



Latest portrait of one of the most famous women in America, taken at her home at Newport, R. I.

HAULING FARM CROPS

FIGURES ON TRANSPORTATION BY WAGON.

Interesting Statistics Prepared by Department of Agriculture—Average Cost of Carrying Wheat 19 Cents Per Ton Per Mile.

Washington.—At an early date the United States department of agriculture will issue Bulletin 49 of the bureau of statistics, prepared by Frank Andrews, transportation expert of the division of foreign markets. This bulletin is a report on the cost of hauling crops from nearly 1,900 counties and cover practically the entire farming area of the country.

The average cost to the farmer of hauling wheat from farms to shipping points is given as nine cents per 100 pounds, the average distance hauled is 9.4 miles, and the average wagon load of wheat weighs 3,233 pounds, thus containing about 55 bushels. For cotton the average load is 1,702 pounds, distance from shipping point 11.8 miles, and cost of hauling 16 cents per 100 pounds. Reduced to terms of cost per ton per mile the rate for wheat is 19 cents and for cotton 27 cents.

The highest cost of haul is for wool, which is carried on an average 39.8 miles from farm or ranch to shipping point at a rate of 44 cents per 100 pounds for the entire distance. The lowest cost for any one product is for hemp, which is hauled from farms to shipping points at an average cost of six cents per 100 pounds, the distance hauled being 5.2 miles and the average load of hemp weighing 3,393 pounds.

For the entire distance from farm to shipping point corn, oats and barley are each hauled at an average cost of seven cents per 100 pounds; hay, flaxseed, rye and timothy seed, eight cents; wheat, potatoes and beans, nine cents; tobacco and live hogs, ten cents; rice, hops and buckwheat, 11 cents; apples and peanuts, 12 cents; vegetables (other than potatoes) and cotton seed, 15 cents; cotton and fruit (other than apples), 16 cents; and wool, 44 cents.

Except in the case of wool, practically all costs represent the expense incurred by farmers in hauling their own produce. Wool is hauled in the Rocky mountains largely by regular freight wagons, and the wool growers pay for the hauling at varying rates per 100 pounds.

The total tonnage of farm products hauled on country roads in the United States is not known, but of 12 leading products it is estimated that nearly 50,000,000 tons were hauled from farms during the crop year 1905-6, at a cost of about \$85,000,000, or more than five per cent. of their value at local markets. Of this traffic, 40,000,000 tons represent the weight of corn, wheat and cotton, and the cost of hauling these three products was \$70,000,000.

GIRL BARBER IS BUSY.

Young and Old Men of Ohio Town Are Acting Real Giddy.

Hamilton, O.—After completing a course of study in a tonsorial academy in Cincinnati, Miss Minnie Boone, aged 23, a prepossessing young woman of Maud's Station, Butler county, returned to her native village last week and opened up a neat tonorial parlor in the staid old Butler county hamlet.

Success marked the first day's business, and Miss Boone has made a ten-strike. It is even hinted that the men of Maud's Station love to linger in the comfort of the barber chair, and the run on hair tonics made by some of the bachelor residents has been a matter of comment.

Sea fogs are all the rage, and the old time shampoo is being revived. Facial massage is also growing popular, and instead of the hitherto week by Saturday afternoon visit to the man barber of the village of Maud's it is said that some of the youths and "old bucks" have taken to having their faces shaved and whiskers trimmed two and even three times a week.

Found the Right Man. Rudyard Kipling spent a winter in Washington some years ago. One day he was found peering around in the corridors of the state, war and navy building. "What is it, Mr. Kipling?" a man who knew him asked. "I want to find the person who knows most about steam engineering." They referred him to Chief Engineer Melville, the great steam expert. "What is it?" asked Melville, after Kipling had been introduced. "I want to find the man who knows most about steam engineering." "Jim Perry's your man," said Melville, and he gave Kipling a card to Perry. Kipling went down to see Perry, talked with him for half a day and then wrote his story, "Between the Devil and the Deep Sea."

Cigars Made Before War. Reading, Pa.—A batch of cigars that were made before the civil war has just been found stored away in the old Schnader homestead near Mohnton. The find was made by James F. Schnader, who immediately reported it to Deputy Revenue Collector Cranston. There were 1,000 cigars in the batch, made in 1859, and all were in a good state of preservation.

Only a little while ago another box of cigars, made about the same date, were found in the old Kelnert homestead, in Hereford township.

