie Chadwick, but "young and attractive." There are thousands of that sort; Cassie made her play handicapped by the lack of youth and attractiveness. Well, not everybody can be a genius.

The contention of that Pittsburgh woman that the man who trimmed a Christmas tree wanted to marry her would be considered plausible. No man would trim a Christmas tree for a woman unless he was daffy with love.

GOWNS OF THE MOMENT

Colors to Suit Complexions.

The brunette, genuine, dark eyed, dark haired, and of good color, is not a difficult type to deal with, given a good complexion and almost every color is hers, brown hair harmonizing with almost every shade. Black is seldom becoming to this type, but she can wear cream, ivory, yellow, Indian red, claret, cardinal, deep and pale blue, golden brown, fawn, putty color, tans, coral pink, rose pink, old rose, terra cotta, and silver gray. Pale green, white, pale blue, and yellow may be safely chosen for evening wear.

The fair brunette, she of dark hair and eyes of blue, gray, or violet, must use discretion in choosing her colors. No strong, vivid tints for her—nothing, in fact, that will destroy the delicate tints of her skin. This does not mean that neutral tones should be selected, but that delicate shades of the chosen colors should be adopted. For instance, delicate yellow will suit her better than bright orange, and ivory better than deep cream. Gray, from dove color to pepper and salt, will become her, and so will golden brown, golden tans, navy blue, pale coral, and pale salmon pink, maize, lemon, and silver blue.

Now It's the Empire.

The empire style is a good deal to the fore in lingerie just now. It is especially noticeable in night gowns, many of which have the characteristic Empire feature, which may be called with equal variety the long yoke, or the short waist. It is much used in the finest grade of night robes, and in fact, in the daintiest of all lingerie. Frequently the short waist or yoke is entirely of lace or embroidery. Low necks and short or elbow sleeves characterize all fine underwear at present.

Violet Broadcloth Suit.



Directoire coat with inner vest of embroidered velvet and ruffle of fine lace. Darker velvet hat, trimmed with white wings.

Real Mulligatawny Soup.

Pound fine in a mortar and mix and sift well a quarter of an ounce China turmeric, one-third ounce of cassia, three drachms of black pepper, two drachms cayenne and an ounce of cardamom seeds. This makes sufficient curry powder for the following amount of soup.

Two large chickens or three pounds of lean veal. Cut the meat from the bones in small pieces, and put it in a pan with two quarts of water. Boil slowly for half an hour, skimming it well. Mince four good sized onions and fry them in two ounces of butter. Add these to the curry powder and moisten the whole mixture with a little broth from the pan, stirring in a small quantity of rice flour. When thoroughly mixed pour into the soup and let it simmer gently until it is as smooth and thick as cream and the chicken or veal is quite tender. At this point stir into the soup the juice of a lemon and serve at once.

According to Parisian Ideas.

The wrappers and dressing sacs that have come from Paris this fall are particularly beautiful. And, by the way, because they come from Paris it does not follow that one must purchase them. They are not exactly suited to all pocketbooks. But they can be and are, copied.

The proper materials for this purpose are albatross and china silk—almost without exception in delicate colors. One new wrapper is of light blue albatross, accented with white lace and belted in at the waist. It has a square shoulder collar. A simple and very sweet little affair is of plain light blue albatross, the collar, open from the cuffs being bound with white albatross two inches wide, feathered with the blue, and the collar and cuffs are embroidered in delicate blue flowers.

Fashion Welcomed Back.

Dressmakers as well as their feminine clientele rejoice over the return of the Henrietta cloth sheening over a silk waist and woven in fine textures in the most glorious colors. Albatross and nun's veiling and velvets of other kinds and soft new weaves may be had to fashion afternoon and evening toilets.

A virtue worth heeding in these cloths is that they clean perfectly. The all-wool textures may be washed in the tub with soap, bark or a good soap and ironed and still look well. Our economical housewife of the cardinal red and delft blue cashmere dresses her school girls in the same materials, including the soft serges, and these go into the washtub as soon as they show the shadows of everyday wear.

With the Gathered Skirt.

Any number of pretty waist models may be made up with the gathered skirt. The material is soft and plia-

ble and can be used in almost any way. Whatever else it is, of course, it will be short sleeved, for all the pretty evening bodices or waists for dress are made that way. One of the prettiest of the new designs in a skirted mode has a slightly low neck, the collar being dispensed with, and the neck opening cut square. The material is gathered across front and back, coming high up to the neck and beginning with a heading. Over the shoulders the material is gathered not across but up and down, and falls in bolero effect front and back. The sleeves are short. The puff at the top is quite full. Above the elbow the fullness is confined in five rows of gathering. The sleeve is trimmed with a choux of fine lace which comes down in jabot effect on the forearm.



Rub kerosene on the zinc under the stove once a day and it will always look bright.

Brass work can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

Tea should be kept in either a tin or glass vessel which has a lid, as it is necessary to keep it tightly covered.

Mirrors and glasses in furniture are best cleaned with a mixture of water, ammonia and whiting and rubbed dry with a clean cheesecloth.

A frying pan should never be scraped. Instead, fill it with cold water, to which a little soda has been added, and let it stand for several hours.

Black oak or Flemish oak, and all other furniture, finished with what is called a wax finish should not be cleaned with the regular furniture polish, but with a wax polish.

About Fur Coats.

Short blouse jackets of gray squirrel are popular.

The long fur coat is only for motorists or persons contemplating a trip to Siberia.

Little jackets of brown mink are especially good this winter.

The short close coat of black Persian lamb, with the sable collar, is as enviable a garment as ever.

Astrakhan jackets are good form.

Some squirrel jackets dyed brown can't be told by an amateur from sable or mink.

Sail is as good a skin as ever and the woman who owns a loose coat of that fur, with reasonably wide sleeves, can hold her head in the air, though the aforesaid garment be a decade old.

Small Pajamas.

It is the pajama age, and not stone for grownups, but for the small folks as well. Mothers find them very practical for little girls and boys because they are warmer than nightgowns and can't be so easily kicked off on cool nights. A suit of pajamas are very simple made and yet quite attractive. The upper part has seams under the arms and on the shoulders and then buttons up snugly to the throat. They may be made of gingham, madras or outing flannel, and a plain cotton or wool broad makes a pretty finish for the edge of neck and front. For the medium size four and one-quarter yards of thirty-six-inch material are needed.

An Imported Skirt.

A very beautiful evening petticoat recently exhibited in one of the shops was of white soft-finish taffeta. It was bordered by a twelve-inch accordion-plaited point d'esprit ruffle, applied with a design of roses in black French lace. The bottom of the ruffle had an inch-wide edge of black French lace, and the same headed the ruffle.



An occasional chiffon frock is still going about under a coat.

Red-topped boots are the fashionable footwear for autumn.

Dark, invisible plaid is a favorite choice for a separate skirt.

Tan gloves are still the choice hand-covering for street wear.

Gray or white furs are the best choice for wear with a gray suit.

The long paddock coat, such as men wear, is being adopted by women.

Buckles of light shell and amber are a good deal used on the French hats.

The newest scarf for head and shoulders is of flowered radium silk.

More red hats than usual are

abroad and they look better than ever.

A real lace purse with mounting of silver gilt makes a nice wedding present.

Gray veils are something of a novelty, when worn with hats of any color.

Beaver tricornees seem to be the thing to wear with the directoire coats.

Taffeta frocks will be worn throughout the winter under long redingotes of velvet.

Empire Teagown Negliges.

Empire effects are splendidly adapted to the teagown negligee. With casimere and other soft wool materials, wide braids, showing silver or gilt threads, form the entire corslet in other instances, white cotton gimp produces a similar effect and display, a color note like that in the material of the gown. Still a third yoke bolero is ornamental with an embroidered ruff in self-tone, a single orchid bloom worked in pale blue silk decorating the cape collar of pale blue crepe de chine robe and the points of the loose oriental sleeves.

Leggings for Baby.

The cutest baby leggings are made of corduroy—the prettiest of all of pink, the most durable of white. They are made to come all the way from waist to foot, buttoning closely from the knees down.

Corduroy, even in delicate colors, has plenty of wear in it, and the lighter shades can be washed as often as they need it—white without showing in the least that it has been washed, and pink and blue showing it scarcely at all.

Pretty Dress for Young Girl.

Blouse of changeable taffeta forming a yoke, below which the fronts are



slightly gathered. The yoke forms a scalloped strap in front ornamented with gold buttons.

The sleeves, cut with epaulets, under which they are gathered, are finished with deep scalloped cuffs ornamented with gold buttons.

English Mince Meat.

Cook two pounds of lean meat in a little water until tender. Cool and chop or grind as finely as possible. Add one pound of finely shredded suet, four pounds of peeled, cored, and chopped apples, six cups of sugar, three pounds of currants, two pounds of seeded raisins, one grated nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of mace, the grated rind and juice of six oranges and two lemons, one-half cup of juice from any kind of preserve, four tablespoons of sweet pickle vinegar, and one tablespoon of salt.

Hints for Dressing Sacques.

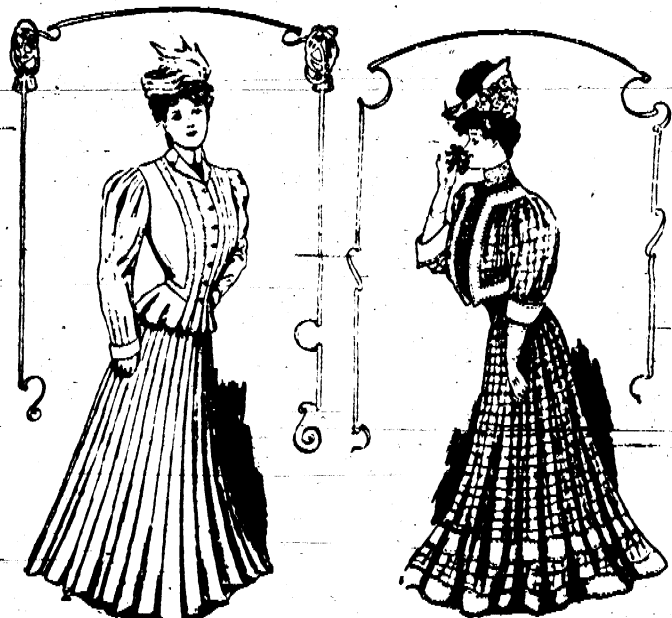
Among the dressing sacs a new idea is a loose garment of china silk, accented with a wide ribbon, and covered entirely with the "all-over" valenciennes lace mesh bordered by the edging. The yoke has three lattice-work arrangements with half-inch ribbon, bunches of long and short ends of the ribbon, accented the front. This idea is carried out in long wrappers also—all in pink or blue, or lavender of green, etc.

Oatmeal Snaps.

Mix one cupful of sweet cream and three tablespoons of sugar, and add fine oatmeal until stiff; knead slightly, roll to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch; cut in shapes; bake crisp in a moderate oven.

Blue and Pink.

The French have not hesitated this year to bring blue into contact with pink—a combination we have not seen before in years, and very refreshing and beautiful and girlish it is.



Young girl's walking gown of red serge with strappings of the cloth. Red velvet turban with black feathers.

Black and white plaid with wide white braid edged with soutache.

HUMAN LIFE CHEAP IN PARIS.

Murder Needed to Qualify New Members of a Gang.

The "Five Points," the meaning of whose name is unexplained, are a cheerful gang of cut-throats just discovered. Their dark deeds read like lory stories of pirates of old.

A young fellow of twenty, arrested for having shot down and half killed a woman whom he had never seen before in the boulevard de Clichy, told the police, "AT I meant to do was to qualify."

On the further inquiry it was found that he was a probationary member of the "Five Points" gang. He had been accepted as a candidate for full honors five months ago, and had gone about with the gang on business. But he lacked the necessary qualification for complete membership.

The first rule of the cut-throat club is that "every full member must have at least one killed or attempted to kill some man or woman." Robbery, burglary, arson and other minor crimes qualify you only for the probationary stage, that reached by our hero.

