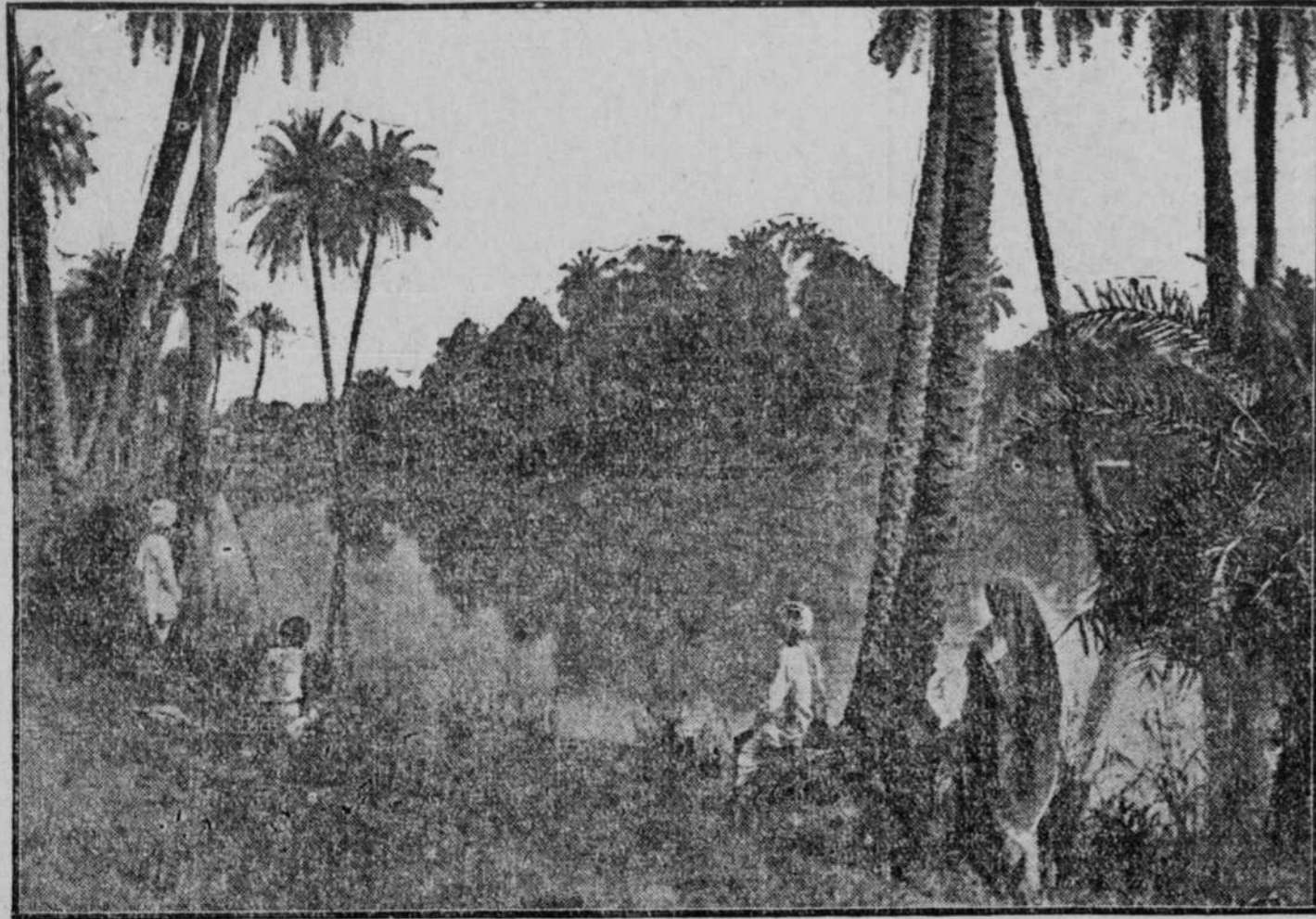


TYPICAL CENTRAL INDIAN SCENERY



ALL SOMEWHAT OUT OF PLACE.