Statesman's Hobby is Flowers. Signor Biancheri, the venerable president of the Italian chamber, finds a hobby in horticulture. He is devoted to his garden at Ventimiglia, on the Riviera, where he grows magnificent roses and carnations. Every Christmas his finest specimens are sent to the queen of Italy.

A Misleading Statement. "Why do you go on saying that the doctor pays you visits?" "Well, he does, doesn't he?" "Of course not, stupid. The visits pay the doctor."

AN ARTIST'S MODEL

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Copyright by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Along the hallway, which was dark, Mrs. Thorne faltered, panting. There was barely enough light for her to make out the boldly lettered name upon Carton's door. She tapped it softly—the fluttering of a bird's wing would have made hardly less noise. "Come in!"

Before she realized it, the door was swung open, letting a flood of light into the hall, and framing the figure of Richard Carton, painter—a tall, broad-chested man, built big and lithely, who stood upon his feet squarely, with the bearing of self-confidence. "Well?" Carton asked, looking down at her coolly, curiously.

"Mr. Carton?" she responded with a question, to which he bowed affirmation. "I—I am Mrs. Thorne."

The name of course meant nothing to him; Carton saw only the slight, almost willowy figure, clothed in shabby black, and the soft pallor of her face, framed largely in the mass of her hair, very dark and shot with metallic tresses, bronze-colored—such a crowning glory as is most delightful to paint. But perhaps he saw only the big, dark eyes, and read in them their pleading message. At any rate, his manner became more kindly.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Thorne. You want to pose? Won't you come in?" He invited her to enter, courteously. "I have been looking for a good model for some time. I think you will do splendidly."

She got into the room somehow, dumbly, in a tumult of emotions—of relief, strangely allied with some chagrin, that he had not recognized her; of mortification because of poverty's flaunting signals in her attire. Well, it was bread for The Boy, at least.

Upon the model-stand—a low wooden affair some five or six feet in diameter—she was aware of an assured isolation. Had Mrs. Thorne been a chair or a table she felt that Carton's interest in her would have been of the same nature, of no less and no greater intensity.

It is the artist's attitude to his model; but at times she found herself resenting it dully. She had come regularly now every afternoon for over a week.

As for Carton, she felt that she would have known him anywhere, just as she had been startled by the unchanged quality of his voice, by the timbre of his footfall, after so long a time. How long? Could it be only eight years since he left their native village to study his art; but seven since her marriage, only four since her husband's death, which had left her, with The Boy, dependent upon her own exertions, penniless and without friends?

Once Carton asked her advice about some small detail of a tea he proposed giving.

"I'm afraid," she told him, "that I have been out of the social life for so long a time that I would hardly know."

"Oh, well, it's a slight matter, after all. Only I wanted everything to be just so. Women are particular, you know."

And his unostentatious invitation to tea she was careful to decline, although on the afternoon following the function she could not refrain from asking, archly, "Did she like it?"

"She?" Carton echoed the word in alarm. Mrs. Thorne saw the color rise to his forehead; she thought his manner confused, boyish, ardent.

"She? I didn't know I mentioned—" "You didn't," she hastened to reassure him; "but women—old married women like myself—feel privileged to have intuitions, you know." She finished with a little laugh, that even to her ears rang hollow.

"Yes," he assented, "I suppose so." (At least he might have contradicted that phrase, "old married women!") "You—you're right," he stammered; and then his face fell, as did her hopes, which she had based on his expected denial. "But she didn't come—for some reason."

"But she will!"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure she will!" He was quite too enthusiastic.

He seized his brush, and began to slap paint upon the canvas furiously. "Indeed—"

"A fellow likes to confide in some one, you know, Mrs. Thorne. He figured, very ill at ease. "We—we are to be married next week?" She sat bolt upright.

"Why, yes; I've just arranged it."

At the end of the day's sitting he laid down the tools of his trade with a sigh of relief. "There!" he added. "A couple of days more, and then—"

He paused.

Carton rose and walked to the window, where he stood looking out. "Now, there's the matter of a gown that stumps me," he said, slowly. "I've been to every costumer in town, and can't get what I want. Maybe you could help me out—Mrs. Thorne."

It seemed as though he had placed the slightest emphasis on her name. "In what way?" she asked.

"Why, the time of this story is ten years back. Now, that manner of dress would a young girl have been apt to wear at a simple evening party in those days?"

She considered. "An organdie, I think," she announced.

"Good! Have you such a dress that you could wear to pose in?"

"—Yes; but it would be so unsuitable to me now—"

"What is it like?" He faced her, again with that glowing gaze.