For five months he vainly tried to screw his courage to the sticking place, and was despaired as being too full of the milk of human kindness by the band of brothers, for whom he acted as a mere fab, rot on a footing of equality with them.

At last, taunted by them to desperation, he said, "I will bear it no longer," and a woman passing by him as he spoke, he addressed "Here goes!" and fired his revolver point blank at her temple.

The woman, who is in hospital, may recover, but will lose one eye. The "Five Points" brothers, all of whom by the rules of their club have taken or attempted lives, are still at large.—Paris correspondence of the London Telegraph.

MAKING IDEAL FINANCIAL DEAL.

Party of the Second Part Very Complicated Individual.

Hearing voices inside the room the wife of the eminent financier paused at the door of his office and heard this conversation:

"Yes, we have several hundred thousand dollars over and above any possible amount we shall need for this year—taking up matured endowment policies, or paying death claims, which we should like to invest in good securities."

"You have full power to invest this fund?"

"Absolutely!"

"H'm! I am glad to meet you; indeed, it happens most opportunely that our firm is about to organize a syndicate for the exploitation of certain suburban properties. The security is gilt-edged and the profits are sure to be large. We can use a considerable amount of money in financing this enterprise."

"Do you consider it, personally, a desirable investment?"

"I consider it away up in G. It's the best thing now on the market."

"Well, I'll see you again tomorrow and we will arrange for the deal."

Here the conversation ceased.

The wife of the eminent financier waited a moment longer, then knocked lightly on the door and went in.

"Why, Jasper," she said, surprised at finding him alone, "I thought I heard you talking to somebody."

"Quite likely, my dear," he answered with a large and genial smile. "I was talking to myself."—Chicago Tribune.

How Minister Saved Situation.

The Bishop of Llandaff at Newport mislaid his robes and had to preach without them, and elsewhere a clergyman forgot that he had undertaken to conduct the service, which was consequently dispensed with.

But in neither case did the people suffer from clerical remissness, like a Scottish congregation mentioned in his reminiscences by Sir Archibald Geikie, who tells how the minister neglected to bring the manuscript of his sermon and had to make time to go home, a mile off, and fetch it. Almost distracted, he gave out the 119th Psalm, and directly the congregation began to sing the first of the 176 verses he rushed away to the manse, from which he by and by returned to the church breathless, finding the clerk waiting uneasily.

"How are you getting on?" he gasped. "Oh, sir," said the clerk, "they've got to the end of the eighty-fourth verse, and they're cheepin' like wee mice!" The pious congregation was exhausted, but the situation was saved.—Modern Society.

Science of Eating Soup.

There is a reason for everything, and therefore Mary Taylor explains in "What to Eat" why we imbibe our soup in the manner we do. Everybody has not thought out this important question and the information will at least prove interesting. According to Mary Taylor, who seems to be an authority, the proper thing is to dip the spoon in the soup, turning the bowl of the spoon away from one and executing a curve which is completed when it reaches the mouth. This, she says, is scientific, for thus a complete circle is described from the time you start to take the mouthful until the contents of the spoon reach your mouth, and by doing so the circular movement you make keeps the soup in the bowl according to the law of centripetal force.

A Cheering Thought.

I have read with dismay how the trusts day by day have reached for the cash I am earning. And they say that are long there'll be pressure so strong that I shall be returning. Sometimes I am blue for a minute or two; but one thought makes existence seem sunny. My spirit can't sink as I'm pausing to think Of the men who are owing me money. There's the total that comes from the various sums I have paid the insurance director; And the taxes I'm told are unjustly collected. But some time we will get a collector. To figure it out beyond question or doubt And reap each man's share. "That'll be funny!" I'm on poverty's brink, but it's jolly to think Of the men who are owing me money! —Washington Star.

WHAT SUCCESSFUL MEN HAVE TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT OF SUCCESS

Also Some Instances of Great Men Who Began Life With Serious Handicaps, and Mottos That Have Helped Them to Prominence and Wealth.

The following are extracts from a new edition of "Successful Men of To-Day," by Wilbur F. Crafts, published by Funk & Wagnalls.

Answers to the question, "What do you consider essential elements of success for a young man entering upon such a business or profession as yours?"

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott—Study how to do the most good and let the pay take care of itself.

George H. Corliss, inventor of the Corliss engine—Brains, habitual and persistent industry, self reliance.

G. W. Pach, photographer—Thorough study, close observation and doing work on a cash basis.

William Jennings Bryan—Honesty, industry and sympathy with the common people.

H. J. Heinz, delicatessen manufacturer—Love for work, mastering of details, a disposition to strike for sixteen hours a day while others are striking for eight, thereby having twice as much time for one's business as others.

John S. Huyler, candy manufacturer—Principles, and attention to details generally considered too small for serious consideration.

Edward W. Bok—Love work for the sake of your work and not for the money in it, and consider that something difficult is simply something to overcome.

GREAT MEN'S MOTTOES.

John Wesley—Always in haste, but never in a hurry.

Abraham Lincoln—Right makes might.

Gen. Neal Dow—Deeds, not words.

John Randolph—Pay as you go.

Theodore Roosevelt—A square deal for every man. It is hard to fail, but worse never to have tried to succeed.

Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Southern Confederacy—Tide and time wait for no man.

A. G. Lane, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago—Never give up one job till you get another.

Gen. O. O. Howard—Obey your parents in the Lord.

MEN WHO OVERCAME NATURAL OBSTACLES.

Kitto—Born in a poorhouse.

Alexander H. Stephens—A dwarf, with a broken scythe he overmatched in the harvest all those who had perfect ones.

Oliver P. Morton—Lame; walked on crutches.

Chief Justice Chase—Near-sighted; had an impediment in his speech.

Estey, the organ-maker—Given away at four years of age; had scarcely any schooling.

Peter Cooper—Was only one year at school.

Thurloe Weed—So poor in boyhood that one cold March day he had to wrap pieces of cloth about his feet in place of socks and shoes.

Nelson W. Aldrich—Entered Providence on foot with his clothes strung over his back.

Elihu Burritt—Son of a farmer; became an apprentice in a blacksmith's shop.

Andrew Carnegie—Son of an immigrant; worked as bobbin boy in a mill for \$1.20 a week.

—From the New York World.

Living by Eggs Alone.

The other day a number of persons attending a meeting of pure food advocates in New York made the announcement that the only really pure food is the fresh egg. "This raises the question whether a man's life might be prolonged indefinitely if he limited his diet to eggs," Luigi Corrado, the famous Italian of some centuries back—who at the age of 40, with his constitution apparently ruined through excesses adopted a regimen that enabled him to live as long as he wanted to live, and died of ennui on the threshold of his hundredth year, set the store by the egg. It was this interesting gentleman who reduced his diet by degrees until he sustained himself in serenity and comfort on a single egg a day.—Boston Globe.

Inconvenient.

During the Spanish war a young lieutenant of infantry, whose sole ideas of military glory began and ended with knowledge how to wear a uniform with becoming grace, was detailed on guard duty, and spent some time perusing some newspapers two weeks old.

Woman Champion Stenographer.

Miss M. Carrington of Springfield, Mass., who won the championship of the country in a recent stenographic contest held in New York, has now accepted a position in that city at \$100 a week. The contestants were blindfolded. Miss Carrington won, although the competitors were more than a score of the fastest male operators of 125 words a minute and kept it up for an hour.

Plan Faster War Vessels.

Several British shipbuilding firms have been asked by the admiralty to bid for an experimental torpedo-boat destroyer, having a speed of thirty-six knots (forty-one and one-half miles) an hour. At the present moment the Velox, speed 33.64 knots, is the fastest boat in the British navy.

Farewell and Welcome

Because the Old Year dying lay,
The watching skies were sad and gray,
The winds were sobbing on their way.

The lonely fields were brown and bare,
The oaks so lately green and fair,
Tossed all their naked limbs in air.

The brief day faded into night;
The moon and stars were veiled from sight,
And earth seemed covered with a blight.

I woke—the sad night fled forlorn;
A planet newly born
The earth arose to greet the morn.

Above a sun of fervid gold
The turquoise sky its depth unrolled
With arabesques of white encircled.

A wreath of diamonds veiled each tree;
Where yesterday death seemed to be,
A new white world smiled up at me.

—Kinetto M. Lowater in N. Y. Sun.

A DISINTERESTED ALLY

By ALISON JEWELL

(Copyright, 1935, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"I don't believe your father will ever consent, dear," George had said, very gravely, his very shoulders bowed under the weight of his grief. He was fully 19, and this was the first time he had ever been really in love.

Of course there had been fancies, back there in the days of his youth. But he was 19 now, and he knew his own mind. He knew that Sidney Lee was the one woman in all the world who had been foreordained to become Mrs. George Armistead. Guess a man of 19 knows a little when he meets them—and when the girl throws her arms about his neck and cries because her father won't let her be his—that is, the man's who knows a little when he sees them.

"But maybe he will consent if you work hard and we wait a few years, George," Sid ventured, hopefully.

"Wait!" echoed George, dearly. "I have not time to wait. I love you too much to wait. I can't wait. Life is too short. Think what a few years mean!"

There was no question that a few years would shorten George's span terribly. Then he spoke like the true knight.

"If your father won't give his consent, Sid," he said firmly, "let's get married without it. What right have parents to wreck the happiness of their children's lives?"

"You mean to run away—to elope?" gasped Sidney, in an awed voice.

"Why, father would never forgive me in the world. Besides, dear," she said, practically, "do you make enough for us to live on? Won't it be better to wait for a raise in your salary? If we elope, father would discharge you, you know."

"I did not think you were mercenary, Sid," the young man replied severely. "I really did not."

He said it so tragically that Sidney was miserable again.

"I did not mean to be mercenary, George, dear," she said tearfully. "But you know we must live."

"Well, looking at the matter from the most practical side," said George, as if that was making a great concession to the sensible, "I get \$14 a week now. I can get a job any time at Morrow's. The old man has asked me to work for him and you know about Nell."

"Yes, I know that Nell would give her neck to have you work for her father," said Sidney, a little spitefully and all jealously. "I know that she comes into your place just on purpose to see you. Papa has told me all about it."

"There's nothing between us at all, dear," George hastened to say, for he saw he was on dangerous ground. "Your father has often joked me about it too and I just led him on, for that keeps him from suspecting that it is you I love. Besides," he concluded, with an injured air, "I guess Nell can come to see me if Jim can hang around you."

"Oh, he is just a friend," answered Sidney airily. "I don't care a rap about him, though I believe that papa would like me to marry him. He says that would unite our warring commercial houses and make allies out of competitors, or something of the sort."

"I thought he had a grudge against old Morrow," grinned George, but Sid wasn't in any mood to joke. A woman has no sense of humor anyhow, they say.

The upshot of it was that Sid refused to get married without her father's consent and George looked so down in the dumps for two or three days that the old man noticed it.

"What's the matter, George?" he

man. "Well, why don't you get along without it?"

George gasped. "Get along without it!" That was the scheme that was ever uppermost in his thought, but Sidney would not listen to it. The mere fact that the old man had the honor to be his employer had made the mistake of supposing that the daughter of his ancient business rival was the girl in the case was a mere incident. A daring thought struck him.

"If I only dared," he said, with hypocritical reluctance. "I am afraid you would not forgive me."

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MADE IT A DIFFERENT CASE.

Nuisance Turned Out Largely a Matter of Ownership.

Mrs. Russell Sage is one of the most active workers in the movement to abolish the docking of the tails of horses.

In a discussion of this movement she said recently:

"If the horses already docked were out of the way we should have no trouble in putting a stop to docking forever. But many persons, advocates of our movement in the past, no sooner buy a pair of showy carriage horses with docked tails than they desert us and go over to the enemy."

She smiled sadly.

"It is the old story," she said. "White owned a dog. Black, who lived next door, came to him and said:

"Look here. That dog of yours howls so much at night that my wife and I are going mad for want of sleep."