Mrs. Goodheart's Strange Comment on Husband's Plan.

When Mr. Goodheart came home to supper he found Mrs. Goodheart in a state akin to despondency, which was quite unusual with her.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" he anxiously inquired.

"Matter enough," said she. "Our servant has left us, and here is a letter from Sarah Armatige saying she will be here to-morrow, and expects to stay over Sunday with us. What on earth is to be done?"

"Oh, that will be all right," said Mr. Goodheart. "Harold can act as dining room waiter, Millie can be maid of all work, and you can be cook. You know you are a good one. We shall get along swimmingly."

"And what will you do?" inquired Mrs. Goodheart.

"Me? Oh, I'll be a gentleman," he replied.

"Very well, we will try your plan, Edmund," said she, cheerfully; "but I am afraid we shall all feel rather awkward in our unaccustomed roles."

Mr. Goodheart says she was as cheerful as a lark all the remainder of the evening.

three months was read at the regular meeting of the society last week. Eleven names comprise the necrology and the average age was over 76 years. The oldest member was Randolph W. Townsend, who was 91 years of age, and had been a life member since 1850. Another nonagenarian was William Miles, 90 years old, who had been a life member since 1845. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who was 81 years old, had also been a member since 1845. No members are now living who joined previous to that year, and there is now but one 1845 survivor. He is Paul N. Spofford, and he has the honor of being the oldest living member in the society. He is about 90 years old and is too feeble to attend any of the meetings. The other deceased members were Luther R. Marsh, 89; Samuel D. Babcock, 82; William Allen Butler, 78; Eugene A. Hoffman, 74; Henry W. Bilby, 69; Isaac Myer, 66; James Benard, 63, and Nicholas Fish, 57.—New York Times.

FAME—AND THE BUTLER.

Senator Dolliver Tells Incident of His Early Life.

Senator Dolliver of Iowa tells of an embarrassing incident which once occurred to him. It is supposed to illustrate the difficulty a man of small means finds in getting along at the national capital.

"On one occasion I was invited to attend a social function given by a high official. I went and had a most

delightful time, concluding that Washington social life was not a thing to be in the least afraid of. This conclusion was reached, by the way, just as I was taking leave of the host.

"A liveried servant approached me and asked if my carriage was in waiting and whether it was a single or double conveyance. Out of consideration for a lean pocketbook I had ordered a cab rather than a two-horse carriage. I had the pleasure of hearing the servant shouting to the carriage driver:

"Senator Dolliver's one-horse hack! Senator Dolliver's one-horse hack!"

"The man then came to me, and with his head high in the air, announced: 'Your hack's waitin', Senator Dolliver.'—The Pilgrim.

Disbelieves in Vegetarianism.

"My experience in dieting," writes Dr. Yorke Davies, "teaches me that those people who eat a proper amount of meat, fish, and animal food generally are stronger and in every way physically and mentally superior to vegetarians, and I speak from a very large experience in the matter."

Fine Collection of Pioneer Relics.

Elwell Hoyt, a Eau Claire, Mich., has the most complete collection of pioneer relics in the Central States, and keeps them in a log cabin built at his home for that purpose.

Railroad Building in Japan.

In the past thirty years Japan has built 4,000 miles of railways.

Philosophical Observations

By BYRON WILLIAMS

Religion since the beginning has had many modes; varying greater even than the tribes. In all religion, however, there are two elemental characteristics, the mythical and the practical. The former, buried in Grecian lore, often hears not the knock of the beggar as does the practical religion. It is well to be wise in Christian lore, but not to the blotting of the practical religion, the kind that stimulates the body as well as the soul.

Myths, dogmas, conceptions, are all good enough in their way, but the bread-and-butter kind of religion, the live-and-let-live sort, is the religion that St. Peter will ask you about when you rap at the Heavenly gate. He who did for his fellows will get a front seat near the big, white throne, where he can hear the harp-music, entranced, while the mere bookish religionist will need an ear trumpet to hear the bass-drum.