"It is an organdie—maize over maize silk, with insertions of Valenciennes, with a girde and chou of yellow satin ribbon—"

"Indeed," he asserted, with warmth, "I should think you'd look very splendid in it! I know you would!"

And late that night, while The Boy slept, the little woman rose and went to an old trunk, from whose depths she drew that sole abiding relic of her

girlhood—the maize organdie. She donned it tenderly, standing before the mirror. Surely it was not less becoming than it had been in the old days; surely it still suited her as it had when she had worn it last, and he had said—What had he said?

Carton sat at ease before the canvas, amazingly pleased and satisfied with himself. "Upon my word!" he cried, "it's stunning—no less! Didn't I tell you that you would be fine in the—maize organdie? If I can do as well to-morrow as I have on this start to-day I shall be proud indeed! I do believe it will be worth exhibiting. And the thanks are to you, Mrs. Thorne. You've been a perfect inspiration to me."

She had not looked upon the canvas before; Carton did not like anyone to do so without his invitation. But now—He had done a thing most marvelous. The girl of long ago, whom she had thought dead and buried, looked gladly out of the canvas, dazzling, a breathing reincarnation of her gone ingenuousness. Abruptly it seemed very cruel and heartless. She turned away, but he did not notice.

"I shall exhibit it," he was saying, "and call it 'The Maize Organdie.' It reminds me—"

"Ah!" Had she spoken? No, it had been but the swift intake of her breath.

"It reminds me of the night before I came here to study—long before I went to Paris. And yet it doesn't seem so long; I've been so uncommonly busy. There was a dance in the village, and a girl there who wore a dress just like that. I danced with her most of the evening—and thought my heart was breaking."

"Why?" Her voice was no more than a whisper.

"Because I was going away and leaving her; because I—I thought a great deal of her, and was too poor

to ask her to wait for me." He paused. There was still in his manner that hesitant constraint. "She married a year later, so I suppose it's just as well I said nothing. I came very near it, though."

"—Yes—"

"After the last dance I took her home. There was a moon—there is always a moon, isn't there? We stopped at her gate to say good-by—with the moon watching us. Presently I went away without saying what I wanted to—what I have been trying to say for the last fortnight. I wonder what would be her answer?"

"What do you mean?" She had found her voice at last, even though it were no more than a broken murmur.

"I mean that I've been trying to ask her to marry me—and I've been afraid. What do you think she would say if I did?"

And now it seemed that he held both her hands, having secured them in some manner incomprehensible; but her head was held low, so that he might not see her face.

"It would depend," she breathed.

"If I told her that I loved her—if I tell you so, and ask you to be my wife, dear—"

Abruptly she broke his hold upon her hands, and drew away. "But—the other girl?" she demanded.

"Ah, but the other girl was not come to my tea; it was you to whom I referred when I announced our marriage. Dear, did I tell the truth?"

It became manifest that he had.

The Beginnings of Life. The beginnings of life have been lately studied by Miss Rina Monti in some of the newer lakes of the Alps. In the Lake of the Seracs, which has been formed within the memory of present inhabitants, only five species of life are to be found, and these are all plants, four being diatoms.

In Ong and Tignaga, two older lakes, animal forms—feeding upon the diatoms—have begun to appear. The observations make it evident that life in a lake begins with diatoms that absorb the carbonic acid in the water, and that the next stage is the development of simple animal organisms, like zooplankton, that subsist on vegetable forms already existing.

Geologists have inferred that the first life on earth began in the ocean in this same way.

Self-Distrust. "Did you enjoy the concert?" asked the artistic young woman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "I enjoyed it. But I was afraid to say so for fear mother and the girls would reproach the performers for playing that sort of music."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WORLD'S GRANDEST HORSE SHOW



AUGUSTA EMPRESS OF GERMANY

The biggest and the finest exhibition of the finest horse flesh by the world's equine enthusiasts is scheduled for London next June. Owners of fine horses in many lands, including the crowned heads of Europe, are to be among the exhibitors and prizes to the amount of \$35,000 will be distributed. It will be the greatest horse show the world has ever seen, and like the New York and Chicago horse shows its social features will be among the chiefest of the attractions. The Olympia, London's largest exhibition hall, a place twice as large as Madison Square garden, New York, has been secured for the show, which opens June 7.

From time immemorial the cultivation of fine horses has been the pleasure and diversion of the leisure classes of all countries. The advent of the automobile has not diverted the interest in the horse as an exhibit. More than ever is he now the toy of the rich.

In England and on the continent the fad is older and more popular than it is in this country. Consider then, the ranks of fashionable classes, from royalty down to the wealthy countries of the world, who will be represented at the show?