"Is that so?" said White. "I hadn't noticed his howling. I think you must be mistaken."

"A week passed and Black came home one day with the objectionable dog on a string."

"I have bought this cur," he told his wife. "I have bought it from White and I am going to chloroform it."

"Another week and White, the dog's former owner, said to Black:

"You haven't chloroformed that dog yet, have you?"

"Why, no not yet," Black answered. "The fact is we have grown rather fond of the critter, he is so playful and affectionate."

"But doesn't his barking annoy you?" White asked.

"No, I haven't noticed it," said Black.

"Well," White grumbled, "I can't sleep for that brute's continual yowling."

Mrs. Sage smiled again.

"In the case of ourselves it is one thing; in the case of others it is a different matter," she said.

THINK MONKEYS HAVE SPEECH.

Eminent Men of Science Agree with Prof. Garner.

It is generally supposed that Prof. Garner is the first man to study what has come to be called the speech of monkeys. As a matter of fact, the honor belongs to Sir Richard Burton, the famous orientalist who translated the "Thousand and One Nights." Lady Burton tells in her biography of her distinguished husband that Sir Richard believed firmly in monkey speech, that he had forty apes continually with him for several years and that he had written down a monkey vocabulary of sixty words. This vocabulary unfortunately was lost. Prof. Garner can make a strange monkey drink by saying a certain word, and with another word he can make it eat and with another word he can frighten it. But Sir Richard Burton could do all these things, too. His vocabulary, further, was larger than Mr. Garner's. Ernest Haeckel, the great German scientist, is in hearty sympathy with the study of the monkey language. He says he believes firmly that such a language exists.

Boers Trek to Argentina.

A resident of the Argentine Republic who recently arrived in this country, in speaking of immigration to his country, said: "We are expecting the arrival of a considerable number of Boers, who, we think, will make good colonists. In fact, there is a regular trek on from the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The committee having the matter in charge has already chartered several steamers to take the emigrants from South Africa, and when they reach Buenos Ayres the Argentine government will pay their expense to the places where they are to settle."

"It would not surprise me if in a few years the bulk of the Boer population of South Africa had trekked to Argentina. The British authorities are already somewhat disturbed and the London Times recently declared that 'this movement is as unaccountable as the old treks from the Republics in search of new fields.'"

Surplusage.

Owen Wister, the novelist, was criticizing the work of a literary beginner.

"Now, here," said Mr. Wister, slashing his blue pencil through an entire manuscript page, "here isarrant surplusage and surplusage. In what way do these 400 words help your story?"

"In no way. On the contrary, they hinder, they impede it. These written words are mere surplusage, as so many of our spoken words are mere surplusage. They resemble the useless questions that we ask."

"A man stood before a mirror in his room, his face lathered, and an open razor in his hand."

"His wife came in. She looked at him and said:

"Are you shaving?"

"The man, a foe to surplusage, replied fiercely:

"No, I am blacking the kitchen range. Where are you—out driving or at a matinee?"

Look for Action from Senator.

According to general belief Mr. Knox of Pennsylvania does not mean to be a silent member of the United States senate at the coming session. As a rule newcomers are rather expected to keep in the background for a time, but Senator Knox is tacitly looked to take a leading part in discussion of the railroad rate measure. For many years Pennsylvania senators have almost confined themselves to committee activity. The Commercials, father and son, were silent men, and so to a great extent was Mr. Quay. Mr. Penrose, too, rarely opens his lips, so the spectacle of a Pennsylvania senator active in debate will be somewhat of a novelty.

Under Arrest, But Unguarded.

While Gen. Brugere, commander of the French army, was under fifteen days' arrest in Paris he was not permitted to leave his quarters on any pretext except to transact official business at the war office, might not wear his sword and could receive no visitors. But in consideration of his high rank no sentry was placed over him.



RESOLUTIONS for the New Year and sentiments for the holiday season, arranged in acrostic form by F. G. Moorhead from the works of Robert Louis Stevenson

AN aim in life is the only fortune worth the having; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.

MONEY, being a means of happiness, should make both parties happy when it changes hands. Rightly disposed, it should be twice blessed in its employment.

EVERY piece of work which is not so good as you can make it should rise up against you in the court of your own heart, and condemn you for a thief.

RIGHT is that for which a man's central self is ever ready to sacrifice immediate or distant interests.

RIGHT is intimately dictated to each man by himself, but can never be rigorously set forth in language, and above all never imposed upon another.

YOU cannot run away from a weakness; you must fight it out or perish. And if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?

CULTURE is not measured by the greatness of the field which is covered by our knowledge, but by the nicety with which we can perceive relations in that field, whether great or small.

HE who can sit square on a three-legged stool, he it is who has the wealth and glory.

RIGHTHOUSNESS is to fuse together our divisive impulses and march with one mind through life.

IF you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife.

SOCIETY was scarce put together and defended with so much eloquence and blood for the convenience of two or three millionaires and a few hundred other persons of wealth and position.

TO be a gentleman is to be one all the world over, and in every relation and grade of society. It is a high calling, to which a man must first be born and then devote himself for life.

MANNERS, like art, should be human and central.

AS the sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable.

AFTER all, there is no house like God's out-of-doors.

NO man is useless while he has a friend.

DO what we will, there is always something made to our hand, if it were only our fingers.

A man cannot go very far astray who neither dishonors his parents, nor kills, nor commits adultery, nor steals, nor bears false witness; for these things, rightly thought out, cover a vast field of duty.

HOME is the woman's kingdom.

AFTER a good woman and a good book and tobacco, there is nothing so agreeable on earth as a river.

PENURY is the worst slavery, and will soon lead to death.

PRACTICE is a more intricate and desperate business than the toughest theorizing; life is an affair of cavalry, where rapid judgment and prompt action are alone possible and right.

YET the dearest and readiest, if not the most just, criterion of a man's services is the wage that mankind pays him, or briefly, what he earns.

NATURE is a good guide through life, and the love of simple pleasures next, if not superior, to virtue.

ETRE et pas avoir—to be, not to possess—that is the problem of life.

WE must all set our pocket watches by the clock of fate.

YET, when all has been said, the man who would hold back from marriage is in the same case with him who runs away from battle.

EVERY man is his own doctor of divinity in the last resort.

A BRAVE woman far more readily accepts a change of circumstances than the bravest man.

RIGHT or wrong, this have I done, in unfeigned honor of intention, as to myself and God.

—From The Sunday Magazine.

New Year Resolutions

Every first of January that we arrive at is an imaginary mile-stone in the twilight track of human life, at once a resting place for thought and meditation and a starting point for fresh action in the performance of our journey.

The man who does not at least propose to himself to be better this year than he was last must be either very good or very bad indeed. And only to propose to be better is something. If nothing else it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so which is the first step toward amendment.

But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well is in some sort to do well positively, for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavor. He who is not worse to-day than he was yesterday is better, and he who is not better is worse. —CHARLES LAMB.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

At Andersonville.
Above the dust of the beloved dead—
Who passed to immortality this way
We bare our heads and reverently tread.
And tenderly our heartfelt homage pay.

The days were dark when Duty called them hence,
And darker passions clouded all the land.
But we who live behold their recompense.
A nation greater than its founders planned.

Thank God the fratricidal strife is past;
The Moloch Hate that fed on human lives
Is slain by Love; and blessed Peace at last
So long afflicted from our shores survives.
And o'er our broad domain, from crag to crag,
The nation stands united for the flag.
They loved and died for, now and evermore!

—John E. Barrett.

Home Market.

APPLES.—50c@75c per bu.
ORANGE.—In good demand. White 62 1/2c @ 1 1/2c per bu.
PEACHES.—Good demand at 18c.
PEARS.—Good, lower \$3 75@ \$4.00.
PINEAPPLES.—Good, lower \$3.00@3.50; halves \$4.00@4.25; fat caws, \$2.50@ \$3.00; cans \$1.00@ \$1.25; calms, \$7.00@ \$7.25.
RABBITS.—4 to 5c per head.
RICE.—Good demand at 25c@25c 1/2 bu.
SWEET CORN.—23c a doz.
TOMATOES.—Best \$4 75@ \$4.85.
WATERMELONS.—No. 1 Timothy \$7.00; mixed \$6.50@ \$6.75; Clover, \$5.00.
WHEAT.—Good at 17 1/2c—11 00 per bu.
WHEAT.—Good demand at 25c@30c 1/2 bu.
WHEAT.—No. 1, 11 1/2c per bushel.

E—Lower. 66@87c bu.
 EAW.—Wheat \$2.50; rye \$3.50 a ton
 EEP.—Sheep. Fat weathers, \$4.75
 ewe, \$3.75@4.25; yearlings
 \$3.00.00; best lambs, \$6.50@\$7.00
 and common, \$4.75.
 EAT—Good demand. White, 80c
 3c bushel. Low grade 70c@75c

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Dietle.

Best paper, in rolls for sale at the
wholesale office.

Home Market.

PLER.—40¢/75¢ per bu.
ANN.—In good demand. White 025
25 per bu.
TIER.—Good demand at 15¢ P.
EF.—Butt steers, lower \$2 75¢/34.00
and coarse steers, \$2.50¢/34.50; butts
\$2.50 25; fat cows, \$2.00¢/32.00; ear
1.00¢/31.25; calves, 77¢/30.75.
GRADE.—At 10 per bu.
N.—Good demand 20¢/35¢ ½ bu
N.—25¢ a ton.
CO.—Butt, \$4 75¢/44.50.
Y.—No. 1 Timothy 77.00; mixed
\$4.50. SPORE, \$5.00.
KORY NUTS.—\$1.00 per bu.
TN.—Good demand at 25¢/30¢ ½ bu
TORS.—40¢ ½ bushel.
TATORS.—New 14¢/60¢ ½ bushel
2.—Lower, 55¢/67¢ ½ bu.
LAY.—Wheat 22.50; rye 22.50 a ton
REE.—Steady. Fat weathers, \$4.7
8¢; cows, \$2.75¢/44.50; yearlings
and common, \$4.75.
EAT.—Good demand. White, 20¢
3¢ ½ bushel. Low grade 70¢/75¢

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Dietle.

Rejoice! It is New Year's Day!

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY GEORGE SEYMOUR



Thousands of Centuries Re-Echo in the Blowing of Horns To-Day

Blowing of horns on occasions of joy and festivity has grown to be an established institution in the United States. Whether the custom as practiced is strictly in musical accord with the harmonious feelings of a people who in one voice indulge a celebration which affects all alike is another matter.

While the custom of horn blowing is growing, few of the old heads stop to think of its origin, and the youthful celebrant little dreams that it is all tradition; that in those reveling sounds which escape neither nook nor corner, left nor cellar, are the echoes re-echoed from thousands of centuries ago—that momentous period in the world's spiritual and material history when the blasts from the ram's horn (shophar) proclaimed from Mount Sinai the giving of the Ten Commandments to the end of time.

The first mention of it is in the Old Testament at the giving of the law:

And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightning, and the noise of the trumpet: and they were afraid, and stood afar off. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, the horns of the trumpet sounded long, and thick, and clear, and the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and they stood afar off.

How well one can picture the scene at Mount Sinai when the people trembled and stood afar off when Moses came down from the mountain, and the horns of the trumpet sounded long, and thick, and clear, and the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and they stood afar off.

The sounding of the horn on an occasion so prolific with divinely potent incidents naturally brought the instrument into use and prominence during special spiritual exercises and celebrations, but later its brazen notes were heard in time of war.

They were also heard in times of extreme jubilation and in the temples of the Jews on their days of rejoicing and on the day of atonement.

In Leviticus, xxv: 9, is found the following:

Then shall thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement, shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land.

And even in this age of "advanced thought," the Jew, following commandment and the voice of tradition, assembles in his temple to hear the sound from the shophar.

What effect must such tones issue from a holy place have upon the hearer? They are not musical sounds, for their loud, piercing notes, with no range or compass, have never been found adaptable to connected music.

