Dakota County Herald sarden work, social organizations, like

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

John H. Ream. - - Publisher Peary insists that one Cook cannot

spoil his broth. The dressmakers think the hour-

glass shape is timely. Nobody has as yet suggested the Wright boys for President in 1912.

Also it appears that a dash from the pole is not without its thrills and dangers.

M's a poor case of prosperity that San't keep several strikes going at the

What shall it profit a man to gain the railways to the world and have to give them up at last?

England resents our impudence in decovering the pole. Well, we waited be polite period of time for England Because the corn has long whiskers

this year we are promised a cold win-

fer. Has the coal trust been sprindieg beard tonic over the farms? A man nearly broke his neck by turning his head suddenly to look at

two pretty girls. Ordinarily it takes mly one pretty girl to turn a man's A dispatch says that there is fear

igers in Costa Rica as there are in

Africa-none.

Now they are talking about farming canal. Experts will be sent down to examine the land before it is "opened for settlement."

Pashionable dames who may be thinking of adopting Eskimo dogs as bets will be sorry to learn that those flogs are too large to be carried around in one's arms.

The next man who fights his way to the northern extremity of the earth's axis need not be surprised if e finds a notice to the effect that "this pole has changed hands."

According to Cook's story, the town of Etah consists of four canvas tents, everal men, eight or nine women, bout thirty children and 108 dogs. The wealth per capita must be very mall there.

Recent estimates place the supply of coal in the United States as being suffithe law of supply and demand has on the price of coal.

We have glanced casually over Mrs. | death. Besant's plans and specifications of otherwise wonderful-but it is not taced that he will be able to put up schelf in the kitchen or mend a leaky

Most boys of a mechanical turn are building aeroplanes these days. One of them launched his from the roof a shed the other day, in an attempt to fly over the garden. The tomato patch in which he landed gave him an appearance more horrifying toan was justified when the stains were washed off by his anxious moth-

All the governments of the earth seem to be seeking new objects on which they can levy a tax in order that their revenue will meet their expenses. Even cities and the smaller towns are engaged in this search. Congress spent weeks and months in liscussing ways and means; the English parliament has been undergoing a like slege; France is at her wits' end, and Germany is ready to despair. Looking over the list of taxable subjects, it would seem that about every object under the sun had been nosed sut and a levy placed on it.

President Roosevelt's country life smmission has lately made public its careful and interesting report. It as- his hand, and at last hit on an exsorts, of course, that agriculture is generally profitable, and the conditions of rural life are steadily improving. Still the farm is less profitable as a business, and less attractive as a place of residence, than it should be. Many farms do not pay because of bad roads in soil exhaustion. Properly built roads, crop rotation, persistent maintenance of soil fertility, are fundamentally necessary. The commission also finds, in some districts, specuintive holding of land, control of streams and water power by interests which prevent the farmer from utilizing these natural resources, and soil destruction following wasteful deforestation. A parcel post, postal sevings banks, a thorough study of taxation and the tariff as it bears on the agriculturalist, and an extension of the principle of reclaracity are specific recommendations which the commission makes. It in lats, too, on the importance of an inderstanding of the eleity of improving the rural successf. in the agricultural colleges. lieved can be met only by smaller hold! as and more systematic tillage-Ive farming, in short-for which per/ bifred hands are not needed. Ineld stelly it is noted that in the older parts of the country, immigrants, acugtomed at home to this sort of cultivation, are gradually dispossessing the native stock. Not the least im- trials satisfactorily. Lord Cullen was portant anticct discussed is woman's place on the farm. The old household industries having been taken over by the factories the woman finds her life more ? one of routine. An in-

venlences as telephones and running water, are mentioned as things which help to make country life more attractive to active and capable girls