Never before in the history of the world has there been a social event of such universal interest.

To America belongs the honor of originating the plan. James T. Hyde, assistant secretary of the National Horse Show Association of America, and long associated with the management of horse shows in this country, first suggested the idea a couple of years ago. The matter was presented to influential persons in England and endorsed enthusiastically. Reginald Vanderbilt last spring visited London chiefly to get the consensus of opinion regarding the feasibility of the plan. A committee was formed in England, another in America and one on the continent to ascertain the feeling of horse owners and capitalists. The report was unanimously favorable. King Edward is said to be much interested in the affair and it is about certain that he will enter some of the noted horses from the royal stables at Windsor and Buckingham. King Edward is a great lover of well-bred horses and frequently exhibits at the English shows. Queen Alexandra and the prince and princess of Wales own some of the best blooded stock in England and are sure to be interested in the project.

Emperor William will also send over some horses and will be personally represented at the show, possibly by the crown prince, while Alfonso, king of Spain, is enthusiastic on the subject. The presence of royalty will do much to add to the glory of the occasion.

The date of the exhibition is well timed, June 7 to 13, inclusive, coming between Derby and Ascot weeks, when everybody will be in town, and being followed on June 14 and 15 by the Richmond meet. It is quite probable that many of the American exhibitors will arrange to enter at several of the English open-air shows. Alfred Vanderbilt has planned to do so and may, possibly, also exhibit at The Hague.

The prize aggregate \$35,000, besides which many special prizes will be offered by private individuals.

For each class there will be English, American and Continental judges. All the usual classes will be represented—saddle horses, hunters, thoroughbreds, polo ponies, roadsters, heavy harness turnouts, four-in-hands and all the varieties of horses and equipages known to horse shows.

The most beautiful horses of the world will be exhibited, and this alone will be a wonderful display.

Pretty Polly, the famous English race horse, although no longer on the course, may make a triumphant entry at the show. Most of our own celebrated horses will be there. Alfred Vanderbilt's blue ribbon four-in-hand—Viking, Venture, Vogue and Vanity—it is hoped will repeat the successes of American shows. Primrose, Pully Prim, The Youngster, Sweet Marie and The Major, are others of Mr. Vanderbilt's string which will be represented.

Reginald Vanderbilt, who is now abroad, will also send over a long string of horses, among which probably will be the celebrated Dr. Selwona, Amazeant, Astonishment, The Dictator, Scotland's Queen, Bravo and many other winners.

C. W. Watson will be represented by the high-stepping hackney Ringing Bells, which made such a sensational success at the Newport Horse Show last summer; also by Lord Baltimore, My Maryland and other favorites.

Twenty years' observation of phthisis over a district in Dartmoor and North Devon, England, has convinced investigators that populations exposed to strong prevalent rainy winds have a higher death rate from consumption than populations sheltered from them. The contrasts in the phthisis death rate in the sheltered and exposed parishes are very marked.

"WILL YOU BE MINE?" She dipped her spoon into the plate and raised a letter to her lips. William, trembling with emotion, silently noted that it was an E. This she promptly replaced in the plate. For a few moments she idly toyed with her soup as if to cool it. Then as though suddenly remembering, she said: "Why, here, Mr. Sweet, this is your soup."

With beating heart he glanced into the plate. At first he could scarcely believe his eyes, and yet—yes, there it was, in clear, unmistakable letters:

"YOU WIN ME, BILL."

Dexterously skimming the tender message from the surface, he swallowed it with a romantic sigh.

Their engagement was announced with the animal crackers.—Ridgeway's.

No Man Indispensable. No man is indispensable. It is well to think of that, for it teaches us humility, whose sweet breath fans many another virtue into flame.

HAS THE OLDEST PULPIT.

DESK AT ALBANY, N. Y., WAS IMPORTED IN 1650.

Is Property of First Reformed Church Built in 1793—President a Member While Governor of the State.

Albany, N. Y.—This city has the honor of owning the oldest pulpit on the continent, along with that of being the oldest chartered city in the United States. The pulpit stands in the Dutch Reformed church, which was built in the year of the building of the old California missions, 1793, but, unlike them, it is as strong and in as good repair as it was when the builders left it.

The pulpit was brought over from Holland by the Dutch in 1656 to stand in their new church, which was just building. Twenty-five beaver skins were sent to Holland as part payment, but they became damaged in transit, so the pulpit was donated by the Dutch West India company. The building served as a fort as well as a church, cannon being mounted upon the roof, and while the service was going on within sentinels watched for signs of a foe.

