CRANFORD CHRONICLE

ESTABLISHED 1893.—No. 1187. CRANFORD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909 PRICE 3 CENTS

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German woman wishes work by the day at housecleaning, washing and ironing or sewing. Address Mrs Maria, care Heinrich Staub, Garwood, N. J.

To Let: A four room cottage on Mill Street Gas and water. Large lot Good neighborhood. Enquire 16 Alden street. [8-5

Lost—On the night of the carnival a green canoe, marked with letter "E," belonging to the Lobster House. If found, please notify Lobster House. it

When Adam delved, and Eve span, J. E. Miller wasn't selling good vegetables in Cranford. He is now.

Fink of Westfield has every kind of carriage, farm wagon, harness or horse equipment, that any reasonable consumer might want.

Money to Loan on bond and mortgage on improved Cranford real estate. Address X, Chronicle office. [tf

For Sale—Choice building lots in all parts of Cranford. G. D Stone, Chronicle Building. [tf

For Rent—One store in the Wm Sperry building. For sale, two family house; also 9 room house for sale at a bargain. J. C W. Rankin Agent, 11 E North ave. [tf

For sale, or will rent, partly furnished from October 1st, the cottage No. 7 Hamilton avenue, Cranford, N. J. Apply on premises. [tf

Tuesday, July 20th is the date of the Presbyterian, Episcopal, St. Paul's, First Methodist and Garwood Sunday schools' excursion to Asbury Park. Train leaves Garwood at 7:50, Cranford at 8 a.m.; returning, trains leave Asbury Park at 6 and 8:45 p.m.

CARNIVAL OF 1909

No matter how often one visits Niagara, or Barnum's circus, the experience never proves monotonous, for there is always something new to be seen or some old thing to be seen from a new angle. So it is with the annual Cranford carnival. Strangers view it with delight, and those who have seen it once or twice before, or from its inception 'way back in the 19th century, find the spectacle a source of perrennial pleasure. The carnival of 1909 has become a matter of history, destined always to shine as a brilliant gem in Cranford's necklace of outdoor pageants.

Saturday's weather was perfect, and good weather is of course an essential condition of a successful carnival. From dawn to dusk, hundreds of townspeople were busy trimming canoes and erecting lawn decorations on the river banks in anticipation of the night's event. Trains and trolleys, carriages and motor cars brought sightseers to the town in swarms, for the carnival had been widely advertised, and Cranford's invitation, as universal as that of the Scripture, "Whosoever will let him come," was accepted by perhaps two thousand non-residents. The curved path of the river, spanned by bridges and bordered by spacious lawns gave everybody a chance to see the spectacle to the best possible advantage. Nor was the appeal addressed to the eye alone, for at the two ends of the course,—the Canoe Club dock and the Sperry park, were located respectively the Seventh Regiment band from New York and the Imperial Band from Plainfield. A handsome souvenir programme in which the canoes entered were numbered to enable easy identification in the water parade was another feature of the carnival that ministered to the public pleasure.

As outlined in the programme the decorated canoes assembled above the clubhouse, there to be instructed how to proceed by the five lieutenants, whose canoes were plainly marked. At 7:45 one signal gun was given to form line behind the Commodore's canoe, facing down stream. At 8:00 two guns were fired. The line of canoes then proceeded down the river, turned at the dam and paddled up to the first Eastman street bridge, round the stake boat and, heading down stream, covered the course once more.

A committee of five judged the canoes from the veranda of the clubhouse.

The prizes awarded for the most beautifully decorated canoes were: First, sixteen-foot Old Town canoe; second, canoe fittings (consisting of four cushions, carpet, two back rests and two paddles); third, a Thermos bottle; fourth, a pair of bird's-eye maple paddles. For the most novel canoe, the first prize was a Gladstone bag; second, a Bristol steel fishing rod, reel, etc.; third, a silver mounted umbrella. There were also several paddles given to canoes receiving honorable mention, in both classes.

The parade was under the direction of Commodore J. A. Plummer, Vice-Commodore William B. Drysdale and Lieutenants F. de G. Saphar, L. L. Coudert, F. J. Chamberlain, W. H. Wagstaff and Bernard Bell.

The judges were N. R. Foster, H. B. Hegeman, B. A. Towl, W. W. Buckley and Mr. Smith of Hampton Hall, who decided upon the following award of prizes:

For handsome decoration, first, to Howard Cox whose canoe represented a Moorish temple. The dome, brilliant with tinsel, was carried on posts surmounted by balls of gold leaf. Mr. Cox's idea was suggested by a decorative building he had lately seen in John D. Rockfeller's garden in Pocantico Hills. The second prize was won by J. G. Bremner, whose brilliantly lighted canoe carried a square lattice framework garlanded with white roses. Eric Anderson, third prize winner, used yellow and white crepe paper with excellent effect, and Coman Wood's canoe, to which fourth prize was awarded, was in every sense of the word a daisy. From bow to stern the little craft was covered with the yellow and white blossoms, and its tiny passenger was dressed to represent a daisy. Mr. Wood, the crew, wore a big sombrero and other Mexican toggery.

For novelty decoration, first to Jules DuBarry for a model of the Sandy Hook light house; second to A. S. Clark's prairie schooner, third to Mrs. B. W. Bratton, on whose canoe was shown, true to life, the Little Miss Muffet whose story is told in Mother Goose.

E. A. Cruikshank's lawn opposite the Canoe Club's house was deemed the prettiest, and won the hammock.

The generous supply of paddles for canoes deserving honorable mention in the competition went to C. & A. Hopkins, Dorothy Smith, Clifford Day, Farris Saphar, Kenneth Jones, J. F. Milton and Wheeler Roe.

But one canoe suffered a mishap. No. 63, entered by O. B. Sherwood, carried an immense strawberry shortcake which looked good enough to eat, but proved bad enough to catch fire. Prompt action by the lieutenants in upsetting the canoe and submerging its blazing burden prevented any serious damage being done.

TWO WHEELS STOLEN

That quite a hole had been made in his profits for carnival day was discovered by Mr. J. R. Reay late Saturday night, when at closing time he noticed that two bicycles purchased in the spring for the use of employees in delivering orders were missing from the alleyway between the Smith and Shapiro buildings. One of the wheels, thanks to the vigilance of the Roselle Park police, has been recovered, and the thief, an Elizabeth lad of good parentage, is in custody of the probation officer pending trial at the juvenile court.

The last delivery by wheel from the drug store was made at nine o'clock, and about an hour later Policeman Ratchford stopped a lad riding through Roselle Park on an unlighted wheel. Close questioning elicited the confession that it had been taken from Reay's, and it was restored to the owner on the next day. Mr. Reay is hopeful that the other thief will be indiscreet enough to visit Roselle Park "with the goods on."

DAMON—CAMPBELL

Everett Damon and Miss Mabel Campbell were married last night at the home of the bride's mother on President street, Brooklyn. Spencer Damon was best man. After a wedding trip to the Thousand Islands Mr. Damon will bring his bride to Cranford to live. They will make their home for some months at least at 3 Madison avenue.

Jack Miller, (who with Newell Fiske and Edwin Towl is camping in the Maine woods) holds the record for catching the largest fish of the season.



$3.50
$3.00
$2.50



CLOSING OUT SALE OF UNDERWEAR FOR MEN AND WOMEN AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Shapiro's Department Store, 17 N. UNION AVENUE TEL. 102-L.



Queen Quality

EDWIN SILBERG



BY PERMISSION OF THE

THOS. G. PLANT CO., makers of the World-Famed QUEEN QUALITY SHOES for Women, announces to the Ladies of Cranford and Vicinity that he will conduct a Clearance Sale of all the Broken Lots of QUEEN QUALITY SHOES. In these lots you will find QUEEN QUALITY SHOES in narrow widths, medium widths and wide widths. This Sale starts

Saturday, July 17 AND WILL POSITIVELY LAST UNTIL **Sat., July 31,** Two Weeks Only

Queen Quality 4.00 Shoes, sale price	2.98	Queen Quality 3.00 Shoes, sale price	2.40
Queen Quality 3.50 Shoes, sale price	2.75	Queen Quality 2.50 Shoes, sale price	1.98

Queen Quality SHOE

Queen Quality SHOES

The regular prices, just quoted are stamped on every shoe.
Take advantage of this Sale as it only happens twice a year, at the end of each season.

FALL AND WINTER QUEEN QUALITY SHOES WILL BE HERE FOR YOUR INSPECTION AUG. FIFTEEN

BE SURE AND COME EARLY TO ATTEND THIS SALE, AS THE QUANTITY IS LIMITED



EDWIN SILBERG,

Next to Post Office, - - - - CRANFORD

Established in the Same Location Ten Years.

Queen Quality SHOE



The Boston Post thinks the men who have nothing to live for can afford to loaf.

If you appreciate your neighbor tell him so. The habit of leaving such courtesies until the man is dead, warns the Epitomist, is too common.

A young lady named Helper was married to a man named Lord in a Western Kansas town, and all the newspapers out that way headed the story "Lord-Helper."

The Louisville young lady of 80 summers who has been married for the third time, relates the Atlanta Constitution, probably gives evidence of the triumph of hope over experience.

Mr. Wilbur Wright should fly higher now. He has a belated college degree. This may account for his winged words, muses the New York Post. "Gentlemen—The only bird that makes a good speech is a parrot, and he is not a good flier."

"When the angler stands knee deep in a mad brook, waiting for a trout to switch his fly under," asks a true Waltonian, "do his thoughts run in dactyls or spondees?" Never thought of it in that light, pleads the New York Herald, but have heard fishermen saying words like those.

This eleventh hour spasm of virtue, this revolt against the obnoxious, this awakened recognition that after all the stage may be made to serve moral ends is, as the Louisville Courier-Journal sees it, far more of a reproach to theatregoers than to their purveyors; and the renewed cry for a censor is raised by these who, when it is too late, descern the needs of some protection for and from themselves.

Frivolousness does not necessarily imply chiffon and chocolate creams; it is a thing of the spirit and has its source in a certain attitude toward life. Frivolousness, defines the St. Louis Republic, may be impressively ponderous and deadly dull and yet be true to kind, for the refusal to give serious consideration to serious subjects, the regarding of important issues in the twilight of a willing ignorance, is frivolous.

What a shameful thing it is to be caught smuggling, exclaims the New York Times. We have no fair word for the iniquities and inequalities of the tariff, but smuggling is a form of lawbreaking as contemptible and reprehensible as any other, and deserves all the punishment it receives. The worst of the punishment, in the case of private smuggling by wealthy persons is the indignity of being detained, searched and published to the world as a cheat and lawbreaker. It surely is not worth while to incur humiliation and disgrace for the sake of bringing through, without duty, a few personal adornments. Yet otherwise decent people are frequently caught smuggling.

"To keep what we have got," is the first of the objects of New England named by Sir Edward Grey, head of the British foreign office, in his address to the Imperial Press conference. What England has got, explains the New York Mail, is 11,433,283 miles of the earth's surface, nearly all of it fertile, as against Russia's 8,660,395, much of it moss-covered sub-arctic territory; and Germany's 1,140,290. It is England's policy, dictated by the circumstances, to preserve the status quo. It is not necessarily the policy of its less wealthy neighbors to do so. That is the key to the present troubled outlook of Europe—that and the satanic "endless chain" involved in the competition of armaments.

New bridges, a municipal court building and other municipal structures are practically certain to be erected within the next few years, now that the city borrowing power has been increased by about $16,000,000. It is highly desirable, thinks the Chicago News, that they be constructed along lines which will render them not only useful but artistic. Provision for securing beauty in municipal construction was made in the bill passed at the recent session of the legislature to amend the art commission law. That the governor found it necessary to veto the measure because of an unconstitutional provision contained in it is unfortunate. Efforts to secure the enactment of a valid law strengthening the art commission and enlarging its authority

Some men get an awful jolt when they fall in love, remarks the Boston Post.

Dr. Hale laid down one rule of life which of necessity he must rarely have been able to observe. "See every day some one whom you know to be your superior."

A good many farmers are of the opinion, says the Atlanta Constitution, that when it comes to plowing, the mulemobile has the automobile lashed to the mast.

The average student is about as well qualified to judge of the influence of his professor's teaching, continues the Detroit News, as is the little child to judge of the quality of candy he should eat.

A Chicago doctor says that sausage and beer is bad for infants less than a year old. It would perhaps be expedient, thinks the Atlanta Journal, to wait until the child is two, and then not give it more than a case of beer a day, or more than a string of sausage.

The Chicago husband who threw the coffee pot at his wife because the beverage was too strong deserves the palm as an unreasonable man, admits the Louisville Courier-Journal. It is about the first instance on record of a man complaining because his coffee was too strong.

As a proof of China's friendship, remarks the Troy Times China holds up the proposed foreign loan to permit Americans to have a chance for investment. This is another proof of Chinese friendliness to the United States and of the place this country has gained among the commercial and financial powers of the world."

During late years, at least, avers the Providence Tribune, when the entire country has been making its way to the seaboard and the volume of passenger traffic on the ocean has been rapidly increasing it has been difficult, if not impossible, to understand the niggardliness of the government in dealing with the life-saving service. The men engaged in it have always had friends at court, surely and so far as known they have no enemies. Repeatedly have they demonstrated by the courageous sacrifices which they have made that they are deserving.

The discovery of gold in alluvial deposits in the Scottish Highlands is reported. It is stated that a serious effort was made to work the alluvial deposits at Kildonan, in Sutherlandshire, men being employed to wash for gold with cradles, but the attempt proving unprofitable was soon abandoned. Some wild reports are now afloat of rich finds of gold-bearing quartz in the neighboring shire of Ross, and it is said that specimens have been obtained showing a 3 1-2 percentage of gold. The credit of the discovery is given to a German scientist, who was geologizing in the most inaccessible parts of the shire.

One phase of "the City Beautiful" may be ushered in without spending a cent for parks, fountains, statues civic centers or diagonal streets, affirms the New York Mail. All that is needed is that each of us be more careful where we throw our newspapers, our envelopes and our wrappings paper, when we are done with them. Paper is not filth in itself, although it may convey or conceal it; but nothing so quickly turns a clean city block or a patch of park greensward into a picture of untidiness and discontentment as the paper throwing habit; nothing so quickly nullifies the work of an efficient street cleaning department.

Prophesying a general movement all along educational lines and urging the necessity of work if men would find success, Pres. Flavel S. Luther of Trinity college preached the baccalaureate to the Trinity seniors. He said in part: "Men have caught the secret and know that the day of the dilettante is done; that everything less than serious purpose and consummate effort is intolerable. This spirit, which would exact of every man the very best that is in him, is just now expressing itself in the keen question of our educational institutions. Unless I am greatly mistaken you will see a general movement all along the educational line toward loftier ideals, toward more complete self-consecration, toward more splendid achievement. I say to you, work work work; bow your [illegible] with all

THE MAID.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid and the white horse and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the King who rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and bow.
Dust the Cross of Saint George; dust the banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten the young knight's valor; forgotten the captain's skill;
Forgotten the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago;
Shadows the poor French king and the might of his English foe;
Shadows the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row.—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with her banner of snow!

—Theodore Roberts, in Pall Mall Magazine.

TOM

The Story of a Kindness That Was Remembered.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The old man looked at the stranger. Then he looked at the letter in his hand.

"Friend of Edgerton's, eh?"

"Yes," said the stranger.

The old man looked at the letter.

"Thomas Harper eh?"

That's the name."

"Any friend of Jim Edgerton's is welcome," said the old man. "Do you know Jim?"

"Quite well."

"He's a good boy. I started Jim in business."

"So he told me."

"Did he? I'm glad he remembered. They don't usually. I suppose I've started twenty boys in business. Precious few of them remembered it. Jim told you, eh?"

He had a queer way of saying "eh?" And he had a queer way of putting his gray head a little on one side when he said it.

"Yes, he told me."

"Good. Most of those boys got all they could out of me and when they began to be a little useful they left. There's very little gratitude left in the world, Mr. Harper."

And he started at the letter.

The stranger looked from the old man to the dingy walls and the dingy furnishings of the old office.

"How is business?" he asked.

"There isn't any," replied the old man. "Not for me. I'm too old fashioned to keep up with the procession. Perhaps I'm too honest. Anyway, I'm pretty close to the end of the string."

He scowled as he spoke and shook his gray head to give emphasis to his words.

"Are you alone here?" the stranger asked.

"I have a young man in the outer office," the old man replied." It's pretty nearly time for him to serve notice on me. I don't believe it will be worth while for me to hire anybody else. How long do you stay in the city?"

"A day or two."

"I'm glad you came in," said the old man. "It does me good to think Jim hasn't forgotten the old days. Sorry I can't entertain you in some way. I haven't any home to take you to, and I don't know anything about the theaters."

