

How Russia Favors the Women.

Although the Russians are not noted for their gallantry toward women they have scored one on other people. St. Petersburg has recently been provided with new taximeter cabs. They work on a dual system, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen, the authorities having been thoughtful enough to introduce a new tariff according to which ladies are only required to pay half the fare demanded of mere men.

Very Much in the Family.

The fifth of an extraordinary series of weddings has just been celebrated in Paradise Valley, near Oroville, Cal. The first was that of John Weer, a Cornish widower with four good-looking daughters. Some years ago he wedded Mrs. Malarin, a French widow with four sons. The boys and girls have now been all mated and the five couples live under the same roof.

She Used to Run a Theatre.

Miss Helen Bennett, of Deadwood, S. D., has just been elected a county superintendent of public schools. She is a Wellesley graduate and has some years been manager of the theater in Deadwood.

Why the King Dropped Albert.

Many theories have been put forward with regard to King Edward's choice of name; that is, the dropping of the appellation "Albert." It is, however, no secret that the king never led the name of "Albert," and it was only in deference to his mother's wish that he signed himself "Albert Edward." More than once he asked to be allowed to sign himself "Edward," but the queen was obdurate. The king knew that the name of "Albert" would not be congenial to the British nation, and as soon as Queen Victoria had passed away he communicated to Lord Salisbury his wish to be known as Edward VII.

Only One Potwalloper.

The parliamentary register for 1896 showed that there was then only one potwalloper in all England. One seeing the term for the first time might easily imagine that a potwalloper was a species of ichthyosaurus or some other reptile of a past age. It will be discovered upon inquiry, however, that the term "potwalloper" is literally one who boils a pot, and was applied to voters in certain boroughs of England, where before the passage of the reform bill of 1832 the qualification for suffrage was to have boiled (walloped) his own pot in the parish for six months.

A Philocentric Cat.

A Philadelphia woman well known for her fine collection of highly bred cats recently paid \$30 for the care of Balthazar, a Persian cat, on shipboard, in addition to his passage money. Balthazar was obliged to have a special attendant to take him on deck for an hour's walk three times a day, and she also had to have a fresh blanket every day. There is a great deal of money in cats of high degree, and all that are sold have authenticated pedigrees.

A Detective's Description of Golf.

When the detective who arrested Adams, the acquitted Yonkers, N. Y., Sunday golfer, was asked to describe how the game is played, he said: "Why, there's a little ball like an egg, and one of them hits it with a stick and it goes off in the grass, and the rest go and look for it. That is all there is to it."

Most anybody can laugh in the face of Death, when his call is not personal.

Those who can command themselves, command others.—Hazlitt.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 223 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1904.

Some Drink, Others Do Not.

Fourteen prelates of the Church of England are total abstainers. The archbishop of Canterbury is one of them, the new bishop of London is another. A majority of the bishops still take their wine—temperately, of course.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Her Decennial Jag.

A London woman, arraigned in court for being drunk, pleaded that she was entitled to her spree, as it was precisely ten years since she had committed a like offense. The magistrate coincided with her view and discharged her.

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One kind word spoken is worth two left unsaid.

Northern Wisconsin Railway Farm Lands for Sale.

The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway has choice farm lands for sale in Northern Wisconsin, at low prices and easy terms of payment.

Early buyers will secure the advantage of locations on the many beautiful streams and lakes, which abound with fish and furnish a never ending and most excellent water supply, both for family use and for stock.

Land is generally well timbered, the soil fertile and easy of cultivation and this is rapidly developing into one of the greatest sheep and cattle raising regions in the northwest.

Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior, Ashland and other towns on "The North-Western Line" furnish good markets for stock and farm produce.

For further particulars address Geo. W. Bell, Land Commissioner, Hudson, Wis., or G. H. MacRae, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

All nature is at war. If we don't slay and eat, we will soon be slain and devoured.



Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"
He trusts in God.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "to-morrow," "the unknown,"
The "future" trusts unto that power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.



Wanted—An Attic.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"And, as you said the description of life in a suburb of working people was the only weak thing in the book, I am going to spend three months in a cottage attic and get the atmosphere, Mr. Morris."

