History, having run as far back as 4241 B. C., has become weary and stopped there.

A woman who takes a good photograph has always one consolation in times of stress.

Lots of people think they have been mented unless they get more than their money's worth.

Let us hope that earthquake may wear itself out before it gets started up the Atlantic coast.

The crop of college graduates this year is not at all commensurate with the Kansas wheat crop.

A fool and his money are parted none too soon. In view of the mischief a fool can do with his money.

In Chicago Prof. C. H. Frye neglected to go home for thirty-one years. Some men are very neglectful.

At last we have it figured out to our

own satisfaction. The men who design circus posters never saw a show. King Edward, though conspicuously man of peace, is believed to have

Stocks. One of the ocean steamship lines has

gratified. It is promised that this year's apple 896. After this let the election news o its worst-or best.

Near Hays City, Kan., they have discovered a chalk bed that is nearly 99 er cent pure. That ought to insure an almost pure milk supply.

There are nearly 16,000 uninhabited islands in the Indian Ocean, We might add that the world still has a large supply of Sancho Panzas.

A bank cashler has been arrested for being \$30,000 short in his accounts. It is not explained how the examiner happened to catch him at it so early.

Maxim Gorky still continues to rail at the American people, and the Amercan people still continue to keep Gorky at arm's length with a pair of

The chief of police of Seattle has or-

because he looked like Banker Stens-Stensland ought to be punished in to enter, should it wish it. some way.

And now they have gone and organized a rhinoceros trust and cornered the market. What chance has a poor man to own a menagerie while such oings on are permitted to the rich and

E. H. Harriman is said to have made secent railroad deal. We hope he women or hard-working men who have to have something for the rainy day.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, who has had notable success in dealing with juvenile delinquents and who has mastered the art of getting in close touch with boy life, declares that "One million children in this country are annually drifting into crime." This certainly is an important statement, if true. But is it true? Anybody who has eyes to see and ears to hear knows that there are a great many juveniles who have developing tendencies in that direction. But to say that a million boys and girls are drifting into crime very year in the United States strikes as as absurd. We think that the judge too prodigal in the use of ciphers n his statistical utterances.

We have reform schools for wayward children, which doubtless do the best they can. But if there could be reform schools for parents there would be little or no need of reform schools for children. Delinquent parents are blame for delinquent children-in pine cases out of ten. If parents would do their duty, if they could be forced by state, church, society, press, public opinion or the whips and scorns of the time, to realize their responsibility for the children they have brought into the world-then there would be no need of the State reform school. The parents would keep that school. Its course of instruction would be admonitory and preventive. It is seldom that a child brought up in the right way by the parents will afterward take the wrong

Farming is virtually the only great series of occupations that is unorganized, unsyndicated, unmonopolized, uncontrolled, except as it is dominated by natural laws of commerce and the arbitrary limitations imposed by organizascheme of life rests on intrinsic earning by means of his own efforts. If the own eye? farmer stens outside his own realm he is met on the one side by organized capital and on the other by organized labor. He is confronted by fixed earnings. What he aimself secures is a remainder left at the end of a year's

Few men in America have had more newspaper space devoted to them dur-

Dakota County Herald ing the last forty years than the late ably few men about whose real character the public knew less. I'lls great wealth naturally made Islm prominent

in the business world, but the things that were written about him had to do mostly with his idiosyncrasies or rather with the one idiosyncrasy which made him an unusual and picturesque character among American millionaires, namely, his excessive personal economy. Anecdotes of his extraordinarily cheap luncheons, or of his anxiety to save a penny whenever it was possible, never fellows," said Louis. failed to excite amusement, not to say ridicule. It may readily be granted that Mr. Sage's outward life had in it little to appeal to popular sympathy or affection; yet there was much in it to appeal to common sense. His independence of public opinion, the simplicity of a life led amid much senseless and disgusting ostentation, his business probity and foresight, his religious constancy and the purity of his domestic life, are all facts upon which young men may ponder with profit. Moreover, no man can be judged with absolute justice by his fellows, least of all, one who lived so reserved and selfcontained a life as Mr. Sage.