The stranger laughed. He was a well built man of perhaps forty, a well dressed and well kept man.

"That's all right," he said. "I came here to see Jim's old friend. You're one of the oldest merchants in the city, Jim told me. You must have some very interesting reminiscences to tell."

The old man shook his head.

"Nothing of the sort," he answered. "Nothing but hard work, and disappointments, and knaving, and ingratitude."

"That's a sorry list," said the stranger.

"It's a sorry life," said the old man. "Except for a favored few. Yes, I might be a rich man today if I hadn't been weak and soft hearted. That doesn't pay when you're in trade, Mr. Harper. You're got to be hard, hard, hard!"

His voice rose as he uttered the word, and he smote the old desk harshly with his clenched hand.

The stranger looked at him and slowly nodded.

"Your experience evidently has not been pleasant," he said.

"Pleasant," echoed the old man. "Look at me. Sixty-seven years old, forty years in business—and absolutely nothing to show for it. I'm a horrible example of the wrong way of doing things." He laughed unpleasantly. "I was looking through a bundle of notes the other day—little sums and some that are fairly big. They represented loans I have foolishly made. Do you know that the total of those amounts would comfortably provide for me if I lived to be a hundred! Talk about gratitude!" He scowled darkly as he nervously folded the letter. But when he looked up the scowl faded. "This isn't a pleasant way to treat you, Mr. Harper. But it's my way. I'm the grouch of the street. My hobby is ingratitude, and I talk it whenever I can get a listener. But I'd rather you wouldn't make it too strong when you see Jim. I'm grateful to Jim for at least remembering me."

The stranger nodded.

"I'll be careful," he said. "And now I'm going to ask a little favor."

A queer smile crossed the old man's face.

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," he said, "no matter how small. There was a time when the expression didn't mean quite, but that was many years

"That's good," he said, "I accept your hint only to tell you it is wasted. I'm not in any present need of money. In fact I've got a little I want to get rid of. I invite you to be my guest at dinner tonight."

The old man suddenly shrank back.

"No, no," he said.

"Yes, yes," laughed the stranger. "But I'm not a diner-out," protested the old man. "You see how shabby my garb is."

"That's all right. I told Jim I was going to invite you. He seemed pleased."

"Did he?"

The old man hesitated.

"Shall we say six o'clock?" the stranger asked.

The old man drew a quick breath.

"Yes." He nodded vigorously. "I like your way," he said. "Somehow you don't act as if you were doing this in a merely perfunctory way. You actually want me to dine with you? Is that true?"

"Of course it's true," said the stranger. "Expect me back at 6 o'clock."

He arose and crossed to the old man and shook his hand warmly.

"At 6 o'clock," he repeated, and was gone.

The old man stared after him wistfully.

"That's a cherry fellow," he said. "Leaves a sunshine behind him. Sunshine is a scarce blessing in this old den. Six o'clock, eh?" Where's the whiskbroom?"

At 6 the stranger was back again.

"Ready," was the old man's greeting.

He locked the drawers of his old-fashioned desk and locked the time stained outer door, and they passed to the street.

"This way," said the stranger. "You don't object to the Delmonia?"

The old man shook his head.

"One of the gilded ones, eh? The latest, isn't it? I've never been in one of them. They don't appeal to me—they don't appeal to my old-fashioned notions of economy. And I'm a bird of pretty sober plumage for such gorgeous surroundings."

The stranger laughed.

"In order to be more sociable we will dine in a private room," he said. "Ah, here we are."

They entered the great hotel with its gleaming columns and glittering decorations, and were taken up in the luxurious elevator to a floor high above the noisy street.

The stranger led the way to a door and pushed it open. In the center of the apartment a table was laid for four, a table that gleamed with silver, backed by snowy napery.

A lady was standing by the table, a lady beautifully gowned, and beside her was a slender young girl.

The lady came forward quickly with her hand extended.

"My dear, this is Mr. Oliver," said the stranger. "My wife Mr. Oliver, my daughter Ethel."

The lady seemed greatly pleased to meet the old man. She took his hat and coat and led him to a seat at the table.

"We are quite ready, dear," she said to the stranger. Then she touched a bell and a waiter entered and the dinner began.

It was a very good dinner, a much better dinner than the old man had eaten for many years. And the little family seemed determined to make him enjoy the occasion. There had been a time, so far back, that it made him quite dizzy to think of it, when he had been a diner-out, and enjoyed the good things of the table and good company.

He sighed as he recalled the misty period.

It was a delightful family, this family of the stranger's. Never for a moment did they let the old man forget that he was the honored guest.

It was quite a merry feast, too. The lady was a delightful talker, and the young girl developed a strong vein of humor as she told of her childish experiences in the big town.

The old man thawed under the

"This is a feast to remember," he said. "Of course I'm going to wake up in the morning and find it all a dream."

And a faint smile crossed his wrinkled face.

"I do that sometimes," said the child with a little sigh.

"We all do, my dear," said the old man.

"But I like the beautiful dreams just the same," said the child.

"So do I, my dear," and the old man nodded to the child, and the pretty brown head nodded back to him. And then he suddenly laughed. "I'd like to dream them often my dear," he went on, "but I've never been able to find the food that will produce the right effect."

The child looked at him with wondering eyes.

"I don't think it is the food," she said. "It's the fairies."

He nodded.

"I'm afraid," he laughed, "that the fairies eat my acquaintance long ago."

And then the dinner was at an end, and the child kissed father and mother "good night," and came to the old man and put out her hand.

"Good night and beautiful dreams," she smilingly said.

And he suddenly stooped and touched his lips to the white forehead, and watched her longingly as she went away with her maid.

"A charming child," he murmured.

"Her name should be Sunshine," said the father.

There was a brief silence. The younger man produced a cigar case.

"Will you join me?" he asked.

The old man looked at the lady. She smiled and nodded.

"I haven't smoked for many years," he said. "My taste in cigars was too expensive for my purse. This is a very good cigar."

"I think it will prove to be," the younger man said as he passed the light.

"It takes me back a long, long ways," murmured the old man presently.

The younger man looked at the lady and the lady nodded.

He turned to the old man.

"Sir," he said, "with your permission I want to tell a brief story. It is not a new story. I have told it to my wife," the lady nodded in confirmation, "and it is possible that you have heard something like it. Nevertheless, I want to tell it in my own words and in my own way."

The old man looked at him curiously.

"You have my close attention," he said and stared upward at the curling smoke.

The younger man settled back in his chair.

"I'm going to call this story 'Ingratitude,'" he began.

The old man suddenly looked at him.

"Ingratitude," he murmured.

"That's the subject," said the younger man, "and the story begins something more than twenty years ago. It begins here in this great city, and it concerns a boy named Tom. He was a street boy, this Tom, an orphan boy who had shifted for himself since he was a youngster of eight. It was a bad schooling for the boy. He had picked up associates who were harmful. He had no education and no ideals. It was a bad outlook. And then one day he attracted the attention of a man—a business man of kindly impulses. He offered him work. Tom came to the man's place of business the next morning. The man set him to work. Tom didn't like work. He stayed a day or two and then ran away. The man found him and coaxed him back. Then he ran away again, and again the man coaxed him back. At last the boy settled down and stayed in the man's employ for a whole year. And the man was patient with him, and taught him things he should know, and advanced him to a higher grade and better pay. Tom learned fast, but the old life still drew him, the old associates held him in their grip." He paused and looked at the old man, and saw that the old man was intently watching him. "One day the man called him into his room. 'Tom,' he said, 'there is money missing.' And Tom nodded. 'I took it,' he answered. And he said no more, but just stood still and waited for the police. But the man said very gently, 'It's your bringing up, Tom,' he said. 'I'm afraid you don't know any better.' Then Tom spoke up very quickly. 'Yes, I know better,' he said. 'It was the gang got it away from me But I know better.' Then the man came to the boy and put his hand on his shoulder, and looked in his eyes, and said quite softly, 'I'm glad you know better, Tom, because I'm going to let you try again.' And when Tom went back to his work there were tears on his cheeks—and, somehow, he wasn't ashamed of them. Well, Tom tried very hard this time and he kept away from the gang as much as he could. But there came a day when the master faced him again. 'Tom,' he said, 'there is more money missing—

master shook his head. 'Where is the money?' he asked. The gang got it all,' Tom answered. 'I haven't a dime of it.' And again the master shook his head. 'I'm not going to send you to prison, Tom,' he said. 'That would be no use. I must get you away from the gang—that's the only hope. I'm going to send you into the far West.' And he did. He put the boy on the train and gave him money and the ticket, and the last words he said were, 'Let me hear from you, Tom. If you don't write I will think it's because you're ashamed to write. And, Tom, don't you forget that you're going to be honest if you starve for it.'

He paused and drew his breath sharply. Then he resumed the story in a lower tone.

"Tom didn't forget. It was a hard struggle for him, but he won out. He drifted into Mexico, then into Central America, then down to South America. He took up mining in Peru and slowly he prospered. In Valparaiso he met a lady, and presently won her affection. But before he asked her to marry him he told her all this story and she said, 'Some day we will find this good man and show him what his money has accomplished.' So they were married and Tom felt that he owed all his happiness to the master. And then a daughter was born and that was another debt. Instead of being the vagabond, the jail bird he would have been, Tom was a good citizen, a happy husband and a proud father." He paused again. But Tom didn't write. That was ingratitude. The master had asked Tom to write. He put it off. At first there was nothing to tell him—nothing but the story of his struggles. And then as time wore on Tom put it off, and at times quite forgot it—and that black ingratitude. Tom prospered, and a more alluring prospect called him to San Francisco. And there their child fell ill, very ill, and in the agony of his fear, Tom's conscience brought his ingratitude before him, and he promised to find his benefactor and crave his pardon. And the danger point was passed and the dear one lived."

He paused and wiped his face.

And the room was very still.

Then the old man spoke.

"There was a boy named Tom," he slowly said. "I do not think I know his other name. I feared he was dead."

"His name was Harper—Tom Harper," said the younger man. "He is alive and has come back to try to tell you how much he is in your debt."

And the lady arose and came to the old man swiftly and put her arm about him and softly kissed his withered cheek.

"The child must have caught the gift of the fairies," he said a little brokenly, "for this certainly is a beautiful dream." He suddenly arose. "I must go," he said. "Where are my hat and coat?"

But they held him back.

"We are going to take you home with us," said the lady. "Tom will show his gratitude in his way—I am going to show mine in my way."

"But my—my business?" he stammered.

"Only an empty shell," laughed the younger man. "It scarcely means bread and butter. Don't forget that the debt I owe you makes a neat little sum when compounded for two-and-twenty years."

The old man looked from one smiling face to the other.

"I was all wrong about ingratitude," he murmured.

A PRAYER.

God keep us through the common days,
The level stretches white with dust,
When thought is tired, and hands upraise
Their burdens feebly since they must,
In days of slowly fretting care,
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

MEXICAN OIL FIELDS.

Their Product Very Large, but the Quality Rather Poor.

Within the last year or two an exceedingly abundant flow of petroleum has been reported from several places in Mexico. Some of the new wells are near Tampico, and others are further south. As a good deal of oil has been imported by Mexico from the United States, there has been a desire to learn whether the product of the recently opened wells was likely to rival that of this country. Accordingly, an official of the United States Geological Survey, Dr. C. W. Hayes, went to Mexico a few weeks ago to investigate. As the owners of the property pledged him to partial secrecy, he is not at liberty to tell all he knows. Still, he feels free to mention the following facts:

"While these fields promise to yield a large quantity of crude oil, its quality is such that it cannot compete under present conditions in the markets of the United States or Europe with the higher grade petroleum of the Appalachian, Illinois or mid-continent fields. Further, the conditions are such that the demand for fuel oil and refined products in Mexico exceeds the supply available at present or in sight in the near future.

"Finally, the conditions in the Mexican fields are not favorable for the small operator, and it is highly probable that production as well as refining will remain in the control of very few strong companies."

Not That Kind.

Apropos of examination time, Prof. Carl C. Peterson of Dubuque, related at a recent dinner some examination stories.

"Once, in a Bible lesson," he said, "I repeated the text 'Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.'

"And then I showed the children a large picture that illustrated the text in bright colors.

"The children studied this picture eagerly. Then they all frowned, looked rather disappointed. Finally one said:

"'There is the [illegible]



At Grandma's.

At Gramma's, when I go to tea,
They are so nice to little me!

I sit up at the table high,
An' have some cake, an' even pie!
They wait on me like other folks,
An' always laugh at all my jokes,
My crusts she never makes me eat,
An' give me truly tea, with sweet.

I have a lovely time, you see,
At Gramma's, when I go to tea!

—E. S. T., in the Philadelphia Record.

Held Up the Earth.

"Now, Richard," said the teacher, "can you tell me who Atlas was?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Richard. "He was a notorious footpad."

"A what?" queried the teacher.

"A footpad," repeated Richard. "He held up the earth, you know."—Philadelphia Record.

Jerry's First Mouse.

Our cat caught a mouse the other night, the first one he has ever caught so far as I know in the two years I have owned him. "Jerry," for that is his name, has worn since he was a wee tiny kitten a little bell which seemed to bother him very much. He would sit by a hole in the floor for hours at a time, and once I watched him when he scented a mouse. He was greatly excited and his body trembled, but just as he was about to spring his bell tinkled, much to his disgust, for he walked away, growling to himself.

How he rid himself of his bell last week still remains a mystery to me, for we have not found it as yet. But when I opened my door the other morning there sat Jerry, looking up at me, with a mouse in his mouth about the size of a peanut; but Jerry seemed so proud of it, and his eyes seemed to say, "There, now I guess you'll not put another bell on my collar." Needless to say, we did not, and we are waiting for another catch, and so is Jerry.—Audrey M. Watts, in the New York Tribune.

A Few Nuts to Crack.

These riddles will delight the hearts of many of the younger readers who are interested in such things:

What are the lightest hats made of?—Of material that is not felt.

What case is the easiest to get up—even for lawyers?—The staircase.

Why can a drunken man never drown?—Because his head will be sure to swim.

When has a man his double?—When he is beside himself.

Why does the hanging of a picture depend on its execution?—Because if it were not executed it could not be hung.

What pupil is most to be pitied?—The pupil of the eye—because it is always under the lash.

What is the difference between a hen and a ship?—The hen lays an egg and the ship lays to.

Why should it be better to be burned than to be guillotined?—Because a hot steak is better than a cold chop.

What is that which a selfish man never fails or objects to pay?—Attention to his own comfort.

Why is a lost article like the fog?—Because it's mist.

When has a man no room for his dinner—When he is "filled with emotion."

Why do tramps walk from town to town?—Because they haven't automobiles.

What is it that has a tail like a cat, and has the same language?—A kitten.—Indianapolis News.

How Bertha Became a Heroine.

"May I take Rosabelle, and go over to Gracie's, Aunt Kate? If Gracie's mama says so, may we go walking together with our dolls?" A very sweet little face lifted itself to Miss Tracy—so sweet that the aunt stooped and kissed it.

"Yes, dear, if you're sure your mother would be willing. Does she let you go unless you go out by yourselves?"

"Course she does, aunty," Bertha's laugh rippled out in sheer amusement. "Why, I am nine,' the child drew herself up, "and Gracie's seven; and we never go very far, and there's no crossing."

"You may go then. It is 3 o'clock now—don't stay later than 5. Where's my kiss?"

"Here 'tis—two of them." Bertha's hug nearly crushed the dainty ruching.

"She's just a little fairy," Miss Tracy thought, as the child disappeared.

Gracie's mother consented, with all the cautions mothers give about distances and time. Neither mother nor aunt thought of a lurking danger—perhaps they didn't know of it at all.

The children skipped along merrily, each with her doll. Gracie's doll was named Gabrielle, and she called her "Gay" for short. As we have seen, Bertha's doll was named Rosabelle, and she called her "Belle."

They talked about their children as little mothers and big mothers will. Gracies had feared Gay would get the measles, but she hoped the time was past now.

Pretty soon they came to what looked like a cave with an open front. It was a place scooped in the side of a hill, only a few steps from the road.

"What a nice place to keep house," Bertha said. "The earth is so dry and warm. Even mamma wouldn't think we could get cold if we sat down on it."

"Let's," Gracie repeated. She usually agreed with Bertha. The children sat down. They hushed their babies, and laid them in little beds which they hollowed out in the dry sifting earth. They piled it in heaps over the dolls, all but their faces, and pretended it was blankets.

"I'm going way in, and lean against the wall," Gracie said. Bertha was about to follow her when something dreadful happened. The wall caved in, and there wasn't any Gracie there; she was all out of sight, hidden in the sand heap.

