

The Cranford Citizen.

NO. 8.

CRANFORD, N. J., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905.

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North Avenue, Cranford, N. J.

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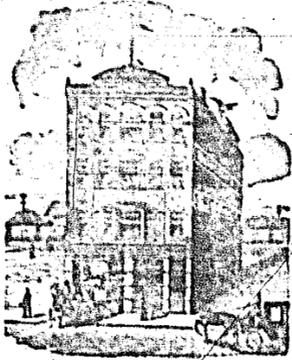
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The Burkely Hotel,

Best Location Best Appointments Best Service

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Miss Waring's Escort

Six shabby dressed men lounged in front of the fashionable hotel. Five, evidently comrades, conferred together in low tones; then one approached the sixth man, saying guardedly, "Are you one of us?"

The man smiled half sardonically. "Now, I've got real things to see."

The questioner turned away in disgust. The man laughed softly, the low, enjoyable laugh of one who appreciates.

A tall young woman whose attire evidenced wealth and refinement entered the hotel vestibule.

One of the five greeted softly. "Who is she, Dyke?" eagerly questioned another.

"Miss Kate Waring of Denver. Worth half a million and eccentric. Visiting Cousin Dorothy. And she in this beastly tramp's rig!"

Miss Waring's stately entrance into the great dining room was arrested by the head waiter.

"This way, madam," courteously. "I will conduct you to the ladies' dining room."

Miss Waring glanced about her. "It is not necessary," calmly. "I will remain here."

"Pardon me, madam, but ladies with out escorts are served in the room at the right. I will conduct madam."

Miss Waring's calm glance surveyed the small crowded room at the right and then returned to the great, cool room in which she stood, with palms and ferns in profusion. She noted the fifty vacant tables and the number of ladies present.

"I do not wish to go in there. I prefer to have dinner served here," making the statement tranquilly, with the air of one accustomed to have deference accorded her slightest wish.

"The rule is imperative, madam," with courteous firmness. "Ladies with out escort."

"Reserve that table by the window with the ferns beside it, the third on the left." And the graceful figure turned to the outer door.

There was no hesitancy in Miss Waring's voice or manner as she addressed the group of shabby men.

"Will one of you gentlemen do me a favor?" clearly and unsmilingly.

Six shabby head coverings were off in an instant, and six more or less manly forms bent low before her.

"Thank you all," gravely. "I want one of you to act as my escort and my guest, that I may be accorded the privilege of the scarlet lips curled a trifle."

"of having my dinner where I have chosen to have it. I will ask you, please," turning abruptly to the one who had designated himself as "the real thing."

"Oh, but," began one of the unchosen eagerly.

Miss Waring's face and gesture forbade further words.

"I thank you all for your courtesy. If this gentleman accepts."

"It is a privilege, madam," bowing gravely.

"The real thing," he cried Dyke vengefully when they were out of hearing. "Did you observe his speech and that bow? He's one of the fellows not to watch us!"

"Nonsense, Dyke! There isn't a man in the class as old as he. He's seen actual tramping. I'll stake a thousand on it. Why didn't you tell Miss Waring who you are?"

"Aren't we under oath not to disclose our identity?" demanded Dyke hotly. "Besides, look at me!"

"I ordered a table reserved," said Miss Waring to "the real thing."

"I see it—third on the left."

He led the way with easy grace, a light of amusement gleaming in his dark eyes at the evident consternation of the waiter, who hesitated slightly before seating the serene young lady and her strange escort.

Miss Waring ordered the dinner with precision and discrimination.

"I hope," she remarked pleasantly when the waiter had gone—"I hope you approve my order."

There was not the slightest embarrassment in her manner or composure in her speech—the man was her guest.

"The order is perfect, madam, and permit me to say, admirably given."

Miss Waring smiled.

"Are all of Boston's?" she paused for an instant in search of a word that might not embarrass her guest—"submerged, such Chestersfields as the six to whom I spoke?"

"The others are Harvard students."

"Harvard students?" in momentary bewilderment. "Oh, I know. They are doing penance."

"That is the meaning, madam, though not the term they use."

"Are you?" Rightly, yet with an anxious tone in the low voice.

"I am a genuine lobo."

She passed her cardcase to him.

"You should know who is your hostess," graciously, "and I will ask the name of my guest."

He took out two cards, writing on the back of one and returning it to her

with the card. She glanced at the writing.

JOHN LESTER, BOSTON. NO. 412 BROAD ST. BOSTON.

"Thank you, Mr. Lester. I hope you are as comfortably lodged as your profession would indicate."

"I am, Miss Waring. I can do full justice to the dinner you have ordered. You might remind me if I forget anything. It's a long time since I have dined with ladies."

The tone was serious, but there was a dancing light in the eyes even that Miss Waring caught, and she smiled sympathetically.

There was but little conversation. Miss Waring was gradually courteous as became a hostess, but even a dull man in Lester's place would not have presumed upon the situation.

"I thank you for your escort, Mr. Lester," said the girl dismissively as they passed out.

"I am your debtor, Miss Waring," earnestly. "If I were not a lobo I would ask when and where I might pay my dinner call."

A sudden impulse prompted her reply.

"Tomorrow evening. My present address is on the card you have."

In all her twenty-five years Kate Waring had never before been so courteous or so anticipative. She smiled approval at the card he went up, a slip of paper with "John Lester" boldly written.

She was still smiling when she entered the drawing room, but the smile vanished as she noted the fashionable clothes he wore.

"He was quick to see the change."

"You are sorry I came? It was taking an advantage?"

"Pardon me, I am somewhat disappointed. It was a pleasure to find something genuine. I do not like imitations, not even an imitation lobo."

"It is now that I am the imitation, Miss Waring. The clothes are hired for the occasion."

She held out her hand cordially. "Consider yourself welcomed, Mr. Lester, and allow me to say that the clothes are very becoming."

He flushed slightly.

"It's five years since I've worn a rig like this. I hardly know how to put it on."

Miss Waring led the conversation to topics of interest to a man of education and refinement, looks, "made the drama finding her companion conversant with the best."

"Will you tell me something of your self," she asked presently—"why you are a wanderer and how you live? Even a traveler must eat, I suppose."

He hesitated but an instant.

"I have tramped for five years. I work while in a place till the devil drives me on again—the devil of my conscience. I suppose it will yet drive me back to my face grew grave and his voice harsh, but he kept stoical by one—"to Denver, where I am wanted for the murder of Manuel Laredo, a Mexican, whom I killed on Starlight ranch."

She rose excitedly.

"I bought Starlight ranch last year. Manuel Laredo is among the workmen there."

He sprang to his feet, his face aglow, his eyes filled with sudden joy.

"He did not die, and I am not!"

"Then he's been paid again."

"I forgot," he said, "there may be a dozen Manuel Laredos; those Mexican."

"If that is the case," she interrupted positively, "I have heard the story and can't see the use of the bullet on his chest."

She looked at him, waiting for him to repeat a part of his story.

"You speak of the plate of griddle cakes before Mr. Saunders the morning after his return from Boston. With those Margaret's means, they must have everything there is going."

"I presume to say there's no lack of wherewithal," said her husband as he began to pour maple syrup with a lavish hand, "but for breakfasts they had the worst lot of truck ever I saw."

"I wasn't cooked nor a thing done to it. I expect that hired girl of theirs that I used to hear falling downstairs about 7 o'clock didn't want the trouble of starting her fire in a hurry. But I tell ye when you've had a different kind of straw filling served to ye for seven days running, griddle cakes come just at the right time. Don't take away that scurvy jug yet awhile. It hasn't soaked in yet all it's a-going to. And set the doughnuts and the pie and the biscuits where I can keep an eye on 'em, but ye can remove that glass of water, as far as ye see fit. I've been

stayed in a room for as long as I can stand it. You've got to put on

How Hate Multiply.

A pretty anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said, "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps, and," as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "I went out and kicked the traps all to pieces." Household Words.

South and Works.

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The One Thing Lacking.

ANXIOUS MOTHER. Why don't you marry young man now? He has good looks, good family, wealth and everything to be desired. Pretty daughter. But there is one very important thing lacking: manners. ANXIOUS MOTHER. What is that? Pretty daughter. A proposal.

A Good Distinction.

"Remember, son," said Uncle Eben, "that in this life you're bound to do some things you're sorry for, but that ain't no reason for being 'fraid. Dat you's stannin' of."—Washington Star.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of mankind. —Bible.

A One Night Stand.

Josh—Is Hank on the stage? Josh—No. Josh—Why, yes he is! He told me that he made his first appearance two years ago. Josh—Unhuh! He made his last appearance on the same night.—Detroit Free Press.

How, Four Men!

"Is my hat on straight?" "Yes. Hurry or we'll be late." "Are you sure it's on perfectly straight?" "Yes, I tell you. You couldn't get it straighter." "Then I'll have to go back again, John. You know it isn't straight!"—Cleveland Leader.

Woman's Ooze.

But, my dear, good Olo, a woman's husband is not the man a wife dreams for. She makes herself as attractive as she can for everybody, worth knowing. You must be an extraordinary person if you suppose that I am going in for the red and green transformation treatment for you—stupidly for you. A woman who is really a woman and not a low key player has to watch the fashion as closely as a cook watches a pot, and the married woman of the present day must do all she can to look like the unmarried woman of yesterday. It is the married women who are the most popular with men. It is the married women who control politics, the army, literature and the stage. Therefore can't you see how necessary it is for them to do all they can to remain attractive? Just hair and green eyes? Yes. Blue teeth and amber eyes? If necessary or black teeth and white eyes.—London World.

Inular Ignorance.