The railroads in China now in oper ation, under construction or projected have an approximate length of 9,000 miles, according to a report made to the government by our consul at Nankin. That is a smaller mileage than Illinois possesses, but it is larger than the railroad mileage of Spain, and within a thousand miles of the mileage of Italy. And of course it is only the beginning, for China seems to have started fairly made a big killing in American railway on a policy of internal development, with prospects for rapid growth in the future. A few years ago in discussing Chinese railroads little or no attention named a new vessel the Samsland. would have been paid to concessions to Bereupon Uncle Sam will please look Chinese companies. Such concessions would have been regarded as lokes, and all attention would have been centered on the lines of political or strategical importance dominated by European companies. Now the list of concessions shows almost as many in Chinese hands as in the hands of all other countries together. Sixteen Chinese concessions are listed, some of them of minor importance, but others commanding main lines of railroad development in the empire. Such, for instance, is the Canton-Hankow line, recently taken over from American capitalists, which will form one-half of the great trunk line from north to south. Another line, the Hang-chow-Soochow road, will form the basis for a great east and west trunk line. It is true the Chinese capitalists and government officials are in many cases quarreling over the control of these lines and delaying their construction, and much will depend on their ability to smooth out their jealousies. The fact remains that in the majority of cases Chinese engineers are busily engaged in construction work and Chinese raildered all prize fighters to leave that road men are personally operating lines saps the poor fighters are too strong sions are divided between the British, Germans, French, Belgians and Portu-An actor was arrested in New York unpleasant experience, is not apt to enter the field in the immediate future, and. Well, anyone who looks like nor, indeed, to have any opportunity

DIETS AND THE DOCTORS.

Scarcely an Article of Food that Is

Not Condemned. What with the vegetarians who eat no meat and the rheumatic sufferers who eat no fruit and the gouty who take no nitrogen if they know it and the dyspeptics who eat only foodiess profits amounting to \$10,000,000 in a foods, life stands to lose one of its chief joys, a square meal, says the Medical sidn't get any of it from poor scrub- Journal. And it is not quite true that instinct rises superior to theory and tions: been saving a little at a time in order that after all people eat what is good for them. Readers and thinkers are deeply influenced by chemical symbols and it is not rare for a pallid dyspep tic of therculosis tendencies to endeavor to practice the economies of metapotism ingeniously set forth by some of the physiological chemists. It is high time somebody raised a voice in protest, for surely no people stand in so little need of this counsel as do ours. Our hustling population requires a good deal of nutriment and is suffering from lack

> rather than repletion. As a race possibly we have not lived long enough in America to be thoroughly acclimated. . . . We speak of the effete populations of Europe, but no one who has seen them would ever call the European peoples effete, and the impression is ineffaceable that what we need here is better cooked food and more of it, rather than the diet of feds that now captivate our nervous countrymen. It would certainly be difficult to construct any scheme of diet on which the profession would agree.

There is scarcely an article but finds condemnation somewhere among us The banana, dear to childhood, is denounced by the pædiatrist as unwholeseme, though whole populations live upon it; while no printed diet list would include pork and bacon, which Dr. Woods Hutchinson insists are the keystones of our national greatness. Even in the dietetics of disease—this rather than health being our chosen realm-utter confusion and disagreement reign. Chemical formulas of horrifying elaboration lead one to condema red meat in gout, another to pronounce it a nutriment readily assimilable and easily disposed of. and the quarrels over foodstuffs permissible to the rhoumatic are equaled only by those over carbohydrates in grave diabetes. It is a crying need of the time that the profession reaches a consensus of convic tion in other business. In a time of tion and teachings on the basic facts of extreme organization and subordination mutrition in health and disease before of the individual the farmer still re- they attack the more venial superstitains his traditional individualism and tions and absurdities of a much beset separateness. His entire laity. First of all, brethren, shall we not east out the beam that is 'n our

> Exceedingly Good. "Yes, Hunter is really engaged to Miss Roxley."