What could Bertha do—not a person near! Bertha was a brave child. she set right to work, digging the sand away with her small hands. Didn't she make it fly! In two minutes she felt the top of Gracie's head, and in two minutes more she had freed her face.

"Oh! oh!" Gracie sputtered, with her mouth full of sand. Bertha didn't stop until Gracie's whole head was out, then she panted—

"I don't—think—I—can dig—you—all you, but you—won't die—and somebody's sure to come along."

How long it seemed before a carriage did come! The man had Gracie clear in short order, frightened but unhurt, and he drove them home.

"You saved her life, you did," he told Bertha. "You're a real heroine."

But two little mothers cried when they remembered that Belle and Gay were buried in the sand pile. They forgot them in their fright, which proved they were not real mothers, only play ones.—Helen A. Hawley in Sunday School Times.

Paul's Agates.

"Somebody stole my agates!" cried Paul as the tears rolled down his dirty little face. "I had them here just a few moments ago, and now they're gone."

"What are agates?" asked his grandmother, coming to the porch to find out what all the noise was about.

"Marbles!" wailed Paul, "Aunt Emma gave them to me in a little leather bag with my initial on it last Christmas. Oh, dear! What will she say when I tell her they're stolen?"

But, when the matter was sifted down, Paul remembered that he had not seen the marbles for a day or two. He thought he had seen the bag a few minutes before he began weeping, but was mistaken. Grandmother and mamma and Aunt Emma and even little Bess joined in the search, but the barbles could not be found.

"Never mind!" said Aunt Emma. "I will buy some new barbles for you, dear, don't cry!"

"I don't want any new agates. I want my own!" howled Paul, louder and louder. "They were the nicest ones in the whole world."

When when the weeks went by, and no trace of the agates could be found, Paul tried to console himself with the new ones that were not half so pretty. He felt sure some one had stolen the pretty bag, and every day he hoped the thief might bring the agates back to him. All this happened when he was about six years old, but he never forgot the gift that disappeared so mysteriously.

When Paul was eight, he went with his pap and mamma to the west, and, while they were there, his mamma took him to visit a missionary school for little Indian children. The dusky little boys and girls loked very strange to Paul, but they did their lessons so well that he thought the white children would have to work hard to get ahead of their fine grades.

"Mamma! mamma! There are my agates!" cried Paul, as they watched the children on the playground after lessons.

"Why, Paul! They will hear you!" said his mother. "Of course they are not your marbles."

"Maybe they are," said the matron, with a smile. "They came in a box of supplies from Ohio a few years ago, and the boys have carefully kept them ever since."

"There is the very leather bag that Aunt Emma made for me!" cried Paul, pointing to a worn and soiled little bag lying on a bench near where the game was going on, "isn't it, mamma?"

The Indian boys generously offered to give up the pretty marbles, but Paul would not take them back. "I will soon be too big for such games," he cried in a manly way that pleased all the teachers, "and I want you to have them."

When they got home, they asked the lady who packed the box for the Indian school if she remembered the marbles, and she said at once: "Why, yes, of course I remember them. They were in the pocket of that coat Paul had outgrown, and I thought he was sending them for the children. I never heard that he thought they were stolen."

"I do remember now," said Paul. "I took off the little coat to give to Mrs. Porter, and the bag was in the pocket. Well, I'm not sorry now, but I was then. The Indian boys have only a few playthings, so I'm glad they got the agates."—Hilda Richmond in Sunday School Times.

The most recent church census of the country shows 40 denominations, with 161,731 ministers, 210,199 churches and 32,832,156 members.

FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

SUMMER BOARDERS.

By Mrs. Lucy A. B. Chase.

Nearly every farmer's wife has an ambition to earn, and I believe one of the most pleasant ways is by taking summer boarders if you can secure congenial ones. My experience of two summers has been a delightful one. I believe part of the success is due to making our boarders feel that they are part of the family, unless their manners signify a superior feeling. A landlady should know her place and not become too familiar, for familiarity always breeds contempt.

Our boarders were strangers previous to their coming into our home. Therefore the place and its surroundings were only pictured in the minds by our descriptions. We aimed to make everything plain, so there would be no disappointment on arriving. I try to arrange each day's menu to please my guests, and as far as possible have everything homemade, for such foods seem especially pleasing to city people.

Last year I kept cured hams until the latter part of August by putting them in a jar or tub in the cellar, and covering snugly to keep flies out and bugs. Mould will form on the surface, but if rubbed with a cloth or paper once a week it does not affect the flavor of the meat.

Our home does not possess a dining room, but by having screens or mosquito netting for the outside window casings the windows may be removed on hot days, thus affording a cool place to eat.

If there is a baby in the home who creeps or walks, the mother will find a pen—made of slats fastened at top and bottom to long strips of wood—an excellent place to keep him in while she is doing her work, for such toddlers are most inquisitive little beings, and if allowed too much freedom might prove annoying to the boarders. On pleasant days the pen could be carried to the lawn.

Whenever a horse is not being used I always avail myself of the opportunity to give my boarders a ride.—New York Tribune.

Won a Prize.

Miss Zoe Hartman of Cornell University has won the $50 prize for the best essay on "Woman Suffrage Essential to a Democracy." The prize was founded by Miss Mary S. Anthony, who left $1,000, the income of which was to be given annually for the best essay on the subject submitted by pupils of the universities and colleges in the State of New York.—New York Sun.

Suffrage Movement.

Mrs. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, M. D., Mayor of Aldeburgh, England, opened the fair recently held in London by the Women's Social and Political Union. Mrs. Herta Ayrton, the only woman member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, opened it on the second day, Miss Beatrice Harraden on the third, Mrs. Kendal, president of the Actresses Franchise League, on the fourth, and Lady Constance Lytton on the fifth. The fair is said to have been a great success both financially and as a means of gaining converts for the suffrage movement in Great Britain.—New York Sun.

Forty Years' Service.

Miss Mary Evans, A. M., Litt. D., a graduate of Mount Holyoke, resigned as president of Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, after a service of forty years. She will be succeeded by Miss Vivian Blanche Small, associate professor in the Latin department of Mount Holyoke. Miss Small was graduated from Mount Holyoke in 1896 and received the master's degree from the University of Chicago in 1905. For several years she has been assistant secretary of the National Alumnae Association and for two years head of Mead Hall, one of the dormitories at Mount Holyoke.—New York Sun.

Woman Conducts a Mouse Farm.

A woman in western Massachusetts makes a living at the unusual occupation of mouse farming. Last year she sold 8000 mice and rats for experimental purposes. They were bought by the laboratories for use in the study of tuberculosis and various diseases. The animals are artificially infected, and the results studied by observations carefully recorded. Mice are used in greatest numbers at $15 to $25 per hundred. Rats sell for about $25 per hundred. The animals are kept in cages and the farm buildings. Besides rats and mice the live stock includes several hundred guinea pigs, and a number of rabbits. Some of the animals are of rare breeds and are sold for pets. They are fed on grain and vegetables, using several hundred dollars worth of oats yearly and several tons of carrots and other vegetables. Guinea pigs are used in large numbers in the laboratories for the manufacture of anti-toxin, antidotes for the poison which certain diseases create in the system.—American Cultivator.

How Annoying.

How annoying it is when baby carelessly lets bits of bread and milk fall upon the tablecloth! How irritating it is to see all one's careful ironing reduced to nothing so soon! It is trying, no doubt. But why not arrange baby's place to prevent accidents? That is easily done and without the assistance of a homely tin waiter, too.

The least objectionable protector of tablecloth is made of two oblongs of butcher's linen with an oilcloth interlining. They may be sewed up just like a pillowcase, if you prefer, or you might like the improvised tray better if each piece of linen were hemmed. Then two may be sewn together just inside the hem, with one end left open for the insertion of the oilcloth. You will certainly like the arrangement, and baby will rejoice if you allow him to, instead of scolding him too often for faults that tiny hands cannot prevent.

Children's eating bibs are made of Turkish toweling. Some of them are woven in the correct size and shape; but they may be made at home of the same quality, bought by the yard. They are cut the desired shape and bound round the edges and neck with a tape that loops over a button at the back of the neck.—New Haven Register.

Marrying Abroad.

The responsibility for the present humiliating slave-trade in which rich American girls are sold to the titled decadents of England and the Continent is almost wholly the fault of the men of this country. This opinion is offered only after years of observation and consideration of our social conditions, and after a pathological study of American men. Their open astonishment and chagrin at this phenomenon would be vastly amusing were it not so pathetic. Our men have a helpless inability to see themselves. Nor is the responsibility of the mother lost sight of, for the foreign suitor begins with her, as he does in Europe. She is the outer citadel, which must first succumb to his studied charm.

This outer citadel is carried with astonishing ease, as he quickly discovers, and for three reasons. The mother is easily dazzled, her social foundations do not go down deep in the class to which she almost invariably belongs; her husband has made every dollar o fthe lure of those millions, without which there would not be this problem to solve. Second, the women who see what a given man really is, who estimate him at all justly, who begin even to understand men's social standards either in this country or Europe, are rare indeed.

The American mother is clearly out of her depth at the start, as unfit as a child to counsel her daughter. She is not equipped for it. It is not her work. In the third place, that subtle relationship of sex which European men of any age always have the art of establishing with a woman of whatever age, their attention, their quick courtesy toward women, their habit of listening absorbedly when a woman speaks—all this is so absolutely new to the American mother than she becomes hypnotized by it and can no longer distinguish truth from falsity, or a mere national point of etiquette from a personal thoughtfulness and delicate tenderness of feeling.—Anna A. Rogers in the Atlantic.

Fashion Notes.

Silk panels are plentiful.

Draped waists are very popular.

A new fad is the bathing parasol.

The trend is toward picturesque effects.

The pointed waistline is a novelty after the straight cross effects of the empire cut.

Travelling skirts are cut so that they escape the ground by a scant three inches.

Some of the petticoats worn with the high-waisted skirts are made with a wide-fitted belt.

Hat styles demand that the hair be flat at the front, wide at the sides and full at the back.

Moss roses, with their attendant buds and foliage, are being much used in hat trimming.

Among the materials used for bathing suits are mohair, the serge, taffeta and silk serge.

Some of the newest and smartest of skirt and coat costumes are being made without sleeves.

Old-fashioned brooches, including the goldtone of our grandmothers' day, with its mosaic centre, are in the very height of fashion.

Booties for little folks, made of linen and embroidered in either the satin stitche or eyelet work, are as dainty as they are serviceable.

Silver and rhinestone buttons trim the pale blue gown of satin crepe which is included in the trousseau of the smart young society woman.

With the return to shorter shoulder lines the scarf is now worn over the shoulders and not thrown off over the arms, as has been the fashion of late.

Empire and princess effects demand the softer and more sheer mousselines, batistes, muslins, the cotton voiles, crepes and others of similar texture.

Yellow is one of the smartest colors for the separate blouse. Those of handkerchief linen and trimmed with lace dyed to match are especially fetching.

An exquisite fancy of the moment is the kerchief of brilliants worn on the head. It is an accompaniment, of course, of the most elaborate of the evening costumes.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A book worm is not necessarily a bore.

Many a gay looking little slipper covers an aching sole.

The moon, the maid, the man—and nobody's thinking about mother-in-laws.

The way to cure a feminine heartache is—apply a new hat quick to her head.

Wisdom is the precocious young daughter of the grass widow, experience.

June set to music would revive the old time favorite: "Come haste to the wedding."

The rose of life hath many petals, but none so dewy, fresh and fragrant as a mother's love.

How often do we weep over the comedies of deceit and smile at the tragedies of conscience!

Don't become too worldly wise. Keep some of your illusions and you will retain just that much of youth.

"Asters by the brookside make asters in the brook"—but cookbooks in the kitchen don't always make a cook.

That no matter how much of a start Art has, a girl always hands over her heart when the right man comes along.

That he hopes if he does squeeze into heaven there won't be any of those amateur angel cakes passed around for refreshments.

That the idiot who tries to rescue a fool when he falls in love is plunging into deep waters where even friendship needs a life preserver.

When May weds December Cupid can count up the summer days in that household on the fingers of one hand and then use only his thumbs.

Environment is nothing. Consider the undaunted nasturtium. The hotter the sun and poorer the soil and scarcer the rain the more vivid and brilliant it glows.

That a girl's sense of responsibility is like her religion, a cushion she leans back against when she doesn't know any other argument to help her carry her point.

He who is ill bred enough always to tell the truth may not hold to much social prestige, but he will retain his self-respect, which is immeasurably greater than crown or favor.

Real love never dies. The pathetic dead that mark the way are but frail hearts which could not endure either the infinite pleasure of the infinite pain of a thing that endures forever.—From "Eve's Epigrams" in the New York Telegram.

HOW WIND PRODUCES WAVES.

Its Action Upon Desert Sand and Prairie Snow.

There are wind waves in water, sand and snow. The great sea waves are produced at that part of a cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their progress are accompanied by a strong wind bowling across their ridges so long as the atmospheric depression is maintained. So the waves are developed until they become steep. The average height in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles.

A wind of fifty-two miles an hour gives waves of an average height of twenty-six feet, although individual waves will attain a height of forty feet. The prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly, so wherever a westerly wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind still running, and the principal effect of the newly born wind is to increase the steepness of the already running long swell so as to form majestic storm waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1,200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swells due to winds are almost invisible during storms, for they are masked by the shorter and steeper waves, but they emerge into view after or beyond the storm.

The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of waves is seen in the deserts. As the sand waves cannot travel by gravitation their movements are entirely controlled by the wind and they are therefore much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. In their greatest heights of several hundred feet the former becames more complex owing to the partial consolidation of the lower layers of sand by pressure, but they still have the characteristic wave features.

In the Winnipeg prairies of Canada freshly fallen snow is drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves progressing with a visible and ghostlike motion. They are similar to desert sand waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being fifty times as great as the height. The flatness of the wind formed snow waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills shelter from the wind.—Chicago Tribune.

Rather Old.

"But it is a story strictly up to the minute," said the rising young author.

"H'm! I can't see it," remarked the publisher with a shake of his head.

"What do you take exception to?"

"Well, in the very first chapter you say the villain has a wiry beard."

"What of that?"

"What of it? Why, if the story was strictly up to date he would have a 'wireless beard.' Get wise!"—Chicago Daily News.

American rubber boots and shoes are finding a good market in southern China.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 18.

Subject: Paul's Second Missionary Journey—Thessalonica and Berea, Acts 17:1-15—Golden Text, Ps. 119:11—Commit Verse 11.

TIME.—A. D. 52. PLACE.—Thessalonica and Berea.

EXPOSITION.—I. Paul in Thessalonica, 1-9. Paul had at this time a quite uniform mode of procedure. First, he began with the Jews at their regular place of meeting, the synagogue (comp. vs. 10, 17; ch. 9:20; 13:5; 14:1; 18:4; 19:8). Second, he made use of the Sabbath day, the regular Jewish day of assembly. Those already Christians met on the first day of the week for their own distinctive services (Acts 20:7). But in order to reach the Jews, Paul wisely made use of their day, as missionaries among the Jews still do. Third, he reasoned with them from the Scriptures. Nothing else has the power to convince, convict, convert and regenerate men than the Word of God has (Eph. 6:17; Jer. 23:29; 2 Tim. 3:15-17; Jas. 1:18; 1 Pet. 1:23; Luke 8:11). There were three principal points in Paul's preaching: (1) The Christ must suffer. The Old Testament is full of this doctrine. (See, for example, Isa. 53). Why the Christ must suffer we see in Isa. 53; 6; Matt. 26:28; Heb. 9:22; Jno. 19: 36, 37. (2) The Christ must rise again from the dead. This, too, he proved from the Old Testament, as Peter did, on Pentecost. (3) That "this Jesus whom I proclaim unto you, is the Christ." There are many in these days who wish to substitute some other Jesus for the one whom Paul preached; some Jesus of their own conception or fancy, and not the actual historic Jesus. This Jesus being the Christ it is of the highest importance that we accept Him. If we do not an awful weight of guilt rests upon us (Acts 2:34-37; 3:22, 23). Paul sets an example in what he preached worthy of all imitation by modern missionaries and preachers. Politics in Thessalonica were in a bad enough way, but Paul went at the root of things. God blessed this kind of preaching. "Some of them believed" (cf. 1 Thess. 1:5). This is the usual result when the pure Gospel is preached in the power of the Holy Ghost. In an epistle which Paul wrote to them later we get a very charming picture of them (1 Thess. 1:6-10). Those who believed threw in their lot with Paul and Silas. True converts always seek the society of other Christians. But the Gospel caused division as well as union in Thessalonica; union of believers, division between believers and the world. Paul's success aroused the envy of the Jews. Every successful preacher must expect to be envied of smaller men. There was much truth in the charge brought against Paul and Silas. No other man ever did as much to turn the world upside down as this man Paul. There is great need to-day of preachers who turn things other side up. They accused Paul, too, of "saying that there is another King, one Jesus." Yes, Paul said that, and it needs to be said again and again to those who see no king but some king of this earth. Some day all must own His kingship (Ps. 2:8-12). But while Paul said there was another king, he sought to turn no man from his duty to Caesar (Acts 25:8; Rom. 13:1-7). The persecution did not go very far yet (v. 9). The converts were young and God will not suffer any of His children to be tempted above that which they are able to bear (1 Cor. 10:13, R. V.).