An elaborate doctrine is not religion; the crossing of one's self, the sprinkling of the holy water, are mere forms, and unless they represent inward honesty are no more symbols of Christianity than a mule's lusty kicks at a troublesome horse-fly. Dogma and ritual are only manifestations of religion, and all signs fall in wet weather. There must be an inner conviction—a doing as well as seeming, a feeling as well as ostentation.

Tree worship and stone worship were in vogue in ancient times. In the days of our boasted civilization and enlightenment we worship the stone, as did our forefathers, except that our stone must have yellow particles of gold therein to influence our worship to become lovely.

Too many people who profess religion have the outer trappings in the stone-worshipping age. The sanctimonious man, the kind of whom the Bible says it will be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for him to enter the kingdom of heaven, has much of the outward manifestation with little of the inner conviction. People need an every-day religion, a religion not of the Euphrates and the Jordan, but a religion of the babbling brook in the woodland, whose waters are pure and blessed to him who drinks thereof—a religion that comes right home and by exemplification lightens the burden and gives real cause for faith in the better world to come.

The name of one of the best known streams in the world is "Salt Creek." Topographically no one knows where it winds and meanders, nobody hears its sudsy gurgle over the rocks of jagged form. Yet the boulders are there. We believe in the river's existence; we know the stones are sharp in contour. He who sails the stream meets distaster. It is as certain as that measles breaks out and thieves break in—incon-

Discussion of Salt Creek.

vertible. None voyages on the creek by choice, not one believes he is trimming his sails for the voyage. Some sacrifice themselves for party, but each in his heart believes and hopes that something may happen to keep him from the river of defeat. The best laid schemes of river rats go after clay, to paraphrase Burns, and that is why the creek called Salt has so many mariners. Strange to say, though the river has never been seen, it is known to be placid and bright at its rise. A gushing, bubbling spring of clear, sweet water slides away through flower-laden banks. Its sands are white and cleanly and song-birds sing their songs of love along its shore. Nature paints a panoramic picture of glory and peace along its happy way and blithely it carries its travelers toward the mouth.

But the rapids are below! Rumbling, torrentuous, tortuous rapids, that dash and smash and crash to oblivion! This is Salt Creek at its mouth. Some men have lived through the passage; others have lost their force and their desire in the jagged preelice. Innocent of its terrors, they have drifted into the vortex. Their conceptions of a river have been poor, their self-opinions wanting, and Salt Creek hurls them to oblivion.

Happy the man who never launches a boat on the mirrored bosom of the treacherous stream.

The Harvest Home Supper! About it cling memories that make us reminiscent. The good old custom of celebrating it is observed in every country town. It is the event of the Fall season. The ladies of the Cemetery Association, or the Woman's Guild, or some other equally deserving organization, have the celebration in charge. For days they canvass the town and invite the cooks to bake and stew, fry and fricassee. The good things prepared for the supper are legion in quantity and quality. How the mouth moistens at the thought of such a banquet—and mourns at the passing away of a once immeasurable appetite. As a lad, the Harvest Home Supper appealed with overpowering force—a time when turkey and "stuffing" were as plentiful as ozone. As a young man, what men of you cannot recall how you have participated with the pretty maidens of the village? Mayhap you remained after the feast to help them get the dishes together and act as willing pack horses to tote the table service homeward. Wasn't it a night? And the money raised from the great supper in which all participated—not alone from a love of appetite and pleasure, but from a sense of charity—to what good use was it put for the poor and needy? The Harvest Home Supper! Long may it continue in its annual plenty! The individual who has lived to grow so hardened and preoccupied as to forget the holy associations of that feast is lost to self, indeed.

Why Hearts Touch Kindred Hearts.