history as a famous man? He achieved D swift my boat like a bird on the large things. Some of them, were there any possible common standard fully equal to the exploits which have given other men lasting fame. Will their reward be his? The question may safely be answered in the negative In financial commercial and industrial history Mr. Harriman's name will no doubt loom large. But there alone. The writer of the general history of the nation will assign him a very modest place at best; and the general public, three or four decades hence, will hardly find that that brief reminder stirs either enthusiasm or recollection. That has been the fate of every one of the American financlers who have achieved large material success and power. On the head of which one rests the laurel wreath of fame either by popular or critical con- Oh, Mona, Mona, my darling, sent? On Commodore Vanderbilt's or John Jacob Astor's? These and others did large things in their day. But they are not in any sense really famous. The reason why this certain position of historical inferiority awaits the man who devotes his life to the successful accomplishment of large material ends, no matter how gigantic the enterprises or how vast the ability displayed, lies on the surface. It is found in the general feeling that who accumulates vast quantities and American has been killed by tigers gains the power that goes with it is a Costa Rica. There are just as many yet far from having done one of the things that merit historic fame. The thing that people glory in is the fruits which the successful struggle towards material ends makes possible-in the on the Isthmus of Panama along the arts, sciences and domestic comforts of civilization. In comparison with the finished product, the importance of even the greatest workers in the raw material sinks into historic insignificance. They may be useful. But they are not revered, no matter how valiant and opportune their services. There is also another consideration: The people, no matter how materially-minded they may be, invariably award fame to the men whom they feel in their hearts to be representative of their higher spiritual selves-not of their ordinary instincts for gain and power, but of their more unselfish thoughts.

ARGUMENT BY ANAGRAM.

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So many Cassandras come to grief ley, the wife of Sir John Davies, who 1606, will surprise no one familiar possessor of a large fortune acquired ceased, however, to have any Baering prophecy based on Scriptural and information respecting Wall street opgrams. Among other predictions, she erations. claimed to have foretold her husband's The topic, entirely by chance, was

the ideal man who is to appear in his own name-John Daves, Jove's pressed and assented to by all was to 2508, and will be seven feet high and Hand-within three years to expect the effect that national, state and muing garment from that time; when ments involving in execution vast am dead."

have taken his seat on the bench.

It was given to another than her Eleanor a keener dart. She was brought into the court of high commission on charges arising out of her claims to prophetic powers, which she grounded on an anagram of her name, Eleanor Davies-Reveal, O Daniel.

"And though," writes an old chronicler, "it had too much by an L, and too little by S, yet she found Daniel and Reveal in it, which served her turn.

"Much pains was taken by the court to dispossess her of this spirit; but all would not do, till Lamb, the Dean of Arches, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver.

"For whilst the bishops and divines were reasoning the point with her out of Holy Scriptures, he took a pen in cellent anagram:

"Dame Eleanor Davys-Never so mad a lady!"

Installing a Scotch Judge. They have still a quaint way of installing judges in Scotland, the Westand unintelligent cultivation, ending minster Gazette says. Before Lord Cullen took his seat on the bench the other day in the Court of Session the lord president, in presence of the as sembled judges, on receiving the new read with all loyalty and respect. The heavy damages as a consequence. commission, which was in the usual archaic terms, narrated how the vacancy arose in the college of justice in "that part of our united kingdom called Scotland," and declared that as it was requisite to appoint a person of loyalty, learning and knowledge of and experience in the laws, and being well informed of the loyalty, literature and good qualifications of "our trusty and well beloved William ments of by lene and sanitation, and James Culien we have thought good to nominate and present him unto schools by introducing practical meth- you." The commission having been ods of tranction similar to those so read the lord president intimated that as lord probationer Mr. Cullen would The poslem of farm labor, it is be proced to Lord Skerrington's court and hear two cases and return to the first division and report his opinton on them, after which he would hear counsel and deliver his opinion in an-

ceremony ended We never knew a circus to divide, but we never heard of a circus that ereased share in the lighter field and | was not charged with it.

been followed the judges reassembled

and the lord president intimated that

then invested with his robes and the

the lord probationer had passed his

## Old Favorites

Moun.

The boat of my heart-my trim Ben-

of comparison, perhaps would appear But swifter than bird leaps my love from her pillow. The girl of my heart who is waiting for me;

And down drops the anchor, the brown sails are falling. And out on the shingle we leap in

But for all the bright eyes and the laughter and calling, The girl of my heart is all that I see.

Mona, my own love, Mona, my darling, Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be? By the bright stars above thee, I love

thee, I love thee, Live for thee, die for thee, only for

Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be?