To-day the old hour glass and ancient Dutch Bible are still in their accustomed places, while in the olden time the pews in front of it were occupied by Col. Peter Schuyler, Albany's first mayor; the patrons of the Van Rensselaers, who owned land along both shores of the Hudson river for 24 miles, and Gen. Philip Schuyler, one of the first three major generals in the revolutionary army, also first United States senator from New York.

Within its shadow the famous Iroquois chieftain, King Hendrick, who with Sir William Johnson defeated the French and Indians in the battle of Lake George, was converted to Christianity and Col. Aaron Burr, United States senator from New York and vice president under Thomas Jef-

erson, was married to Theodosia Provost.

President Roosevelt sat before it and listened to the preacher's words as a member of this church when governor of New York state.

The old pulpit is rich in years and honors; its history is Albany's history, the church's members having taken part in all the events of interest that have happened in "ye olde towne" since its founding.

NOTED HALF BREED A CHIEF.

Greenwood La Fleur Conspicuous in the History of the Choctaws.

New Orleans.—Near Greenwood, Miss., is Malmason, an imposing memorial to that picturesque half-breed Greenwood Leflore, or La Fleur. His father was a Canadian trader and his mother the daughter of a Choctaw chief. His father became influential in the tribe and accumulated considerable wealth. Greenwood was educated abroad and upon the death of his father was elected chief of the tribe.

He was a unique character and widely known. He managed the treaty between the government and his tribe known as the treaty of Dancing Rabbit, by which the tribe agreed to be moved west of the Mississippi, it being stipulated that he himself should receive 12,000 acres of land near Greenwood. In the midst of this estate he erected his historic mansion Malmason, sparing no expense either of construction or furnishing. He spent much time in travel and brought home with him from his various trips abroad expensive specimens of art and bric-a-brac. It is said that at one time he owned 2,000 slaves.

He was shrewd, independent and fearless, noted for hospitality and influential in public affairs. He died in 1872. His portrait adorns the state-house at Jackson.

For a New State in the Northwest.

Idaho, Washington and Oregon May Be Asked to Contribute Counties.

Spokane, Wash.—Residents all over eastern and central Washington, northern Idaho, including the Panhandle and northeastern Oregon, are evincing interest in the proposal to create a new state by taking 26 counties, with a population of 400,000 in the territory bounded on the west by the Cascade range, on the east by the Bitter Root mountains, on the north by the international boundary and on the south by the Blue mountains, and, judging from the hearty support accorded, there is every reasonable prospect that the project will be carried out successfully.

C. Herbert Moore, chairman of the city beautiful committee of the Spokane chamber of commerce, who is at the head of the movement, urges the assembling of a convention at an early date, at which the new state plan can be thoroughly discussed by representative men of the three interested states.

The proposed action to create the new state by taking parts of three adjoining commonwealths is without a precedent in the history of the nation. An approach to it, however, was furnished in West Virginia, organized in constitutional manner in 1861.

Prominent lawyers in the northwest declare that provision is made in the constitution of the United States for the creation of new states, and they point to section 3, article 1, as the method of procedure. The text follows: "New states may be admitted by congress into the union; but no new state shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state, nor any state be formed by the junction of two or more states or parts of states, without the consent of the legislatures of the states concerned, as well as of the congress."

This will involve a lot of work. It means also that a "community of sentiment," unanimous among the people, must be created in the three state legislatures to secure their united action.

An early spring is predicted. There is some satisfaction in an enjoyable prophecy, however much the climate may disappoint.

COMET'S TAIL IS HARMLESS.

More Sun Spots Coming, but Earth is Safe, Says Prof. Brashear.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Prof. John A. Brashear, the Allegheny astronomer, says another big sun spot is due. He observed five small spots. There is a possibility that the large one that is coming will disintegrate, but the present indications are it will be at hand. Its full effect will not be perceived on the earth for some time, when there may be electrical disturbances caused by the great solar phenomenon.

The spot should make its appearance in the western part of the sun. It will then gradually move toward the central meridian, arriving there in five or six days.

Gen. Howard's Popularity. Gen. O. O. Howard, the one-armed "Christian soldier," as they began to call him years ago, is in great demand at banquets and other public gatherings. He is one of the few leaders of the civil war who are left and his empty sleeve is eloquent of the service he gave.

No Need of a Change. She—"No, Jack, I'm afraid it's impossible. We should never get on well together. You know I always want my own way so much." He—"Well, that's all right. You could go on wanting it after we were married."

Pick Me Up.