I have been told by a Canadian that in discussing with an English general the possibility of sending troops from England to the far east via Canada the latter raised the objection that it would not be desirable for them to travel over United States territory. I have been told of an English official having established shortly after McKinley's assassination with a Canadian on the loss of his president. I have myself heard an educated Englishman express to a Canadian audience his surprise at finding modern civilization existing in a country which he had till then believed to be under permanent ice and snow. Countess of Minto in National Review.

Odd Origin of an Epidemic.

In a house in the English town of Exeter sat two men. One of them informed the other that the last time he was in the town he suffered from influenza in that very room. "In that corner," he said, "was a cupboard where the bandages were kept. It is now plastered over, but they are probably still there." And he took a poker, broke down the plaster and found them. From their "find" the two men contracted the disease, and it spread through the town and worked fearful havoc.

IN PICTURESQUE GUAM.



NATIVES WITH OXEN AND CARTS.

With these vehicles the natives travel all over Guam, often traversing deep valleys and rough jungle paths. The present race of Chamorros, of which these two young men are good examples, is a mixture of the aboriginal with Spanish or Filipino blood. They are docile, intelligent, and invariably devout Roman Catholics. -From the Booklover's Magazine.

MUKDEN.

Mukden, the ancient capital of the Manchur dynasty of China, is a city of 250,000 people. The neighboring tombs of the Emperor's ancestors are the most revered shrines of the imperial family, and their safety is regarded in the Chinese court with much more anxiety than that of the whole population of Manchuria. Like Port Arthur, Mukden has been captured twice by the Japanese—once in the war with China and again in the present war. It is the second of the three great strategic points in the interior of Manchuria, the first being Liaoyang and the third Harbin.



Soldiers of Japan's Modern Army. -From Harper's Weekly.

July, 25,700 guns, 1934. Japanese forces supposed to number from 300,000 to 700,000.

First battle lines one hundred miles long.

Fighting began February 19; Mukden evacuated, March 10, after the battle had lasted nearly three weeks.

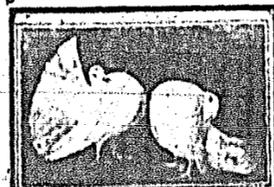
Russian losses to March 11 estimated at 200,000 men, killed, wounded and prisoners, sixty guns, 25,000,000 rounds of small-arms ammunition and immense quantities of stores.

Japanese casualties to March 12, 41,000.

This battle lasted longer than any other authentically recorded in history, covered more ground, and involved more men.

SQUAD RAISING.

Squad raising is having a boom at present. Considerable has been written about the business, much of which should be "taken with a grain of salt." We believe there is a profit in squad raising, but not the huge amounts stated by writers who are working in the interests of the sale of pigeons and supplies. An average of six pairs

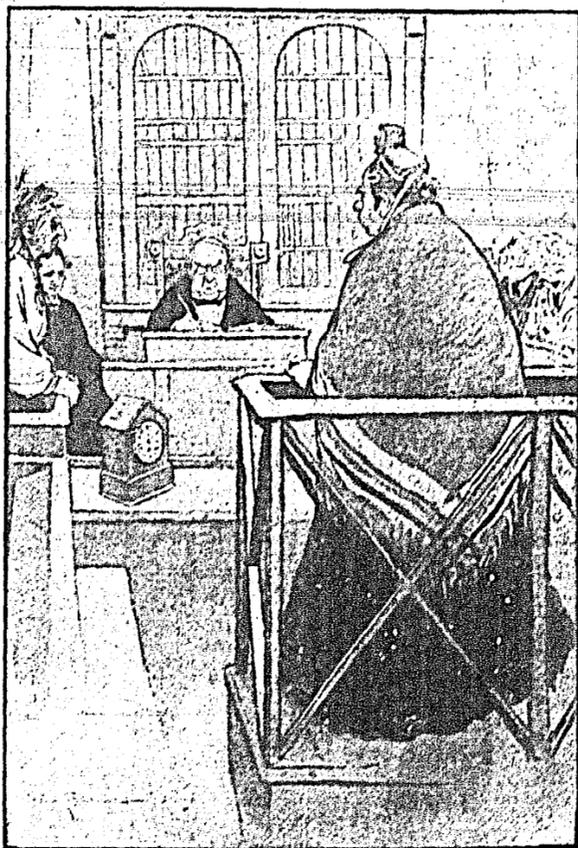


THE PARTIAL-THE BIRD OF PIGEON FLOCK.

of young a year from a pair of old birds, is doing remarkably well.

If you have a nearby market you can make a good profit with that yield. We believe that one man can take care of 500 pairs of pigeons, but the flock should not be crowded. Flocks should not contain over 100 pairs—fifty pairs would be better. -Farm Journal.

THEY BOTH GOT TIME.



Scene: Police court during dispute over and eight-day clock. Magistrate—"I award the clock to the plaintiff." Defendant—"Then what do I get?" Magistrate—"I'll give you the eight days." -The Tatler.

A War Field Mice.

French farmers have suffered so much from the depredations of field mice that the parliament has made an appropriation to aid in the suppression of the pests. The mice are estimated to number from 500 to 2000 per acre in some parts of Central and Western France, and each mouse consumes from sixteen to twenty-four pounds of vegetable matter in a year. Almost all kinds of plants are attacked by them. The method adopted in the effort to

exterminate them is that of inoculating them with a destructive microbe; but the mice are described as "great travelers," for they disappear suddenly and reappear in another place, where they breed with astonishing rapidity.

The Argentine Republic will spend, in the next five years, \$10,000,000 on new railways and branch lines.

An apple-eating wasp took place at Avignon, France, recently.

AN IDEAL RESTING PLACE

"Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away."

Rosedale and Linden Park



Cemeteries

LARGEST IN THE STATE

Beautiful and Accessible

LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

1/2 MILE FROM ELIZABETH, 7 MILES FROM NEWARK, 11 MILES FROM NEW YORK

On Main Line Pennsylvania Railroad

Why Lots in these Cemeteries commend themselves to

Heads of Families and Investors

BECAUSE of the \$1,000,000 Trust Fund provided for by the Trustees in each Cemetery, the income from which will keep the properties perpetually beautiful at NO EXPENSE TO LOT OWNERS.

BECAUSE such a guarantee, not found in any other cemetery, assures lot owners that the grounds WILL BE MAINTAINED PERMANENTLY AS BEAUTIFUL PARKS AFTER THE INCOME FROM THE SALE OF LOTS HAS BEEN EXHAUSTED.

LOTS SHOULD BE PURCHASED NOW

BECAUSE MORE ADVANTAGES ARE OFFERED TO LOT BUYERS in a new Linden Park Cemetery than in those established many years ago, in most cases, no provision made for perpetual care without extra expense to lot owners. THERE ARE A GREATER NUMBER OF IDEAL LOCATIONS TO SELECT FROM, PRICES OF LOTS ARE ALWAYS LOWER AND TERMS MORE ADVANTAGEOUS.

BECAUSE life is most uncertain and EVERY ONE SHOULD ANTICIPATE THE INEVITABLE BY MAKING A CHOICE NOW OF A FINAL RESTING PLACE.

LOTS WILL PROVE A GOOD INVESTMENT

BECAUSE they are sure to increase in value and can be purchased NOW at the INITIAL or LOWEST PRICE and upon the MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

BECAUSE the properties are ACCESSIBLE TO 4,000,000 PEOPLE, and considering the RAPID GROWTH OF GREATER NEW YORK and its TRIBUTARY CITIES and TOWNS, it is only a question of a SHORT TIME when LOTS in ROSEDALE and LINDEN PARK WILL EQUAL IN VALUE those of our MOST NOTED cemeteries.

LINDEN LODGE is the LARGEST, MOST MODERN and BEST EQUIPPED CEMETERY LODGE in the country and is provided with EVERY requisite for the COMFORT and CONVENIENCE of LOT OWNERS and VISITORS who come to inspect the properties.

FOR INFORMATION or a visit to the beautiful Park Cemeteries, and FREE transportation by automobile for buyers, apply at once to any LEADING UNDERWRIGHT or office of the Association.

Linden Lodge, Linden, N. J. 87 Broad Street, Elizabeth, N. J. Prudential Building, Newark, N. J. 708 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. 10 West 23d Street, New York City.

A BATTLEFIELD PICTURE.

Warfare as it Kettle Today With Its Modern Appliances.

It has been a fierce fight that has been waged at Pachtizat. Lieutenant Colonel Sapulski, a brilliant and beloved officer, one of the heroes of Liaoyang and one of the first men who went up Putiloff Hill, who swore to die rather than surrender, was killed there.

Just beyond Pachtizat, under the shadow of a clump of pines in the park of the Imperial Tombs, sits the commander of another division, Colonel Launitz, directing the attack on Santalaise and the defense of Ushuntun. With a swish like that of the silk skirts of a well-dressed woman, Shimono shells burst past—and occasionally bullets whistle by.

Every few minutes the bell of the telephone at Launitz's feet jingles, and he reports to the commander of the army.

Now a Cossack orderly gallops up and reports that the Russian troops are leaving Pachtizat, that the Japanese have seized the village, and with it the bodies of Sapulski and half his Regiment.

Another of the dead is Prince Makneff, commander of the Sangers Regiment.

In the middle of the afternoon, in a cloud of dust and surrounded by his staff and escort, General Kaubitz's caucuses up, sits quietly a few minutes under fire inspecting his position, then continues his rounds.

Grant bullets now and then strike village huts, raising a cloud of plaster or little spatters of dust in the Mandarin road.

Now the fight slackens. The Russians appear to be gaining ground, but in an instant of comparative stillness are heard the muffled thud and shuffle of the feet of Japanese reserves, advancing on the run to restore the balance.