The lawyer looked up from his desk and back again before he spoke. What he glanced at was a pale man of 28 or 29, who looked older. His face was sensitive and was rather too sweet for a positive manliness. When the lawyer finally spoke it was to say:

"It will not hurt you or the book. Have you given up your trip across and to Vienna?"

Van Vliet looked uncomfortable.

"Can't do both, can you?"

"No—and really the book comes first. If it is all right but that, why not put myself in the way of making that right?"

Mr. Morris thrust his hands into his pockets and walked up and down the room.

"Look here, Van, I am pretty certain the Astranhamms count on your going over. It is actually a question between Gwendolen and the book—because Mr. Astranhamm intimated to me that Dr. King wanted to join the party and we all know what Deb is after."

A rather peculiar look came about Cecil Van Vliet's mouth.

"So it is the book or the girl continued the lawyer.

A dreamy smile flitted over the face of his hearer.

"And which one is it, Van?"

Then came a quick movement from the silent man and then a decisive utterance.

"The book then—I like the girl, better than I wish I did. But maybe the book can win the girl—but the book first at all hazards."

In the sloping roof of a small white cottage there was set a deep dormer window that looked over fields of emerald wheat and on the brown clods



The German Woman Sowed Seed.

that, later, would be covered with waving corn. On a gentle slope to the left there were orchards where pink and white waves of bloom stood out against a sky of the palest blue. On the hill was an old brown house and here went on the panorama of pastoral life as before the city crept out. It was a remnant of the past century. Here the dawn smoke rose, the men went

forth to plow, the noon bell rang for dinner, the night lights glowed through the small window panes, the dog barked at the night passer. Below and around this remnant farm, there were small houses, some of them mere shanties and cabins of boards and debris. It was the vanguard of civilization, the first roll of the wave that meant the growth of a city.

In the attic of the white cottage Cecil Van Vliet had taken up his abode.



He Sat Under the Tree.

He left his old life behind him, as though it was a thousand miles away. He wore what the college boys had once dubbed "hand-me-downs" and a cheap suit of that clothing. His personal belongings were all in a small and cheap trunk. The room he occupied was like a dry goods' box, walls, floor and door of unpainted pine. A strip or two of rag carpeting partially covered the floor. There was a cheap iron bed, a cheaper table and washstand covered with white oilcloth. He was expected to "wait on himself" which meant to fill his water pitcher from the cistern and make his own bed except on Saturday when the housekeeper from below took possession and cleaned things up.

From the window at which he wrote on a small table with wobbling legs the panorama of life unfolded to Cecil Van Vliet's wondering eyes. He saw the daily routine of life among the great struggling masses, he saw suffering, merriment, misery, death and the happiness of the youthful and careless. In the small yard below the German woman spaded and sowed seed and set out plants and vines. He often went down to help her and was rewarded by hot bread and coffee. He took long walks and lunched or dined at wayside places. Sometimes he rode on hay wagons passing in and out and sometimes he walked miles under the starlit heavens, almost feeling his way in the dark and yet with a consciousness that never before had he been awake.

In a month the old life had fallen from him. The charm of simplicity was with him day and night. This return to primordial things had awakened the truest life in him—and while he grew more robust and the color came into his face, he drank in real life as a thirsty man takes long draughts of water.

In behind the slope but quite out of sight of the white cottage lay the school house, a frame structure surmounted by a bell which calls the

children together. It was a favorite walk of Cecil's, for he liked to see the fluttering colored aprons and gowns of the children over the green sward and the trim form of the Little Teacher. She had smooth brown hair and blue eyes, cheeks red as roses and she wore print gowns such as Cecil Van Vliet had never seen before. When she sang with the children it was in such a sweet and happy voice that it thrilled the heart like a wild bird's song. That was the reason he liked to stay where he could hear it—and he so often sat on the bench under the beech trees that the teacher, as well as the children, came to know him.

To them, as to his cottage housewife, he was a medical student, living cheap over the summer. Even that made the people somewhat in awe of him.

The Little Teacher lived in the brown farm house that had survived the tidal wave of progress. After a time Cecil walked home with her and sat with her under the low brown porch. The martins built in boxes nailed there for them. Roses that seemed to hold the perfume as well as all the wealth of color in the air and sunshine nodded from bushes that were rooted deep and strong. The old life was a dream, but Cecil lived in a dream.