II. Paul in Berea, 10-12. The departure of Paul and Silas from Thessalonica was no mark of cowardice, but simple prudence and in accordance with the specific directions of Christ (Matt. 10:23). The church did not go to pieces upon his departure (1 Thess. 1:3-6). Paul did not lose his interest in the converts he left behind him (1 Thess. 2:18, 19; 3:1, 2, 5-7). As soon as Paul and Silas reached Berea they at once began preaching again, and to the Jews at that. No matter how Paul and Silas might be treated at one place, the next town they struck they went at preaching again (comp. 1 Thess. 2:2; Acts 14:5-7). No one ever had a better patent to nobility than these Bereans. Their nobility is seen in two things. First, "they received the Word with all readiness of mind." They had a hunger for the truth, the Word of God (comp. Job 23:12; Jer. 15:16; ch. 2:41). They opened their mouths wide to receive it. Some people will receive the truth when you compel them to. Lovers of the truth are hungry for it. The Word of God is worthy of such reception (Prov. 8: 10). Thus received it brings salvation and blessings (Jas. 1:21; 1 Pet. 2:2). Woe to the one who does not receive it (2 Thess. 2:10-12). Second, "they searched (or examined) the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." They wanted to be sure that they had the mind of God about it, and the Scriptures were the final authority. They were model Bible students. (1) They studied the Scriptures as the Word of God. (2) They examined (R. V.) them. No mere superficial scurrying over them. (3) They were systematic and regular in their study, they examined the Scriptures daily. (4) They studied with a definite purpose, and that the highest, to find out the truth about the Christ, to find if the things Paul and Silas taught about Him "were so."

Births Exceed Deaths in France.

The vital statistics of France, which in 1907 showed an excess of 19,892 deaths over the births for that year, a fact that led to the most pessimistic predictions for the future of the French race, have now been published for 1908 at Paris. Their study brings to light more reassuring official figures and shows an excess of 46,441 births over the deaths for that year. The total of deaths decreased 48,286 in 1908, while the births increased 16,087.

The Cranford Chronicle

CRANFORD, N. J.

Published every Thursday at North and Union Avenues.

Entered at the Post Office, Cranford, N. J., as second-class matter.

JOHN ALFRED POTTER, - *Editor and Prop'r*

Terms: Strictly Cash in Advance.

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Advertising rates furnished upon application. The Chronicle may be found on sale at the Union, Harris and Weistraub's News Stands, Bing's Drug Store and the Chronicle office.

Sympathy for Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country" is wasted, for Philip Nolan is dead. Sympathy for the "Family Without a Chronicle" is needless, for the remittance of a dollar and a half to the publication office will bring the postman to the door every Thursday afternoon for a year with a newspaper that knows, and knows how to tell, what the townspeople yearn to know.

The season is far enough advanced to be able to pronounce judgment on the process employed in the spring by a large number of our citizens in having their elm trees sprayed to guard against the ravages of the elm beetle. It is evident that the spraying has proved effective. The foliage of the trees that were treated is in general in fine condition, whereas a year ago at this time the trees in question were hideous to behold. Nor is this striking difference due to the failure of the pests to appear this season, as may be seen in an instant by looking at trees that were not sprayed for instance, those at "Lynwold" on the corner of Union and Forest avenues. It is to be hoped that for the sake of the appearance of the town owners of trees will not fail to repeat the good work next season. Perhaps by concerted action a town ordinance (as in Roselle) might provide that a modest sum,—say $400,—be appropriated, instead of leaving the work next spring entirely to private subscription. In some way let the good work be repeated next year.

The Library Committee would like to call the attention of the new people in town to the library in the opera house. It is open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings from 9 to 12 o'clock, and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 8:30 and is kept supplied with all the latest books. The subscription rates are $2 a year, $1 for 6 months, or 10 cents a week. The reading room, which has the magazines and perfodicals, is free to all. The library has recently received a number of new and attractive jig-saw puzzles, among them being "Phyllis," "The Country Circus" and "A Puzzle for Grown-ups." These puzzles are rented during library hours, at the rate of 5 cents a day.

A MORAL CESSPOOL.

The reputation of the sheds on South avenue between the storage house and the river, already blackened by a murder and a shooting affray which fortunately stopped short of a killing, has been further stained this week by the discovery of its use as a gambling den by negroes. A police raid Sunday resulted in the capture of five poker players, who were properly and heavily fined on Monday by Police Justice Toucey. The investigation disclosed the fact that many besides those caught on Sunday were frequenters of the resort and participants in the fascinating games of crap and poker. If nothing else can be done to clean up the sheds, physically and morally, perhaps the Health Board can declare them a nuisance, and order their removal.

CANOE CLUB'S THANKS

Editor Chronicle:

We wish to extend a vote of thanks, through the columns of your paper to our many friends who so generously subscribed to the fund to defray the expense of the carnival, also to those who decorated their canoes and river banks. With the cooperation of all, we were able to make the carnival a grand success.

Very truly yours,
CARNIVAL COMMITTEE,
Cranford Canoe Club.

POOR LITTLE GIRL

Little Helen, who is a great talker and aged just three, was annoying her father, one day, by her almost endless chatter. He was endeavoring to finish some important writing, so said, "Run away, dear; daddy is very busy."

Helen toddled off, and after the space of about five minutes returned, and standing beside her father's chair laid an appealing fat hand on his arm, and looking up into his face with a most grieved air, said, "Daddy, I'se very lonely—I tan't find any one to leave myself wif."—The Delineator for August.

Governor Fort has reappointed George H. Stewart, Republican, and Albert H. McAdams, Democrat, [illegible]

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contracts of The Prudential, the Newest Monthly Income policy is fully and completely guaranteed in every particular. The policyholder knows just what he is paying for.



The Prudential

TWO DWELLINGS BURNED

The dwellings at 227 and 229 Cranford avenue, owned by Benjamin Johnson and Carter Matthews, were totally destroyed by fire on Saturday morning, and nothing but the hardest kind of work saved the adjoining buildings from the same fate. The battle with the flames was waged under peculiarly unfortunate conditions. When the alarm sounded, about 11:20 a.m., the department horses were hauling the sprinkler in upper Union avenue, making it necessary for Driver Squires to rush them to the firehouse before the hose wagon could be started on its long journey. Then, the nearest hydrant to the burning buildings was at Cranford and Elizabeth avenues; over 600 feet distant. When the connection was made and the water turned on a burst in the hose made it necessary to shut off the stream temporarily, and the pressure, when finally obtained, was so poor that the water would not rise above the eaves of the burning dwellings. The firemen had no ladders, owing to the lack of a second team to draw the truck, and to add to their discouragement the wind blew almost a gale in various directions, but principally toward Ferdinand Johnson's house at 225 Cranford avenue. But pluck and the best use of the means available confined the fire to the houses at 227 and 229. The former was worth about $2500, and the latter, a double house, about $3000. A large part of the furniture was saved.

Had there been a team in the firehouse at the time the fire was discovered, and a hydrant within reasonable distance of the colored settlement, only a trivial loss would have been sustained.

Two additional runs to the Black Belt were required of the Cranford firemen between dusk last night and dawn this morning, the fires in both instances being in the house of Sydney and Martha Jackson at 234 Garden street. As the building is beyond the hydrant limits, the battle with the flames had to be waged with buckets and chemical extinguishers. The first fire, at 8:45 p.m., was put out after an hour's hard work, and the firemen as is usual, remained for a considerable time to make sure that no smouldering embers had been overlooked. Be that as it may, another blaze in another corner of the house was discovered at 4 a.m., and again the department was summoned. By the time the second fire was put out, the Jackson house had been reduced to an almost worthless condition.

CHEER UP!

Don't kick because you have to button your wife's waist. Be glad your wife has a waist and doubly glad you have a wife to button a waist for. Some men's wives have no waists to button. Some men's wives' waists have no buttons on to button. Some men's wives who have waists with buttons on to button don't care a button whether they are buttoned or not. Some men don't have any wives with waists with buttons on to button.—Lacon Journal.

The board of education will hold a regular meeting to-night.

For Saturday Only

B. V. D. Shirts or Drawers, each

35c

E. SILBERG'S

MR. JOHNSON'S TRIP

Supervising Principal Johnson will sail for England on Saturday on the White Star liner Baltic, as European Commissioner for the National League for the Promotion of Industrial Education. This League, which has its headquarters in New York City and branches in several states, is composed of manufacturers, educators and others who realize the need of founding in America schools for industrial training such as exist in many parts of Europe and are known there as continuation schools.

Mr. Johnson has been commissioned to visit these schools and embody the information thus acquired in a report for the League's use. On arrival at Liverpool he will proceed to Belfast, thence to Queenstown. In Ireland his particular attention will be given to the land problem, and the methods in vogue in the agricultural and industrial schools. Other countries in his tour will be England, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. He expects to sail for home on Sept. 2 and to reach Cranford six days later.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH NOTES

Services of the week:

Friday, 8 p.m., prayer meeting.

Sunday, 9:30 a.m., Sunday school; 10:45 a.m., preaching by the pastor, subject, "The Soul's Safe Anchoring;" 7 p.m., Epworth League; 8 p.m., preaching by the pastor, subject, "The Music of the Heavenly Choir."

Strangers and those going nowhere else will find a hearty welcome. Come, bring a friend, help and be helped.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH NOTES

Services: Sunday, 9:45 a.m., Sunday school; 11 a.m., preaching by the pastor; 7:30 p.m., Epworth League vesper service; 8 p.m., preaching service.

Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

The union Sunday school excursion will go to Asbury Park and Ocean Grove on Tuesday, July 20.

A fitting celebration of the completion of Rev. Emmet Flowers' fifth year as pastor of the Baptist church has been arranged by the congregation. Special meetings will be held on the four days beginning August 1 in the church, the out-of-town speakers being Rev. M. W. Vaughn, D. D., of Plainfield; Rev. E. W. Roberts, D. D., of Roselle; Rev. John Love, B. D., of Montclair; Rev. W. T. Watkins, D. D., of Orange, and Rev. G. E. Morris, Ph. D., of Morristown. The final session on Wednesday evening will be followed by a reception, at which Mr. Flowers' parishioners and friends will give him an "envelope shower." Compliments and cash will make an eminently acceptable assurance to the good dominie that his faithful labors are appreciated.

PROPOSALS FOR COAL

PROPOSALS for supplying the Public Schools of Cranford, N. J., during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, with one hundred and fifty [150] tons, net weight, with the privilege of ordering up to three hundred [300] tons, of stove size, well screened anthracite coal, will be received by the Board of Education, up to Tuesday noon, July 27, 1909. Deliveries to be made as ordered. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

G. A. WATSON,
District Clerk.

DELIGHTFUL EXCURSIONS VIA NEW JERSEY CENTRAL, Sunday, July 18. Special trains from Cranford for Lake Hopatcong. Round trip $1.00. Leave 9:37 a. m. Mauch Chunk, Round trip $1.50. Leave 9:05 a.m.

SALE OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

A sale of household furniture will be held at 88 Central Avenue, Cranford, Friday and Saturday, July 16-17. [illegible]

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS

A well attended meeting of the Trinity church women who have been engaged in swelling the building fund during the present summer was held at Hampton Hall yesterday morning. Considerable cash was turned in, and the fund now amounts to $240. A gala day fair to be held in the fall was decided upon. Next week's "silver tea" will be held at 4 p.m. Monday at Mrs. R. E. Cochran's, 204 Holly street.

Four drivers for New York City department stores were arraigned before Judge Atwater on Tuesday charged with selling liquor without a license, and were held in $300 bail for trial on Sept. 20. It is the contention of Chief Kiely of Plainfield, who made the complaint, that liquor delivered on C. O. D. orders is sold at the customer's house and not in New York. One of the drivers is Edward Coleman, an employe of the Seigel-Cooper Company.

A small boy who went to the carnival last Saturday night astonished his mother the next morning by saying "Ma, I've got three ears!" "Three ears, what do you mean?" Then the small boy handed out a programme of the carnival and said, "Yes mother, I've a left ear, a right ear, and a souvenir."

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Millett have purchased the dwelling at 707 Willow street, which they have been occupying as tenants, from Mrs. J. S. Richardson, through the Paret Realty Company.

Mrs. Emily E. Williamson, club woman and charity worker and probation officer of Union county since 1902, died at her home in Elizabeth, early Tuesday morning, of apoplexy, with which she was stricken on Monday morning. Mrs. Williamson was the widow of the late Benjamin Williamson, Jr., who died in 1900.

Mrs. George F. Greene and son Tom have gone to Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. George Myers sailed for Liverpool yesterday.

Owing to the death of Mr. Marston the family have decided to break up housekeeping, and will board in town.

The Cranford A. A. were defeated at Dunellen last Saturday by the score of 6-2.

An Eton jacket, picked up at the close of the carnival, has been left at Shapiro's, and the owner can obtain it there.

Mrs. Philip Hall is spending 10 days at her mother's bungalo, at Haines Falls, Catskill mountains.

Miss Marguerite Winckler leaves to-day for Block Island, where Mrs. Winckler is spending the summer.

N. R. Foster is in Chicago on a business trip.

Excavation is nearly completed for the cellar of Edward S. Crane's projected house on Walnut avenue.

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Children 50c.

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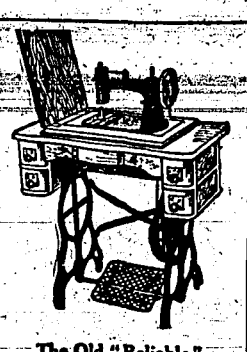
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This year's band is composed of twenty-five skilled musicians under the leadership of Signor Pasquale Ferrante. Seats are free.

Everyone should see Cooper's magnificent painting "The Pursuit of Pleasure" now on exhibition in our Music Hall, Second Floor. This picture has been exhibited in many American cities and everywhere has been visited by thousands, invariably eliciting the greatest admiration.

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For Plainfield—1 52, 4 56, 6 51, 7 59, 8 59, 10 45 11 46 A. M. 12 41, *1 24, 2 04, *2 12, 2 45, *3 09, 3 14, 4 13, 4 46, 5 14, 5 48, 5 53, †5 57, 6 16, †6 27, 6 43, 6 58, 7 12, 7 51, 8 27, 9 20, 10 07, 11 10 P. M. 12 42, Sundays 1 52, 5 27, 8 28, 9 37, 10 49, 11 59 A. M. 12 48, 1 43, 3 23, 4 40, 5 20, 6 13, 6 47, 7 23, 8 14, 9 57, 10 47, 11 10 P. M.

For Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk—4 56, [7 50, Allentown only], 8 59 A. M. 12 41, 5 14, [6 16 to Allentown] P. M Sundays 5 27 A. M. 1 43, 5 20, 6 47, P. M.

For Wilkes Barre and Scranton—4 56, 8 59, A. M. 5 14 P. M. Sundays, 5 27, A. M. 5 20, P. M.

For Lakewood—3 53, 9 46 A. M., (12 59 Saturdays only), 1 42, 3 01, 4 03 P. M. Sundays, 7 41, 10 02 A. M., 1 59 P. M.

For Atlantic City—3 53, 9 46 A. M. (12 59 Saturday only), 3 01 P. M. Sundays, 10 02 A. M. 1 59 P. M.

*Saturday only. †Except Saturdays.

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ADVERTISE IN THE CHRONICLE

The report of the Westfield Park Commission on the spraying of the elm trees shows that 529 trees in the town were sprayed. The spraying was begun about the middle of May, but was very greatly delayed by the extremely wet weather which prevailed the latter part of May and early June. This made the spraying very slow and the excessive rains which occurred at times following the spraying washed some of the arsenite of lead from the leaves. Some of the earlier sprayed trees have suffered to some extent, but later sprayed trees have been protected by the spraying. A comparison of the condition of the trees in Westfield with other localities where the elm leaf beetle has been present will show this. The beetle is now reaching the pupae stage. Some good can be done now by spraying the trunks of the trees with kerosene emulsion. This can be easily prepared and has the same effect on the pupae as it does on any of the sucking insects infesting other shrubs and trees.—Westfield Leader.

If any serious attention has been taken by the telegraph, telephone and light companies of the Township Committee's order to remove all guy wires attached to trees, the fact has escaped our notice.