Uneasily sleeps Mukden at night. In the main streets lamps burn dimly. Along dark roads in heavy dust are marching columns.

The cool night is full of the rustle of movement. Near the station, in over-filled hospitals, are heard low groans.

The wounded arrive in a never ceasing stream of carts, and another stream of ambulances moves northward, for the place must be cleared for tomorrow's victims.

The eternal pines whisper above the tombs of Chinese Emperors. In the fields warblers are burning. The sky is lighted with the glare of burning stores and evacuated villages.

Yetties of Insurance.

"How many kinds of insurance are there?" asks a correspondent of the Insurance Press. By a coincidence we received in the same mail the business card of an enterprising local insurance agent in a Western city which claims

to have on sale "all kinds of insurance and bonds." Here is the Western agency's list: Fire, life, safe, theft, credit, patent, marine, tornado, accident, burglary, sprinkler, lightning, plate glass, transportation, tourists' baggage, bank and messenger robbery, tailors' and furniture floaters, physicians' and druggists' liability, travelers' samples, fidelity, official, guaranteed attorneys' department, contract, judicial and court bonds, train, health, postal, elevator, casualty, flywheel, leaseholds, automobile, contingent, steam boiler, landlord's liability, use and occupancy, employer's liability, workmen's collective, liquor dealers' license, general liability, hold-up insurance, bank accounts, Insurance Press.

Overlooked a Fortune.

The man with whom the writer applied a soldier, "Infiltrating" found fellow "engineer" working in connection with several partners. They had a shaft 150 feet in depth and "dotted" from the bottom in their search for gold, but not a penny was left in their treasury.

They had discovered absolutely nothing. The lease was abandoned and all were obliged to go to work for wages. Day after day they had hung their coats across a monster dorsal pile of dark, volcanic rock, protruding from the hill nearby, and given it never a thought.

That ledge of rock was fabulously rich. The miners who followed them went at the ledge of hopeless-looking porphyry at top of the ground and found it fully shot full of gold. They channeled it out, as men might channel for a ditch, and removed over fifty sacks of ore worth \$150 a sack. -Harper's Magazine.

When Man Enters Eden.

Ruddy shrikebills, phalaropes, headed geese, porcupines, terns, teal and wild ducks were all to be seen, and it was easy to approach within twenty yards of them.

A curious thing was here to be seen. These birds undoubtedly migrate annually across the Himalayas from the plains of India. Lower down they had had experience enough of the meaning and danger of a man's figure. Here in Tibet, where no bird had been shot since Bogie offended the susceptibility of his companions, they did not show the slightest fear when the long dusty column bore down upon them.

But after the evening of the 5th, when shooting was for the first time permitted after our arrival in camp the change that came over the fowl was strange indeed. In a moment they became, and they remained, as shy as ever they had been in India. -From "The Opening of Tibet," by Percival Langdon.

A Reading Record.

An old man in Maryland has just finished reading the Bible for the 117th time.

ROMANCE and Adventure.

WIM IN THE FOG.

Passengers of a steamship think enough cause for anxiety as the mist shuts them in its foggy shroud; and the fishermen look upon the gray fog as a enemy. But neither of these can compare, for danger and an adventure experienced by a few summers ago of Coney.

He was spending the season at Manhattan Beach, and it was his every day to take a long swim out into the ocean for a mile or then to return at his leisure. A few of the regular bathers panted him on these trips.

One day, with six others, he swam about a mile and a half. When they turned for home they were into a temporary panic by a fog which suddenly enveloped and caused them to lose all direction. They swam aimlessly for a few moments, Bratton trying to calm their fears by assuring that the fog would either lift or else the tide would carry near shore. The swimmers must courage and began to swim in the direction Bratton selected.

Along Coney Island runs in a shape. Bratton said after he could not remember at of his peril whether the tide was in or going out. If it was in he thought it would carry without much effort on their part to Sea Gate Point. If going out he feared they would be past the inlet into the ocean.

Swam slowly along, and after about two hours, one of the swimmers was seized with violent cramp. Bratton always maintained that as the most perilous position he ever in, for after all the party came through this trouble was to weaken the strongest nerves.

The whole party behaved courageously; not for a moment did they way to panic, and one after another took turns in towing the cramp swimmer. All this time they not even heard a steamboat.

They had shouted until hoarse, but to no avail. After what seemed to be about two hours more they heard the faint sound of a bell. Coming in that direction, they came sight of a bell-buoy, which they judged was the one anchored near Gate Point.

After hunching to the buoy for a while the exhausted swimmers started in the direction in which they thought shore must be. In a few moments were on the beach, half-dead from long mental and bodily exertion. They had been five hours and forty minutes in the water.

HOT BIG BEAR IN A CAVE.

Outing a 400-pound black bear in darkness of a cave twenty feet in side of Mount Hood was the experience last week of three Portland hunters who have returned to the city with the pelt.

The hunters are Fred H. Schindler, S. Hayes and Roy C. Maxwell. It was three days out from Portland and the party stumbled upon the bear's den. Just after lunch they saw and a large rock an opening in the side. It was a hole about six feet in diameter. Maxwell dropped inside, the others following. A candle was lighted and fresh bear signs were discovered. After going in fifteen feet they found at the cave widened out and pitched upward. Hayes was in the lead.

By this time the hunters were in darkness, except for the flickering light of the candle. Hayes was sure he had heard a bear moving about, so he proceeded with fear and trembling. They had come all the way from Portland to hunt bear, but to find along in the semi-darkness of the interior of Mount Hood was not on the program as arranged.

When the party had walked 200 feet from the entrance and were down in the earth at least 200 feet, at the same instant all three heard the sound of laws on the rocky floor and saw two green eyes glaring at them; the bear hearing to approach nearer to the light, Hayes fired instantly. The report was deafening, but as nitro-smokeless powder was used there was no suffocating smoke. There was a half-stifled roar from the bear, and the hair of each man went straight up. Fearing an onslaught all fired a volley of three shots each and awaited developments on the part of Bruin. But the bear was dead. Half the shots had been wasted.

Not only the pelt was secured, but twenty-five pounds of meat as well. Bear meat at this season, however, is almost useless for food. No attempt was made to explore the remainder of the cavern. -Portland Oregonian.

CRUELEST FORM OF SLAVERY.

It is not perhaps generally known that Herman Whitaker, whose new stories of the Canadian Northwest, under the title of "The Probationers," have just been published by the Harpers, is keenly interested in social and economic problems. Mr. Whitaker is now in the wilds of Mexican jungles, trying to appease his nature hunger, and is continuing his social studies at the same time. In a letter just received—the mailing of which necessitated a ten-hour horseback ride—he writes as follows: "These lines are written from a solitary plantation on a lonely trop-

ical river. From where I sit I can see alligators take the water, strange birds fly overhead, bands of brilliant parakeets, strange venomous insects crawl under foot. All about the jungle spreads its deep enormous tangle. Here human life counts for little. In one short month I have seen one man killed and two desperately wounded. Here slavery exists, the crudest form of slavery that the wit of man ever devised—the contract labor system. Last Sunday I passed in a man hunt, for a poor devil of a man who had escaped from his ladies. I joined the hunt, trusting that if the man fell to my end, it might be me. He was not, however, caught. Moderate being! Without food or shelter he will walter through the jungle till starvation or some tiger makes an end. I have seen men flogged with machine blades, and women whipped. At night they are herded in great pens, that are surrounded with barb-wire entanglements; by day, they are watched in the fields. Disease stalks among them; the death rate runs to sixty per cent. These are matters of daily life here, matters of course. No one thinks them of moment. But they are startlingly cruel, and I hope yet to turn my pen in the direction of their enslavement."

KILLED THE MOOSE.

A day or two ago Elijah Morehouse, a young man living at Zealand Station, a son of George Morehouse, was in the woods, not far from home, partridge shooting, when he came across a big bull moose. The big fellow, instead of fleeing, showed fight. Young Morehouse had only a double-barreled shotgun and no ball cartridges, but his resources were equal to the occasion.

Opening out a small pocketknife which he carried, he put it down the barrel of the gun on top of a shot cartridge, and in the other barrel he put an old table fork which he happened to have in his pocket. Taking steady aim at the angry moose, which was steadily coming toward him, Morehouse discharged both barrels of the gun in quick succession.

The barrel into which the knife had been rammed was burst, but Morehouse escaped unharmed. The moose fell in his tracks, either the knife or the fork having gone right through him and piercing a vital part.

Mr. Morehouse secured assistance and got the big carcass home, and is pardonably proud of his exploit. The moose head, a magnificent one, with antlers spreading fifty-eight inches and carrying sixteen points, is being mounted by Avery Morehouse, Zealand Station.

Avery Morehouse, who is one of our subscribers, says he can vouch for the truth of the above. As the moose was killed in self-defense, without license, young Morehouse was arrested and fined \$50, he also paying costs. -Maine Woods.

FOUGHT OFF SHARKS FOR DAYS.

Two hundred miles in a rowboat, almost destitute of provisions and water, and pursued by hordes of sharks that threatened momentarily to capsize the boat and devour its occupants, was the experience of Sam Harris and four South Sea Islanders who composed the crew of the little trading schooner Victor, wrecked on Apataki Island on November 30.

Apataki Island is 200 miles from Papeete, the port of Tahiti. All hands on the Victor were asleep on the night of November 29 and there was no prospect of danger. Suddenly she struck a reef. She filled from the jagged holes cut in her side, and Captain Harris and his crew put off in a float-boat, with only one day's provisions.