Parewell, all is over, the bitter tears falling; My life is a wreck on a dark winter

The innocent days all are gone past

recalling. There yawns a dark gulf 'twixt my darling and me:

pass to my exile alone, unbefriend-The summer days mock me with gladness and mirth.

For only with death will that exile be ended. Thou'rt lost to me, darling, forever on earth.

Mona, my lost love, Mona, my darling, Pray for me, pray thro' the long

years to be; And the angels above thee, who pity and love thee. Will plead for me also and bring me

to thee. Oh, Mona, Mona, my darling, Pray for me, pray thro' the long years to be, Fred E. Weatherly.

#### THE NATIONAL SIN.

Extravagance, Public and Private, America's Worst Menace.

A few nights ago I sat with a party of men-one an upstate banker, two New York merchants, one of them head of a great corporation whose product enters into the manufacture of a dozen or more leading staples used in nearly every home, and the other engaged in a large way with international trading; the fourth gentleman, a literary man of recognized attainthat the story of Lady Eleanor Aud ments, and the last, other than myself, a politician of national reputewas Attorney General for Ireland in an honest man, though the reputed with the prophecies of melancholy la principally by making shrewd investdies. Lady Eleanor had a turn for ments and as a result of advanced

the extravagance of the present age. "His doom I gave him in letters of and the consensus of the opinion exthe mortal blow, so put on my mourn- nicipal governments rush into engage about three days before his sudden sums of money raised and to be raised death, before his servants and friends through the only available source, taxat the table, gave him part to take his ation of the people, and many times long sleep, by him thus put off: 'I larger than the known wealth of the pray, weep not while I am alive, and country or the probable endurance of I will give you leave to laugh when I the people's prosperity warrants. The people, inherently committed to woeful Sir John was made Chief Justice of waste and prodigality according to England, but died on the day he would their means in personal expenditures. are blind to proper realization of the meaning of these stupendous budgets. husband, however, to give Lady They are too much absorbed in their own pursuits to give attention, even could many of them do so understandingly, to the direction affairs are tak-

ing. The multiplicity and duplication of public offices and the incumbents thereof, many of whom are in charge of vast expenditure of public funds. are in the bands of men who never have made and never could make commercial success in business ventures of any description. They look on while graft, direct and indirect runs riot with the people's money,

Contemplation of the foregoing pic ure is not pleasant. Is it too grossly painted?-Communication in New York

## POTATOES.

The Great Potato Center and How Best to Increase the Product.

The greatest center in the United States for the production of potatoes lies in the five counties of Virginia along the eastern and western shores of Chesapeake bay. The value of the crop shipped from this section in one year averages \$6,000,000, which, having been planted late in February, is harvested in June. During the four intervening months, however, the Colorado potato bug-or beetle, as the encomologists have it-reaps a harvest judge's commission, ordered it to be all its own, and the trucker suffers

The department has been looking into the ravages of the potato bug for some time, and in a recent bulletin t gave the farmers some expert advice regarding the proper manner in which to deal with his bugship. The old manner of minimizing the ravages of the potato bug is to satiate his glut tonous appetite with a mixture of paris green and land plaster-one pound of the former to forty or fifty pounds of the latter. The powder is put in a burlap bag and shaken over the potato

Notwithstanding this treatment the potato bug keeps right on thriving, ; new generation, each with its inordinate appetite for potatoes, being hatched out in less than a week. To make the war against the insect pro ductive of greater results the department of agriculture conducted a series other case. That procedure having of experiments, with the result that i now recommends applications of liquid

rather than the powder. One difficulty with the land plaster it is said, is that it causes an acid condition of the soll which is injuri ous to the plants. It is recommended. therefore, that parls green or arsenate of lead be dissolved with bordeaux mixture. The lime, it is pointed out, the fruit falls on his head. Success to keep another? I can't bear the prevents the arsenic from burning the Magazine.

plant's foliage, and the bordeaux mixture appears to have the beneficial effect of increasing the yield of pota-

The growers are advised to use apraying pumps, which will enable them to apply the poison generally and to ge over their fields at least three times during the season. This method, the department experts say will prove vastly more effective, will result in a larger crop of vegetables. and withal will be more economical It is asserted that the farmer will more than save the cost of his apray ing outfit in a single season-Washing ton Post.