In Numbers, chapter xxxix: 1, we find an injunction as to the use of the trumpet.

Therein the people are commanded on the first day of the seventh month to hold "an holy convocation," to do no servile work, it being "a day of

blowing of trumpets unto you"—a feast of the trumpets.

Here is demonstrated the giving up of all labor and indulging the tones of the shophar as heard in the synagogues to this day on a like festival.

The skeptic may say that to-day's outpourings of joy lack thought, are infused without the slightest religious sentiment, have no relationship with the very same movements and same trumpetings that characterized the day when the law was given from Mount Sinai, those periods when joy and victory, and holy festival infused the early peoples of the earth.

Who will say that there is no feeling of thankfulness in the hearts of the nation when, with horn-blowing and flag-waving, it gives vent to its joyous exultation over its great national event?

The ancient New Year's service, observed in the synagogues even at this period, is considered one of the most impressive in the Jewish liturgy. It is composed of three parts, which refer, respectively, to the sovereignty, justice and mercy of God, and as each part is concluded the shophar is sounded from the pulpit.

The first part, "Malchiot," proclaims God the universal king.

The second part, "Zichronoth," emphasizes that God remembers the work of the world and visits all creatures, and that "nothing remains concealed from his eyes."

The last part, "Shophroth," speaks of the scriptural shophar, and especially as it is connected with the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, when its tones were first heard, and also with reference to the time when the "great trumpet" will be sounded to declare the universal triumph of liberty and religion.

In a poem sermon founded on passages from the Talmud, by the Rev. Isidore Myers, B. A., in Montreal in 1887 (5657 Jewish year), the following occurs:

What solemn thoughts each blast compels! At every sound our bosom swells: Our soul is stirred by every note That issues from the shophar's throat.

The first which "Malchiot" is named, In which God's sovereignty is proclaimed, Reminds us of creation's prime, When God created out of naught, This world and all existence brought.

This universe to wisdom planned, And framed by His Almighty hand— Whose order, beauty, harmony, We everywhere can plainly see: Whose wisdom, part below, above, The impress bears of gracious love.

The shophar's voice does first record The coronation of the Lord.

Thus, from its first mention up to the present period, has the shophar

been given the most profound and grave consideration.

Besides the sounding of the horn in the hour of religious and joyous festival, it was brought into use in time of war to summon and assemble the army, and in this respect it is first mentioned in Judges, iii: 27:

And it came to pass, when he was come, that he blew a trumpet in the mountain of Ephraim, and the children of Israel went down with him from the mountain, and he before them.

Subsequent verses relate the defeat of 10,000 lusty men and the downfall of Moab, much resembling the bloody conflicts of later centuries, sans machinery of modern warfare.

And here we find the horn brought into military use, which is a long step from its initial requirements, when it served to bring the people together to hear the law read amid the thundering and lightning, and darkness which attended its proclamation.

"After all, in comparing that past with the present there seems but the difference in the manufacture, design and manipulation of material and the advantages in these times of having more powerful and more scientific implements with which to annihilate a foe. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything could be more effective on a modern battlefield than the slaying of 10,000 valiant men, as was done by the Israelites who answered the shophar's call to arms."

The shophar has been utilized in other than times of law-giving and war, for it is told in Isaiah xxvii: 13:

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem.

Its sounds were welcomed by those to whom the law was handed down, its notes were and are maintained by one denomination to voice the anniversary of God's coronation.

By that same people its sound is reported to as an alarm or warning of the approach of the day of atonement, and that they should review the actions of the past year and prepare to become reconciled to God by means of confession to him of their sins and promise of amendment.

One other reason for the blowing of the shophar, even at this period, is to emphasize to the Jewish community the conviction that the time will come when the shophar will announce, according to the word of the prophet, a universal freedom when all oppression and tyranny shall vanish and the reign of absolute liberty will be manifested throughout the world.

PROSPECTOR LEADS THE WAY

Deeds Rightful Title as Pioneer of the West.

The prospector is the real pioneer of the West—he blazed the trail for the railroad, for the merchant, the capitalist and the professional man; to him belongs the honor of the present condition of the mining industry. The prospector has made it possible for the making of the great fortunes of Haggis, Fair, Flood, Hearst, Daly and Clark. Where would the Comstock, Butte, Cœur d'Alene and other notable camps be, had it not been for the prospector and his burro? The life of the prospector is not a round of pleasure; he sleeps in the snow and rain as often as not; his fare is bacon and beans; dollars are few with him; yet he may be hunting for a new location for you to go to. When he asks you for a grub stake, help him out; his burro found the Bunker Hill and Sullivan; his rifle killed the mountain sheep that found and exposed the rich ores of the Ram's Horn mine; Comstock, the man who found the vein named after him, died a poor man, but he did more for his country than President Roosevelt has; Marcus Daly came to Butte with his blankets on his back, but he did more for Montana than John D. Rockefeller; W. A. Clark drove a bull team into Montana, placer mined in Deer Lodge and made a fortune, which he earned by hardships endured which the average Butte citizen would not care to go through. When Stratton found Cripple Creek he was a poor carpenter, said to be too lazy to work, but he paved the way for thousands to earn a livelihood and himself a fortune.—Butte Mining Review.

CRICKETS ARE ALL VIOLINISTS.

Carry Their Musical Instruments Constantly With Them.

Violinists of the fields a poet christened the grasshopper, whose musical apparatus demonstrates the scientific fitness of its name. Both crickets and grasshoppers use a rudimentary violin. The crickets have a fiddle, the abdomen being partially endowed with small bridge-like edges or ridges, against which the wings are rubbed in order to produce the ardent chirp. All such insects are tenors; deep bass voices are unknown, although it is the male, not the female, insect that is the musician. Some insects, like the locust, have veritable violin bones, covered with fine ridges and attached to the wings by two button-like growths. Others have cavities covered over with a fine membrane, which serves the purpose of a resonator. In almost all insects of this type there is a parchment-like part of the abdomen which acts as a kind of sounding board.

Are You Left-Handed?

"Left-eyed people simply own the town these days," said an oculist. "If the prominence and importance of that optic continues to increase we shall one day be a left-eyed race. In more than half the patients I treat the left eye is already considerably larger than the right, it is brighter and it lasts longer. If you want to find out which eye is stronger try to read without one then with the other unassisted by its mate. Nine times out of ten that test shows how much more useful the left eye is than the right. I devoutly hope that I shall never lose either of my eyes, but if one goes to I just as devoutly hope that it will be the right. There was a time when the superstitious, and even specialists on eyes believed that only left-handed people were also left-eyed. That theory is now exploded. Overdevelopment of the left eye is dangerous of becoming a disease, the peculiar effects of which are already apparent in many faces."

Large Enough.

Senator Forsaker was talking about a politician whose erratic conduct had estranged him from his party.

"This man," said the Senator, "was showing a visitor over his new house in Washington the other day."

"He exhibited the large drawing room, in white and gold; the spacious dining-room, in mahogany; the vast gilded ball, with its onyx pillars, and then he led his visitor into the little bit of a room off the hall—a mere cubby hole, containing but a table and two chairs."

"Not very large, eh?" he said. "Small and cozy, isn't it? Here I entertain my political friends."

"Ah," said the visitor, "it will be large enough for that."

Modern Version.

The king had just opened his business plan and the birds began to sing.

"Ye crows," spoke the king, smacking his lips, "but this is a dainty dish. I shall eat until I cannot eat more."

But just then the court physician arrived.

"Hold on, your majesty," called the medical adviser, lifting his hand in warning. "You know I forbid you eating pastry of all kinds and limited your diet to health food. With a sigh the king closed up the pie and told the slaves to hand it out to some passing tramp."

Furniture Used by Napoleon.

When he returned to Washington recently Ambassador Von Sternberg brought a complete suite of drawing-room furniture that had adorned the rooms occupied by Napoleon in Leipzig.

The ambassador by a relative whose grandfather had owned the place where the Corsican elected to abide. The furniture is ancient Flemish and in the tapestry are woven mythological designs. The frames bear a gold design. A desk at which Napoleon wrote vigorous messages is part of the legacy.

Do It!

If you have a thing to say, say it. If you have a debt to pay, pay it. If you have something less than men—say it at once, or you are just a hen. With an egg to lay, why, then, lay it.

If you have a log to hew,

hew it. If you have something you should rue, rue it. If you have things beneath the sun, touch us with them as we run. If there's aught that should be done, do it. —A. J. Waterhouse in Sunset Magazine.

WITH THE HUMORISTS

SOME BRIGHT THOUGHTS AND WITTY SAYINGS.

Another Proof of the Small Boy's Proverbial Luck—Books Absolutely Necessary for College Education—Fault of the New Memory System.

Just the Reminder Needed. Cheapley—Hello, old man! You seem to be in a brown study.

Popley—Oh, hello! Yes, I am. You see, my wife asked me to stop at the market for something, and I can't think what it was.

Cheapley—Here, have a cigar. May be that'll help you to think.

Popley—Thanks. Oh, yes, I remember now: It was cabbage she wanted.—Philadelphia Press.

Won on Points.

The animals were playing football. The fox snapped the ball back to the porcupine.

The porcupine started around the end with it.

Whereupon the other animals fell upon the porcupine.

But they didn't do it a second time. The game ended right there.

The Conservative.

"And are you in favor of the square deal?" they asked of Senator Rebates.

"Yes," replied the senator. "In a modified form I'm for it. Of course, good, sane judgment will dictate that the corners ought to be slightly rounded off so that no one will be injured by the sharp edges."—Kansas City Times.

Was Going In For Athletics.

Son—Well, dad, I start back to college next week and I want twenty-five dollars for books.

Father—"What are they?"

Son—"Baseball Guide." "Smith's How to Play Football." "Brown's First Lessons in Lacrosse." "Aids to the Instructor," and a dictionary.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Superstitious.

"There's ghosts in this room," said the Billville man, as the pillow beneath his head seemed to be sliding away of its own free will.

"Ghosts—as shore as you're born! Looky there!"

"John, John!" said his wife, as she lifted the pillow. "How superstitious you are! It's only a six-foot rattlesnake, coiled up there, from the cold!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Jealousy.

"Why are people so angry about the trusts?" inquired the tourist from abroad.

"Well," answered Mr. Dustin Sax, "after seeing how easily the trick was done, a good many are cross and disappointed because they didn't get in on the ground floor."

The Artistic Temperament.

Asium: I hear you've an order from Mr. Roxley to paint his wife's portrait. I suppose you expect to have a good time on the money you are to get for it?

"D'auher—No. I've already had a good time on the money I expect to get for it."

Mnemonics.

"How is the new memory system you are studying?"

"It's like all the rest," said the man who struggles to improve his mind. "It goes on the theory that it is easier to remember a whole lot of things you are not interested in than one that you are."

Uncertainty.

"You seem in a quandary."

"Yes," answered the conscientious man. "I haven't been able to decide which candidate I ought to vote for. And after I do make up my mind I doubt whether I'll be able to mark my ballot correctly."

Very Fortunate.

"Goodness, mister, it's er lucky thing you wuz dere w'en I fell!"

Happened in Philadelphia.

"Didn't I tell yer Bill was too slow to live?"

"Why, what's 'e bin and done now?"

"He's gorn and got run over by a hearse!"

He Was Good.

Miss Askham—And do you paint nothing but animal pictures every day?

Mr. D'auher—Well, on Fridays I paint fish.

INVITED STORY TELLER'S GIFT.

Made: Presence of Mind a Very Secondary Consideration.

C. K. Sober was showing a group of Pennsylvania statesmen over his famous chestnut farm near Shamokin.

"I have been told," said an insurance inspector, "that on a good chestnut farm each tree yields \$100 profit."

"That is impossible," said Mr. Sober, laughing. "That is quite impossible. It is such a whooper that it reminds me of life in the west."

"A friend of mine sat one cold night before the red-hot stove in a western saloon."