Without a compass and with no skill Captain Harris and his men struck out for Papeete. Hungry and thirst combined to tantalize the men, but these things were forgotten when sharks began their pursuit of the small boat. For eleven days the five men rowed toward Papeete. They landed emaciated and nearly crazed, but still alive. The day they reached Papeete the steamer Mariposa left there for San Francisco. The officers of the steamer brought the news there.

Declines the Yellow.

The Waterbury (Conn.) Democrat in decrying yellow journalism says that so far as its typographical appearance is concerned, it does not accord with good taste. Its hysterical headlines and sensational makeup do it to eventual disaster. It is perhaps a fact worth some fact at the present time, but the man who gives his reading matter furnished so that he can enjoy it with as little effort as possible positively dislikes frank makeup in his newspaper. He does not care to wade through columns of such and padding to glean the few items of news which they contain. In the end, that paper which presents the news in a comprehensible, concise and plain manner is going to be the newspaper of the country.

Anti Nuisance Pledge.

Since the stuffing of private mail boxes became a public nuisance in London, advertisers who send out circulars sometimes receive copies back with this notice enclosed:

"National Association for Suppressing the House to House Delivery of Circulars, and other objectionable and gratuitous literature. Members please themselves to return name to the source of origin by post-unpaid—and to boycott the offenders. Envelopes supplied free of cost. No more dried soap boxes banded and left open! Runaway knock! Vaulting over railings to next house! Smearing polished brasswork, etc., etc."

A peculiar method of charging cloth with electricity, in order to furnish heat to the wearer, has been invented by a French engineer.

PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organization.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Nellie Holmes of 540 N. Davidson Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:
Dear Mrs. Pinkham—
Your medicine has done for me what no other medicine has done for me in years with painful periods, headache, and bearing down pains. I consulted five different physicians but failed to get any relief. A friend from the East advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and I am glad to say that my periods are regular, my headache is gone, and my general health is much improved. I advise all women who suffer to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., writes:
Dear Mrs. Pinkham—
I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain had I only known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am glad to say that my periods are regular, my headache is gone, and my general health is much improved. I advise all women who suffer to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

English Shopkeepers.
The biggest news in England is shaking the middle class rapidly, and the shop who belong to the former keep shops in assumed names, while those who belong to the latter endeavor to conceal that they themselves are connected with trade. The conversation of both, however, betrays that they are shopkeepers.—London Truth.

BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA
Face Like Raw Meat—Thought She Would Lose Her Ear—Healed Without a Scratch—Mother Thanks Culture.
My little girl had eczema very bad when she was ten months old. I thought she would lose her right ear. It had turned black, and her face was like a piece of raw meat, and very sore. It would bleed when I washed her, and I had to keep her in a dark room at night. There was a doctor sent on her face when I began to use Culture Soap and Ointment, and it was completely healed, without a scratch. I am glad to say that I have had her since, which is more than I had had her before. Signed Mrs. Rose Luther, 21 E. 14th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Month's Progress.
The girls are very fond of new-made hats and have a feast on it whenever they can get the excuse. In fact, they carry their desire for it to such an extent that it was necessary to pass a law forbidding the making of hats on Friday during the week. All the stores used to be thrown away, but it has to be noted, as it is against the law of the Moor to waste.

Greatest Living Painter of Gardens.
George S. Elgood, the English artist, is acknowledged to be the greatest living painter of gardens. He has furnished a series of fifty water colors, which are said to be the best work he has ever done. A noted operative tender said of them that "each one strikes high C."

CURE YOUR KIDNEYS.
When the Back Aches and Bladder Troubles Set In, Get at the Cause.
Don't make the mistake of believing backache and bladder ills to be local ailments. Get at the cause and cure the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills which have cured thousands.

Doan's Kidney Pills which have cured thousands. Captain S. D. Hunter, of Englewood, Pa., Fire Department, and residing at 2729 Wylie avenue, says:

"It was three years ago that I used Doan's Kidney Pills for an attack of kidney trouble that was mostly backache, and they fixed me up fine. There is no mistake about that, and if I should ever be troubled again I would get them first thing, as I know what they are."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBarn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOEMAKER

W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD. \$10,000 REWARD. I say who who can improve the shoe.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 shoes are the greatest selling shoe in the world. They are made of the best material, and they are made in the best way. They are made in the best way. They are made in the best way.

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SECRETS.
If I could write some gracious lines That those who mourn might read— Some simple, hopeful words to cheer The hearts that grieve and bleed.
If I could speak some kindly words To buoy some sinking soul, And, when some heaver, storm-tossed bark The waves of sorrow roll.
If I could sing some stirring song To cheer some fainting heart— Implant a better purpose there To set a nobler part.
If I could do some kindly deed— To right a wrong that's dear, And bring a smile to quivering lips, To check a gathering tear.
And that I should be glad to land, I'm sure I'd stand, For I'd leave a mark from death, I'd not have lived in vain.
—David J. Evans, in Washington Post.

A NOVEL TRAP

ONE of the first settlers to penetrate into the forests of Southern New Hampshire was Jacob Tyler, a good specimen of the early pioneers, the men who carried the boundary lines of the country in their hands, as it were. On the east bank of the Merrimac he built a cabin for his wife and two children, the youngest a toddler of three years.

In spite of the lack of friends and neighbors the family lived contentedly if simply until an episode befell them that for many years afterward disturbed Mrs. Tyler's peace of mind. New Hampshire was then an unbroken stretch of forest, traversed only at rare intervals by wandering parties of Indians. Game of all kinds was abundant. It was no trouble for the pioneer to keep his larder stocked with grouse and fat venison, for the birds could be knocked down from their roosts with poles, and deer came to the very dooryard.

If the harmless creatures had hardly learned as yet to fear man, the same was equally and unpleasantly true of such beasts of prey as the wolf and the panther. It was not until they had had a long experience with the deadly rifle that these animals realized how hopelessly the odds were in favor of the hunter. After they had once mastered the lesson they seldom forgot it. The mere snarl of a human being became associated with imminent danger.

The incident referred to happened in the spring of the Tyler's second year in their new home. The pioneer had departed early one morning for the house of a neighbor ten miles away, to borrow a mattock. He had broken his own while at work in the field, and was anxious to have everything in readiness for the spring planting as soon as possible. It was a clear, fragrant day, with little wisps of clouds floating lightly across the sky. There was a smell of pollen and soft earth in the air. A few birds, the advance guard of the migratory hordes, had begun to appear about the cabin, and their gentle, twittering notes were inexpressibly pleasant to Mrs. Tyler.

She had grown very tired of the long, white winter, although she had never told Jacob so. The children, too, had fretted and lost some of their color under the confinement, for the snow had been too deep and the cold too bitter to allow them to be much out-of-doors. It was a great relief to them, as well as to their mother, to be able once more to run about the clearing in freedom.

It was soap-making time with Mrs. Tyler. The big tubs stood on a wooden bench in the angle formed by the cabin and the log barn. As she worked, humming a little tune to herself, she could see through the open window at the rear of the house the sun-beaked interior, and the front door which little Parley was "driving."

The boy had fastened a pair of old reins to the handle, and with a birch whip to enforce his authority, was putting the heavy, refractory door through all the paces of which it was capable. Mrs. Tyler smiled with a mother's partiality at the sound of his sturdy baby voice. He was a strong, fearless little chap, his father in miniature. She was certainly fortunate in her children. There was ten-year-old Mercy, already a help about the house.

Soap-making is hard work, but the hardest tasks can be lightened if the spirits of the worker are singing with thanksgiving. There were so many things to be grateful for! Neither of the children had been sick a day since they had left the settlements, and she and Jacob were both well. Spring had come early. Jacob hoped to raise a good crop of vegetables, for there were rumors that other families were coming out to make their homes near them, and the newcomers would be ready purchasers. That would mean visits and the social amenities so dear to women. Perhaps if enough settlers came there would be a schoolhouse.

The humming had almost broken into a low song when suddenly Mrs. Tyler's heart gave a leap, as a frightened cry came from the cabin left. It was Mercy's voice. There was fear in it, and a new note that the mother had never heard there before. It seemed to come from an older person than her little Mercy.

At the first casual glance she saw nothing unusual in the pattern of the greens and browns. It looked so enough and familiar, only she had forgotten that Jacob had left that sheet lying in the patch of last year's dead grass. Her eyes returned to it and remained caught by something curiously suggestive of life about it. It moved slightly, ever so slightly, as she looked, and she saw the pattern of the sheet ripple over it in a sort of expectant quiver. What she had taken for back was skin covered with sleek, brown hair. She distinguished all to a moment, the outlines of the long, crouching form, the broad, eagle head with its square, eager chin fringed with white hair, the two points of yellow light fixed on Parley.

The little fellow turned just then in obedience to his sister's call, and smoothly as all the crouching thing glided forward. The sudden anguish in Mrs. Tyler's heart strove to express itself in a gasping breath that seemed to tear her throat. Maternal rage swept aside her fear, and she flew round the corner of the house prepared, if necessary, to throw herself upon the creature and fight it with her bare hands.

Before she could reach the front she heard the panther scream, the raspy, sudden cry of a creature alarmed and in pain. The next moment she saw its little body struggling on the doorstep. The head was hidden. The stout door, directed by some one within, held the animal's neck firmly between its edge and that of the jamb.

"O mother! Quick! Help!" It was Mercy's voice. The brave little girl had run down from the left just as the panther thrust his head over the threshold, and had succeeded in slamming the door to upon its neck. "Mother's here!" cried Mrs. Tyler. "Keep the door shut tight, Mercy! Tight! Mother'll help!"