#### FACTS ABOUT THE MIKADO.

He Is an Industrious Man and Remarkably intelligent.

The yearly allowance of the Mikado, which is at the same time that of the whole imperial family, is now \$1,500, 000. Besides he has the yearly incomes of \$50,000 from the interest on the \$10,000,000 which was given to him from the war indomnity received from China ten years ago; of \$250,000 from his private estates, which amount to \$5,000,000 or more; of \$500,000 from the forests, covering an area of 5,124,-873 acres and valued at \$512,487,300, at \$100 an acre; in all, \$1,250,000. Thus, his yearly net income amounts to \$2,750,000, says the Independent.

There are in all sixty members in he imperial family, inclusive of eleven married and four widowed princesses. who are members of the family by marriage, not by birth. Of the rest there are eleven married and ten unmarried princes, inclusive of the Mikado, and eighteen unmarried prin-DESREE.

The Mikado is industrious. He rises early in the enorning and performs his away, and now she's all alone." official duties all day for many hours. The Mikado is an intelligent man, enough for a degree of Ph. D.

The Mikado is 6 feet tall. He is one of the tallest men of his court. He is stout, broad shouldered and weighs 200 pounds. His countenance wife of the richest man in Bayville to has an expression of an athlete, which is not represented in his photographs that are made public.

The Empress Haruko is 56 years old, and is two years senior of her husband. She is one of the most beautiful women in Japan. As she is older than the Mikado she has been able to give her motherly care to the Mikado during all these years of Meiji. The couple love each other dearly, although they do not usually go together when they go out. It is publicly denied that she is jealous of her rival, although it is a fact that the Crown Prince Harunomiya is not her majesty's son, but his majesty's.

#### THE FIRST BLIND PUPILS.

In describing the work of her father Dr. Samuel G. Howe, for the blind Mrs. Laura E. Richards tells of his first pupils. At first he taught in his father's house, and went about the ed help. An incident in this work is given in Doctor Howe's own words.

In the year 1832, while inquiring for blind children suitable for instruc tion in our projected school, I heard of a family in Andover in which there were several such, and immediately drove out thither with my friend and co-worker, Dr. John D. Fisher As we approached the tollhouse and halted to pay the toll, I saw by the roadside two pretty little girls, one about six, the other about eight years old, tidily dressed, and standing, hand in hand, by the old tollhouse. They had come from their home near by doubtless to listen, as was their wont. to gossip between the toll-gatherer and the passers-by.

On looking more closely, I saw that hey were both totally blind. It was a touching and interesting scene, that of two pretty, graceful, attractive little girls, standing hand in hand, and although evidently blind, with uplifted faces and listening ears, as if brought providentially to meet messengers sent of God to deliver them out of darkness. It would indeed be hard to find among a thousand children, two better adapted, irrespective of their blindness, for the purpose of

commencing our experiment. They were shy of us at first, but we gained their confidence with some difficulty, after which they led the way to their home in a neighboring farm house. They were two of a numerous family, the parents of which were substantial, respectable people, and particularly good samples of the farming class of New England. The mother was especially intelligent and devoted to her children, and much concerned about the barrier which blindness placed in the way of educating the five who were blind. She was much interested in the novel plan for educating the blind which we explained to her. She had never thought of instructing children through any sense but that of sight, but she soon saw the practicability of the thing, and being satisfied about our honesty, she consented, with joy and hope, to our proposition of beginning with her two girls, Abby and Sophia Carter. In a few days they were brought to Boston and received into my father's house. as the first pupils of the first American school for the blind.

"He always patronizes that one res-

aurant. "Who, Stinjay? Yes, there are waitsages there, you know." "But he doesn't care for the wirls." but you don't have to the

## In Arctic Circles.

"To the natives ever give banquets?" Sametimes. "I suppose the Eskimo beau drinks hale oil out of a lady's slipper."

"Yes, and then eats the slipper,"-Louisville Courier-Journal. Defined. The pessimist stands beneath the

in her aunt's mind. ree of prosperity, and growls when last, "do you think we could contrive tion-

#### AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY.

There's a lulling song of locusts and the hum of honey-bees, And you almost hear the san flow through the thrilled veins of the trees; And the hary, mazy, daisy, dreaming world around you seems Like a mystic land enchanted-like a paradise of dreams!