"So he was telling me. He says she's not very pretty, but she's good." "Yes, good for a million in her own right."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Throw a baby in any house, sad will manage to find a welcome.



"Mother won't let me go down to the deep swimming-pool," said Jack. "My mother won't, And she won't et me go off and camp with the other

"And I can't go down by the wharf alone," complained Jack. "No, and I can't go out in a sailboat

without papa."

Then the boys sat down under the tree, and looked as if they had been very much abused. Just then grandpa came along. He had heard the complaint.

"No fun?" he asked. The boys shook their heads. "We can't do anything down here because

our mothers are afraid," said Jack. "I know something that is safe, said grandpa. "You know that old chicken-run made of laths down there by the brook, and the little low henhouse that stands there, all tumbling down? Well, it is to be torn down and the wood piled up in the shed. The brook runs right down from the chicken-run to the walk leading up to the shed. Now if you boys take off one side of the hen-house you can use it for a raft, pile all the laths on it and tow it down the brook; then you could unload it at the flat rock and carry it into the shed. That would not scare

your mothers one bit." The boys went up and away before he had hardly finished, and soon the laths was heard. When supper was eyesore was all cleaned up, and the boys were hungry for grandma's good Grandpa laughed, and said, "I guess it gas.—Chicago Daily News. s work that seems like a game."-Touth's Companion.



Mother says the baby birdies In their nests are sleepin' sound; No good little boys or girlies Wide awake can now be found.

In my little "comfy" nightie, With my curls all tied up tight, And my bedroom candle lighted, I have come to say "Good-night." -Margaret G. Hays.

Something New in Games. Here is a jolly game. It consists of the abbreviation of our various State

names Pass around sheets of paper for the different players to write them on, an- ings among the poets, my dash into nounce 11/2 minutes for each answer, folk-lore, my digression into sagas, my and then begin reading out the ques-

State? 3. Which is the State where untidy

folks ought to live? 4. Which is the father of States?

Which is the maiden State? Which is the State for pupils

having lessons to study? 7. Which is the best State for miners?

8. Which is the most unbealthy State? 9. Which is the State best fitted to

heal the sick? 10. Which is the decimal State? Which is the best State in case

of a flood? 12. Which is the State of surprise or exclamation? The answers are

1. Massachusetts, 2. Maine. Washington. 4. Pennsylvania. 5. Mississippi. 6. Connecticut. 7. Oregon. 8. Illinois. 9. Maryland. 10. Tennessee. 11. Arkansas, 12. Ohlo.

Different Meanings.

Some words in our language have several meanings, each different from the others, so that it is not always possible to know at first just what thought the speaker wishes to express.

There is the word "humanitarian." for instance. If you will turn to your Webster you will find that it means: 1. One who denies the divinity of Christ, and believes him to have been merely human. 2. One who limits the sphere of duties to human relations and lous or spiritual. 3. One who is actively concerned in promoting the welfare of his kind; a philanthropist. The third sense is the one in which the word is now most frequently used, and Webster marks this definition as "re-

He Got the Wrong One. A certain inspector, in one of his vis-

its to a district school, was much annoved by the noise of the pupils in the adjoining room. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he opened the door and burst in on the class. Seeing one boy, rather taller than the rest, talking a great deal, he caught him by the collar, carried him to the next room and threw him into a chair, saying:

"Now sit there and be quiet!" Presently a little head apepared at the door, and a meek voice cried: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher!

The drawing teacher had been giving a lesson on cubes, and some of the one.

pupils and given examples. The teacher wanted more, but no one could think of any. Finally, a boy said:

"I know a good cube-half a pound

of butter." "Why, that is excellent," cried the

teacher. "Now, who can give me another example, as good as Henry's?" After a long time she saw a hand waving wildly in the back of the room.