Frantically she looked about for some weapon, a stick, a stone—anything that might aid her. Mercy was sobbing with fright. The snarls of the trapped beast grew more ferocious, and with its long claws it ripped white splinters from the pine boards. Animal-like, the panther put its whole strength into the effort to withdraw its head, thus unknowingly imprisoning itself more securely. It could easily have overcome Mercy's feeble opposition if it had tried to force its way inward; but it feared to place its body farther within what it naturally believed was a trap.

Mrs. Tyler was at her wit's end when she noticed the reins still hanging from the handle of the door. The ends were close to the creature's hind quarters, but she darted upon them with a thrill of hope. The musky odor of the beast's heated skin almost sickened her as she caught up the leather lines. Fortunately they were long. She ran back until they were taut in her hands.

"Mother's got the door, dear," she cried. "Now listen. Make Parley go up into the loft, and then take take your father's musket carefully—it's loaded—and crawl out the back window and bring it to me. Do you understand?"

The panther seemed to realize that his chances for escape were diminishing. With legs braced against the doorstep until the sinews showed like ropes under the skin, he tugged frantically and swung his body from side to side. Blood appeared on the edge of the door, but the animal howled insensibly to pain. Its hoarse, choked growling expressed nothing but rage.

It seemed to Mrs. Tyler as if Mercy would never come, but presently the courageous little girl appeared around the corner of the house, carrying the gun. "Mercy," said her mother, "do you think you can shoot him while I hold the door?"

Mercy trembled. "No, no, I can't do it!" she exclaimed, her face growing a shade paler than before. "Then you must hold these reins while I do it," said Mrs. Tyler. She saw that the girl was weak from fright, and she added, "You must be brave, dear. See, mother's not afraid."

She forced the reins into the trembling little hands and took the weapon in her own. She was afraid, in spite of what she had said to Mercy. Her heart beat hotly as she advanced toward the furious beast; but nevertheless she walked close up to the lean, panting side. She intended, that one charge should finish the work. She held the muzzle just behind the left fore leg, where the hair was thin, and fired. The panther made a convulsive leap forward, pulling the reins from Mercy's weak grasp, and landed within the cabin. It died, probably, in mid-air, for as it struck the floor its legs crumpled under it, and it fell in a twitching heap.

The ordeal over, Mrs. Tyler behaved in a truly feminine way. She dropped the gun, and putting her hands to her eyes, began to cry hysterically. "Why, mother," said Mercy, who, on the contrary, felt quite brave now, "it can't hurt you! It's dead!"

Mrs. Tyler gathered Mercy into her arms. "I know, dear," she said. "That's my own weak self. I ought rather to thank our Father, who made me strong enough for the moment to meet the danger—and for giving me such a brave, quick-witted little daughter."—Youth's Companion.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

PRIMLY AND PROUD SLIMLINES
The most very entertaining of the wider women, President Nicholas Butler wonders why women dentists. Incident seems to offer a encouragement for the moratorium of the condition. The frequent reports of rings while traveling attendant to woman's sensibility. When washing the hands, if one has not a jet of water, the safest way is no possibility of forgetting.

HOW TO HANG LINEN.
Always hang table linen in good shapes for it is almost impossible to iron out wrinkles which dry in it. Hang both tablecloths and sheets across the line evenly, with the weight on the warp threads, ends down, for the warp is stronger than the weft, and if hung habitually lengthwise the goods will split across the folds. Iron down the middle, folding them exactly opposite from the way they hung on the line, and they will wear longer.

If clothes have become discolored through improper washing, try for a few wash days the plan of scalding them just before putting them into the last rinse water. This will whiten them beautifully, although it is more trouble. Never take the clothes from the line damp and fold down to iron; let them get quite dry, and then bring them in, folding them properly when they are taken from the line, as this will save much ironing out of wrinkles.

ROYAL SIAMESE WOMEN.
Advocates of dress reform will heartily approve of the costume which is worn by the Queen of Siam. It consists of a white blouse, black knickerbockers and stockings and shoes with buckles. "Siamese women," says the Graphic, "are described as graceful in movement and figure, and as fitting models for a sculptor. Their skin is olive colored, their cheekbones prominent, their eyes black and almond shaped. The Siamese are orthodox Buddhists and are strict followers of their faith. Their religious fervor is shown by the large number of bonzes whom they maintain, and the number of pagodas and sanctuaries to be seen in their country. The rich, not content with giving handsome donations, build and endow temples, in which they spend their ashes to be placed in one line, while the poor give an idol to the temple. The deep religious sentiment of the Siamese is bound up with a feeling of reverence for their King, to whom they give the most exalted titles, such as 'Master of the World' and 'Lord of Our Lives.' King Chulalongkorn visited England in 1897. Previous to that he had sent his sons to be educated in England. Queen Sowaipa Pongsi did not accompany her husband on that occasion, being intrusted with the government of the country in her husband's absence."

FOR ROUND SHOULDERED GIRLS
Although gymnastics are so prevalent these days, there is danger for the young growing girls becoming round shouldered, and probably no one suffers greater agony of mortification than the girl or woman with this affliction. The girl of fourteen can easily avoid round shoulders and cultivate an erect carriage if she will. First of all, it is necessary for her to become accustomed to sleeping without a pillow. A pillow pushes the shoulders forward, and the pillow habit, moreover, is an unnatural one, which civilized folks have cultivated. Babies do not require them and they rather object when one is placed under their little heads.

All day long the round shouldered girl should walk as though she were balancing a book on her head, and if she cannot keep this thought in her mind, let her remember to keep the back of her neck pressed against her collar. This will keep the head and shoulders erect, and help to acquire a good carriage. To strengthen the shoulder muscles and broaden the chest take this exercise every day fifty times in the morning and fifty times at night. Standing in a doorway, spread both arms until the hands touch the door ledge on either side on a level with the shoulders. Grasp the ledge firmly and then step forward as far as you can without removing the hands from their position. Now step backward as far as possible. Walk back and forth in this manner the given number of times. Each time the muscles of the chest are brought into action. When you are seated in a chair be sure that your spine is straight and have it touch the back of the chair. If the growing girl would remember these things and watch herself constantly, she would have no need for gymnastic exercises when she grows up.—Newark Advertiser.

Electric Lights for Colorado Canaan.
South Cheyenne Canyon is to be profaned by a syndicate. Colored electric lights and other "popular" attractions are to be introduced. Possibly Colorado, with her wealth of natural beauty, can afford to endure this desecration of one of nature's temples until a wiser generation restores it as nearly as possible to its original beauty and sanctity.—Fueblo (Col.) Chieftain.

—Pretty—Thing—
The smartest hats are artfully large or quite small. The most carefully studied all bodies and coats is thin line. Skirts are shirred, puffed, trimmed with lace ruffles and erles. The slashed turban with collar, well-spread aligret, is choice. For slender figures of mediocrity is more jaunty than full-skirted redingote. All smart sleeves are built a square military top line, how soft the material may be. This is the season when and rain coats are most in and there are many new models. Long jackets of faultless perfect fit are very becoming to the wearer quite a distinctive look. Many of the hats are trimmed with half-wreaths, rosettes and clusters of large rose foliage. The small hats are worn with costumes of tailor-made severe larger hats add much charm of more elaborate style.

With a costume of cloth bigote is of velvet, white, or ways the same tone—with collar revers and deep cuffs of the velvet. The velvet costumes are popular as, erer, and it is possible to have such a costume made can wear them until quite late season, and they always make a nice frock for fall.

Boydor Chat
We have never known a woman past fifty to be so foolish as to monkey with a chafing dish.—Aitchison Globe. A remark the average woman makes every evening to her husband, as he silently reads his paper or dozes off in his chair: "Well, I must say you are very entertaining."

Success is not for him of folded hands... Sitting with youthful limbs beside life's...

That in her presence for him who wears... Face of his mother and with soul...

At the Captain's Table. As he later cleared the boards and the...

I hope I fourteen of you will join me... drinking to a merry trip. I...

The captain chuckled. "Here, stewards... on my fish, and clear away."

ident Johnson Poor Writer. The letters of President Taylor are...

Cannot Reduce a Rate. The Union... stated in Washington that the...

Fortune Came Too Late. The actress... yesterday of the Grimshy...

Deafness Cannot Be Cured. The deaf... as they cannot reach the...

Irony Congratulations. A very funny... American dentist met...

Popular Cure. The Populists and... have met the special...

Dropsey New Discovery. This is the... best medicine ever used...

Piso's Cure for Consumption. This is the... best medicine ever used...



A NAME THAT GREW. In honor of her Grandmama Wyane, We named the baby Catherine...

THE PLUMED SERPENT. In the forests of Yucatan stands the Indian village of Mani. It is built on the site of a great city...

A THIRTY-MINUTE SAILBOAT. The boat that is here shown was designed especially for the boy who had neither patience, tools nor skill...

The natives will not venture for into this great cavern, for somewhere in the depths, they say, still lurks the mother of the Dwarf of Uxmal.

In the long years before Christopher Columbus, when Mani was a rich city and Yucatan was part of a powerful empire...

So the Governor summoned his guards about him and slit himself up in his palace. Things went on this way for three days...

On the morning of the fourth day there appeared at the Governor's palace a beautiful boy about fourteen years old. He was dressed like the poorer class of citizens...

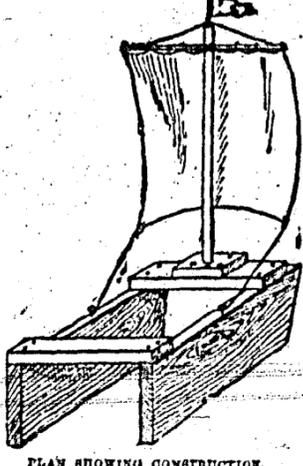
The boy, whose name was Pantemit, was quickly dressed in the splendid clothes of a young nobleman, and eagerly attacked the food which was set before him...