Judge William W. Mendell began yesterday his official duties as Department Inspector of the Department of New Jersey, G. A. R., to which he was appointed in May.

A. C. Pike

HARDWARE!

A few lawn mowers left to be sold at right prices. A full stock of Garden Hose now on hand, all grades and prices, Lawn Sprays, etc. Ice Cream Freezers, 75c to $3.50.

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Ancient Tibetan Book Which Contains Many Modern Truths.

A Tibetan "Hand Book of Medicine," published 1,000 years ago, has been recently examined by the Russian Academy of Medicine, and it is found to contain many valuable truths that have been discovered and rediscovered by modern physicians. A few extracts from the ancient volume are given: "Number of bones in the human body, 360; number of nerves, 99; number of pores, 11,000,000." "The heart is the king of the organs and the staff of life. The lungs embrace it not unlike a mother would a child." "Illnesses are due to man's malice, ignorance and inability to curb the passions, for those things interere with the proper nourishment of the human organs." "All unkind thoughts react upon the heart and liver." Methods for ascertaining the condition of a person's health were much like those that are used to-day—feeling of the pulse and looking at the tongue, taking the temperature, etc. In those days the law imposed fines upon surgeons and physicians who did not keep their instruments clean. Vegetable medicines were advocated; also the bath, compresses, massage, etc.

Early Telescopes.

It appears, according to facts collected by Mr. Arthur Mee, that Thomas Harriot, the English astronomer, born in 1560, made telescopes perhaps contemporaneous with the the first instruments of Galileo. The very first telescope seems to have been made in Holland in 1608. The next year Galileo heard of the discovery, and after writing for information, began his own experiments. In the same year Harriot had one or two of the Dutch telescopes sent to him, and immediately began improvements on his own account. It appears that he made a considerable number, and Mr. Mee suggests that some may yet be found in some of the older colleges, or mansions, in England. It is said that Harriot's last and best telescope was nearly twice as powerful as the best made by Galileo. Long before, Harriot had been in Virginia, and there employed, in surveying, a "perspective glass." It would be very interesting to know just what his perspective ginss was.

Who Columbus Was.

In the afternoon in all the schools a part of the time was devoted to the study of the life and deeds of Columbus.

An amusing reply was given by one of the pupils. A teacher had told the class of the wonderful voyage of Columbus and how he insisted on continuing the voyage after the other men were clamoring to return. Then she asked: "Who was Columbus?" with the view of hearing how well they had followed her talk.

One little hand went up.

"Well, Johnny, who was he?" asked the teacher.

"Columbus was the gem of the ocean."

Cause for Reflection.

"The editor of my paper," declared the newspaper business manager to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary he keeps out only one dollar for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Indianapolis!"

His listeners—with one exception, who sat silent and reflective—gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration.

"Now, it may sound thin," added the speaker, "but it is true, nevertheless."

"Oh, I don't doubt it at all!" quickly rejoined the quiet one. "I was only wondering what he does with the dollar!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Craze for Speed.

Those mighty ocean steamers, like the Lusitania, the Mauretania, and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which rush across the sea at the rate of thirty miles an hour, burn up a thousand tons of coal apiece every day. It requires five thousand tons to drive one of them across the Atlantic at that high speed. At a moderate speed, less than half that amount would do, but our century is gone speed crazy. On steamships, on railroads, on automobiles, we must have speed, and sacrifice everything to it, even human lives. Everybody is mad to "get there," whether he has any business "there" or not.—Boy Life.

Enemies of the Rubber-Tree.

A great deal of attention has recently been given to the cultivation of rubber, on account of the continually increasing demand for it. Prof. Francis E. Lloyd points out that "the inevitable struggle of man with nature" has already manifested itself in this new field. Already a considerable number of parasitic enemies have been discovered, "whose energies appear to be largely concentrated upon cultivated rubber-trees." It is another problem for science to deal with.

Electricity as a Carrier.

Does an electric current, when passing through a metal conductor, cause any transportation of particles? It is well known that it does so in the liquid conductors known as electrodes; in fact, such a common operation as electroplating depends entirely upon this action. To test the matter a recent experimenter passed an electric current continously for a whole year through a conductor composed partly of copper and partly of aluminum, the sections being pressed firmly together. At the end of the year they were taken apart and examined, but not the slightest trace of other metal was found in the other.

"Wise Donkey."

Remarkable Intelligence of Show Beast According to Manager.

"It's curious," said a theatrical manager who had experienced many ups and downs, "how the stage develops jealousies. I once had a show on the road in which it was necessary to make use of a horse and a donkey. We got the animals well trained for their parts and on the opening night they gave a first-class performance. On the following night, however, we were unable to get the donkey to move out of the wings. Prince, the horse, went on without any trouble whatever, but Jack—that was the name of the donkey—could neither be coaxed nor driven out before the footlights. We finally had to go on with the performance with the donkey left out. After the show was over we got together and tried to find out what had been the matter. Nobody could offer an explanation until one of the stage hands happened to pick up a program, which showed that Prince's name was printed in the same kind of type we used for Jack. We got a new lot of programs the next day, with the donkey's name printed in type which was nearly twice as big as that which we used for the horse. After that we never had the slightest trouble."

Plant Guides Over Texas Prairies.

"There is a plant which grows on the vast Texas prairies which is as good as a compass," said Harry M. Topping of Galveston, Tex. "Down that way it is a well known fact that no matter what the weather, whether rain, sunshine, frost, blizard or gale of wind, this hardy plant turns its leaves and flowers to the north.

"Horsemen traveling across the prairies always consult this plant, determine directions by it and follow its instructions, always certain that the plant will not mislead or deceive."

Bible Society Veteran.

A remarkable example of longevity of service in the case of a religious organization is forthcoming from the British and Foreign Bible society. Mr. James Searby became the assistant secretary of the Lincolnshire auxiliary in the year 1848, and 40 years later succeeded to the secretaryship, a position he still holds. In recognition of this unparalleled tenure of office the committee have presented him with a specially bound copy of the Bible.

Dog's Good Sense Saved It.

In the big flood which recently pervaded the Almond Valley, near Perth, Scotland, a plowman suddenly remembered that he had left a dog in a shed. He hurried to its rescue and was gratified to find that the dog had shown the sense to get into a washing-tub, and was comfortably floating about in its ark.

Element of Danger to Society.

The real danger to modern institutions is not in the difference in the size of fortunes or that some live in mansions and others in huts. The real danger is that the current of sympathy which should circulate freely among the entire citizenship is obstructed.

On Her Calling List.

Mrs. Flynn had just moved into the neighborhood and an old friend dropped in for a visit. "And are yez on callin' terms wid yer nixt-door neighbor yet?" "Indade Oi am. Oi called her a thafe, an' she called me another."

Start with Hot Poker.

To take out rusty screws heat a poker red hot and hold it for a few moments to the head of the screw. Then use the proper sized screwdriver—to fit the slot of the screw—and it will come out quite easily and with very little trouble.

For Strength of Character.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them.—Frederick W. Robertson.

Hard to Be All Things to All Men.

Do not think that your learning and genius, your wit or sprightliness are welcome everywhere. I was once told that my company was disagreeable because I appeared so uncommonly happy.—Zimmerman.

London's Last Wooden Buildings.

It is anounced that with the removal of a row of frame buildings not far from Blackfriars bridge, the last wooden buildings within the metropolitan district of London will shortly disappear.

Fast Finger Talk.

A deaf and dumb person who is fairly expert at finger language can speak about forty-three words per minute. In the same space of time a person in possession of speech will probably speak 105 words.

Many Post Offices in U. S.

The number of post offices in the United States is nearing the 62,000 mark, although thousands have been discontinued since rural free delivery.

Her Dearest Wish.

Says the woman: "Oh, that mine enemy would let me trim a hat for her."

One Use for the Root of Evil.

Lyndon: Money may not be able to buy happiness, but it can buy off a great deal of unhappiness.

How It Happens.

By following the line of least resistance a good many men get married.

Caught a Sea Devil.

But Before the Fishermen Ov[er]ered It They Were Dragged to Sea.

After having been dragged several miles out to sea in a fishing boat which was in turn aided by a gasolene launch, by an enormous sea devil which they had harpooned near the mouth of the bay, three Americans succeeded in landing the largest specimen of the ray family of fish ever seen at Manzanitto, Mexico.

The monster measured nearly 20 feet from tip to tip of its enormous flappers and was alleged to weigh slightly less than a ton. Its mandibles, which were tightly closed, measured a meter and fifteen centimeters across.

The fish was apparently sleeping on some low flat rocks when discovered and harpooned. It made off so fast with the small fishing boat that the launch went to its assistance, and for a mile thereafter the fish carried both boat and launch in easy tow. It was not overpowered until several harpoons had been landed well in its body.

Mombasa.

You possibly think of Mombasa, where Roosevelt landed, as a sort of pioneer outpost on the edge of the world. As a matter of fact, Mombasa was on the map 200 years before Columbus discovered America, and it is a somewhat prosperous city of 27,000 people. It is the terminus of the Uganda Railroad, and has a steel pier and stone wharves. The protective citadel, which still stands as a part of the town's fortifications, was started by the Arabs in the seventh century. You may not have heard much of Mombasa, but it isn't because it is a new city, built to make one end of a railroad or a landing place for ex-Presidents.

For Insomnia.

For insomnia try this simple remedy: Have a barber chair rigged up in your room. Then, when unable to go to sleep by 1.30 a. m., send your motor car for your favorite barber. When he comes, have him give you a thorough shampoo, if not sleepy then, repeat, and continue treatment until put to sleep. If the treatment fails to do this in five hours, just take a look at the bill.

Cant About Advertising.

There is a great deal of cant at the present day about advertising, emitted by persons who are very keen to get all the advertisement they can, and to get it for nothing if possible. Quiet people, who really do not want to advertise themselves, are much less censorious.

Glove Cutting.

Glove cutting is purely a hand trade. No machine could cut out a glove properly, for the simple reason that it could not distinguish between good and bad, thick and thin, pieces of leather. Each piece of leather requires special treatment in shaping, and therefore the cutting can never be mechanical.

Unsympathetic.

Others may have said the same thing, but this rather unsympathetic comment is attributed to the late Judge Hoar "Are you going to attend the funeral of Gen. Butler?" a friend asked him. "No," was the calm reply. "No, I am not going to attend—but I heartly approve of it."

Oldest Man in the World.

Jose Gaudaloupe Aleitd of Jalostitlan, state of Jalisco, Mexico, is said to be the oldest man in the world. The record of his birth as contained in the archives of the parish church shows that he was born in 1770, which makes him 139 years old. He is in good physical condition.

Women and Mountaineering.

One of the chief difficulties in a woman's undertaking an expedition in mountain climbing is that, whatever her experience, every man believes that he knows better what should be done than she.—Harper's Magazine.

Feminine Lack of Logic.

Tell a wife that men are selfish, she will readily acquiesce. But tell that same woman that by spoiling her boys—whether in the nursery or at school or university—she is sowing the seeds of egotism, she will give an emphatic denial.

Modern Advice.

"My dear," said a fond mother, "never marry a man for his money. Nowadays it is much easier to play bridge whist for it."—Detroit Free Press.

Getting Along with People.

Getting along with people is a valuable trait to cultivate. First of all be aminble and forgiving; do not hear all that is said, never repeat anything and be willing to be pleased while doing your part.

Canada.

Canada needs only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe. It is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland.

Evil Effect of Hate.

Hawthorne: The hate we bear our enemies injures their happiness less than ours.

Turpentine a Preventive.

Turpentine is best preventive for moths. Saturate pieces of brown paper and place in boxes.

Testifies for Itself.

Emerson: The joy of the spirit indicates its strength.

BRIEF ORGANIZATION.

Rutherford Stuyvesant died suddenly in Paris.

Feeling in Turkey is growing more bitter against the Greeks.

It is expected that the Tariff bill will have been enacted by August 1.

The German-American sharpshooters from New York arrived in Berlin.

The communication of the Powers' note on Crete was delayed for modifications.

Ground was broken on Spuyten Duyvil Hill for the Hendrik Hudson monument.

Advices at Hong Kong say that the Macao boundary dispute is growing more acute.

Japanese trade and navigation have been hit hard by the South China boycott.

The French dirigible balloon Ville de Nancy made a successful flight over the Longchamps race course.

Henri Lemoine, the diamond swindler, was sentenced at Paris to six years' imprisonment and a fine of $600.

Joseph Gruber, eighteen, shot himself dead in the street in Williamsburg, N. Y., while chatting with women and children.

Advices from Bogota strongly indicated that there had been a revolution in Colombia, and that General Reyes was a fugitive.

The Tauern Railway, which cost $62,500,000, connecting Gastein and Spittal, thirty miles apart, was opened by Emperor Francis Joseph.

A rebellion has begun at Barranquilla, Colombia, to overthrow General Holguin, the acting President, and place Valencia in power.

China's Charge d'Affaires in Havana protested against a consular report charging that many Cuban women married to Chinese had disappeared after going to China.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Stanley Ketchel received the decision over "Billy" Papke in a twenty round fight in California.

Yale will be particularly well off for swimmers next season, with much veteran material on hand.

The 'varsity letter at Lafayette is presented to any track athlete who makes twelve points or more in the season's meets.

Glenn H. Curtiss made a successful flight in his aeroplane, but the wind prevented a trial for the Scientific American prize.

"Bob" Peach, a septuagenarian, of New York City, won the aged boatmen's race from the Battery to Robbins Reef and back.

Commodore W. C. Towen's schooner yacht Tammany won the Cape May race on time allowance, the schooner Eclipse being the first to finish.

At Denver, Col., Harold Brinker won a 290-mile race over the Brighton course. Eaton McMillen was second; Joe Matson, Detroit, was third.

Edward Morley, one of the crew in an eight-oared shell participating in the regatta of the New England Amateur Rowing Association, was drowned after the boat capsized.

If Penn has Ballard, Greene, Harris and Mercer on its freshman team next year there will be four men good enough to win any freshman track meet all by themselves.

Kaiser's Son to Compete.

The Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany will send his boat, Angela, to compete in the yacht races to be held off Marblehead, Mass.

Ancient and Modern.

The difference between ancient and modern slang was amusingly illustrated when the teacher of English literature asked, "What is the meaning of the Shakespearean phrase, "Go-to?" and a member of the class replied, "Oh, that is only the sixteenth century expression of the modern term, "Come off!" The two phrases, while apparently opposite, do, in fact, substantially mean the same thing.

ORIGIN
Of a Famous Human Food.

The story of great discoveries or inventions is always of interest.

An active brain worker who found himself hampered by lack of bodily strength and vigor and could not carry out the plans and enterprises he knew how to conduct, was led to study various foods and their effects upon the human system. In other words, before he could carry out his plans he had to find a food that would carry him along and renew his physical and mental strength.

He knew that a food which was a brain and nerve builder (rather than a mere fat maker) was universally needed. He knew that meat with the average man does not accomplish the desired results. He knew that the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centres is made from Albumen and Phosphate of Potash obtained from food. The he started to solve the problem.

Careful and extensive experiments evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous food. It contains the brain and nerve building food elements in condition for easy digestion.

The result of eating Grape-Nuts daily is easily seen in a marked sturdiness and activity of the brain and nervous system, making it a pleasure for one to carry on the daily duties without fatigue or exhaustion.

Grape-Nuts food is in no sense a stimulant, but is simply food which renews and replaces the daily waste of brain and nerves.

Its flavour is charming, and being fully and thoroughly cooked at the factory it is served instantly with cream.

The signature of the brain worker spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on each genuine package of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason" for the famous little health classic, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Greatest Influence in My Life

By General Nelson A. Miles

THE influences that affect one's life may be innumerable. The lights and shadows along the pathway of life affect us for the moment and leave their lasting impressions upon the memory. The lights inspire and elevate; the shadows alarm, restrain and protect us. In the same way our presence and influence affect the lives of others either for good or evil. Far superior and transcending all other influences has been the beneficent presence of those true and pure spirits who have accompanied me on this journey of life.

A father who was the soul of honor, whose integrity was as sacred as life, and who was one of the truest patriots I have ever known. He had the courage of his convictions, frank and manly in expressing his opinions and judgment of men and affairs; as brave as a lion yet as kind hearted and tender as a child. He loathed a hypocrite. Intrigue and deception were foreign to his nature. His ideas of truth and duty were inspiring and ennobling. A sainted mother whose blessed influence from the time she first taught me to lisp a prayer was the true light and guide of my life. The tenderest affection, the gentlest admonition, the deepest love, the sweet melody of her sacred music touched and forever impressed the better chords of heart and soul, and their influence was ever present as a true inspiring and cherished memory.