"Well, Willie, what is it?" "Why, the other half-pound of that butter," said Willie, triumphantly.

The Middle Boy. I'm only just the middle boy, So all last year I wore Delancey's clothes. Most ev'ry toy I had was his before. But I'm "so hard on ev'hything!"

(That's what my fam'ly say.) Right from the shops they have to bring New clothes for Richard Gray. Delancey always says, "Why, Jim, I wouldn't care one bit!

You'd think they'd be just fun for him

Old clothes that don't quite fit.

But father talks a diff'rent way. "Not so very long ago was a middle boy," he'll say. "You hurry up and grow!" -Youth's Companion.

A Candle in the Well. When a well has to be cleaned, it is customary to lower a candle into it; if the candle burns, the man who is to do the cleaning may descend wth safety. but if it goes out, for him to descend sound of tearing boards and snapping would be almost certain death. Carbonic seld gas often lies at the bottom of a ready the bit of land that had been an well, and lowering the candle is the test, for this gas will at once smother the light, just as it would smother the man. biscuits. They told their mothers that The flame and the man both live on they liked games that seemed like work. oxygen, and both die in carbonic acid

HER BOOK OF BOOKS.

In Which She Set Down the fitles of Those She Had Read. She held up the fat little red leather book for her friends to see.

"No-not a diary. I kept one once, but I burned it long ago. My father gave me this when I was fifteen, and showed me how to keep it.

"It is my list of books I have read. I call it my book of books. Here is the first entry: 'Westward Ho,' by Charles Kingsley-double-starred because I have read it three times; a star means rereading. Underlined, too, because when I looked the list over at the end of the year it was one of my favorites. A little circle after the title-that's because it was a work of fiction that set me to hunting fact, in history and blography. I don't think much of any historical novel that hasn't earned its

"Not all the marks in my code were marks of honor, though. Look at the cross after number nine; that means trash. And there, after number eleven the Frederika Bremer novel-the black dash-that means simply that I didn't like it. Father enjoined me to be honest with my black marks. He said I should find them an antidote to literary pretentiousness. One can hardly assume airs of superiority in discussing classic masterpieces one has given a black mark to.

"The list of one's reading is so much abswering questions which are puns on more than a list. It is half the history of a mind. I can trace here so many delightful episodes of developing taste and temperament; my long meanderreturn to solld English history and biography, my rebellious bolt into friv-2. Which is the most egotistical due proportion in my dealings with fact and imagination.

"Then there is the occasional encounter with some new author who cantil father was gone. vated my fancy at the instant, and the breathless rush through all his works. Look at that page of unproken Stevenson! One title after another. There they all are, and oh, what a good time I had with them!

"Many people can't keep an interest ng diary; there aren't many who can keep a true one-true in the sense of telling the whole truth. But a simple list of books can deceive no one, can hurt no susceptibilities, pamper no vanities, eucourage no morbidness, betray no secrets-and yet it tells so never tried, and soon there will be no book in your library you will prize more than your own little book of books."-Youth's Companion.

Ilis Scheme Worked.

It is related that a certain man was recently very sad because his wife had gone out of town on a visit, which she would not shorten in spite of his appeals to her to come home. He finally hit upon a plan to induce her to return He sent her a copy of each of the local papers with one item clipped out, and when she wrote to find out what it was he had elipped out he refused to tel

The scheme worked admirably! In less than a week she was home to find out what it was that had been going affections, to the exclusion of the relig- on that her husband didn't want her to know about .- Pittsburg Press,

Sensational Cables. "What's the news this morning?" "Mighty exciting cable about Rocke

fetler. "What's that?" "Why, he goes to bed every night

gets up each morning, converses wit his friends, eats when he is hungry drinks if thirsts, and hasn't tipped waiter yet."-Philadelphia Ledger. Apples of Discord.