He descended into the well and walked down the great cavern until he came to where the old woman sat, under the tree by the river...

"Ah," cried she, when she saw Pantemit approaching, "here comes your dinner." Then, as the boy stopped at a little distance, she asked: "Well, do the people want to buy water?"

"Yes," answered the boy, and then he said to the serpent: "Shut your eyes and open your mouth, and I will give you a meal you will long remember."

"Stop," cried the old woman. "You will spoil my serpent's digestion forever. Go away and leave us alone. Take all the water you want."



PLAN SHOWING CONSTRUCTION.

diagonally across the centre, and the angle made on each piece was made the bow. These two pieces were held side by side eight inches apart...

On the mast was fastened a cross-arm just as wide as the boat. A piece of sheeting made an excellent sail, and after it was fastened on the arm with a thread and needle...

SHARK HUNTING IN SAMOA. Sharks, the very name of which strikes terror to our Northern hearts, are not so fearfully attacked and killed by Samoan fishermen.

The nurses of the Charling Cross Hospital in London are taught to prepare dainty dishes for invalids.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. MIXING MUSTARD. For table use a highly recommended way of preparing mustard is to mix a teaspoonful of the condiment with one and a half teaspoonfuls of sugar and a little salt...

SWEETENING. Never sweep dust from one room to another nor from upstairs to the lower part of the house. Always take it up with a dustpan where you have previously placed some tea leaves.

TIPS FOR HOME-MAKERS. Use only what you can comfortably afford in good quality and ample quantity. Let your home appear bright and sunny. It is not easy to be unpleasant in a cheerful room.

USEFUL FACTS TO KNOW. Here are a few suggestions in regard to the things which a careful housewife may find it wise to teach the new maid: Teach her to put as much furniture as possible outside the room before beginning to sweep...

Teach her to clean the windows while the dust is settling. Teach her to use a flat paint brush for window frames and latches. Teach her to remove the spots or finger marks on white woodwork with a cloth wrung out of warm water and dipped in prepared chalk.

A USE FOR OLD NEWSPAPERS. Here is a hint that the writer got from the head clerk of a big hotel at a popular Indiana health resort. We know the germs that lurk in dust, and how disagreeable, as well as unhealthy it is to inhale it while sweeping.

One way to prevent the dust from entering the throat and lungs while sweeping, is to tie a small sponge over the mouth and nose. A person can breathe all right through the porous sponge, and it takes up the dust which would otherwise be inhaled.

HOME REQUISITES. A home may be fitted out in luxurious style, and yet if lacking in small conveniences, be destitute of comfort. No more artist or furniture can supply these. The mother or daughters must attend to them, the little things needed in daily experience.

One who has required a string in a hurry understands the perplexity that may arise from the want of a ball of twine or a box or bag filled with short cord.

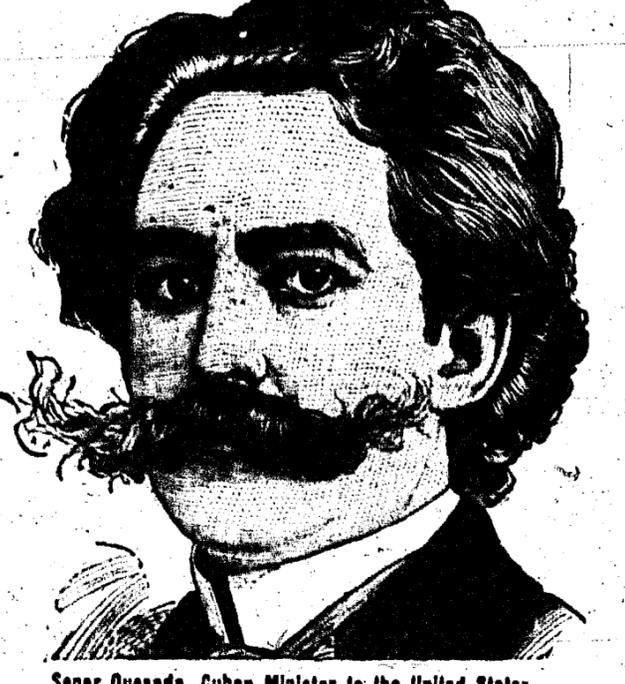
It is troublesome when one wishes to write a memorandum and has no lead pencil at hand. If the pencil is accessible but pointless, matters seem all the worse.

How easy it is to take a stitch in time when everything necessary is at hand, and how difficult when the case is vice versa!

Spools of cotton of various numbers, silk of different lengths, needles of graduated size, wax, emery and sharp scissors—a good supply of these greatly expedite the work of the needlewoman.

In the matter of writing, when the desk is well stocked with stationery, pens, good ink and postage stamps, there is inducement to prompt correspondence.

CUBAN MINISTER TO THE U. S. Recommends Pe-ru-na



Senor Quesada, Cuban Minister to the United States, is an ex-actor born. In an article in the Outlook for July, 1904, by George Kennan, who heard Quesada speak at the Cuban Legation, Havana, Cuba, he said: "I have seen many audiences under the spell of eloquent speech and in the grip of strong emotional excitement; but I have rarely witnessed such a scene as at the close of Quesada's eulogy upon the dead patriot, Martí."

"Peruna I can recommend as a very good medicine. It is an excellent strengthening tonic, and it is also an efficacious cure for the almost universal complaint of catarrh."—Gonzalo De Quesada.

Congressman J. H. Bankhead, of Alabama, one of the most influential members of the House of Representatives, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., says: "I have seen many audiences under the spell of eloquent speech and in the grip of strong emotional excitement; but I have rarely witnessed such a scene as at the close of Quesada's eulogy upon the dead patriot, Martí."

Political Argument. "They say a negro approached Jim Orr today and said: 'Mr. Orr, they say you don't want any negro votes for you.' To which Mr. Orr replied: 'If you were running for mayor, would you say that?' The negro said he wouldn't. 'Well, then,' Mr. Orr continued, 'don't you think I have as much sense as you have?'"

Ought to Stay Dead. A physician in St. Louis, by a solution of salt infused into the veins of a woman who was supposed to be dead, so revived her that she is now believed to be on the high road to recovery. This was all right in the case of this good woman, but there should be some restrictions placed on such physicians. There are some people who should be allowed to stay dead when they die.—Mobile Item.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder, it cures Corns, Bunions, Itchiness, Warts, Calluses, Redness, Swelling, Pain and Inflammation. Allen's Foot-Powder makes new or tight shoes easy. At all drug stores and shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitutes. Sample mailed free. Address, Allen B. Olmsted, Lenoir, N. Y.

The crown forests of Russia comprise 30,000,000 acres belonging to the Czar.

Facts Are Stubborn Things. Uniform excellent quality for over a quarter of a century has steadily increased the sales of LION COFFEE. The leader of all package coffees. Lion Coffee has even more than its strength, flavor and quality to commend it. On arrival from the plantation, it is carefully roasted at our factories and securely packed in 1 lb. sealed packages, and not opened again until needed for use in the home.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS. Cabarets. CANDY CATHARTIC. GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, indigestion, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, food stuck in the mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow skin and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It starts chronic ailments and long years of suffering. No matter what ailment you are taking CABARETS today, for you will never get well until you get your bowels right. Take our advice, start with Cabarets and you will have absolute guarantee to cure of money refunded. The original tablet stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

Three Roses and Another

By JOANNA SINGLE

Dr. John Dunham knew what he did not want. He could also instantly recognize what he did want when he saw it. These traits had been of use to him in working his way through college, through medical school after that and into a flourishing practice now two years old.

In love as in business it was the same, only the girls he had thus far met were undoubtedly the ones he did not want. Dr. John's black eyes were always on the alert quest of an unknown girl the thought of whom he linked with the thought of roses. She did not appear. He was thirty-two and beginning to think he had missed her and was deciding to devote his spare time entirely to rose culture when the no longer expected happened.

In September he went, with a colleague, Frederick Mayne, M. D., to a medical convention in St. Louis. Seated at the formal banquet, he looked up, just across the table, at her! And then he seemed to have always known that she was small and blond, with the sweet delicacy of a pink tea rose, that her head was poised like a flower and that breeding and courage showed in every feature and gesture.

Instantly the thought of her as his mounted to his head like wine, and his look met hers with an intensity that made her eyes droop. He turned coolly to Mayne beside him and said in a low tone:

"Look carefully at this ring on my finger, and don't glare up. I want to ask a question. Who is she?"

"Strangely enough, Mayne knew who 'she' was.

"Dean Carroll's daughter, Rose," he replied. Then as they both looked up carefully he continued, "I may as well tell you that I shall try to get her." Choking back a senseless anger, trying to realize that Mayne had as good a right to want her as he, Dunham answered quietly:

"And I may as well tell you that you have me to work against. I shall do my best."

At the reception following John Dunham accosted his old professor, Dean Carroll, shook hands and asked:

"Doctor, please introduce me to your daughter."

"Certainly, my boy—with pleasure. But—and the old man laughed—"I warn you."

"It's overabundantly too late, doctor. All I ask of you is not to tell her I wanted to meet her and—not to praise me to her." The serious eyes of the young man checked the old man's smile.

"Upon my soul! I believe you're in earnest!"

"I warn you that I am." Dean Carroll looked Dr. John Dunham over carefully from head to foot. Then he held out his hands.

"I wish you luck," he said slowly. "You're as open now as you were during the four years I knew you at college and in your success since. Your tactics are worthy of a general and victory. Come along. But perhaps you'd like me first to suggest to her that you're a dangerous character!" John laughed contentedly.