The splendid influence of a noble brother who was the highest type of American character and citizenship; also the refining influence of two devoted sisters who were the light and joy of a happy home.

Last, but not least, and embodying all the good influences of those above mentioned, was the companion of my life, who made life with all its struggles, its conflicts, its adventures, and achievements as far as possible a romance and a success. To these influences I would attribute whatever there is of my life that is commendable and satisfactory.—The Circle Magazine.

Are Tubercle Bacilli Friends, Not Foes?

By Charles E. Page, M. D.

IT is about time, as it seems to me, for us to restore the people to their wits, from which the bacteriologists and germ theorists have frightened them by means of scare tales concerning the alleged danger from "germs." When soldiers go into battle it is manifestly important for them to know friends from foes. Instances have been known in which squads of the same army, in the dark or in the smoke of battle, have fired into each other, causing a bloody sacrifice and at risk even of utter rout by the enemy. That the same sort of thing may occur—that it has, in fact, occurred—in war against disease is susceptible of proof; and I would cite the experience of three eminent physicians, after quoting the remarks of Professor Jacobi that "it may be possible that we can learn how to poison and exterminate the so called germs, but in so doing we may kill the patient!"

The experience of Drs. Babl. Perron and Gimeno (Lancet, April 30, 1898) is of great significance in hearing out Professor Jacobi's dictum: "When dealing with tuberculosis of the lungs, the microscope having revealed the presence of the Koch bacillus, but the patient is without fever, night sweats, or yellowish green sputa, the results from experiments with serum from donkeys were somewhat amazing as well as disastrous. Treated with the serum, their general health seemed to improve (poison stimulation, says the present writer), and the number of Koch bacilli decreased in notable proportions. In two cases the last sputa examined showed that the bacilli had entirely disappeared; but with the disappearance of the specific bacillus of tuberculosis hectic fever set in, and one patient died in eight days and the other in ten, with the symptoms of septic poisoning."

Man Incompetent

He Cannot Support His Daughters and Forces Them to Work

By Benjamin Macmahon

IN my opinion it is adding insult to injury for women to be told, as by Bishop Doane, that they have "elbowed" their way into the industrial world, and by obtaining work have deprived men of it. As truly might it be said that the 400 unfortunate Englishmen and women elbowed their way into the Black Hole at Calcutta. They were driven in; and the little girls (for statistics show that 92 percent of female workers start before attaining the age of 16) are equally driven from home and school into industrial and commercial life.

Far from being able to protect and support their females, men have unmistakably shown that they cannot protect themselves. They have allowed themselves to be robbed and despoiled of everything beyond a mere living. The report of the United States Bureau of Labor shows that the average wage of adult male labor during 1907 (the latest figures available) was $10.08 per week.

No one who realizes how small is the purchasing power of this sum in the human necessities of shelter, food, and clothing can reasonably deny my contention that the average man has shown himself unable to protect himself as head of a family. He is therefore compelled to drive his children out at the earliest possible moment to make their own meagre living.

And the worst of the whole matter is he is satisfied with himself. Instead of realizing that he is economically (and spiritually, too) "poor and blind and miserable and naked" he is puffed up with a sense of his importance as a voter—an importance which he refuses to share with his womenkind.

The Senior Senator On Stilts

(Senator Bradley, of Kentucky—From the Congressional Record)

NOW, Mr. President, I do not want to talk anybody to death. I have tried to be as modest as I could. I know that a junior Senator stands mighty little chance in this body. When I came here one of my old friends in the Senate came to me and said: "Be careful, Senator; remember you are nothing but a junior. Keep quiet. If you venture, these senior Senators will take you in out of the wet." I have heard my mother talk about the bogy man and all that sort of thing, but I will tell you honestly that I have been alarmed ever since I have been in Washington, and what I stand in dread of is the presence of the senior Senators in this body.

There are a great many dangerous things in this world. Automobiles are dangerous things; they are liable to run over you and kill you. Electric cars are dangerous things; they are liable to run over you and kill you. But there is nothing on this earth that can compare in point of danger with a senior [illegible] when he stands properly on his stilts.

I Love a Little Maid.

I love a little maid with funny, frightened face,
The pink and white, a pouty pucker, too—
Trim spout, curved handle, and a narrow band
Of dull, worn gold—in places quite worn through.

A little maid with funny, frightened face,
A parasol tip-tilted o'er her head,
Is running on it such a foolish race—
Now why could she not sit or stand instead?

Ah, now I see the sequel to the tale!
A lover—pink and white—in haste pursues;
His steps are wide and yet they always fail—
He cannot catch the maid in pointed shoe!

Now tell me why it was in Grandma's time
They painted teapots—and the cups to match—
With girls and girls, of every race and clime,
So very frightened and so hard to catch?

—Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

THE UNDYING PAST

She was the prettiest of maids, in the daintiest of sunbonnets; but his eyes were fixed on the little white gate. He approached it with reverential steps. It was here they had met, it was here they had parted. That summer of '88, never had there been such another summer. He felt himself senile, prehistoric. Involuntarily his shoulders bowed, his face grew creased with wrinkles.

It was not until he raised his eyes and saw himself observed by the lady that he regained his youth.

Though startled, he lost nothing of his customary grace.

"I crave your pardon," he murmured, doffing a hat which disclosed no grizzled locks.

She granted it with a gracious bow, and then, as he still lingered raised inquiring, almost protesting eyebrows.

Was she not a woman—would she not sympathize with his pilgrimage! He resolved to confide in her.

"I am revisiting," he said accordingly, "the scenees of my boyhood."

"Indeed," said she. "It was some time ago?"

"Twenty years," he sighed, "by the calendar; my memory, yesterday."

"You see," he explained—diffuseness was not one of his failings—"she was my first love."

"How romantic. Do you remember her name?"

"I shall never forget it. Her name—he groped in the recesses of his memory—"her name was Mabel."

"Mabel," echoed the young lady, her lips between her teeth.

"It was here"—he laid his hand affectionately upon the gate—"we first met."

"It's wet," she warned him.

He withdrew his hand hastily.

"It had just been painted," he mentioned as a strange coincidence, "on that unforgettable day. She had on a white frock, but I wore a red blazer; I went to bed without tea that night. At the time it struck me as a hardship, but now to feel again the divine thrill, I would gladly suffer such martyrdom."

"Twenty years," he mused. "Time is a curious whirligig. Everything is gone, but the old gate remains."

She shook a regretful head.

"It's a third I remember; it was put up yesterday."

"At any rate," he consoled himself, after a momentary pause, "it's where the old gate used to stand."

The girl hesitated and glanced at a spot some yards lower down, but being unwilling, perhaps, to shatter another illusion her peace.

"I feel," mentioned the young man, "as though I were again seven."

"Was it exactly 20 years ago?"

"This very month," he assured her.

"You were not then born."

She admitted the fact.

"And you came," she suggested "to visit her—shrine?"

"Her tomb," he corrected. "My little sweetheart slumbers beneath the sods of 20 years. Her only monument is doubtless a stout matron, and her epitaph 'Mrs. Somebody.' And yet I am probably her only mourner."

"Your constancy is remarkable," [illegible] "to be constant to a memory. It's not until one's ideal materializes, that the strain comes."

"She may not be stout," remarked the girl, seeking to cheer him. "After all, 20 years. . ."

"It was hereditary," he said sadly "The fear haunted me even then."

He glanced at the house.

"That was her window," he indicated.

"Oh," said the girl, "oh, really."

"Every morning I would come and whistle beneath it, and she would pull the curtains on one side and smile down at me. We would go out together and awaken the larks to emulation—I taught her to cycle."

"To cycle," half protested his listener, "20 years ago!"

"It was early in the morning," he reminded her, half reproachfully, "and we saw no harm in it. The bicycle was much taller than we were, which made mounting difficult, and dismounting less difficult, perhaps, but even more dangerous."

"You were on a holiday!"

"A month. How we wept at parting—here, at this self-same gate, or rather, what was the gate then. I broke a sixpence in half, I remember, for a keepsake." He smiled reminiscently and glanced at his hand. "I have the scar still."

"And to think that you should be living here."

The girl stood at him with puckered [illegible]

"Well, yes," he admitted; "one can not expect a constancy of a house."

The remark drew a mournful smile to her lips.

"Had you found her here you would have been sorry."

"You think so? You have seen her; she is much changed?"

"She is my sister," said the girl calmly.

The young man gazed at the distant trees in silence for a moment; when his eyes came back to her, she saw they were full of strange wonder.

"Her sister," he repeated, and his voice had taken on a new tone; "and—she—"

"She has not forgotten you" she said gravely. Her voice shook a little as she added, "and she is not—married."

"She is—?" His questioning glance traveled to the house.

The girl shook her head and her eyes sought his as they would read his most secret thoughts.

"She returns tomorrow; If you still care—to meet her, you may come and have tea with us. If not—I shall say nothing of this meeting."

"Thank you," he said quietly; "I shall be here."

But she, as his footsteps died away down the road, shook her head doubtfully.

As a footstep sounded on the gravel path a girl looked up with a start.

"You?" she cried almost in dismay.

"You didn't expect me?"

seemed to bear out her statement, or, if visitors had been expected, but sparse provision had been made for them.

"Your sister has not arrived?"

She nodded assent and her eyes sought the tip of a restless shoe.

"I'm so sorry" she murmured, after a slight pause.

He smiled consolingly. "After 20 years," he said cheerfully, "another day—"

"I don't mean that," she hesitated and flushed. "I—I haven't a sister." Her eyes now met his bravely.

"But—"

"I know. I told a lie." Her voice was firm, thought the effort was apparent—the tone of a sinner who awaits punishment, white-faced, but unshrinking. "I thought you were telling a story. Don't interrupt please, I said the girl was my sister to frighten you. I never dreamed you would come this afternoon.

Her white hand quivered as it lay on the table, and she bent her head before him.

"I thought you made up the story as an excuse to speak to me."

The young man's lips twitched.

"Don't reproach yourself" he said softly; "I did."—F. Harris Deans in the Sketch.

SQUEEZING WATER FROM PEAT.

One of the Difficulties to Be Overcome with Heat.

The work of preparing peat for fuel has attracted much attenton in foreign countries, as well as in America. The old-fashioned way, drying in air, takes several weeks, and sometimes two or three months. At a meeting of steel and iron workers in England not long ago a paper on this subject was read by a certain Dr. Ekenberg. He said that for a long time it had been impossible to squeeze the water out by pressure. He added that it had been found the trouble was caused by a slimy substance—"hydrocellulose," he called it—produced by the plants of which peat consists. Dr. Ekenberg went on to say that a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit would convert this substance into something else and remove the difficulty.

When it has been ascertained that it was the presence of hydrocellulose which prevented the water being pressed out, the doctor continued, there was comparatively little difficulty in devising a treatment by which the separation of water could be technically effected. It was found that by increasing the amount of heat employed to destroy the hydrocellulose other changes also took place. The percentage of carbon in the peat gradually increased with the rise of temperature and a portion of the components combined to form water. The difference between this process and the ordinary dry charring in retorts was the presence of fluid water and such treatment was described as "wet carbonizing." The decrease in weight during wet carbonization through the formation of water was not to be regarded as an actual loss, as it implied concentration, and there was an increase of the calorific value. A point of great practical importance was that young and mature peat alike yielded a product of about the same heating value.

No light was thrown on the cost of this or the other processes in use, nor was there any indication which of them is the least expensive. Still, the explanation given of the cause of the difficulty formerly experienced and of the way it has been overcome is certainly interesting.

Statute's Grandson.

Josiah Quincy, the prominent Boston politician, was walking near the city hall, when he heard a laborer accost another thus: "That's Josiah Quincy." "An' who's Josiah Quincy?" the other asked. "I never see such ignorance," rejoined the other. "He's the grandson of the statute you see in the yard."

Higher speed on the main lines has been ordered by the management of the German railroads, so that instead of 90 kilometers, or 55.92 miles an hour, it will be 100 kilometers, or 62.12 miles an hour.

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For HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, CARBOL, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, VOMITING, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, and All Troubles of the
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All who write receive the personal attention of Dr. Greene himself, proprietor of the great family medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.
Write Today

Decline of Track Gambling.

Only a few years since race track gambling was widely prevalent. Chicago was among the communities which took the lead in suppressing this evil. Somewhat over a year ago Governor Hughes inaugurated a movement against race track gambling in New York State. Successful attended his efforts to secure the passage of a law which has dealt a blow to this practice. Since that time Louisiana, Texas, California and Washington have enacted laws having the same purpose in view. Last week the Florida Legislature passed a bill designed to prohibit gambling at race tracks. The success of the movement against this particularly harmful method of spreading the gambling fever is a gratifying sign of the Nation's moral development.—Chicago News.

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS


The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Only a 25-cent bottle and if you are not perfectly satisfied I will refund your money. —MUNYON.
FIFTY-THIRD and JEFFERSON STS. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

China will not in the future send diplomatic representatives to other countries who are not conversant with the language of the country.

Ask Your Druggist For Allen's Foot-Ease
"I tried Allen's Foot-Ease recently, have just bought another supply. It cured my corns, and the hot, burning, itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Starting Indians as Farmers.

The Cheyenne River agency will be busy for some time to come, as the distribution of live stock to Indians begins to-day. To each head of family is to be given twenty-five head of two-year-old heifers, and in case he so desires a team of mares, a wagon and harness, agricultural implements, five cows and $50 cash.

TIRED ALL THE TIME.
Languor, listlessness, dejected spirits are often due to kidney disorders. Pain in the back, weakness in the back, sides and kidneys, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders are sure signs that the kidneys need immediate attention. Delay is dangerous. Wilfred Zell, Doylestown, Pa., says:


"Kidney backache and rheumatic pains made my life miserable. I could not sleep well and always felt tired. My limbs were stiff and sore and I was hardly able to work. I was so bad I did not care to live. Doan's Kidney Pills brought quick relief and soon a permanent cure."
Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Meaningless Names.

A Southern priest sent me the other day the catalogue of a girls' school in Alabama apropos of some remarks made here in re silly spellings of sensible Christian names, and absurd and meaningless names, fond though vainly invented. Here are some of the gems from that list: Wyllie, Caryn, Aylee, Buhlah, Dorie, Catheryn, Aylee, Buhlah, Dorie, Marie, Julya, Hellyn, Hyllin, Ruthye, Wynye, Oralee, Donnie. Poor girls!—Living Church.



THE FARMER'S HOME AND ACRES

Pure and Fresh Water.

Be careful to have their water supply pure and fresh. Keeping the chicks on a plank floor for a few weeks after hatching is another good precaution. If this is not practicable, at least keep them off of damp or grape-worm infested soil.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Mash For Geese.

In making a mash food for the young geese, take ground oats and run it through a sieve so as to remove as much of the chaff as possible. Mix this with equal parts of bran and corn meal, and moisten it with scalded milk; mix into a dry mash and feed this to your young goslings. Never feed young growing geese whole corn or whole grain of any kind if you wish to grow them most profitably. Always feed them on ground meals, mixed either with scalding milk or water.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Rations For Ducklings.

Mix about five percent of coarse sand and the same amount of beef scrap in the feed after the ducklings are four days old. For the first four days soaked bread and cracker dust, mixed with enough meal so it will not be sloppy will be found all right. At age of one week feed four measures of bran, three of middlings, and three of fresh cut clover or rye. With the beef scrap and sand added and your coops kept clean, the ducklings will grow like weeds.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Poultry Profits.

The cost of food required to produce a pound of beef, pork or chicken does not differ greatly, although chicken sells for twelve or twenty cents a pound by the carcas, while other meats sell at from four to eight cents. This difference is further increased on the farm from the fact that poultry picks up a good deal of material that would otherwise go to waste, as well as numerous insects that should be destroyed so that much of their food should not really be figured as expense at all.

But there is a greater risk of loss in raising chickens and the cost of labor per pound of finished product is more than with sheep or hogs. Then you must credit eggs produced, which complicates the problem until you get a headache. The net returns, according to capital invested and cost of maintainance, however, leaves a greater profit from poultry than any other farm livestock. If a farmer would keep close account of the income from his poultry, including the amount of eggs and butter consumed at home, he would be surprised at the returns.—Epitomist.

Artistic Farm Homes.

One good, comfortable farm home in the neighborhood is sure to lead to others. The example is a good one. The improvement of the farm home cannot help but have a good effect upon a neighborhood. We believe it is a stimulus to emulation on the part of the neighbors, so that they will vie with each other in the beautifying of their home. Friendly rivalry of this kind gives a rural district a desirable reputation. Why not you, dear reader, commence this work of making your home beautiful, laying it out more artistically, planting it tastefully, and it will surprise you how many imitators you will have. We all try to be as good as our neighbors, and generally some one has to be the starter. Why should not you be the leader in this work of beautifying homes on the farm?