"At the bar a number of tall stories were being told. Every man had an illustration to present of his own bravery or generosity or Lotharioism. One chap said: 'I was once crossing a long, high, one-track railroad bridge on the ties when I seen a train coming toward me. The bridge was too narrow for me to draw to one side or the other and to jump into the boiling waters below meant certain death. In a flash I grasped the situation and started on a quick run toward the locomotive. When within a few feet of the great machine I concentrated all my nerve and muscle in one effort and leaped straight up in the air. The terrible loco shot under me and I came down safe and sound on the bridge, preserved from death, but seriously shaken by the descent.'"

"At the conclusion of this tale a groan went up from the assemblage and a gold miner with a white beard said bitterly:

"What's the use of presence of mind when a man can lie like that?"

MODERN CHAPTER OF ROMANCE.

Tale of a Willing Juliet But Unresponsive Romeo.

Juliet was the ideal age, about 14. She wore a red coat that just came down to her boot tops and she had on a big black hat that partly shadowed her strikingly pretty face. She had just come out of Sunday school with a companion who was too young to figure as the Nurse, by comparison, yet was old enough to sympathize with the commotion that was raging in Juliet's heart.

Side by side the two girls walked slowly up the cross street and then, as if they were measuring their steps, they turned about and returned to the corner. When they reached a point where Juliet could see a young man who was standing half way down the block talking to a group of his friends, she cast a demure glance in his direction—but quite as though she were looking miles beyond him—and then turned about and retraced her steps up the side street. Slowly she walked up and slowly she walked back again.

Just as she reached the corner—it was beautifully timed—Romeo crossed her path. Romeo was at the stage in his youth when he probably would refer to the maid as "a little girl," though she was almost up to his shoulder. He was undeniably good looking, and he was also courteous, for he bowed to the two girls and took off his hat with a sweep as he met them. But he went on his way, leaving Juliet staring on the corner with an ecstatic glow in her eyes and one hand pressed to her coat over her heart.

Good-by, Old Year.

Good-by, Old Year, your mission ends. With midnight chimes and wit is done. The records wait with joy to be read. The deeds fulfilled and agonies won. You hung its tattered round the time, and that are hatched with each time.

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CLERGYMAN ACCEPTED THE FEL.

"Bluff" of Bridegroom That Met With Deserved Failure.

A good story is told, on a young clergyman in the suburbs who was recently married and who was properly punished for trying to make a "front."

It is a well known rule among clergymen not to take a fee from dominie for marrying him. The general custom is, however, for the best man to go through the usual form and present the officiating clergyman with an envelope containing the fee.

The minister then pays a graceful compliment to the bride and presents the envelope to her. Aware of this custom, the young minister thought he would make a big showing before his bride and placed \$100 in the envelope, smiling in anticipation of her surprise when she should open it and see what her lover was willing to pay for being united to her.

The young man's consternation can be imagined when the other clergyman calmly pocketed the envelope and made no movement to return it. The officiating minister had heard glowing reports of the rich bride his friend was getting and decided that the fee would do him more good than the newly married couple, and therefore for once departed from the usual rule. The bridegroom is still sore about the \$100, but the joke was too good for the best man to keep to himself.—Philadelphia Record.

He Doesn't Curse Now.

Washington, Kans., Dec. 25 (Special)—Jesse E. Mitchell is a telephone lineman, and also a well known resident here. Everybody acquainted with Mr. Mitchell knows that he was a man who held very positive views about Patent Medicine. Hear what he says now:

"I used to curse all kinds of Patent Medicines, for they never did me any good, but Dodd's Kidney Pills have caused me to change my mind. For twelve years I suffered from Kidney Trouble. There was a hurting across my back that made it positive agony to stoop, and as I am in a stooping position nearly all day, you can imagine how I suffered. After a day's work that any man would think nothing of, I would be tired and worn out. In fact, I was always tired. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking four boxes I feel like a new man. I am as fresh at night as when I begin work in the morning. I have no pain in my back now, and I am stronger than ever."

Bees as Weather Prophets.

There are excellent weather prophets. There is a common saying that "a bee was never caught in a shower." When rain is impending bees do not go far afield, but ply their labor in the immediate neighborhood of their hive.

How's This?

We offer a reward for the capture of any man who cannot be cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dr. J. C. Dodd & Co., Toledo, O. We have the honor to inform you that we have a large stock of Dodd's Kidney Pills for sale at all drug stores and mail order houses. We guarantee a cure for all cases of Kidney Trouble, or we will refund the money. Write for a free trial bottle. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Dodd's Family Pills for Constipation.

If a girl is all the world to a young man he naturally presents any attempt of other men to acquire the world. An elderly tramp says the world is often sold on a hot day.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is

Signature of Dr. J. C. Dodd.

In Use For Over 40 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

No man ever bought a wedding present because he wanted to.

Many men stoop to conquer and some of them stoop low.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Teething Disorders, cures and regulates the Bowels and

THE COUPON BELOW IS GOOD FOR \$1.00 IF SENT AT ONCE.

It is Wrong for You to Neglect Your Duty to Yourself—Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Troubles Grow More Dangerous Daily.

There is now a remedy called Mull's Grape Tonic that cures these troubles absolutely.

A full-sized bottle is furnished you free to prove it—see coupon below.

Have you noticed the large number of cases of Typhoid Fever lately? Typhoid Fever, Malaria, Appendicitis, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Piles, Female Troubles, etc., are the results of Constipation.

Don't allow it to run on without proper treatment. Mull's Grape Tonic cures Constipation, Bowel and Stomach trouble in a new way, different from any other, and it is permanent.

Alcoholic, opium and morphine preparations are injurious and dangerous. They destroy the digestive organs, and literally tear the system to pieces.

Mull's Grape Tonic strengthens and builds them up. It cleanses the system of impurities, restores the digestive system to natural action, and cures the disease in a short time. To prove it to you, we will give you a bottle free if you have never used it.

Good for ailing children and nursing mothers.

A free bottle to all who have never used it because we know it will cure you.

Coupon.

139 GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR 1230-5

Send this coupon with your name and address and we will mail you a bottle of Mull's Grape Tonic absolutely free. If you have never used Mull's Grape Tonic, and will also send us a check for \$1.00, we will send you the purchase of one more bottle for your satisfaction.

Mull's Grape Tonic Co., 123 Third Ave., New York, N. Y.

One-half the world doesn't care how the other half dies.

There isn't much love in a sensible love letter.

DON'T FORGET

A large box, package Red Cross Ball Blue, only 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

The less a man knows the smarter he thinks he is.

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

\$5.00

Value Given for Reliable Information.

We have set aside \$1,000.00

to be spent for information and will give five dollars for a Postal Card giving the first reliable news of a disease to which a person is subject.

ATLAS

ATLAS BOOKS AND SOLERS

ATLAS BOOKS WORKS

ATLAS BOOKS WORKS

ATLAS BOOKS WORKS

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FIRST USED WORD ELECTRICITY.

Honor That Seems to Belong to Sir Thomas Browne.

No one seems to have recalled, in connection with the commemoration of Sir Thomas Browne at Norwich, that he was the first person to use the word "electricity" as a noun.

The first occurrence of the substantive in English (or, for that matter, in any language) occurs on page 79 of the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" (1646).

In the following passage: "Glasses attract but weakly though glasses some slick stones and thick glasses indifferently. Arsenic not at all. Saltes generally but weakly, as Sal Gemma. Alum and also Talker; nor very discoverably by any friction; but it gently warmed at the fire and wiped with a dry cloth, they will better discover their Electricities."

Prof. S. P. Thompson in London Times.

The Wrong Ticket.

An official of a railway once got leave to get married and was given a pass over the road. On his way back he gave the ticket collector his marriage certificate instead of the pass.

The latter studied it carefully for a few minutes, and then said: "My man, you have got a ticket for a long wearisome journey, but not on this railway."

\$12,500 for a Manuscript.

At the sale of the library of the Earl of Oork in London, a French manuscript, described by experts to be one of the finest "Garden" manuscripts ever offered for auction, was bought by Messrs. Quaritch, for \$12,500.

The same firm purchased King Charles I's prayer book for \$1,500.

UNSIGHTLY BALD SPOT.

Caused by Sores on Neck—Meridless Itching for Two Years Made Him Wild—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"For two years my neck was covered with sores, the humor spreading to my hair, which fell out, leaving an unsightly bald spot, and the sores, inflammation and mercurial itching made me wild. Friends advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after a few applications the sores soon disappeared, and my hair grew again, as thick and healthy as ever. I shall always recommend Cuticura. (Signed) H. J. Spalding, 104 W. 104th St., New York City."

Takes Free House from Miners.

The Northumberland (England) coal owners propose to abolish the system of free houses for miners, and offer an advance in wages to miners equivalent to house rent, cost of coals and taxes.

THE EARTH'S AREA.

One of the best authorities estimates the area of the earth's surface at 196,791,384 square miles, of which about 53,000,000 square miles is land, the rest water. Throughout most of this 53,000,000 square miles, hills, bays, valleys have made its way because it's so good. It is the ideal breakfast food, and may be had at any up-to-date grocery.

Fess Up, Diogenes.

When Diogenes went around hunting for an honest man, could he have found one by holding up his lantern and looking in the glass?—Somerville Journal.

The Peru-Almanac in 2,000,000 Homes.

The Peru-Almanac has become a fixture in over eight million homes. It can be obtained from all drugstore trees. Be sure to inquire early. The 1906 Almanac is already published, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Do not put it off. Get one today.

Lightning Stroke at Wedding.

During a wedding at Grafenau, Australia, lightning struck the church and tore away the bridegroom's right foot.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the best, burning and itching sensation in my foot which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now."—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J. Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Ad Catches the Farmer.

Thousands of farmers answered the advertisement of a man who offered to sell "a receipt for making a pound of butter from a pint of milk—and a teaspoonful of my preparation."

USE THE FAMOUS

Red Cross Ball Blue, Large Box, 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

When a man is long on energy and short on the ability to use it he is to be pitied.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Allen's Foot-Ease. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

It is almost a difficult for the average man to manage an automobile as a wife.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always brings down wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Lots of men who practice and fail think it is up to them to preach.

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

He who succeeds at things usually has another guess coming.

thought you were just as brave as the rest. Mr. Gordon, and now I think you are braver."

to show that I was in the place from which the shots had been fired.

While I was still cogitating over this, the special train I had ordered out from Flagstaff came in sight, and in a few moments was stopped where I was.

It consisted of a string of three flats and a box car, and brought the sheriff, a dozen cowboys whom he had sworn in as deputies, and their horses. I was hopeful that with these fellows' greater skill in such matters they could find what I had not, but after a thorough examination of the ground within a mile of the robbery they were as much at fault as I had been.

THE GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LEXESTER FORD, Author of The Hon. Peter Sterling, Etc.

CONTINUING IN "SUNDAY EVENING"—CONTINUED, SEE PAGE 1230-5

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Perhaps if they had known the danger as well as you, they would have been less courageous," she continued, and I could have blessed her for the speech.

While we were still eating, the mail clerk came to my car and reported that the most careful search had failed to discover the three registered letters. And they had evidently been taken. This made me feel sober, almost as the probable loss was. He told me that his showed they were all addressed to Ash Forks, Arizona, making it improbable that their contents could be of any real value. If possible, I was more puzzled than ever.

At six-ten the runner whistled to show he had steam up. I told one of the brakemen to stay behind and then went into 218. Mr. Cullen was still dressing, but I expressed my regrets through the door that I could not go with his party to the Grand Canon, told him that all the stage arrangements had been completed, and promised to join him there in case my luck was good. Then I saw Frederic for a moment, to see how he was (for I had nearly forgotten him in the excitement), to find that he was gaining all the time and preparing even to get up. When I returned to the saloon, the rest of the party were there and I bade good-bye to the captain and Albert. Then I turned to Lord Ralles, and, holding out my hand, said:

"Lord Ralles, I joked a little the other morning about the way you thought road agents ought to be treated. You have turned the joke very neatly and pluckily, and I want to apologize for myself and thank you for the railroad."