There are gains for all our losses, There's a cure for every pain; At the same time, friends, from eating Apples green we'd best refrain. Baltimore Sun.

Honeymooning. "Aren't the Honeymoons very much married?" "Yes, they are one and insufferable.

Smart Set. It's just as easy to make a poor ex cuse as it is difficult to make a good SO THE OLD FOLKS SAY.

The old folks say, The times are changing, The bygone years were surely best; O'er land and sen, forever ranging, Men wander now in vague unrest;

And faded are the green romances, The morning light has died away, The world has lost its golden chances! So the old folks say,

The old folks say, The days are duller, The sweetest songs are left unsung, The spring was full of scent and color,

Long, long ago, when we were young. Above our heads the sky was clearer, And warmer was the sunlight ray; Yet heaven is now a little nearer,

So the old folks say, The old folks say, 'Tis Maytime weather, Play, children, to your heart's desire, But leave us hand in hand together,

Beside the swiftly failing fire. For earthly chains are near their breaking, And eyes are dim, and locks are gray, But Love's a dream that knows no waking. So the old folks say.

-Pall Mall Gazette.

WILD ENGINE. Zimminiminiminiminiminimini

000 THE Fairview Express had steam | ed into the station at the east.

gone to their homes or their hotels, and babe in arms. Bob Sutton, the engineer, having delivall Bob's train had to make.

o'clock and 3, and Big 92 stood on a alarm. yard track that had its switch open to the main line outside. When the time should come, therefore, ail the engineer | dered the operator to telegraph Belton would have to do would be to steam out | Harbor that a "wild engine" was comand put 92 at the head of the train.

and he did not understand it. Regularly every day Harry came to meet his his boy was in danger and he must father on his arrival, and to feast his come to the station. eyes on the joy of his life, that great, has father was the "captain." Time and again had the boy mounted to the cab while his father was there, and ex- could be done. amined with enthusiasm every lever, valve, bolt and screw that belong to 92.

Bob was proud of the boy's interest in his "machine," and never failed to five miles down the road. In ten mintell him something about how it "work- utes Big 92 would be there; perhaps in ed." Above all things Harry delighted less time if the Ill-fated boy had thrown in seeing his father's hands throw for the throttle far enough open. ward the throttle to make the engine move. It never ceased to be a wonder to him how the moving of an iron lever Belton Harbor on its way up, and theracould start such a mighty giant as the fore beyond the reach of the telegraph. engine, for the boy was only 8 years If the engine were not stopped at Bel-



THE ENGINE THROBBED AND WHIZZED.

could not be supposed to know anything of the mysteries of steam power. Bob missed his boy, for he had not come as usual to meet him and to ask his regular string of questions about 1. Which is the most religious State? olous fiction, my gradual achievement of the steam giant. The truth is that Harry had started, but something that was going on in town had "side-tracked" him, and when he reached the yard his

In fact, everybody was gone-that is to say, everybody but 92 herself-she stood as still as a mouse, but with little jets of steam issuing from valves and other places, here and there, as if she were ready for her "captain" to give the word for her to march.

It was the dinner hour, and the mer usually at work in the yard were not to be seen anywhere. Harry paid no attention to that, however, for he had no interest in their presence or absence His eyes were full of the object of his idolatry, Big 92, where she stood with much! Try it for yourself, if you have all her tremendous possibilities and her mysterious power.

What would be not give "to run" her all by his own hand? What earthly bliss could compare with that of standing in her cab and commanding her to star off on her route down the gleaming rails that stretched out toward Belton Har

And while he was thinking thus, bathing his soul, so to speak, in the waters of delightful anticipation, he climbed up into the cab, took a seat upon the bench and gloated in his present happiness.

Only a few minutes passed before he was on his feet again and standing exacthly where his father always stood to guide the action of the monster. There was the throttle right before him, actually within reach of his hand, little though that hand was.

Did he touch it? What a question Is there a boy in the created universe that could have resisted the tempts tion?