"Better than eucalyptus."

Rose Carroll met her father's old pupil none the less graciously because he was tall and strong and because the heavy, dark hair framing his handsome face was touched with gray. In fact, he was so interesting that she met him with an armor of protective resistance beneath her graciousness. She was used to easy victories over her admirers, but not anxious, though she was on the alert, for her own Waterloo. There was time enough for that.

John began well. While deferential, he was not adoring; while entirely appreciative, he was not insistent in his enjoyment of her society, which he accepted with a sort of seemingly transient spirit of camaraderie that plucked her a little. Several times during the evening he drifted carelessly back near her and watched with amusement Mayne's breakneck endeavor to make use of his time to impress his rather ponderous personality upon the girl. Dunham asked permission to call next day.

He did call and was carelessly entertaining. He let himself go, showing his real self, speaking of his youthful adventures in the west, of his roses at home and leaving a sort of an impression that he was a man into whose life women had entered little and that they were to him a sort of pleasant relaxation from workaday cares.

Rose found herself putting forth unusual efforts to please this man, who was not, as others, apparently in the least subjugated by her charms. He did not stay long, but as he arose to go he unwrapped a long, slender parcel he had been holding, crushed the tissue paper in his fingers—and put one perfect white rose into her hand. He laughed down into her eyes.

"I wanted to give you a red one, only"—The significance of his tone and his hesitation made her rise to his throat.

"Only you didn't dare!" she laughed for him.

"Oh, I dared," he replied coolly, "but I thought I wouldn't—yet! The best for the last, you know!" And he left her trying to decide whether he meant anything or nothing. As he went out he met Mayne entering with a large sorter's box, and during his call he had learned that she was leaving the next day for home. When reached his office he looked up the "bound books."

Next morning at 7:55 he walked up to the station. Just around the corner on the platform he saw Rose Carroll smiling at Mayne, who carried her suitcase and a great bunch of pink carnations. Before they saw him he stepped back into the waiting room, bought a ticket to the next town north and kept out of sight until the train came in. He swung on the rear platform, while Mayne, triumphant in his moment of favor, put the lady into a seat and bestowed her luggage about her. As the train pulled out Dunham looked from his window in the smoker and beheld the idyllically adoring face of Mayne, who was waving his farewell.

When he had smoked a long black cigar John Dunham, slung over his shoulder a bag, stepped suddenly at a quick exclamation:

"Why, Mr. Dunham?"

He looked down and saw, with apparent surprise, Rose Carroll, blushing and smiling. He removed his hat, but made no effort to take the seat which she had cleared for him beside her.

"Miss Carroll! So this is your train—how pleasant! Lovely day, isn't it?" "Would you sit down?" she asked, a little timidly. And he did and went on talking so carelessly and yet so meaningfully, so brightly and still so seriously, that it seemed to her but a moment or two before he looked from the window and stood up. Drawing a slender parcel from his pocket, he unwrapped a single, long stemmed pink rose.

"I must get off here in order to get back to an important case with your father. I only got on to tell you goodbye. Didn't want to interfere with Mayne at the station. I can't compete with his floral generosity," and he laid the rose in her lap, "but this is to remind you that some day I shall bring you that red rose." He was gone, without touching her hand in farewell. She sat gawping, pleased, astonished, half angry, but completely interested. She looked at the pink rose. Then she tossed the carnations from the window and wondered how in the world John Dunham had managed to obtain her promise to answer his letters.

Thereafter Dunham wrote her not regularly, but when the fancy seemed to seize him—whimsical, vigorous, joyful, unassuming letters, wholly free from all book-making. She answered, and sometimes when he was very busy he called her up on the long distance phone in lieu of a letter. Meanwhile Mayne had sent hundreds of flowers, had written ponderously sentimental epistles and heaved many ponderous sighs. "Twice he had gone to see his divinity, and on his last call her lack of interest in his elaborate mention of Dunham raised suspicion in his slow but relentlessly logical mind. On his return he summoned John Dunham's office.

"Morning, old man."

"Morning, Mayne. Enjoy your visit?"

"How the deuce did Dunham know he'd been away? Mayne hazarded a guess.

"Yes, called on Miss Carroll. Write to her, don't you?" Taken off guard, Dunham admitted the soft impeachment and was instantly sorry. Mayne laughed with unctuous amusement.

"Thought you were too astute for that. But she's got you going—hasn't she? Stating you for all she's worth! Punctured heart! Great girl, no end! Popular. Knows how to do it, Miss Carroll." Dunham's anger rose, but he answered carefully:

"Look to yourself, Mayne. Guess I can take care of Johnny." But after Mayne went the tide of his anger surged toward Rose Carroll. When he could stand it no longer he went to the phone, closing the door of the inner office, and called up St. Louis and Miss Carroll. After an hour's delay he got her and went straight to the point.

"That you, Miss Carroll? Know who this is? Yes! Lovely spring day! I want to ask you something. Forgive my bluntness, but I must know. Miss Carroll, in your letters and all have you meant everything or have you been playing with me?" A long pause, while he listened intently.

"No, I did not think so—I simply asked. I have not the time nor the temper to play. You will forgive me for asking you? No, I can't tell you what made me think of such a thing. Yes, some day I will. Certainly I believe you! What? May I? May I come this week? Of course I want to! But I can't reach you till Saturday evening and will have to start back Sunday morning. It's a long way, and connections are bad. All right, goodbye—till Saturday!"

At 4 in the afternoon of June 1 John Dunham stepped from his train at St. Louis and went to a hotel to get rid of his travel stains and appease his hunger.

About 7 he emerged faultlessly attired, visited a florist and took a cab to Dean Carroll's stately old home.

Rose came to him in the dim candle light of the library, a vision in shimmering gray. He had intended meeting her in his usual easy way, but the clamor of his heart and the wine of a certain proud yielding in the glance of her blue eyes swept him into speechlessness. He stood long looking at her, her hand still in his. Then he dropped the small hand back at her side and strode out into the hall.

In a moment he came back and clasped her warm little fingers about the stem of a glowing red rose.

"The red rose," he said simply, "is the time for it is now, isn't it?" He questioned quietly, studying back with his arms straight at his side to look at her.

"Isn't it time, dear?" he inquired.

"Yes," he murmured. "I"—and as she did not dash, with a sudden laugh he held out both his hands to her. "Will you come, Rose?" With the pride of a small queen, Rose Carroll laid her two hands in his.

A TACTLESS NURSE.

The Grumpy Man in Which She "Entertained" a Patient.

Nurses are, as a class, a most excellent body of young women, but, as in the case of doctors, one occasionally comes across specimens who are so deficient in tact and sympathy with the sick as to be positively though unintentionally, brutal. That seems to be the fate of the writer of the following letter:

"Late one night, when I was in consultation with a patient, I was called by a nurse in order to provide cheerful diversion, proposed to show me a few of her photographs. So a candle was brought to the bedside and the pictures were held before my eyes as I lay on my back. Producing the first with much gusto, the nurse explained that it was a very pretty picture. It was, it showed 'our mortuary chapel,' and the nurse pointed out the coffin and a row of shrouds hanging up to the corner, explaining that 'we keep all sizes in stock.' The next picture was 'our operating theater,' with the nurse and the doctor 'just ready to begin,' and my tormentor was specially proud of it because the nurse depicted was herself. When she pointed out, however, that galeches were worn by the butcher and his assistant, I endeavored to pass on as quickly as possible to the next picture. It was not long, however, before we came to the portrait of 'Mary, our hospital skeleton.' Nurse explained that Mary was 'cloaked,' but at lectures a string could be pulled and the cloak fell off. In point of fact, the photographer had caught it at the moment of falling, and the figure and features of Mary remained indelibly printed on my memory. I do not say anything against Mary as a skeleton, but she was hardly an apparition to bring comfort or sleep to a poor fevered wretch whose life was hanging in the balance. Yet that nurse held the highest possible credentials in every department of her calling.—London Truth.

ODD SHOE FACTS.

Greek shoes were peculiar in reaching to the middle of the legs.

The present fashion of shoes was introduced into England in 1633.

In the ninth and tenth centuries the greatest princes of Europe wore wooden shoes.

Shoes among the Jews were made of leather, linen, rush or wool; soldiers' shoes were sometimes made of brass or iron.

In the reign of Richard II. shoes were of such absurd length as to require to be supported by being tied to the knees with chains, sometimes of gold or silver.

In the reign of William Rufus of England in the eleventh century a great "shoe" Robert the Horned, used shoes with sharp points stuffed with tow and twisted like ram's horns.

The Romans made use of two kinds of shoes—the solea, or sandal, which covered the sole of the foot and was worn at home, and the calceus, which covered the whole foot and was worn abroad.

Victory and After.

Many a man in a moment of fine enthusiasm applauds Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death." It is a proper sentiment to entertain, but not easy to live up to.

Most of us feel more like the Pennsylvania Dutchman who told his wife to write an appropriate inscription on his knapsack, which she was packing on the eve of his departure to join Washington's army in the Revolution. The enthusiastic woman, dreaming of her hero coming home a general, at least, wrote in good, round letters, "Victory or Death."

In a few moments her husband caught sight of it.

"No good! No good!" he exclaimed in great excitement. "Take that off quick! Put on good words. 'Victory, or come back again.'—Youth's Companion."

Overall It.