"Neither is necessary," he retorted, smiling, pretending not to see my hand. I never claimed to have a good temper, and it was all I could do to hold myself in. I turned to Miss Cullen to wish her a pleasant trip, and the thought that this might be our last meeting made me forget even Lord Ralles.

"I hope it isn't good-bye, but only at present," she said. "Whether or no, you must let us see you some time in Chicago, so that I may show you how grateful I am for all the pleasure you have added to our trip." Then, as I stepped down off my platform, she leaned over the rail of 218, and added, in a low voice, "I thought you were just as brave as the rest, Mr. Gordon, and now I think you are braver."

I turned impulsively, and said: "You would think so, Miss Cullen, if you knew the sacrifice I am making." Then, without looking at her, I gave the signal, the bell rang, and No. 3 pulled off. The last thing I saw was a handkerchief waving off the platform of 218.

When the train dropped out of sight over a grade, I swallowed the lump in my throat and went to the telegraph instrument. I wired Coolidge to give the alarm to Fort Wingate, Fort Apache, Fort Thomas, Fort Grant, Fort Bayard and Fort Whipple, though I thought the precaution a mere waste of energy. Then I sent the brakeman up to connect the cut wire.

"Two of the bullets struck up here, Mr. Gordon," the man called from the top of the pole. "Surely not!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," he responded. "The bullets holes are brand new."

I took in the lay of the land, the embers of the fire showing me how the train had lain. "I don't wonder nobody was hit," I exclaimed, "if that's a sample of their shooting. Some one was a worse rattled man than I ever expect to be. Dig the bullets out, Douglas, so that we can have a look at them."

He brought them down in a minute. They proved to be Winchester, as I had expected, for they were on the side from which the robbers must have fired.

"That chap must have been full of Arizona, single-shot, to have fired as wild as he did," I ejaculated, and walked over to where the mail car had stood, to see just how bad the shooting was. When I got there and faced about, it was really impossible to believe any man could have done so badly, for raising my own Winchester to the pole put it twenty degrees out of range and nearly forty degrees in the air. Yet there were the cartridge shells on the ground.

Whatever the explanation, I had enough facts to prevent me from wasting more time on that alkali plain. Getting the men and horses back onto the cars, I jumped up on the tail-board and ordered the runner to pull out for Flagstaff. It was a run of seven hours, getting us in a little after eight, and in those hours I had done a lot of drinking which had all come to one result: that Mr. Cullen's party was concerned in the hold-up.

The two private cars were on a siding, but the Cullens had left for the Grand Canon the moment they had arrived, and were about reaching there by this time. I went to 218 and questioned the cook and waiter, but they had either seen nothing or else had been primed, for not a fact did I get from them. Going to my own car, I ordered a quick supper, and while I was eating I questioned my boy. He told me that he had heard the shots, and had bolted the front door of my car, as I had ordered when I went out; that as he turned to go to a safer place, he had seen a man, revolver in hand, climb over the side gate of Mr. Cullen's car and for a moment he had supposed it was Albert Cullen.

"That was just after I had got off," I asked.

"Yes, sah."

"Then it couldn't have been Mr. Cullen, Jim," I declared, "for I found him up at the other end of the car."

"Tell you it was, Mr. Gordon," Jim insisted. "I done seen his face clear in the light, and he done go into Mr. Cullen's car whar the old gentleman was sittin'."

That set me whistling to myself, and I laughed to think how near I had come to giving nitroglycerin to a fellow who was only shamming heart failure, for that it was Frederic Cullen who had climbed on the car I hadn't the slightest doubt. The resemblance between the two brothers being quite strong enough to deceive



Six empty cartridge-shells

times, and that the last three Winchester shots I had heard had been fired by himself. Then, without speaking, I walked slowly back, searching along the edge of the road for more shells; but, though I went beyond the point where the last car had stood, not one did I find. Any man who has fired a Winchester knows that it drops its empty shell in loading, and I could therefore draw only one conclusion, namely, that all seven discharges of the Winchester had occurred up by the mail car. I had heard of men supposing they had fired their guns through hearing another go off; but with a repeating rifle one has to fire before one can reload. The fact was evident that Albert Cullen either had fired his Winchester up by the mail car, or else had not fired it at all. In either case he had lied, and Lord Ralles and Captain Ackland had backed him up in it.

CHAPTER V.

A Trip to the Grand Canon.

I stood pondering, for no explanation that would fit the facts seemed possible. I should have considered the young fellow's story only an attempt to gain a little reputation for pluck, if in any way I could have accounted for the appearance and disappearance of the robbers. Yet to suppose—what seemed the only other horn to the dilemma—that the son and guests of the vice president of the Missouri Western, and one of our own directors, would be concerned in train robbery was to believe something equally improbable. Indeed, I should have put the whole thing down as a practical joke of Mr. Cullen's party, if it had not been for the loss of the registered letters. Even a practical joker would hardly care to go to the length of cutting open government mail pouches; for Uncle Sam doesn't approve of such conduct.

Whatever the explanation, I had enough facts to prevent me from wasting more time on that alkali plain. Getting the men and horses back onto the cars, I jumped up on the tail-board and ordered the runner to pull out for Flagstaff. It was a run of seven hours, getting us in a little after eight, and in those hours I had done a lot of drinking which had all come to one result: that Mr. Cullen's party was concerned in the hold-up.

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"Tell you it was, Mr. Gordon," Jim insisted. "I done seen his face clear in the light, and he done go into Mr. Cullen's car whar the old gentleman was sittin'."

That set me whistling to myself, and I laughed to think how near I had come to giving nitroglycerin to a fellow who was only shamming heart failure, for that it was Frederic Cullen who had climbed on the car I hadn't the slightest doubt. The resemblance between the two brothers being quite strong enough to deceive

any one who had never seen them together. I smiled a little, and remarked to myself, "I think I can make good my boast that I would catch the robbers, but whether the Cullens will like my doing it, I question. What is more, Lord Ralles will owe me a bottle." Then I thought of Madge, and didn't feel as pleased over my success as I had felt a moment before.

By nine o'clock the posse and I were in the saddle and skirting the San Francisco peaks. There was no use of pressing the ponies, for our game wasn't trying to escape, and, for that matter, couldn't, as the Colorado river wasn't passable within fifty miles. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the ride through the pines was as pretty a one as I remember ever to have made. It set me thinking of Madge and our talk the evening before, and of what a change twenty-four hours had brought. It was lucky I was riding an Indian pony, or I should probably have landed in a heap. I don't know that I should have cared particularly if a prairie dog burrow had made me dash my brains out, for I wasn't happy over the job that lay before me.

We watered at Silver Spring at quarter-past twelve. From that point we were clear of the pines and out of the plain, so we could go a better pace. This brought us to the half-way ranch by two, where we gave the ponies a feed and an hour's rest. We reached the last relay station just as the moon set, about three-forty, and, as all the rest of the ride was through the coming forest, we held up there for daylight, getting a little sleep meanwhile.

(To be continued.)

HAD HARD MATTER TO DECIDE.

Uncle Henry's Dilemma, a Case in Point for Knabenshue.

The aeronaut, A. R. Knabenshue, had a slight accident during an ascension at Brockton, Mass., and after he had come down a young man from Fall River sought him out and said:

"I would suggest, Mr. Knabenshue, that you use an air-light bag of six times the ordinary size and that you and your steering propelling apparatus be placed on top of the bag instead of beneath it."

Then he produced a sketch that the aeronaut, after a moment's study, returned, saying:

"With such a ship I would doubtless go up all right—go up like Uncle Henry Cary's bids at the auction—but the question is, how would I come down?"

"Who is this Uncle Henry Cary?" asked the Fall River youth, smiling to hide his bitter disappointment; as he put his rejected sketch back in his wallet.

"Uncle Henry Cary," said the aeronaut, "was a persistent frequenter of auctions. He went to a furniture auction one day and began to bid on a colonial cabinet."

"He bid \$25, \$30, \$40, \$50, and by that time all his competitors had dropped out."

"But still the absurd old fellow continued to bid. He bid against himself. He actually ran the cabinet up to \$90 and would have run it higher still if a neighbor hadn't whispered in his ear."

"There is no one else bidding. You are raising the price on yourself."

"I know," said Uncle Henry, "but I'll tell you how it is. I have got two commissions from two different people to bid for this cabinet, and I haven't decided yet which of them is to have it."

The Mind of a Child!

"Say, Mister, do you s'pose they's goin' to be some wind soon?"

"I really couldn't say," replied the old gentleman, smiling benevolently down upon the spick-and-span small boy—who had strayed away from the other Sunday school picknickers to this remote side of the lake.

"I've been standin' here—oh, most a year, waitin' for the wind to blow," said the boy, looking wistfully at the water.

"Is that so? But why are you so anxious about wind?"

"Why, I want to go in swimmin' awf'ul bad."

"But you don't need wind in order to go swimmin'. Isn't the water sufficient for your purpose, my little man?"

"I guess it's a long time since you was a boy!" remarked the "little man," contemptuously.

"Well, yes, it is a considerable period," admitted the old gentleman, with an air of candor. "I certainly recall no vital connection between wind and swimming—just explain, if you please."

"Why, it's like this," said the boy, returning to his trouble. "Ma won't let me go in swimmin'—she never does! But if a big wind 'ud come along and blow my new hat off into the water, why, I'd have to swim for the hat."

A Secret Worth Learning.

"You poor man," said Mr. Henpeck, who was for the first time seeing the inside of a lunatic asylum. "How long have you been here? Can you remember?"

"Oh, yes; very well," replied the patient, twenty years. "See, they let me do pretty near as I please because I'm harmless."

"Are you married?"

"Sure. I have a wife who used to throw things at me every time I came in the house."

"How sad! Do you know how she manages to live?"

"She's getting along all right. Her brother, who is a rich bachelor, is takin' care of her. He never would give up a cent, though, as long as I was able to work, confound him."

"And what do you do here?"

"Sit around mostly, smokin' and waitin' for the next meal time."

"Say," said the visitor, speaking softly, and drawing a little nearer to the patient, "just between ourselves, how did you get them to send you here?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

STOP! WOMEN, AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with woman's diseases covers a great many years.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revealing to relate your private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Following we publish two letters from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the result.

First letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—For eight years I have suffered something terrible every month with my periods. The pains are excruciating and I can hardly stand them. My doctor says I have ovarian and womb trouble, and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it if I can possibly help it. Please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 50th and E. Capitol St., Benning P.O., Washington, D.C.

Second letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—After following carefully your advice, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very anxious to send you my testimonial, that others may know their value and what you have done for me."

"When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women whose testimony is so unquestionable, you cannot well say, without trying it, 'I do not believe it will help me.' If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful."

As you know, I wrote you that my doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I then wrote you, telling you my ailments. I followed your advice and an entirely well. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I owe my life to you and to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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TAKE A MINUTE AND A POSTAL CARD.

WRITE THE WORD

CALIFORNIA

above your name and address, sending the card to me. By return mail I will send you free some interesting literature.

If you care to ask questions they will be answered correctly, promptly, courteously.

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, 258 "Q" Building, CHICAGO.

PRICE, 25 Cts.

TO CURE THE GRIP IN ONE DAY

ANTI-GRIPINE

IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

I won't sell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DOESN'T CURE. Dr. W. D. Dwyer, 250 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR YOUNG READERS

Watching for Fairies.
Some nights I try to keep awake.
To see how fairies really look.
(You have to watch so sharp and still—
So says my mamma's fairy book.)
I squint my eyes a tiny way.
And then I see them, one by one.
Come trooping in from fairland
With funny little hop and run.
They nod and whisper to themselves—
They scamper off across the floor
As if they'd never been seen
A little boy like me before!

But if you ask me how they look.
Somehow I can't seem to tell.
For pretty soon they've slipped away,
And then I hear the breaking shell.
—Lippincott's.