> Blue smoke from happy huts, A rain of ripened nuts. And far away, o'er meadows ringing Sweet sounds, as of a woman singing: "Comin' through the rye-"Comin' through the rye!"

And then, the faint, uncertain, silver tenor of a bell That summons all the winds to prayer in many a cloistered dell; And then, a thrush's music from grooves with golden gleams, The wild notes of a mocking-bird, and still the dreams-the dreams!

> Blue smoke from happy huts, A rain of ripened nuts, And far o'er golden meadows ringing, Sweet sounds, as of a woman singing: "Comin' through the rye-"Comin' through the rye!"

-Frank L. Stanton.

as if she thanked the Lord that she

Mrs. Barker crossed her hands in

stately idleness; it did not become the

sew at the fortnightly circle; her pres-

Miss Berry, who sat beside her, look-

"You don't mean to say that the

Willowdale people are really going to

let Elizabeth Pyser go on the town,

after all the good she 's done?" she

"Why not?" returned Mrs. Barker.

"It ain't their fault that she's wasted

her money. She's shiftless-always

givin' something to somebody; and

meek-meek as Moses; you'd think

she dasn't say her soul's her own;

but she's deep!" And with a sigh of

commisseration at the unworthiness

of poor little Miss Pyser, she closed

her mouth with a snap. She had nev-

first love and she half suspected that

he would be quite willing to exchange

for the sweetheart of his youth. "But

"I'm sure we never gossip here,"

"Where are you goin', Miss Berry?

"No, I guess I'd better be gettin'

"Now I'll bet Clarindy Berry's gone

tore nor to spread the news; she

knew it was unprecedented for her

to leave the sewing meeting before tea

secrets; then came a foolish little

She walked straight down the street.

herself time to change her mind, en

or "old maid's pinks." When, in an-

the door, neither knew what to say,

The door closed on them. An hour

Her pretty niece, Bassie, was about

"Why, auntie! What brings you

"Oh, I couldn't stand the clatter of

those old women. Now you needn't

laugh, Bessie Berry; I know I'm no

chicken myself; but if I'm as heart-

less as them I left behind. I hope I'll

"No, I ain't! I'm just as calm as

you are. But I've been makin' calls

this afternoon. I went to see Betty

Pyser. I kep' questionin' her till she

told me all about how she lost her

money in the bank that failed over at

Coveton; the man that owned the

me; and I enjoyed every minute."

home so early?" she asked pleasantly

to sit down to her lonely ten when

Miss Berry made her appearance.

words for twenty years.

arms and began to cry.

die before mornin'.'

seem to be excited."

home early to-night: Bessie'll be wait-

Ain't you goin' to stop to tea?"

ed up from her seam. Her sallow face

was not as others were.

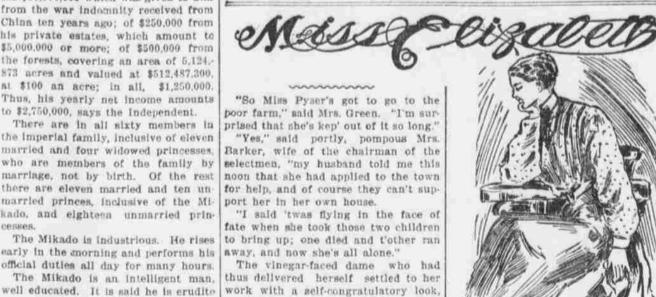
ence was all-sufficient

was a trifle pale.

said Mrs. Green.

in' for me.

asked



poor farm. There's that back chamber with nothing in it, and she's got

her own furniture-She looked appealingly at the girl, who did not immediately answer. To undertake the care of another meant additional sacrifices, more rigid economy. She sighed a little; life was are willing." hard enough for her already. Should she add to her burden? Would she be just to herself in doing so? Then she thought of the days when she and John Pyser were boy and girl lovers, and made wonderful plans of what they would do when they grew up. She had never lost faith in John; some day, if he lived, she knew he would come back to them. A light sprang into her pretty blue eyes, and she met her aunt's look with a smile. "Miss Elizabeth mustn't go on the town, auntie. There's plenty of coom for her here, and we'll drive over this ear,