Mrs. Passay—Mary, wasn't that gentleman asking for me? The New Maid—No, mum. He described the lady he wanted to see as being about forty, and I told him it couldn't be you. Mrs. Passay—Quite right, my dear. And you shall have an extra afternoon off tomorrow. The New Maid—Yes, mum—thankee, mum. Yes, mum; I told him it couldn't be you, for you was about fifty. Mrs. Passay—And while you're taking your afternoon off you'd better hunt a new place!—Cleveland Leader.

Her Clever Scheme.

Fanny—Why in the world do you send away for so many catalogues and then never buy anything? Sarette—To keep the postman coming here. I don't want those women across the street to know that Jack and I don't correspond any more.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Polite.

Mrs. Jasper—I shall never send for Dr. Veriswell when I am ill. Mrs. Jumpup—Why not? Mrs. Jasper—Because he is so excessively polite that if he found me at death's door he would hasten to open it for me.

Words of Violence.

Words of violence nearly always begin with "p." said a poet. "How do you mean?" "I mean that words of violence like spank begin with the same two letters, s and p. For example, besides spank, a clear word of violence, we have the sp beginning for such words as spurt, split, spring, splutter, spasm, spool, spill, spin, splutter, spurn, spar, spear, spike, spat, and so on.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Looking One in the Eyes.

There is a species of specimen of proverbial platitude which says that the man who cannot look you in the face is dishonest. No other saying has received greater currency. It strikes the popular mind with axiomatic force, and yet it is not a reliable test of character. Every confidence man who succeeds in his calling has the steady gaze of the immaculate person. No person who is skilled in the fine art of deception fails to take an obvious precaution to impress his dupes. On the other hand, many persons of unquestionable integrity are "put out of countenance" by mere shyness. So morbidly was this trait developed in the case of Hawthorne, in his earlier years at least, that he would go out of his way to avoid meeting those who desired to converse with him. It would be impossible for such a man to cash a forged check, to borrow money from a bank on bogus collateral.

The great rascals can face the world without shrinking.—New York World.

Advice to the Men.

Reams of advice are unloaded upon women telling, instructing and admonishing her how to make home pleasant, so that the lord and master may find comfort therein. So, then, why should not some advice be given to the said lord and master? For verily there is more than one of them who make home mighty unpleasant. There is the man who does not realize that it takes money to make home pleasant. There is the man who does not realize that his wife needs recreation and outside amusement once in awhile, so that she can continue to make home pleasant. There is the man who does not realize that, likewise, most women sometimes play and romp. If home is to be pleasant to them.—A Woman Cor. in Philadelphia Telegraph.

Snakes Are Great Fasteners.

Snakes, though at times they gorge themselves, are great fasteners. In the French museum an anaconda twenty feet long was a very small feeder, though he gained in weight. Taken there in 1855, he had only thirty-four meals during the next five years, consisting of a small goat or a few rabbits. The interval between these meals varied from twenty-three to 204 days. He would not touch food unless he was in real need of it, and it was only by watching him and noticing when he seemed to be uneasy that his keepers could conclude that he was hungry. During the long fast, which was in 1856, many strenuous efforts were made to tempt or force him to eat without the least success.

Pract and Loss.

Here is a story illustrative of the tribulations of an editor of a paper in the west in the old days. Away back in the early eighties of the last century a notice appeared in a journal published at Dodge City which ran as follows:

"In view of the fact that we cannot pay the road tax of \$10 assessed against us this year we have been sentenced to a certain period of confinement by the judicial authorities of this state; consequently there will be no issue of this paper for the next three weeks. But, as the state will of course have to board us, we figure that we shall come out some \$20 ahead."—Harper's Weekly.

A Time For All Things.

It is a maxim universally agreed upon that nothing must be done too late and, again, that everything must be done at its proper season, while there is a third precept which reminds us that opportunities lost can never be regained.—Pitts the Elder.

Expected Others.

Cheerful Widow—Why so dismal? Future Husband—I am afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I have saved up. Cheerful Widow—What of it? A wedding trip only happens once in two or three years.

H. M. & J. F. DOREMUS Crystal Lake Creamery Butter.

FANCY FRESH EGGS



A full line of the best brands of canned vegetables fruits, jellies, ect. . . .

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

H. M. & J. F. Doremus, John Block, North Ave.

TRADING STAMPS GIVEN.

HELLO 21

An Inventor's Lost Dime.

Once an inventor sought to transmit ideas into gold, says the New York News. He had worked in a small, three side I shop in Canal street, which was then an uptown section of the city. The man was Joseph French, and the device upon which he worked was a non-capable lifeboat. One day he found himself in need of a bolt. He also began to feel the demoralizing ravages of hunger. He had but five cents. His desire was for the bolt only, but he realized that bread also was necessary to finish his work. Suddenly he hit upon a compromise. He remembered that there was a hardware shop away up in the country above Fifty-ninth street where he could get the bolt for 5 cents. Late at night he returned to his shop with the bolt and a loaf of bread. He worked until sunrise, when the bolt was completed. He had built the French lifeboat. On its first trial it saved 300 lives.

Raised Beaches.

In upheavals of land near the sea, when it rises so quickly as to carry the line of shingle above the reach of the waves, the flat terraces thus formed are called "raised beaches" and generally consist of sand and shingle, hardened to the consistency of pudding stone. Their nature and position leave no doubt that in ancient times these levels have been washed by the waves. Such terraces abound along the coasts of Cornwall and Wales, and on both sides of Scotland four or five of these "strand lines" sometimes occur one above the other in heights from twenty five to a hundred feet above high water mark. They are also found on the Mediterranean and Baltic shores and around some of the great American lakes.

An Irishman's Retort.

"CROSS" W. Field of Atlantic cable fame once stopped at a fish peasant to make inquiries about Blarney castle. Receiving the information, he gave the Irishman the following conundrum: "Now, Mike, suppose that Lucifer was first of us both, which would he take first, do you think?"

The Irishman looked thoughtful for a moment, then said, "Yer honor, I think he'd take me."

"Why?" said Field.

"Because he's always sure of you."

Its Great Fault.

Mrs. Chase. Oh, I don't like to go to that store. It's so unsatisfactory to do your shopping there. Mrs. Shoppen—Why, they have everything there. Mrs. Chase—That's just it. No matter what you ask for, they can suit you right off.—Philadelphia Press.

All the Change He Wanted.

In an English court recently a man was fined £2 for contempt of court. He offered a five pound note in payment, but was told by the clerk that he had no change. "Oh, keep the change," was the reply. "I'll take it out in contempt."

A Backslider.

Mrs. Younghusband—I suppose you wish I didn't look under the bed every night. Younghusband—I don't care. I only wish you'd look there once in awhile in the daytime when you're sweeping.

Evidence.

"The duke is dead in love with her, isn't he?"

"He is prepared to lay all his liabilities at her feet."—Life.

Gratitude has a faithful memory and a fluent tongue.

Something Got Away.

"You say the chicken soup isn't good. Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea."

"No, I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."

His Sign.

Holjack—Why are you consulting the dictionary? I thought you knew how to spell. Tomdik—I do. I am not looking for information, but for corroboration.

Arkansas' Big Debt.

A mighty small proportion of the population of the United States know of the state of Arkansas owes the famous Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, nearly \$2,000,000, which it has the faintest intention of paying. In 1858, the first year of the reign of late queen Victoria, the United States received on account of the Smithsonian, the details of which are well known to require repetition, \$100,000, which was by act of congress invested in bonds of the state of Arkansas. Not a cent of the principal interest of this ever has been paid. The bonds now are moldering in vaults of the United States treasury in Washington, with coupons untouched by the scissars. And there they probably will remain for all time. The federal government was forced to make good Arkansas' delinquency and appropriate money for the inauguration and maintenance of the institution which is now famous all over the country. Brooklyn Eagle.

Chicken For Invalids.

Some people think it would be impossible to boil less than a whole chicken to produce a satisfactory result, and as an invalid can only eat a very small portion, the rest would have to be eaten by other persons—a needless extravagance, as a half or even a quart of a fowl can be prepared thus, and so both monotonous and waste can be avoided.

If possible, stew the piece in stock, enough to cover the chicken, but if this is not at hand put an onion, a carrot and a few pieces of bacon rind into the water to give it flavor. Bring the liquid to the boil, put in the piece of chicken, boil for a minute and then pull back the pan off the fire and simmer gently until the chicken is tender. "When it is done take it out and make a sauce by adding to one cupful of the stock in which it was boiled four table-spoonfuls of milk and a beaten egg. Stir this over the fire for a minute or two, but do not let it boil, and serve while hot."

A Remarkable Scrapbook.

One of the most carefully guarded possessions of the United States treasury is a scrapbook that is always kept shut up in a massive burglar proof safe in the bureau of engraving and printing. So rare any one has ever seen it save high officials of the department. Its shabby outside gives no suggestion of the precious contents, yet pasted on the yellow pages are "proofs" taken from all the important counterfeit plates for paper money that have ever been captured by the government.

The Easy Job Youth.

Whenever I see a youth looking for "a soft snap" I pity him. There can be no doubt where he will end if he does not change his tactics. If he does not brace up, take stock of himself and put vim and purpose and energy into his life he will surely join the great army of the "might have been."—Success.

Philadelphia's Rapid Gals.

"These," said the picture to the bright Philadelphia girl, "are snails. I suppose Philadelphia people don't eat them for fear of cannibalism."

"Oh, no," was the answer; "it isn't that. We couldn't catch them."—Washington Star.

Saved It.

Aunt Jane—What a man Henry is to tear and swear! You need to say he never lost his temper. Emily—Yes, that's when he was paying attention to me. Evidently he was saving until after he was married.—Boston Transcript.

Taken Unawares.

"I thought he was a confirmed back-slier, but he's engaged to Miss Cooper."

"Well, I suppose we shouldn't be surprised. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."