Some curious scouter asks derisively, "What is Hell for, anyhow?" It might be a storehouse in which stovepipes that won't fit are kept. And then, again, it might not. Hell, as painted by the old hard-shell circuit riders, was anything but desirable as a place in which to take up a claim. It may be considered as the opposite of what this country might have been along about Jan. 13, provided the coal strike had not been settled. Some people don't believe in Hell, but we will wager our imitation panamahatma that when they die they will think a moment or two about buying an excursion ticket in a circuitous route around Hell. Notice we speak of Hell with a capital "H." It is just as well to be respectful in such matters. Dante had a few words to say about Hell that make a man's hair assume erectness. In a casual sort of way, it might be just as well to live within speaking distance of the better place. The pictures of St. Peter and his golden gate have a more reassuring color than those of the Inferno. Somehow we like the looks of an angel, picking the strings of a coral harp better than the chromo of Mephistopheles with a slit in his tail. What if you are lonesome trying to be good; isn't it better to miss a few of the red lights of this earth than to straddle a red-hot barbed-wire fence in Hell? Well, we would enunciate:

Use and Abuse of Hell and Inferno.

Did you ever hitch the town cow to the rope of the Curfew bell? Of course, you need not incriminate yourself thoughtlessly, but really have you not been guilty of placing the village dray on the peak of the school house? You need not answer. Make a sign. That will do as well. It would be presumptuous to assume that you have tied a can to the city marshal or tipped over ten or eleven—um, summer smoke-houses? We mean on Hallowe'en night, certainly! Oh, you have! Well, that's just what we thought. Hallowe'en is a great night, isn't it? It is a night when sidewalks have a way of walking, and corn rattles on the window-pane as rice on a newly married couple's band-boxes. The ordinary boy is bitten by a dog, runs into a clothes-line, loses his hat, gets arrested and says prayers in the woodshed with pa next morning—and all because he has celebrated a time-honored custom of breaking loose on this night of nights. A father who will so far forget his own youthful escapades, as to spank a son for falling into a coal hole on Hallowe'en night, deserves to have dyspepsia. That is what we started out to say.

Hallowe'en When Spirits Stalk.

Success comes occasionally from cleverness but more often from hard work well applied. The few may dream dreams that point them to the desired end, but the rule is a general one, that he who succeeds must do so by persistent, careful effort. In the striving we all have our blue days when the mind is depressed and the imagination a hobgoblin that rides rough-shod over our sensitiveness. The friendly word or appreciative look is oftentimes balm to a dethroned spirit. Unfortunately, the help is not often in evidence and we must lift ourselves from the Slough of Despond to the plane of hopefulness and cheerfulness. "Never give up," is a motto of great worth. Despair is the most foolish of mental hallucinations. Be brave, be sweet, be above your own dark thoughts. The sunshine is only a few hours distant and success slumbers but to be awakened.

Here Lies Our Honored Dead.

Have you wandered in a country cemetery in the Autumn time? The leaves have fallen to the sward grass. They are vari-colored and rustle as you desecrate their death-bed. All about, the headstones rise upward to a golden tinted sky, fit symbols of the higher life. The flowers mourning ones have trained all Summer long are wilted now, turning to tinder-like lichens in the evolution of disintegration. But the memory does not disintegrate. The pain may lessen, the grief may become a benediction, but the thought of loved ones gone, remains always. This is why, wandering in a country churchyard, one is awed by the holy associations. What a great love is wrapped about a city of the dead! And what triumphs and failures slumber there with the resting dead!

SAVED A LIFE.

Gratitude promotes publicity, and it's no wonder people testify when life is saved.

Every reader with a bad back is in danger, for bad backs are but kidney ills and neglect may prove fatal.

Neglected backache is quickly followed by too frequent urinary discharges, retention of the urine, painful urination, Diabetes, Bright's disease.

Read how all such troubles can be cured.

Case No. 34,520.—Mr. Walter McLaughlin of 3022 Jacob street, Wheeling, W. Va., a machine hand working at J. A. Holiday & Son's planing mill, says: "I firmly believe had I not used Doan's Kidney Pills when I did I would not be alive now. I was in a terrible condition, and although I took quarts of medicine and was attended by doctors, I got no better, but worse. Friends spoke of my bad appearance, and thousands knew about it. I could hardly get around and felt and looked like a dead man rather than a living one. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at the Logan Drug Co.'s store, were a blessing to me; half a box relieved me; three boxes entirely cured me."