Yes, he touched it; he did more, he moved it a little. He wanted to see how slight a movement would make Big 92 respond. Of course he would do no harm; he would throw back the throttle again, and then things would be as they were before he threw it forward.

But Harry's hand was not experienced, and when the lever did not move at his light touch, he put too much of his young strength in his arm and sent it forward much fartner than he intended. Big 92 was ready and willing, and with a throb and a quiver she started out of the yard.

The quick and unexpected movement of the engine startled Harry so that he forgot himself and everything else except the fact that he had done wrong, had put himself in danger, and would be made to suffer for it in some way.

In fact, the poor boy became sud ed into the station at the east- denly panic-stricken, and in that condiern terminus, the passengers had tion was as helpless as if he were a

In a few seconds 92 was out of the ered his cars to the 'shifter," had run yard and on the main track, moving his engine, "Big 92," to its place in with ever-increasing speed. As she the yard and gone home to dinner. It passed out of the yard, some of the was now 12 o'clock, and his start back men, who were eating their dinner in west again would not be made till 3 one of the sheds, saw her and cried out Fairview was a small place, with a in consternation when the head of a light traffic, and two trips a day were frantic boy looked at them from the cab window. Dropping everything, they Nothing was to go out between 12 rushed to the station and gave the

The station-master was quiet and had a head for business. He as once oring, and to try to get the 1 o'clock ac-Sutton had missed his boy to-day, modation train on a siding, out of the way. Then he sent word to Sutton that

The engineer came at once and puffing, glorious steam g'ant of which though his heart felt as if it were in the jaws of a vise, he kept his head and took counsel with his friends as to what

> This is the situation that confronted them; The line was a single track, Belton Harbor, the nearest station, was

The accommodation train was almost sure, at that moment, to be just below old, and a "kid" of that tender age ton Harbor it would meet and crash into the accommodation, for there was no means of stopping the latter. The station-master's message to Belton Harbor had been only a wlid hope.

There was a siding at Belton Harbor with only one opening to the main track, and that was foward Fairview. If the people at Belton Harbor should open the siding, Big 92 would dash onto it and thence to inevitable destruction. That would save the accommodation train and its passengers, but it would be sudden and cruel death to Sutton's

On the other hand, if they did not open the siding, 92 would meet the accommodation on the main track, and the result of such a collision was fearful to think about. In either case, it was instaut death to the boy.

Can you imagine a loving father con conted by a situation more terrible than this? But he bore himself with Spartan courage, and agreed with the station-master, that the Belton Harbor station must be wired to turn the

switch and throw the engine off. Their consultation did not occupy half a minute; they dared not delay. You see, they knew the situation and did not need the explanation that I have given you.

"Quick, throw the wild engine on the siding."

That is the message that the wires flashed to Belton Harbor. Meanwhile, what of the unfortunate boy? He sat staring wildly at the fields as they flew by him, dazed with the great fright that had taken possession

of his senses. The engine throbbed and whizzed and quivered as she dashed over the rails. Under other circumstances Harry would have glorled in the excitement of such a ride, but now he was going to certain death, and death at the hands of the object that he most admired in

all the world. It was all like a flesh of dazzling lightning through his brain, and thenwithout warning-there came a great shock and the darkness of utter obliv-

If you should happen to meet Superntendent Sutton, of the Fairview Raliroad, in New York State, he will tell you that the peculiar crook in his left arm was caused by his being thrown from a "wild" engine one day at Beiton Harbor, when he was nothing but an inquisitive, meddlesome boy of eight. Perhaps he may be induced to tell you the story of the accident, as he told It to me, if you desire to hear it again, but that would hardly be necessary, as the whole thing is set down here. No,

switch threw the boy off, and right into a bed of flowers near the station. The superintendent always says that he is proud of that crook in his arm, for it saved a whole trainful of people. -Chicago Daily News,

not the whole story, for a nave not told

you that the first shock of striking the

Time flies so fast to the man past fifty that he wonders when he takes his clothes off at night why he went to the trouble of putting them on in the morn-

Half the people who are said to mean are simply tiresome.