er forgiven her for being Mr. Barker's very evening and bring her home." After her guest had departed, Miss Elizabeth sank on the old lounge that his energetic and short-tempered wife had witnessed so many confidences, and the tears flowed down her thin you mustn't whisper that I told you cheeks. She thought she had hardenthis, for Mr. Barker says women nev- ed herself for what the morrow would er know enough to keep anything to bring, crying because she must become the companion of Crazy Jane and Witless Will. How little she had dreamed of this in the days when she was young and pretty, and everyone called her Bess! One there had been who swore she was the apple of his eye; but he would not undertake the care of her orphaned nephew and niece, and she would not desert them; so he left her straight over to the millin'ry store to for another. Now he was an imporspread the news; so afraid she won't tant person in the town, a selectman; be the first to tell it. Thank Heav- and she gave a little gasp, and hoped an, I know enough to keep things to he would not be the one chosen to come for her to-morrow; she really But Miss Berry was not going to the didn't think she could bear that.

This was her last night in her old home, and she could not swallow the morsel of bread that formed her eventime; but as she listened to the talk ing repast; something would rise in the days of her girlhood rose before her throat and choke her every time her when she and Elizabeth Pyser were she tried. She gave it up at last, and busled

"chums," and told each other all their herself about the room that was never quarrel, and they had not exchanged out of order, setting things in place for strangers to look at. After this she went all over the house, bidding turned the corner, and without giving good-by to every familiar object.

Hark! a wagon was rumbling up to tered Miss Pyser's garden and went up the gate: could it be that this last the walk bordered with bouncing-bets, night at home was to be denied ber? A loud knock brought her, trembling swer to her knock, Miss Pyser opened to the door. A burly teamster stood there, and by his side Miss Berry and but straightway fell into each other's Bessle; what could it mean?

"Betty, you are coming home with Bessie and me. Tell us what furniture after when Miss Berry left the house to take, and let this man get it," said to go to her own home, there was a Miss Berry; and she drew the dumbspringiness in her step, and a smile founded woman aside, and in a few playing about the corners of her thin words explained matters. ips, that betokened unusual excite-Almost dazed, Miss Elizabeth sank

on the old lounge, while Miss Berry went from room to room, selecting the articles needed. Then Bessie brought the bonnet and stawl that lay ready for the morrow's journey, and together she and Miss Berry led her to her new

Could it be possible that the poorhouse was a thing of the past? She must be dreaming. By to-morrow, surely, she would wake up to the aw-"Well, what's the matter? You ful reality.

But it was no dream, and the next morning Miss Elizabeth awoke with the feeling that an awful catastrophe had been averted and the sword which had been hanging over her head for so long a time had been prevented from falling by the kind intervention of her old-time friend. As Bessie had anticipated, the com-

house, he let her stay in it out of pity; first she earned a little by sewin', but | ing of another into the little home cir lately folks didn't seem to want any cle meant more self-denial for herself. work done, and she just shut herself New frocks and hats were out of the up there to starve. But human nater question; but she ripped and sponged got the best of her, and she had to and re-made her winter dress, and her go to the town. She's always been nimble fingers and good taste soon hopin' that that good-for-nothin' John- brought out of the ruins of last seanie would come home, but she's about son's wardrobe a brand new outfit in giv' him up now. I asked her how which she looked as pretty as a pink much of the furniture was hers, and As for the two old friends, they kep' a hintin' and a hintin' 'till I fairly worshiped the girl who was the sunlight of their home. So this happy found out everything she could tell family dwelt together in peace and She naused, out of breath with ex- harmony, independent of outsiders, uncitement, and remained for some time til an event happened which broke up

in deep thought. Bessie, too, was the circle. silent. She divined what was passing One day a stranger strode into the town fathers' office and asked in a "Say, Bessie," said Miss Berry at voice that commanded instant atten-

"Where is Miss Elizabeth Pyser?" thought of having Elizabeth so to the | The clerk answered that she had be-

come somewhat reduced in eigum stances, and had applied to the town

for aid; and so and so --"And so you sent her to the poor house! Was there no one in this Godforsaken hole to pay her back a little

of the kindness she had always shows others?" "Yes." the startled young man said. "Miss Berry took her in." And he

told the stranger where to find her. It was Miss Elizabeth's turn to be electrified when a prosperous tooking man presented himself at Miss Berry house and inquired if his Aunt Best lived there.