A free trial of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. McLaughlin will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

A banana peel is no respecter of rank. It will call down anything.

THE BEST RESULTS IN STARCHING can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting 4 oz. more for same money—no cooking required.

If a man had no curiosity private detective offices would shut up business.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Waidling, Kimm & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; growl, and the world laughs at you.

No matter how long you have had the cough, if it hasn't already developed into consumption, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure it.

A strong man is weak if he has no faith in himself.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, moves and regulates the Bowels and Destroys Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists. 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

It is the polished villain who beats the bootblack out of his fee.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, balance 1/2 crop till paid. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

If there is such a thing as poetry of motion the kangaroo must be in the spring-poem class.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

When a man is a failure he is called a fool. When he succeeds he is called shrewd.

Opportunities and Business Chances Never were greater or more attractive than now in the Great Southwest—Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas.

If you're interested, write for particulars. James Barker, Gen'l Pass., & Tkt Agt., M. & T. Ry., 529 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

Few women know how to grow old gracefully—and even they do not want to.

If you don't get the biggest and best it's your own fault. Defiance Starch is for sale everywhere and there is positively nothing to equal it in quality or quantity.

Some women are so modest that they won't even own up to the size of their faults.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. All Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A good many inventors plainly show that they are related to necessity.

Don't you know that Defiance Starch, besides being absolutely superior to any other, is put up 16 ounces in package and sells at same price as 12-ounce packages of other kinds?

Some of the old-fashioned thing should never fall into disuse, and honesty is one of them.

Energy all gone! Headache! Stomach out of order! Simply a case of torpid liver. Burdock Blood Bitters will make a new man or woman of you.

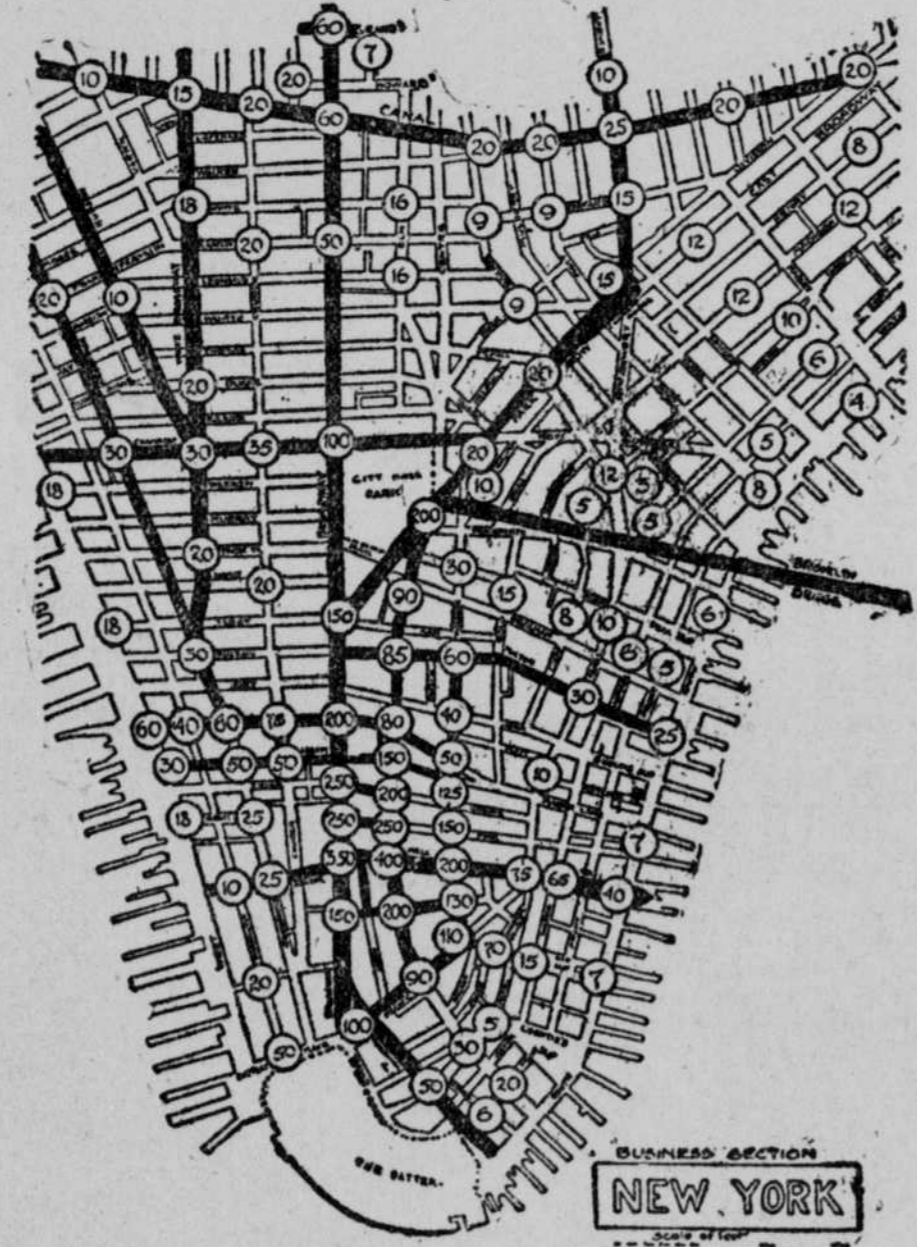
Massachusetts is the only state of mind—so Bostonians say.