Parapartout Frames.
Parapartout tape comes in small
rolls, twelve yards long and nearly
an inch wide in all the different
colors. It is glued on one side all
ready for use. When you have selected
your picture (which may be put in
a mat or not as desired) cut the glass
the same size but be careful not to
have the edge uneven. Then cut a
piece of cardboard the same size as
the glass.
Now when you have these cut you
are ready to put the tape on, stand
the three up evenly, cut your tape the
size of the top of the glass, fold it in
half, wet it, and paste it so that the
fold in the tape will come snugly in
the edge of the glass. Do the same
on the bottom, and on the sides, only
when doing the sides, do not paste
all across, so that when you come to
the end of it, instead of gluing, cut it
bias so that it will form an angle.
When you use a mat, paste the picture
on it first and cut the glass as large
as the mat and paste the tape on
just the same.
Great care must be taken in using
the different tapes to have the colors
blend well with the picture. If you
wish to frame the picture of an In-
dian's head in red and it did not
match the red in the picture, it would

THE NIGHT OF THE DARK MOON

An Indian Legend

By EUGENE O. MAYFIELD (Ret. M.)

Away to the far Northwest, sitting
alone in her tepee, old Ma-wa-nee
shivered.
The wind came hurrying along,
clattering the reach-poles overhead,
on which were stretched half-tanned
skins from wild animals. Playfully
the flap at the opening was raised
and lowered, as if by unseen hands.
"I am old, and my blood runs slow-
ly," said Ma-wa-nee. "I wonder how
many winters more."

Again the wind shrieked and the
flap was raised, this time not by the
breeze, for in crept a score of little
Indian boys and girls who had come
to hear old Ma-wa-nee tell stories.
"Tell us the story of the bears and
the Dark Moon," said one, and all the
rest clapped their wee red hands in
approval. To them the story was ever



Spoke Were Mischievous.
new, although told by old Ma-wa-nee
many times before, and this is the
story she related:

"Many, many moons ago, when I
was a little girl, there lived on the
banks of the Platte a mother bear and
her two children, Spoke and Spangle.
Both little bears were mischievous,
but Spoke more so than his sister.
The mother bear, when the cubs were
two years old, sent them to school,
where they were taught many things.
—Just like you children are over at
the agency."

"One day Spoke persuaded Spangle
to play truant, and hide in the green
woods until time to go home. All
through the hours of school they ram-
bled up and down the Platte, climbed
trees, that grew on either side of the
canon, and enjoyed themselves."

"Having escaped school so easily
one day, Spoke proposed to Spangle
next morning that they try it again,
and they did. On this day they ar-
ranged to go farther up the canon
and visit another little bear, who
didn't go to school. So, following
along, like Indians do, the two cubs
trooped over a willow path, and were
laughing and talking about how
they had fooled their mother, when
all at once, without a moment's warn-
ing, Spoke disappeared, and Spangle,
harrying up to see where he had gone,
soon followed."

"They had fallen into a bear-pit.
No sooner did they land at the bottom
than they began to growl and make
all the noise possible, hoping to at-
tract attention from some neighbor-
ing bear."

be better to use a dark green or
black.

An Odd Race.
In Canada boys have barrel races,
and they are great fun.
These races are on ice.

Ordinary barrels, with their heads
removed, are placed at regular inter-
vals along the racecourse for about a
quarter of a mile.

Then, at a given signal, all the boys
skate for the first barrel. Many reach
it together and, as each skater must
pass through all the barrels in order
to win, there is quite a scramble for
first turn.

Sometimes a barrel wheels com-
pletely around while a boy is working
his way through it, and when he comes
out, he is so confused that he skates
off in the wrong direction. Usually the
laugh of the spectators makes him
realize his blunder, and he quickly
turns about and tries to make up for
lost time. It is quite an exciting sport
and an amusing one also for the spec-
tators, as the boys and barrels bob
about in the most ludicrous fashion:

Hurry! Hurry!
Hurry is a word we Americans use
every day—too often, in fact. If we
hurry too much over things we do,
especially when we are young, they
are apt to be pretty badly done.

Do any of you know where this word
came from? Why, just from the
noises made by drivers of mules and
horses to make them go faster. The
Germans say *hurri*, while in France and
Germany *arri* or *harri* is the form em-
ployed. As for the Spanish multerer,
he shouts all day long to his donkeys,
"Arri! arri!" It is said, too, our an-
cestors, the old Anglo-Saxons, used to
speed their horses by crying "Harrier!"

Red, White and Blue.
It is a curious fact that these three
colors are in the flags of all progres-
sive nations, with the single exception
of Germany. In Britain's flag the red
predominates, but the colors of an In-
dian, in the upper left-hand corner of
the flag, are blue and white. France's
three upright stripes are red, white
and blue, and the Japanese adopted a
white standard with spiral red lines
converging toward a blue sphere, im-
mediately after they conquered the
Chinese.

bear, who might be passing, and who
would help them out before the red
man came. That it was a bear-pit
they had fallen into, they had no
doubt, for they had often heard their
mother talk about her experience with
one, but she didn't fall in, for she
caught herself just in time. But
growl and make all the noise they
could, no one came to take them out,
and when night came Spangle cried
herself to sleep.

"At last it began to get gray in the
east and Spoke awoke his sister and
told her they must try again, to get
out, or the red man would be there
at sun-pup, and get them, sure, for
red men, even bears know, go to their
traps and pits very early."

"Suddenly a shadow appeared at
the mouth of the pit, and a red face
looked down. It was my grandfather,
into whose pit the little bears had
fallen. He was much pleased when
he saw the cubs and ran off to the
village to get help to get them out.
Finally, when drawn up, both little
bears were so frightened they could
not say a word—not even growl."

"My grandfather took the cubs to the
village and tied them to a tree.
"At first it was intended to kill the
cubs for food, but they were saved,
because my grandfather heard them
talking, one day, and learned from
them, he could understand bear talk,
you know, and he had started to
school and fallen into the bear-pit,
while playing truant."

"My grandfather was a good man—
a great chief—and he told the cubs
if they would promise never to run
away from school again he would let
them go home. They both promised,
and to make it more binding Spoke
crossed his breast, with his paw. Soon
thereafter they were both scampering
home as fast as their legs would carry
them."

"That night, before the little bears
cuddled down to sleep, their mother
told them of a great Dark Moon that
was to come soon; an eclipse, the
paleface called it, and warned them,
in case she were away, on a certain
night, not to leave the den, or they
might get lost, and perhaps fall into
another bear-pit. The cubs were al-
lowed to go about, not too far from
the den, when the moon shone, but
never on dark nights."

"Early next morning both Spoke and
Spangle were awake, and when time
came, trotted off to school. On the
way home that afternoon Spoke asked
his sister if she wouldn't like to see
all kinds of animals, who were to
gather at a certain point on a certain
night, and watch for the Dark Moon.
His mother had told them about it."

"Of course, I would," replied
Spangle, but mother will not let us
go, will she?"

"Not if she knows it," replied
Spoke, but maybe we can get away,
somehow."

"The day of the Dark Moon the
little bears mother told them the
going up the canon, a long ways, and
would not be back until midnight, but
for them not to worry about her. She
also again told them of the Dark
Moon, and warned them to remain in-
side the den on a night like that."
The long day passed and just at
nightfall a little moon came
scratched at the door. He was on
his way up the canon, he said, and
asked Spoke and Spangle to go with
him."

"Did Spoke and Spangle go?" asked
all the little red children, in chorus.

just as they had asked the same ques-
tion many times before.

"Yes, they went," replied old Ma-
waa-nee. "If they hadn't my story
would end here." Then she resumed:
"The moon came out bright before
they had gone very far, and as the
little bears passed along they took
careful notice of the surroundings, so
they could find their way home; just
as red men do, and at last they came
to the forks of the stream they had
been following. They were not the
first there, however, by any means,
for many, many animals were there
before them; and owls, crows and
eagles, hawks, and all kinds of birds
that live along the Platte and its
tributaries. Just how many wild ani-

mals were there I do not know, but I
have heard it said among them were
bears, wolves, foxes, mountain lions,
badgers, elks, coons and deer, all
drawn together, like one great family
with no idea of harming each other.
The coming Dark Moon had brought
them; the first to appear during their
existence."



All night in the woods.
mials were there I do not know, but I
have heard it said among them were
bears, wolves, foxes, mountain lions,
badgers, elks, coons and deer, all
drawn together, like one great family
with no idea of harming each other.
The coming Dark Moon had brought
them; the first to appear during their
existence."

"This Dark Moon is to last all
night, I hear," said a coon.

"Yes," replied a mountain lion.
"Spoke and Spangle, and the little
neighbor bear, were among the last
to leave, and so it happened, no one
went their way. Off to the right they
knew lay their home, and with Spoke
in the lead they were soon trotting
along, up one hill and down another,
now scaling a canon, by the aid of
scrub pines, to which they clung, and
occasionally tumbling head-long, they
made their way, until splash! they
fell into the Platte."

"They had lost their bearings. Little
Spangle growled and whined, as
girl bears do, but Spoke and the
neighbor bear cheered her up, and assured
her they would soon find the way out.
"But they didn't find their way, and
all night wandered in the woods, and
climbed more hills. Then came the
sun-pup, but they were many miles
from home. It was almost noon when
they reached the end of their journey.
"The mother bear had been out
hunting them and when she was told
of the visit to the view-cliff, up the
canon, she was angry, and growled a
great deal. And she did more, too.
She took all three little cubs into the
den and closed the door. One at a
time she placed them across her knee
and oh! how she spanked. Nor did
she forget to spank the little neigh-
bor bear."

"This ended the story of old Ma-
waa-nee, and the little red children crept
out the tepee and were gone.
Outside the north wind scurried
along, clattering the reach-poles over-
head; the great snow-clouds had piled
higher, and old Ma-wa-nee shivered."

Lost Her Baby.
The sheep is usually set down for
a model of stupidity; but a gentle-
man who has just returned from a
three years' trip in the West tells the
following story: "I was on horse-
back a great part of the time and
often visited large sheep ranches. One
day, while riding along, a mother
sheep trotted up to my horse bleat-
ing pitifully. At last I made out that
there was something wrong off toward
the left. I followed the sheep in that
direction and soon found the cause
of her distress. Her lamb had fallen
into a shallow pit and could not get
out. I lifted the little thing up, and
the gratitude in the mother sheep's
eye will always be a source of conso-
lation to me."

Why?—How?—When?
Boys and girls, how many of you
have a nickname? Probably every one
of you, for even if parents decide to
call you James or Henry or Sarah, you
are very apt to be Jim and Harry and
Sally to your friends. But how many
of you know how nicknames got their
name? It comes from an old English
word, "eke," meaning to draw out, to
add to. Then the name was an addi-
tion to a person's own name. After
a while an eke name came to be writ-
ten as a nickname.

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ten as a nickname.

Perfectly Satisfied.
Small Carl, who lives out in Califor-
nia, not long ago, was invited to a
children's party. His mother bought
him a beautiful new white sailor suit
for the great event, and the boy could
scarcely wait for the day to arrive
that he might wear it.

When Carl was dressing the after-
noon of the party, his mother found
him in the drawing room, gazing in-
tently at his image in the big pier
glass.

"Mother," said the little boy, as she
opened the door, and drawing a long
breath of perfect satisfaction, "Moth-
er, don't you believe they'll think it's
God coming in."

More Than Princely Prerogative.
This story of Prince Louis of Bat-
tenberg is going the rounds: A bright
woman who met him at a garden party
in the course of his Canadian visit
was commenting on the change in the
weather which had that morning
seemed dull and threatening. "Yes, it
has brightened up," said the prince in
his genial way. "You see, when I
came to lower today I brought good
weather with me." "Well," said the
woman, with a naughty twinkle in her
eye, "I have heard of a Hohenzollern
speaking of 'I and God,' but it remains
for a Battenberg to leave out God!"