It costs very little to lay out a lawn, plant trees and shrubs and have a few flowers and climbing vines on the house, and the effect is very pleasing. The enjoyment we get as we go along is worth more than the money we make. A pleasant setting for a farm house adds more comfort and solid enjoyment than the same amount of money laid out in handsome furniture or a stylish rig to drive.—Epitomist.

Smut in Seed Wheat.

The following from a bulletin of the Michigan Experiment Station may be timely where farmers find smut in their seed wheat. It says:

"Clean off a space ten feet square or larger on the barn floor, sweeping it thoroughly to remove all spores of smut. Mix the contents of a pound bottle of formalin with water, in the proportion of one pound of formalin to 50 gallons of water, which is enough for 25 bushels of wheat. Do not mix the formalin and water until ready to use them. Thoroughly wet the floor with the solution; then spread on a layer of seed wheat, which has been previously well cleaned in a fanning mill. With a sprinkling pot go over the layer of wheat wetting it thoroughly, shoveling and sprinkling until every kernal is wet on all sides. Add more wheat and sprinkle as before. The weat may lay in a pile for a day, but no longer, for fear of spoiling. Put the wheat into clean bags that have been treated with formalin, and be careful not to stir up the dirt on the barn floor while the wheat is exposed. For drilling the wheat may be spread on the floor in the sun, but it should be sowed promptly after being dried."

Formalin can be had at most drug stores, but if not the station say:

"If formalin is not available, corrosive sublimate may be used, using one pound to 50 gallons of water. Great care should be taken to prevent live stock having access to the solution or to the wheat, as the drug is a deadly poison, and do not allow the mixture to come in contact with any metal."

Pekin Ducks.

As I am a great lover of the Imperial duck with its beautiful snow-like feathers, black eyes, and orange colored bill, I will give a few words in their favor. I would not think of living on a farm without a few of them at least.

First I believe in having pure bred stock, I prefer the young duck and the older drake, as the young ducks begin laying earlier in February and produce a greater number of eggs. One year we had ten that averaged twenty eggs in September, after a heavy laying term in the spring. By securing them in a pen at night, for a few times, they will learn to go there alone, and since they lay about daybreak you are sure of the eggs.

I use twelve eggs for a setting and often have a 100 percent batch, and there is no prettier sight in the poultry business to me than a nice gang of Pekin ducklings.

They should be fed four times a day, say at six, ten, two and six o'clock, their feed consisting of bran and meal, about equal parts, with a small amount of some good poultry food occasionally. Above all things they must have sand mixed with their food, to aid in digestion; say about a handful to the quart of food.

Some finely cut grass, lettuce or onion tops, mixed with the feed is a splendid addition.

When quite young they should not be allowed too much water, unless it can be so arranged as not to admit their bodies, since they are weak, if they get entirely immersed, but after they begin to feather they should be allowed enough water to bathe in, or four feet in length, one foot wide We use wooden troughs about three and four inches deep. If their nostrils get closed with dirt they will soon pass away.

We live within a stone's throw of a nice stream, but since naughty turtles abound our ducks are not allowed the run of the creek, except those we intend to keep for breeders, which when about full feathered are then let go to the creek, as it makes them stronger and helps to develop muscle. There is money in raising ducks, but they must be put on the market early. Two years ago we marketed over 200; the first 15 we put on the market in June; they were between nine and ten weeks old and averaged three and three-fourths pounds at 15 cents. The next 25 weighed 99 pounds at 12 1-2 cents. By the time our next were ready the market was a little off, so our profits were not so much. They are a better paying proposition than the chicken since they are easier raised, and lice and other troubles are not so numerous. I neglected to say after the duck is four or five weeks old we begin feeding crushed corn, slightly moistened.—Mrs. Clara Shanks, in the Indiana Farmer.

Farm Notes.

Breeding for size is assisted by good, sensible feeding more than most farmer realize.

There are times when we would like to give up the struggle and let the weeds have full swing.

For plant lice on cucumber and melon vines nothing is better than tobacco water made from refuse tobacco stems. It is both fertilizer and insecticide.

Every breeder of poultry who has not already got pure-bred stock should make a start in the right direction within the next month by buying eggs for hatching.

Hens turn their eggs twice every day. This is where many incubator people make a mistake. Incubator eggs should be handled just like the hen would handle them.

Cows will live out in the fields both night and day, but a good stable with a liberal feed in the manger every cold night and every stormy day will be appreciated.

If you are working for eggs be careful to select the most vigorous birds for winter layers. Market all the rest as broilers. Weaklings are no account as egg producers.

We can not say too much in favor of the standard brands of prepared chick feed. They save time, make stronger chicks, and in every way are more satisfactory than home-prepared foods. Above all, they are certain in results.

A rule with a good many dairymen, especially those living near large cities, where milk is especially profitable, is to pay no attention to the beef value of a cow. Their idea is that dairy cows are not intended to produce beef, that they can get enough milk from a good dairy cow so that the value of the carcass is no consideration to them.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Central India was recently visited by exceptional rains, which caused the loss of 20,000 lives.

Three pounds of maple sugar to a tree is considered a good yield. This year's yield in Canada was below the average.

It has been frequently noted by aeronauts that the barking of a dog is always the last sound they hear from earth.

New York City is liberal in the matter of matches, as about 11,000,000 of them are given away daily in hotels and tobacco shops.

The reason cats dislike water is because there is nothing oily about their fur. Consequently it is easily wetted and does not dry quickly.

East India, Brazil, the United States, and the Dominican republic are the four countries from which Germany imports most of its supply of tobacco.

The proportion of aged persons in New York City is increasing from year to year. There are 25 homes for these persons in the city and they are all filled.

New York City has the largest railway system in the world, and more persons are being carried witbin its limits each day than in any two states of the Union outside.

Mrs. Fannie Friedman, who died recently in New York, was said to have just passed her 112th birthday. She was born in Hungary, married before she was 21 and had 13 children.

Inhabitants of South Africa always regarded cornmeal as unfit for food until a recent agricultural show, where some American women prepared so many tempting dishes out of cornmeal that the eyes of the South Africanders were opened.

Andreas Dippel, the tenor, was born in Cassel in 1866. He was originally connected with a banking firm in Cassel, but studied music in Berlin, Milan and Vienna, and made her first appearance in 1887 in Bremen as the "Pilot" in "The Flying Dutchman."

In a paper read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers Henry Penton states that the oldest iron ship in the world is the United States warship Michigan, the material for whose construction was "dragged across the mountains from Pittsburg to Lake Erie," where the ship was built, as long as 66 years ago.

In China not only girls but boys change names. When a boy is born he gets a nursing name; later, his teacher gives him a school name; when he is given the cap of manhood his official name is given him; and finally he selects a name for himself, for friends to call him by and for letters.

No portion of Manhattan Island has such a weekly change in population as that section south of Wall street. During the business hours of six days in the week an observer can count 12,000 persons in a walk of an hour through its lanes, and on last Sunday only 47 persons could be seen there in that time.

The Cobra Stone.

Everyone knows that Ceylon is famous for the amount of queer and rare precious stones found in the sands of its dried-up river beds. Among these is one called "chlorophane," a rare variety of fluor spar, which shines at night with phosphorescent light. There has long been a tradition among the natives that a certain species of cobra makes use of this stone to attract insects in the darkness. Indeed, the name given it is "naja-kaller," or cobra stone. A scientist resolved to test this wonderful story during a stay in the island, so offered any coolie 5 rupees to point out a stone carrying cobra. In about a week an old Tama came in and offered to show him one. He followed this guide, and, sure enough, there, under an immenso tamarind tree, he saw a little point of steady greenish light and could faintly distinguish behind a cobra coiled and slowly waving its head from side to side. It would have been desperately dangerous to approach the reptile, and the coolie begged him not to do so, saying that next night he would himself get the stone. He did so, and in rather clever fashion. Before dark he climbed into the tree, carrying a large bag of ashes. After nightfall the cobra turned up, as usual, and deposited its treasure, which it carried in its mouth, before it. Thereupon the coolie emptied his bag of ashes over the shining object, and the frightened reptile, after a wild but fruitless search, crept back into the jungle. The coolie descended, searched the ashes, found the stone and received his promised reward.—London Telegraph.

A Celestial Mishap.

He awoke with a start.

"I thought I was talking to Mars," he said.

His wife was angry.

"If you talked that kind of rubbish to Mars," she said, "you'd be pretty certain to be hit with a meteor that would knock you clean through the

POPULAR SCIENCE & INVENTION

It has been estimated that the amount of wood annually consumed in the United States at the present time is 23,000,000,000 cubic feet, while the growth of the forest is only 7,000,000,000 feet. The figures are based upon a large number of state and local reports connected by the government and upon actual measurements.

It has long been known, theoretically, that the tides act as a brake on the rotating earth and tend to lengthen the day. The effect, however, is so slight that it can not be measured in any length of time at man's disposal. It may be estimated with the aid of certain assumption, and, using the data available W. D. MacMillan has recently made the necessary computation by the formulas used by engineers. He finds for the increase of the length of the day one second in 460,000 years.

Compelling oysters to produce pearls by placingu a foreign substance, such as small pebbles, in their shells has become an extensive industry, in which the Japanese have especially excelled, but the Chinese can claim distinction in the originality of one of the substances often used by them. This is none other than tiny leaden gods, or images, and when the oyster has formed the pearl around this nucleus—a process, says Popular Mechanics, which extends over a period of four years,—the shell is opened and the prize removed.

That the average Parisian has no doubt of the ultimate success of flying machines may be gathered from an article in Popular Mechanics. It states: "One owner of a modern apartment house of seven stories, situated on one of the main boulevards, has put a clause in all leases to the effect that no tenant can object if in the near future the roof of the building is used as a landing place for airships. The owner of another house, six stories high, has set apart the roof as a station and garage for aeroplanes and has invited aviators to use it as a starting and landing place."

All navigators will be interested in the news which comes from Liverpool that Sir Oliver Lodge recently succeed in completely clearing away for a radius of 60 feet a thick fog by means of electrical discharges. The Marine Journal states that the Lodge system consists of driving electricity into a fog-laden atmosphere at a very high voltage from a series of disks at the tops of poles. The current acts directly upon the constituents of the fog, the electric influence whirling these hither and thither, causing them gradually to fall to the ground. A test is soon to be made of the apparatus in London.

MACHINE PLUCKS POULTRY.

East Orange Inventor Has One That Makes the Feathers Fly.

Theodore G. Griggs of East Orange is the inventor of a fowl-plucking device, which poultry raisers who have inspected it believe will fill a want in the industry. Other machines have ben invented to do the work which Griggs procvides for in his machine, but none has heretofore been anything more than an interesting piece of machinery, with little practical worth.

Griggs departs from the lines followed in other machines and introduces as entirely new method. The fowl to be plucked is placed on an endless traveling belt and carried through a series of fingers, which are so aranged that they go over the entire bird, plucking it clean of feathers. The danger of tearing the skin is avoided by the simple expedient of having the fingers clutch only a few feathers at a time. The size of the bird is no factor whatever. It will stay in the machine until plucked, whether large or small. A pneumatic tube carries away the feathers as fast as they are removed.

Griggs is a civil engineer, and never raised a chicken in his life, but he noticed a few years ago, while visiting a friend who runs a poultry afrm, that the labor of removing feathers from the birds was one of the chief lems of cost in preparing the product for market. It is said that the owner of one of his machines will be able to reduce his expenses by 20 percent.—New York Herald.

The Turtle's Coming.

Although not credited with any high degree of intelligence, the turtle, when about to deposit its eggs, exhibits considerable cunning.

It scoops out a hole as if to prepare a repository for its eggs, but in order to delude birds and other enemies the turtle throws the sand again into the hole, leaving the surface rough, and waddles off to another spot, where it repeats the process. Sometimes this is done three times, and eventually the eggs are laid in an excavation within a few yards of the sham nest, the surface being smoothed and flattened down.

When hunting for the eggs the Queensland blacks probe the sand in the vicinity of one of the sham nests and are usually successful.—London Globe.

The Mexican government is importing from Holland [illegible]

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.

Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk-Crust—Missionary's Wife Made Perfect Cures by Cuticura.

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

The first attempts to stimulate plant growth by electricity were made in France in 1783.

Something Entirely Free.

Dr. Greene, of 9 West 14th St., New York City, will send you absolutely free, on request, a full bottle of his celebrated "Dr. Greene's Laxura" for headache, biliousness, flatulency, heart burn, vomiting, indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, and all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Remember you do not have to pay a cent. If you will write Dr. Greene at his office, 9 West 14th St., New York City, you will receive a full bottle of "Laxura" entirely free, postpaid. Write to-day for your free bottle.

The human skin contains 3500 perspiration pores to every inch.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

More than 125,000,000 pounds of rubber are used in the world annually.

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

An Arab drinks nine or ten cups of coffee every day.

"MEMOIRS OF DAN RICE," THE CLOWN OF OUR DADDIES.

Dan Rice in His "Memoirs" Tells Inside Mysteries of Show Life.

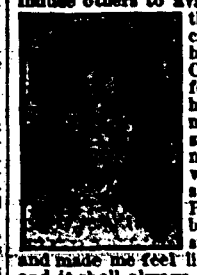
Any bookseller will tell you that the constant quest of his customers is for "a book which will make me laugh." The bookman is compelled to reply that the race of American humorists has run out and comic literature is scarcer than funny plays. A wide sale is therefore predicted for the "Memoirs of Dan Rice," the Clown of Our Daddies, written by Maria Ward Brown, a book guaranteed to make you roar with laughter. The author presents to the public a volume of the great jester's most pungent jokes, comic harangues, caustic hits upon men and manners, lectures, anecdotes, sketches of adventure, original songs and poetical effusions; wise and witty, serious, satirical, and sentimental sayings of the sawdust arena of other days. Old Dan Rice, as proprietor of the famous "One Horse Show," was more of a national character than Artemus Ward, and this volume contains the humor which made the nation laugh even while the great Civil War raged. This fascinating book of 500 pages, beautifully illustrated, will be sent postpaid to you for $1.50. Address Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard street, New York City.

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Camden, N.J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to your already long list—hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 902 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N. J.



Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner Me.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

Most old people must give the bowels gentle, constant help. One candy Cascaret each day does that. Harsh physic, taken regularly, makes the bowels callous. Cascarets do not. Nearly all old people now use this natural, gentle help.

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Each tablet of the genuine is marked C C C.

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Chicks Doing Well?

If Not, Learn Why From a Book Costing Less Than the Value of One Chicken.....

Whether you raise Chickens for fun or profit, you want to do it intelligently and get the best results. The way to do this is to profit by the experience of others. We offer a book telling all you need to know on the subject—a book written by a man who made his living for 25 years in Raising Poultry, and in that time necessarily had to experiment and spend much money to learn the best way to conduct the business—for the small sum of 25 CENTS in postage stamps. It tells you how to Detect and Cure Diseases, how to Feed for Eggs, and also for Market, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes, and indeed about everything you want to know on the subject to make a success. SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF 25 CENTS IN STAMPS.

with Aid of Band.

Major L. W. V. Kennon, now commanding a battalion of the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., in building the famous Benguet road through the mountains of Northern Luzon, Philippine Islands, accomplished a feat called humanly impossible. It took music, money and a mongrel army of 4,000 men to do it, but Benguet road stands to-day one of the remarkable highways of the world. Major Kennon's army of 4,000 road builders did not like to work; when they did it was with slow, sluggish movement.

One day Major Kennon assembled his band, made up of men of all nations, and ordered it to move quietly and secretly to a place where several hundred Filipinos were engaged in drilling holes in the canyon walls, and play a favorite oriental air. Instantly the Filipinos caught the spirit of the music and began to beat their drills against the rock in rhythm.

The band followed the Filipinos along the way and played wherever they worked. From laborers worth about 10 cents a day they developed into musical machines that worked to drum beats. Major Kennon insists that his band saved the Philippine Government thousands of dollars.

Starting an Endless Chain.

Both father and mother struggled valiantly to teach Effie to repeat the letter "A." The child emphatically refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet, and after many vain efforts the father retired from the fight discouraged. The mother took the little girl on her lap and pleaded with her affectionately.

"Dearie, why don't you learn to say 'A?' she asked.

"Because, mamma," explained Effie, "des as soon as I say 'A' you an' papa will want me to say it."

Destiny.

The young woman who had been playing in stock for two years looked with interest at the serious faces of the New York critics on a first night. "It seems different here," she remarked. "How?" I asked. "The critic in our town had been a reporter and they were going to fire him. But the editor thought of the theatres, and said: 'Let him be a dramatic critic. It doesn't take any brains to write about plays.'"

Luxuries.