SUPERB DINING CAR SERVICE. Experienced travelers say that the meals served in the Dining Cars on the New York Central are the best they have ever found in the East or West. Our whole country is represented in the menus. Oranges from Florida, shad from North Carolina, breakfast food from Minnesota, potatoes from Utah, water from the Adirondack Mountains, wine from Missouri and California, in addition to the finest imported wines and cigars from Cuba, Porto Rico and Manila, representing a variety and excellence of service that compares favorably with that of the best hotels.

If the wife is a slave to fashion the poor husband must of necessity be a slave to the almighty dollar.

Land in New York at \$450 a Square Foot.

(Figures in map from Yale Review show values per square foot.)



The congestion of business at the lower end of Manhattan Island has not only elevated office buildings twenty and more stories into the air, but has sent the price of land up to an almost incredible height. Richard M. Hurd, writing in the Yale Review, gives figures that would seem to show that we come near to having "golden streets" in a locality that in some other respects is not so suggestive of the better land. He gives the following interesting figures in regard to New York:

"The banking district appears to include the most valuable land in the world, the financial section in London being the only competitor. The two corners of Wall street and Broad street were sold about thirty years ago at \$350 per square foot, and \$450 has been offered for the corner of Wall street and Broadway, by contrast with which the Statist says that £62 (or \$300) a square foot, including a fairly substantial building, is the highest price known in London.

"The average price of land in the financial district varies from \$150 to

\$200 per square foot. Next in the scale comes the women's shopping district on Sixth avenue, from Fourteenth to Twenty-third street; also on Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets, and on Broadway, from Ninth to Twenty-third street, with an average scale of \$69 to \$100, and an occasional sale such as that at Sixth avenue and Twenty-second street, at \$180, and the northwest corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street (having an area of less than 2,000 square feet) at \$350."

Any one who can foresee the movements of population, business, and real estate values in New York, or anywhere else, has, it is needless to say, a lucrative gift. Mr. Hurd hazards the following predictions:

"It appears quite probable that the greater part of the surface of Manhattan Island will be ultimately devoted to business solely, the space above the ground floor, if not utilized for business, being occupied by hotels apartment houses, flats and tenements. Probably the only exclusive residence occupancy will be in the most fashionable localities in and near Fifth avenue and Central park where the rich who desire to live in town, can afford to hold their property against the encroachments of business. Even here restrictions running with the land may be necessary. The weakness of their position being that one shop injures an entire block, while one residence may have but little effect on a block of stores."