Shows English Women How to Dress.
Cornelia, countess of Craven, for-
merly Miss Bradley Martin of New
York, whose marriage at the age of
16 was a sensation some years ago, is
regarded as one of the best dressed
women in England. She cares little
for society, being fond of home life
and of her garden, and an expert in
fancy poultry. It is said that her hair
was "put up" young lady fashion for
the first time on the day of her wed-
ding.

Magnifying Troubles.
Man magnifies all the evils of his
fate by pondering over them; a
scratch becomes a wound, a slight
injury, a festering sore, a small pest
often ends in death by brooding ap-
prehensions.

**To read well—that is, to read books
in a true spirit—requires more ex-
ercise and more will than the cus-
toms of the day esteem.—Thoreau**

HE HAS TO HAVE A PRINTER.

So a Maine Editor Puts an "Ad" in
His Own Paper to Get One.

"I have work for a printer. It's
steady work and pay every Saturday
night after the first week. My help
usually stay from four to twenty
years with me—several have stopped
with them were called to cross the
river to whose bourse all printers are
journeying."

"Write me, tell honestly what you
can do and what you don't do. Give
references and state wages wanted
and say whether married or single,
also tell us how old you are and the
color of your hair and eyes."

"We are fussy, particular, but our
acts are largely controlled by the
back shop crowd," made up of five
girls, all good looking, two married
women, a husband and the devil.
They run the show and get the money,
occasionally permitting me to make
suggestions."

"We want to replace one who has
been called higher—to higher wages.
Speak right up now if you want to
join the pack. We need you and will
pay a fair price for your services."

"No objections to a man with a
family."

"If you don't want the job and have
a friend who does, write him, get
word to him, we have the room and
can afford to have one more man
about the establishment. Be sure to
put the 'esquire' on the envelope and
address Fred W. Sanborn, Manager
of the Norway (Me.) Adver-
tiser."

"Do it now."
"P. S.—Long-necked, high-collared
cigarette smokers not wanted."—Nor-
way Advertiser.

YELL THAT PROVED OF VALUE.

**Old Gentleman Had Underrated His
Son's Abilities.**

A young man once returned from
college with long hair, a sweater that
had eleven distinct colors in its fabric,
a good opinion of himself and a col-
lege yell that was terrifying.

His father sized him up and then
complained bitterly. His complaints
were more bitter when he heard the
college yell.

"And I paid good money to have
him acquire those clothes and that
foghorn voice and exuberant throat
development," he groaned.

"You don't care for the yell?" asked
the young man.

"I do not," replied the father. "It
is as valueless as the squeal of a pig
and that is one part of the animal
which is lost when he is butchered."

A few weeks later, while on a trip
to a new country, the father and son
were attacked by a band of marauding
ruffians. The young man opened his
mouth, threw the reverse lever away
over in the corner and emitted a
college yell, which was substantially
as follows: "B-r-r-r! Woof, woof-
woof! Zip, zip, pip-pip-pip! Compat,
compah! Gurgoo, gurgool! Wottell,
wottell! hee-ee-ee!"

"The members of the marauding
band, amazed at the sound, and un-
able to understand it, turned and
fed."

"Maybe a college education does
pay," said the father, slowly.

Ballade to the Women.
The poet, telling the graces
Of sweet femininity, pray
Particular court, in most cases,
The charms of their forms and eyes.
"A toast to the ladies," they say—
As 'ladies' they always address them—
We sing the plain "women," God bless
them!

Though light-as-loves, frail as the laces
And satins in which they array
The charms of their forms and eyes
And "ladies" for their little day.
The feet of such maidens are clay.
Our wives, when we come to possess
them,
Must learn to use larger than they.
We sing the plain "women," God bless
them!

Sweet creatures who make the home-
stead
As cheerful and bright as they may,
Whose feminine beauty embraces
The heart to illumine the way.
Though skies may be ever so gray;
Good mothers, whose children caress
them,
And hail them as chums at their play—
We sing the plain "women," God bless
them!

Kronberg Skipped the Lecture.
When I was in Paris I lived at 49
Boulevard Montparnasse, and on the
same floor with my studio John Wan-
maker's Sunday evening services
were held, conducted by Dr. Paxton
from Philadelphia. As a rule, refresh-
ments were served after the lecture,
including lemonade, cakes, etc.

One Sunday evening, after Dr. Pax-
ton had finished his talk, several of
us went in and partook of some of
the refreshments. While I was drink-
ing the lemonade a gentleman came
over to me and said "Good evening,"
and shook my hand. I looked at him
but could not remember him, and be-
gging his pardon, I asked him his
name.

He said: "Haven't you been listen-
ing to me all this evening?"
I replied: "No, I only just came in
to get a glass of lemonade."

We became very good friends after
that.—Boston Herald.

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tenberg is going the rounds: A bright
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Magnifying Troubles.
Man magnifies all the evils of his
fate by pondering over them; a
scratch becomes a wound, a slight
injury, a festering sore, a small pest
often ends in death by brooding ap-
prehensions.

**To read well—that is, to read books
in a true spirit—requires more ex-
ercise and more will than the cus-
toms of the day esteem.—Thoreau**

The Sunday-School Lesson

DEC. 31—REVIEW OF THE QUAR-
TER'S LESSONS.

**Benefit Each One May Take in Re-
viewing His Life During the Past
Year—The Stepping-Stones to Bet-
ter Things.**

The thirteen lessons of this quarter,
like the twelve of the last, are histor-
ical. Much may be learned here from
the Golden Texts. Observe the face
of the Lord, Lesson I; the hand of our
God, Lesson VII; the word of God,
Lesson XI; the temple of God, Lesson
IV. Observe the Lord delivering us,
Lesson II, doing great things for us,
Lesson III, and (in a strictly spiritual
sense) also Lesson V: preserving us,
Lesson VI; listening to our prayer,
Lesson VIII; warning us, Lesson
IX; encouraging us, Lesson X. Ob-
serve finally the preparation for the
Messiah, and the coming of the Mes-
siah.

Lesson I, II, VI, and VIII are les-
sons of the exile; Lessons II and VII
are lessons of the return; and Les-
sons IV, V, X, and XI are lessons of
the restoration; Lesson IX is a direct
temperance exhortation; while Les-
sons XII and XIII are prophecies.

The period we have been studying
extends over about 200 years, 606
to 404 B. C. It begins with the hard
schooling and discipline of the seven-
ty years of exile, and then when the
nation has sufficiently learned its les-
sons to make it safe for them to begin
over again at home in Palestine, they
are permitted to return, and in a small
way to start anew. Most of our les-
sons are concerned with the long and
slow growth and development of the
nation, its enthusiasms and hopes, its
imperfections and weaknesses, the
various stages of its progress, its dif-
ficulties from within and without, its
sins, its failures, its victories, its grand
rise to better things.

The Message for To-day.—It is good
for every person to review his own
past life, and the past year. As the
rower looks backward that he may
go forward, so we look at our past in
order to make a better future. We look
at our failures that we may learn the
lesson we teach, and then forget them
as God forgives and blot out forever.

It is well therefore to see:
1. What lessons we can learn for
ourselves from the history we have
been studying.

2. What the history has to teach
our nation.

3. We can take courage from the
fact that even with such imperfect
people, and such hard times, real and
great progress was made of which
we are now reaping some of the re-
sults.

The Heart of the Lesson.
When Numa Pompilius, the king of
Rome, fixed the calendar of the Roman
year he named the first month after
the Latin god Janus, who was repre-
sented with two faces looking in op-
posite directions. Perhaps the king
wished this name to suggest to his
subjects that at the beginning of the
new year it is well to look forward
upon that which is opening before
them and backward upon that which
has passed. When we turn today and
look upon the days and months back
of us we must acknowledge the mani-
fold mercies of Him who has guided
our footsteps. Blessings of which we
have not been worthy have been our
portion. Food, clothing, and shelter
for our physical comfort, and the shelter
of nature as seen in the wooded land-
scape, the restful star of the sunset
when the glowing colors have spread
across the heavens, the friendships,
the incentives to true, noble living
when our souls are but a few ways in
which our Father has revealed to us
his goodness. As Robert E. Speer says,
"to review what we have perhaps con-
sidered our crosses or afflictions, to
discover the real blessing of them,
and that purpose of good which we
may be sure was in all of them."

Some commentators tell us that our
Golden Text should be translated,
"Thou hast crowned the year of thy
goodness;" that the psalmist in the
preceding verses had mentioned the
early abundant rains, the later gentle
showers, God's care for the growing
grain, and, at the time of composing
the psalm, could look out upon the
fields whitening to the harvest and
feel that God had "crowned the year
of his goodness." It may be that to
us this year has come some supreme
good that has seemed to crown the
year, but if we but look back to the
end in every hour of the day some
heavenly blessing, and can but say,
"Magni, O Lord my God: are thy won-
derful works which thou hast done,
and thy thoughts which are unsearch-
able; they cannot be reckoned up in
order unto them: if I would declare and
speak of them, they are more than can
be numbered" (Psa. 40:3).

Poison Rings Old as History.
Poison rings are as old as history.
Demosthenes wore one, but did not
use it. When the police came from
Athens to arrest him he asked permis-
sion to write a farewell note to a
friend and quipped his pen after dip-
ping it in poisoned ink. When
Cicero, who was custodian of the
treasures of Rome, was detected in
pilfering a pile of gold that was con-
cealed under the statue of Jupiter on
Capitoline Hill he brushed the jewel
of his ring in his teeth and died im-
mediately.

Magnifying Troubles.
Man magnifies all the evils of his
fate by pondering over them; a
scratch becomes a wound, a slight
injury, a festering sore, a small pest
often ends in death by brooding ap-
prehensions.

**To read well—that is, to read books
in a true spirit—requires more ex-
ercise and more will than the cus-
toms of the day esteem.—Thoreau**

Working Butter.
By using water colder than
the butter, it will prevent
the particles adhering to each other
while the salt is added and thoroughly
mixed throughout the granular mass
while in the churn. Let the butter re-
main in the churn, or place in boxes
or tubs for three or four hours where
the temperature is low. Salting this
way requires less working to make
an unmottled butter, and improves the
texture and grade. A little extra salt
should be used. Use only some espe-
cially prepared butter salt which has
been kept clean and free from con-
taminants. The amount of salt to
be used will depend on the market.
Care should be taken, while handling
or working the butter, not to injure
the grain by overworking or working
while too warm or too cold, or allow-
ing any spade, etc., to draw or slide
over the butter. Salt should be dis-
tributed evenly and butter worked suf-
ficiently to give it an even color.—J.
W. Newman.

Cement in Dairy Barns.
There has been a great deal of dis-
cussion as to the use of cement in
stables. We find a great many in
favor of the use of cement, and also
some men that hold very strong op-
inions against the use of cement. Some
farmers claim that the cement pro-
duces rheumatism in cows, on account
of being cold. Some have covered
their cement floors with boards to
protect the cows from the cold. This
of course largely nullifies the use of
cement, as the boards largely tend to
hold dirt and dampness. It seems to
me that if boards are to be used
over the cement there will be very
little call for the use of cement in the
standing places of the cows. The
Farmers' Review desires the opinions
of its readers on this matter and also
their opinions relative to the use of
cement for watering troughs.—Farm-
ers' Review.

Useful Dairy Hints.
The most economical cow is the one
that eats a large amount of food and
changes a considerable portion of it
feed into butter-fat.

Farm-made butter seldom needs col-
oring matter added. People that buy
farm butter buy it on its merits rather
than on its color.

Cows do not often show what they
can do the first year of milk-giving.
It takes several years to develop their
full capacity.

It is impossible to keep a large
number of dairy cows clean if they
are kept in a stable too small for
them.

The man that will study the dairy
business will make money out of it
if his circumstances are at all nor-
mal.

Peas make good cow feed when they
are ground and the "peameal" mixed
with coarse feed.

Have the temperature of the cream
about 65 degrees when you begin
churning in winter.

We can improve the dairy cow only
so fast as we can improve the dairy-
man.

Good Qualities of Ben Davis Apples.
The Ben Davis apple requires a long
season to reach its prime develop-
ment; that kind of a