Luxuries are those possessions which are enjoyed chiefly and almost solely because other people do not have them. All other possessions are necessities. If every one were a Standard Oil magnate, it would be an insufferable bore, and it is getting to be almost that anyway. Luxuries do not connote comfort. On the contrary, they connote litter, indigestion, gout and lassitude. Comfort comes only from necessities.—Life.

Knew It All the Time.

Cocaine is pronounced ko-kah-in, accent on the first syllable; not kokain, accent on the last syllable. Paresis is pronounced pa-re-sis, short a, accent on the first syllable; not par-e-sis, long e, accent on second syllable. And, by the way, why do people say tre-men-jus instead of tre-men-dus?—St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch.

The Book of Human Life.

Alas! It is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn but half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of human passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—Longfellow, "Hyperion."

New York's Boast.

A statistician in one of the city departments, who has kept tab on the business, says that there are as many marriages in New York every year as there are in Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Chicago and St. Louis combined.

Tailors Sympathize with Doctors.

The doctor is the last person whom the average man thinks of paying, and in this he has the entire sympathy of the tailor, who stands just next to him at the bottom of the bill file.—London Outfitter.

Roumania.

Roumania has about 33,000,000 acres of the richest soil in Europe, and were it not for the recurrence of summer droughts it would be the most productive of any of the European countries.

Dolls Are Matrimonial Agents.

Travelers through Servian villages often see dolls suspended in the windows of cottages. The dolls have nothing to do with child life but signify that a marriageable daughter or a widow lives in the house.

Progress.

It generally happens that along about the time one becomes able to recognize true art one loses the knack of being able to take advantage of business opportunities when they present themselves.

Wasted Energy.

"Nursin' a grouch," said Uncle Eben, "is like neglectin' de flowers an' vegetables an' puttin' in yoh time tendin' de weeds."—Washington Star.

Some Consolation.

"It's a mighty good thing sometimes," remarked the observer of events and things, "that the mirror cannot make any verbal reflections."

Large Army in Railroad Shops.

American railroad shops employ [illegible] men earning $900,000,000 a

GOLF CLUB NOTES

Last Saturday the qualifying round for the championship was played and the following qualified:

Marston 81, Davis 82, Wild 84, Wasson 94, Sloan 94, Hayes 95, Veit 95, Naylor 96, Edgecumbe J. C. 97, Hansel G. 98, Buckley 98, Gellatly 99, Fraser 99, Talcott 99, Kendall 99, Hansel C. 100.

The draws call for the following matches to be played next Saturday: Talcott vs. Gellatly, Kendall vs. Buckley, Wild vs. Edgecumbe, Hansel G. vs. Fraser, Davis vs. Wasson, Hansel C. vs. Hayes, Marston vs. Naylor, Veit vs. Sloan.

The finals of the handicap tennis tournament was won by Marston, who beat S. Wrenn 3 out of 5 sets in the best tennis seen on the courts this summer.

It is the intention of the committee to try and arrange tennis matches with Roselle and Westfield.

An automobile accident in which Mrs. James Reynolds lost her life occurred Sunday evening in front of the Wheatsheaf hotel, south of Roselle. The woman, riding a bicycle, turned from Chestnut street into Rahway avenue just as Thomas Watson of Orange swung his car around the corner from the opposite direction. In the collision the woman's neck was broken. Mrs. Reynolds' death was seen by her three children. The driver of the car is under bail for homicide, pending the action of the grand jury.

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FOOD FLAVORS, 28 varieties
PERFUMES, 13 varieties
Serial No. 1643, under Pure Food and Drugs Law.
Why pay for Alcohol? Exclusive territory to active agents.

R. S. GREEN,
546 Boulevard, - Westfield, N. J.

A. C. Pike

HARDWARE!

A few lawn mowers left to be sold at right prices. A full stock of Garden Hose now on hand, all grades and prices, Lawn Sprays, etc. Ice Cream Freezers, 75c to $3.50.

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—Tel. 138-R.—

JOHN DOYLE,

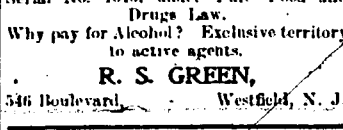
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COME AND SEE

The new and improved Bi-Sight Toric and Pebble Eye-Glasses. Two doctors in attendance to prescribe glasses for correcting visual defects, 9 a. m. to 5.30 p. m.



The genuine crystal PEBBLE eyeglasses, the only ideal that never will be changed, the APLANATIC, INVISIBLE Bi-SIGHT, TORIC, KRYPTOK and other lenses in "LIKIT" mounting or frames. The EASY, COMFORTABLE and STYLISH glass that fit the eye and never pinch the nose.
Glasses repaired. Spencer Lens Cleaner free. We have no agents or traveling representives and only ONE place of business.

SPENCER OPTICAL COMPANY,
31 Maiden Lane, - New York

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Single or connecting rooms arranged to suit tenant.

All improvements.

Reasonable Rentals.

One minute from station.

J. A. POTTER,

OWNER.

CRANFORD

Clarence Schanck has been appointed substitute letter carrier at Cranford post office.

A regular meeting of the Township Committee will be held next Wednesday evening.

Misses Florence and Letty Mathews of New York are stopping for a few weeks at their brother's home, 32 W. South avenue.

Miss Mildred Green of Pittsfield street has gone to Mayford, N. J., for a week's visit with her aunt.

At her home last week, Margaret Mason entertained a number of her young friends.

Mrs. Maria Palmer of Elizabeth is visiting at the home of Mrs. Boice, Miln street.

The condition of Mrs. Charles Day is reported favorable, and she is now safely embarked on the voyage to recovery.

Miss Mary Drysdale of Philadelphia is visiting Mrs. Stephenson of Eastman street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Close will spend the month of August in Conn.

Mrs. Mary Pierson, who has been seriously ill, is convalescing.

Mrs. Frank Cox will spend two weeks at the Saginaw Hotel, Belmar, N. J.

Miss Elinor Bailey was the guest of Miss Marion Wagstaff for carnival night.

Mr. and Mrs. Scholes of Pittsfield street will spend a few weeks at North Asbury.

Dr. C. W. MacConnell reports that the Aldrich child, whose eye was injured on July 4th, is improving.

Mrs. Higbie and son and the Misses Vreeland will spend the month of August in the Berkshires. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bumsted will occupy their house until their return.

Mrs. Andrew B. Renigar and daughter Clara are guests at Camp Marzela, Midland Beach.

Under a law that became effective on July 4, every wagon or carriage used at night must carry lights visible from front and rear at a distance of 250 feet.

Last week in Miss Richmond's parlor, Mrs. Arthur Smith gave a reading from Stephen Phillips' drama "Herod."

The Rahway Democrat announces its purpose to publish a complete list of last year's personal tax assessments so that its readers may form their own opinions of the equity of this form of taxation.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Bauer, mother of Township Engineer J. L. Bauer, died at the latter's home last Thursday.

The A. G. Woods of Springfield avenue started this morning by the Day Line boat for "Up York State," and will make their headquarters until September at Hamilton, Madison County.

This year's excursion of the Baptist Sunday school will take place on August 12th to Verona Lake, by trolley leaving the foot of High street at nine o'clock.

According to the Plainfield Courier News, Metuchen is to have a model post office. Probably it will be a duplicate of Cranford's.

J. Frank Milton spent the recent holidays cruising on the Shrewbaury and Navesink rivers, on the auxiliary sloop Maybelle.

Misses Helen Grow and Anna Gay left for Avon Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. E. Beardsley came up from the shore in their auto last Saturday to see the carnival.

Rev. Jospeh P. Cameron of Dalton, Mass., who officiated in Trinity church one Sunday last summer, has been engaged to supply Rev. John Edgecumbe's pulpit during the five Sundays of August.

Hard work at their trades being insufficient to exhaust the vitality of the mechanics hereabout, resort has been made to base ball as a means of working off surplus energy. Last Saturday the Carpenters under Captain James Carey encountered the Mill men under Captain Clyde L. Bell on the Walnut avenue grounds, the former winning by the score of 20-19. On Saturday of this week, on Torbush's field, the carpenters will tackle Charley Toy's team of plumbers, who ought to have a lead pipe cinch on the game. The carpenters will play the Men's Club on the 31st.

W. F. Cawthorne of the Union County Trust Company, who was not long since a Cranford boy, has been elected a director of the Roselle Park Building and Loan Association. This association completed its fifth year on June 30th, and credited to its shareholders the substantial dividend of eight per cent. The association has assets of $114,603.06. There are 367 members and 2661 shares in force.

The bill at Proctor's Plainfield Theatre this week is an extremely good one. The moving pictures are of high class order, being instructive, and laughable, and sure to drive away the blues. The house is cool and comfortable at all times. From the moment you enter the lobby, you feel an air of comfort and security steal over you. If you have not visited Proctor's Theatre in Plainfield, do so and undoubtedly you will have such a pleasant evening, that you will want to go again.

L. Westbrook to "The Reservoir," Stamford, N. Y.

The A. Bayliss and B. F. Baileys to "The Reservation," North Long Branch.

The J. V. Doniphan Jrs. to Clayville, Sullivan County, N. Y.

The F. Pernases to Bay View, South Dartmouth, Mass.

The C. D. Lakeys to Melvin Village, New Hampshire.

Mrs. H. S. Chandler to Idylease Inn, Newfoundland, N. J.

Mrs. A. A. Hegeman and Mrs. Brymer to Sandwich, Mass.

The W. R. Dumonds to Tobyhanna Inn, Tobyhanna, Penn.

The S. Porcellas to Bolton Landing, Lake George.

The Kenyon Messicks to Sachem's Head, Conn.

The W. G. Hawleys to Avon, N. J.

The John Watersons to Huntingdon, Canada.

The George Hansels to Cotuit, Mass.

The R. W. Blakes to the Sunset Avenue House, Asbury Park.

Mrs. George C. Gay to Avon.

The J. H. Simontons are on the Maine coast.

The E. G. Woodlings are at Martha's Vineyard.

The S. W. Sharps are at Spring Lake.

The F. R. Goings and the Thomas M. Scheidlers are in Europe.

The George C. Hugheses are at Monmouth Beach.

The H. S. Sandersons and Alvan Denmons are at Asbury Park.

Mrs. C. L. Plumb is in Europe.

The D. P. Smocks are at Columbia, N. J.

The Edward Everetts are at Deposit, N. Y.

The John W. Heinses are in the Berkshires.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Six mixed biscuits.

Strange strategic statistics.

What noise annoys a noisy oyster? A noisy noise annoys a noisy oyster.

Fresh fried fish freely flavored frizzling finely.

Susan shineth shoes and socks. Socks and shoes shine Susan; She ceaseth shining shoes and socks For socks and shoes shock Susan.

A cup of coffee in a copper coffee pot.

Three gray geese in a green field grazing. Gray were the geese and green was the grazing.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

She sells sea shells.

She stood in an arbor welcoming him in.

All he holds are old whole hold-alls.

A big black bootblack blacked Bertie.

THE CRANFORD NATIONAL BANK

CRANFORD, N. J.

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Shareholders' Liability, - $50,000.00

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W. W. BUCKLEY, Vice-Pres't.
G. M. HENDRICKS, Cashier.

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E. G. Woodling, W. M. Sperry,
W. W. Buckley, John W. Heins,
M. O. Doering, S. R. Droescher,
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and pleasing drug store service is offered to every customer. No effort is overlooked, no act left undone to make buying here a pleasure and satisfaction. This service costs nothing extra. Why not take advantage of it?

Cranford Pharmacy, J. R. REAY
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Long, practical experience and thorough knowledge of

Plumbing, Heating and Ventilation

make my work satisfactory to patrons.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON REQUEST

Orders receive prompt and personal attention. t-s

Frank J. Jahn,

MILLER BLOCK, CRANFORD.

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House " 181-W.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Township Committee of the Township of Cranford, Union County, New Jersey, to pass an ordinance to amend an ordinance entitled "An Ordinance to Regulate the Opening and Repaving of Streets in the Township of Cranford," and that

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1909,

at 8 o'clock, p. m., is the time, and the Township Rooms, corner of Union Avenue and Alden Street, is the place, where a final hearing will be given to all persons interested in said proposed ordinance.

Dated July 7, 1909.

JAMES E. WARNER,
Township Clerk.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Township Committee of the Township of Cranford, Union County, New Jersey, to pass an ordinance to amend an ordinance entitled "An Ordinance to Regulate the Riding of Bicycles and Tricycles in the Streets of the Township of Cranford," passed August 2, 1903, and that

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1909,

at 8 o'clock p.m., is the time, and the Township Rooms, corner of Union Avenue and Alden Street, is the place, where a final hearing will be given to all persons interested in said proposed ordinance.

Dated July 7, 1909.

JAMES E. WARNER,
Township Clerk.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Township Committee of the Township of Cranford, Union County, New Jersey, to pass an ordinance to establish and adopt a grade for Miln street in the Township of Cranford, Union County, New Jersey, and that

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1909,

at 8 o'clock p. m., is the time, and the Township Rooms, corner of Union Avenue and Alden Street, is the place, where a final hearing will be given to all persons interested in said proposed ordinance.

Dated July 7, 1909.

JAMES E. WARNER,
Township Clerk.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Township Committee of the Township of Cranford, Union County, New Jersey, to pass an ordinance establishing and adopting a grade for part of Springfield Avenue in the Township of Cranford, and that

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1909,

at 8 o'clock p. m., is the time, and the Township Rooms, corner of Union Avenue and Alden Street, is the place, where a final hearing will be given to all persons interested in said proposed ordinance.

Dated July 7, 1909.

JAMES E. WARNER,
Township Clerk.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Township Committee of the Township of Cranford, Union County, New Jersey, to pass an ordinance establishing and adopting a grade for part of Eastman Street in the Township of Cranford, and that

WEDNESDAY JULY 28, 1909,

at 8 o'clock, p. m., is the time, and the Township Rooms, corner of Union Avenue and Alden Street, is the place, where a final hearing will be given to all persons interested in said proposed ordinance.

Dated July 7, 1909.

JAMES E. WARNER,
Township Clerk.

STORE CLOSES SATURDAYS AT 12. OPEN FRIDAY EVENINGS.

All Cranford and Newark Trolley Cars Pass Our Door.

L. Plaut & Co.

"BEE HIVE," New Jersey's Shopping Centre. NEWARK.

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Our 29th event which began last Monday Morning brings into action powerful trade operations, with hands across the sea and finger-tips on America's famous makers of fine quality merchandise. Every effort has been strained to make this a worthy occasion.

SUPERIORITY & PRIME EXCELLENCE BEING SELF-EVIDENT, HUNDREDS OF OTHER BARGAINS REPRESENTING EVERY DEPARTMENT ARE ON SALE

This sale means much to us in the reducing of stocks prior to inventory—it means much more to you in being able to secure

YOUR PRESENT PERSONAL & HOME NEEDS OF SUPERIOR CHARACTER UNDERPRICE

$7.50 Linen wash suits $5.
$10 to $12 Rep Linen Suits $5
$18.50 & $20 Linen Suits $12
$22.50 & $25 Rajah Suits $16.50
$35 to $50 Rajah Suits $25
$15 & $16.50 Rubberized coats $11.50
$9.50 & $10 Lingerie dresses $6.75
$20 & $25 Lingerie dresses $16.50
75c Lingerie Waists 45c
$3 Lingerie Waists $2.35
$1.50 Madras Waists $1.19

$10 Linen dust coats $6.95
$22.50 to $25 Coats $15
$35 to $45 Cloth suits $25
$22.50 to $25 Cloth suits $15
$22.50 to $25 Satin & Silk dresses, $15
$2.50 & $3 Wash skirts, $1.98
$2 & $2.50 Girls' wash dresses $1.69
$3 $3.50 & $3.98 Girls' tub dresses $2.90
$5 Net & Messaline waists $3.89
$2 & 2.25 Madras waists $1.50
$4 & $4.25 Women's sweaters $3.29

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We'll Furnish Your Summer Home

Whether you lack a few porch pieces, or some indoor furnishings, you'll always find our assortments big enough for every need and prices way below belief!

4.50 for this $6.50 Reed Rocker—shellac finish, apron front.



Full lines of other Summer furniturepieces for Porch and Cottage — settees, rockers, arm chairs, tables, enamelled iron beds, rugs.



$3.95 Bent Hickory Porch Rocker

The most comfortable, most enduring porch rocker ever made — cannot give away. Back and seat are concaved shaped to make perfect fit! A favorite for 25 years! Value $5.

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$8. Monarch Refrigerators, $6.95 The famous "Monarch" line for 1909—all sizes and best construction—not to be matched for quality and low prices.

Go Carts, $6.50 to $30.00. A completely new line.

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