All that he had written of a supposititious suburban life had long since been burned. What he wrote to replace it was alive and human—it was what he saw, what he felt, what was and is. The Little Teacher's simple existence, the joy, the sorrow of every day was painted with the zest and interest and charm of novelty.

There came a day when he closed the last chapter and, his heart beating with enthusiasm, tied up the package and sent it into the great city from which he had been over four months an alien. It was the end of summer. The orchards were fruit-laden, the red rose hips scarlet on the bushes. The wheat fields had been shorn and were becoming green again. The year's work was being completed also. It was harvest time.

It would be two weeks before he could expect to hear from Mr. Morris. How should he employ this time? The old ways, the sweet ways with rest and peace. Then the armor must be girded on for the work of the world.

But first, first, he must go to see the Little Teacher.

"I cannot take my eyes from you," declared Lawyer Morris, "you are another man in every way. And the book. Shake hands—you have made me shed the first tears I ever shed over a novel."

Van Vliet's eyes shone.

"You are sure?"

"Sure! Yes, I am! I don't mind telling you that I have let a publisher have a peep at it. It's a big thing; I'm glad! I've some news for you also. Gwendolen refused Deb King point blank. The Astranhamms are on the way home. Now are you happy?"

"Well—that don't make me any happier—because—because O, hang it all, Morris, I want to introduce you to some one that's waiting for me! Don't go away."

He was back in five minutes, nervous and radiant. With him was the neatest of gray-clad small females, red-cheeked, blue-eyed and blushing like a shy child.

"I'm very glad about the book," reiterated Cecil, "but it isn't the book or the girl this time. It is the girl first and then the book and both are successes, I'm sure you will say, Mr. Morris."

For Stains on Marble.

In the treatment of stains much depends on what has caused them. Marble is one of the most difficult substances to deal with when removing stains. Even the weakest acid will attack the marble, and should not be employed except in the hands of an expert, says the Ladies' Home Journal. The following treatment will remove many kinds of stain from marble: Dissolve half a pint sal soda in one pint of boiling water; stir into this half a pint of quicklime and enough whiting or fuller's earth to make a paste like thick cream. Spread this on the marble and let it remain two days or longer. Scrape off and wash clean. If all the spots are not removed this treatment may be repeated until the marble is quite clean.

Thirty-Seven Children.

Salzburg, Austria, now puts in a claim for the record birth rate of a single family. Johann Stemer, a farmer, married his wife, Martha, nineteen years ago, when he was 52 and she was 25. In the nineteen years since they have had thirty-seven children—triplets three times and twins twelve times, while the babies have come along singly four times. Of the children thirty-four are living, and they are all healthy and normal. The thirty-seventh child was born a couple of weeks ago, on the day on which the father celebrated his 72d birthday. The mother is still in robust health. Who knows of a record to beat this?

Delaware Without a Representative.

There are fewer contested seats in the Fifty-seventh Congress than in any previous one for many years. There are practically no contests in the Senate, though the session will open in December with Delaware, one of the original states, with no representative.

Sultan Gives Many Presents.

The Sultan of Turkey annually gives away a great many presents, most of which are made in a special workshop in Constantinople, half a hundred men being constantly employed in the work.

The greatest of sacrifices is to sacrifice self-respect.

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

A wise man amongst fools feels more foolish than a fool amongst wise men.

Time proves all things. It has seen Wizard Oil cure pain for over forty years. Many people know this.

Of plain, sound sense, life's current coin is made.—Young.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

He who is forever grumbling about this world is apt to find a worse one hereafter.—Chicago Journal.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Extended tour, leisurely itinerary with long stops in the Park. Private coaches for exclusive use on the drive. Pullman sleeping and dining cars. Established limit to number going. Escort of the American Tourist Association, Reau Campbell, General Manager, 1423 Marquette Building, Chicago. Colorado and Alaska tours also.

Tickets include all Expenses Everywhere. Train leaves Chicago via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry, Tuesday, July 9, 10.00 p. m.

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