"I am Elizabeth Pyser, sir," she answered in response to his inquiries. "Why, auntle, don't you remember Johnnie?" he exclaimed.

Miss Elizabeth had grown very white, and slipped into a lifeless heap on the floor; but joy never kills, and when she recovered it was to realize that her troubles were over, for Johnnie was well-to-do, and able and willing to take care of her for the rest of her days.

The old house was bought back and efurnished, and Johnnie and his aunt ettled back into the old life. She petted him to her heart's content, and he alternately fondled and teased her, just as he had done years ago, when he wore pinafores, and she had sent him to bed without any supper, and then carried him up a sandwich for fear he might be hungry.

And Bessle Berry also returned to the old routine, and was busy and cheerful as ever, though her aunt thought she seemed rather quieter than of yore, particularly when John Pyser came to see them, as he did more and more frequently as time rolled on

"Aunt Bess," said John, one day, in rather a shamefaced manner, "don't you think you ought to have some young person in the house to do the work?

"O Johnnie!" cried the little woman in fear and trembling. "Don't I please you? I know I'm getting old, but I thought you was used to my ways and we could get along. I don't want a girl botherin' round."

"But auntie, the girl I have in mind is a very good one. Perhaps she won't come, but I intend to ask her If you

"Of course I'll do anything to make you happier, Johnnie, though I don't see how a servant can make home any pleasanter for you. As for me, I should just rust out and die if I didn't have something to do."

The dear old lady was almost in tears. "Auntie, it isn't exactly a servant I

want; it's-in-fact---Johnnie feally couldn't say the words; he had hardly dared think them as yet; but he crossed the room to Aunt Bess and whispered in her

"Oh, John," she cried delightedly, how stupid of me! It is just the thing! And I never thought of it be-Miss Elizabeth was in a flutter of

at once on his errand "I'll sit up till you come home. Won't it be like a story comes your wife?"

pleasure. She urged her nephew to go

"Perhaps she won't have me, Aunt "Pshaw! Go along! What's worth having is worth asking for. Have you?

Bessie is." And Miss Elizabeth looked with pride on the stalwart young man, who, although he was not handsome, had and honest, manly face that a woman

Of course she will! She's sensible,

could trust. Aunt Bess was right. And now the two families are one, and the "old maids" vie with each other in petting and spoiling their grown up children, who, in return for the kindness shown them in their youth, make their lives one long, happy dream .- Gritt.

Play Up to the Part. The story is so old it seems trite to repeat it, but when a girl wants to go on and play herself, she has proven then and there that she does not want to act; she wants simply to show herself. It is just a plain, garden variety of ingrowing ego. Her attitude of mind at once proclaims her. She will never be an actress. But if an exceedingly good looking girl decides she wishes to play character parts, in other words, forget her personal beauty and make up plain and homely for the sake of a characterization, it's a pretty good sign that somewhere within is a spark that may mean art, says Paul Armstrong in Success Magazine and he goes on to say:

hypnotism-the trick of being some other person than oneself; of being it in mind and voice, body and soul. It goes deeper than clothes, wigs and grease paint, and, as in all other things, the mental strength always wins. According to no less an authority on

Acting is, after all, simply self-

the art of acting than Miss Olga Netherrole, it is a great parador. While it is certainly egotism which leads a girl to believe the public wish

to applaud her, nevertheless, Miss Nethersole maintains, "There is no ego in art." In other words, she means that it is the utter effacement of the person-the ego-which makes an actress.

#### Kinder Mad. Steve Long is noted for attending to

als own business and saying very little shout it. One morning an inquisitive neighbor met him returning from the goods with his gun over his shoulder 'Hello, Steve, Where ye been/ Ashootin'?"

What ye been a shootin'?" "Dog."

"Yer dog? My! Was he mad?" "Wall, he didn't look so danged well eased."-Everybody's.

Helps Most. "You know a man is a true friend it he will lend you money." "I don't know. Often it turns out

that the man who refuses is the best

friend after all."-Kansas City Times. Some men live in advance of their age by reading only next month's magazines.