When the Cows Come Home. With klingle, klangle, klingle, 'Way down the dusty dingle, The cows are coming home; Now sweet and clear, and faint and low The airy tinklings from some far-off

tower. Or patterings of an April shower That makes the daisies grow-Ko-kling, ke-klang, koklinglelingle, 'Way down the darkening dingle The cows come slowly home.

Boft sounds that sweetly mingle, With jingle, jangle, jingle, The cows are coming home : Malime, and Pearl, and Florimel, De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell, Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled

Across the field I hear log-oo, And clang her silver bell, Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle, With faint, far sounds that mingle, The cows come slowly home; And mother-songs of long-gone years, And baby joys, and childish tears, And youthful hopes, and youthful fears, When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle, By twos and three and single, The cows are coming home. Through the violet air we see the town, And the summer sun a-slipping down; The maple in the hazel glade Throws down the path a longer shade, And the hills are growing brown. To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle, By threes and fours and single,

The cows come slowly home. The same sweet sound of worldless psalm, The same sweet June-day rest and calm, The same sweet scent of bud and balm, When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle, Through fern and periwinkle, The cows are coming home; A-loitering in the checkered stream. Where the sun-rays giance and gleam, Starine, Peachbloom and Phoebe Phyllis Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies, In a drowsy dream.

The cows come slowly home; And up through memory's deep ravine Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen, And the crescent of the silver queen With a klinkle, klangle, klingle,

O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,

To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,

With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and fingle, The cows are coming home: And over there on Merlin hill. Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoor-The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines, And over the poplars Venus shines;

And over the silent mill. Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle, With a ting-a-ling and jingle, The cows come slowly home. et down the bars, let in the train Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain; For dear old times come back again

When the cows come home, -Agnes E. Mitchell.

the United States?

monit.

CATECHISM OF CIVICS. Questions and Answers of Interest to Americans. What are the principal products of

Historical Novels and Health Foods Where is the Corn Belt located? It extends from the Chicago Exchange to Trinity Church in Wall street.

Does the climate vary much in different parts of the Union? What is considered to be the hottest

region in the country? Zion City. And the coldest? John D. Rockefeller's safe deposit

What common product is raised in the same proportions all over the coun-Are there any exceptions to this? Yes. Newport and South Dakota.

In the South, to run the factories; ic. the North, to furnish New Educational Systems. How is the Trust Crop grown?

What are these babies used for?

By magnates and the common peo-What is a magnate? Almost any dishonest man who has

money enough to keep out of jail.

And when the common people have

gathered the Trust Crop, how are they paid? In common stock. Does this yield anything? Oh, yes. When you squeeze it it

yleids water enough to make a good circus lemonade. What are the principal trades of the United States? Operating for appendicitis, writing

The Forgotten Gift.

advertisement poetry and going out on

She had been cleaning up her "den" and came across various and sundry unfamiliar books in the process. After thinking hard she had restored them all to their rightful owner with a fine and conscious sense of virtue. Only one remained and one night the man with whom she connected this particular book called. She brought it out. "Here's a little old book of yours,"

she announmed in her usual flippant way, "and I wish you'd take it home. I've given it house room long enough." He took the book and looked at her

rather queerly. "All right," he said, but there was no enthusiasm in his tone.

"It's yours, isn't it?" she demanded. "Well, not exactly," he replied. "I gave it to you for a birthday present about two years ago." Now she is writing her name in every

book she owns. What They Got.

"I believe," said Hi Tragerdy, "that they had hoped to catch the town with

'Hamlet,' but it was quite a fruitless effort." "No, not exactly fruitless," replied

Lowe Comerdy. "I understand the hen fruit was there in plenty, although somewhat aged."-Philadelphia Press.

