

**DAINGEROUS NEGLECT.**



It's the neglect of backache, sideache, pain in the hips or loins that finally prostrates the strongest body. The kidney warnings are serious—they tell you that they are unable to filter the body's waste and poison from the blood—the sewers are clogged and impurities are running wild to impregnate nerves, heart, brain and every organ of the body with disease elements. Doan's Kidney Pills are quick to soothe and strengthen sick kidneys and help them free the system from poison. Read how valuable they are, even in cases of long standing.

L. C. Lovell of 415 North First St., Spokane, Wash., says: "I have had trouble from my kidneys for the past ten years. It was caused by a strain to which I paid little attention. But as I neglected the trouble it became worse and worse until any strain or a slight cold was sure to be followed by severe pain across my back. Then the action of the kidney secretions became deranged and I was caused much annoyance besides loss of sleep. Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my notice and after taking them a short time their good effect was apparent. All the pain was removed from my back and the kidney secretions became normal. Doan's Kidney Pills do all that is claimed for them."

A FREE TRIAL of this great remedy which cured Mr. Lovell 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.

It is a mighty fortunate love whose ebb tide reveals no mud flats. It isn't necessary to label a gentleman.

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.** Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse to the Children's Home in New York, cure Consumption, Fevers, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A.S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

There is considerable of the tyrant about the woman who is engaged.

I am sure Pils' Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago—Mrs. THOS. ROUSSEAU, 1130 1/2 Street, Newark, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The consumption specialist fills his coffers at the expense of his coughers.

**When Your Grocer Says** he doesn't have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

Why don't you write another good play, Mr. Gillette? An enthusiastic friend inquired of the actor; "a good, live-realistic, up-to-date?" Mr. Gillette scribbled something on the back of a card. "How would this do?" he inquired: "Scene—A drawing room. Married lady seated, young man in dress suit at her feet. Folding doors at back open. Discover husband with a double-barreled revolver. He fires and kills married lady and young man. Husband then advances and contemplates victims. After a pause he exclaims: 'A thousand pardons. I'm in the wrong flat.' Slow curtain."

Torpedoes for the destruction of vessels were first used in the spring of 1861 by the Confederates in the James river. In 1865 the secretary of the navy reported that more ships had been lost by torpedoing than from all other causes: General Rains, chief of the Confederate torpedo service, put the number at fifty-eight, a greater number than had been destroyed in all the wars since.

The Austrian marriage laws are very severe. They prohibit marriages between Christians and Jews and between Christians and infidels. A marriage between a protestant woman and a man who said he had no particular creed has just been annulled by the supreme court.

**CAME FROM COFFEE.**

**A Case Where the Taking of Morphine Began With Coffee.**

"For 15 years," says a young Ohio woman, "I was a great sufferer from stomach, heart and liver trouble. For the last 10 years the suffering was terrible. It would be impossible to describe it. During the last three years I had convulsions from which the only relief was the use of morphine. I had several physicians, nearly all of whom advised me to stop drinking tea and coffee, but as I could take only liquid foods I felt I could not live without coffee. I continued drinking it until I became almost insane, my mind was affected, while my whole nervous system was a complete wreck. I suffered day and night from faints and as water would only make me sick I kept on trying different drinks until a friend asked me to try Postum Food Coffee.

"I did so but it was some time before I was benefited by the change, my system was so filled with coffee poison. It was not long, however, before I could eat all kinds of foods and drink all the cold water I wanted and which my system demands. It is now 8 years I have drunk nothing but Postum for breakfast and supper and the result has been that in place of being an invalid with my mind affected I am now strong, sturdy, happy and healthy."

"I have a very delicate daughter who has been greatly benefited by drinking Postum, also a strong boy, who would rather go without food for his breakfast than his Postum." "So much depends on the proper cooking of Postum for unless it is boiled the proper length of time people will be disappointed in it. Those in the habit of drinking strong coffee should make the Postum very strong at first in order to get a strong coffee taste." Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Look for each package and the first one inside back, "The Road to Well-Will."

**Friday's Child.**  
Oh, I was born at Bideford, at Bideford in Devon.  
And I was born of Friday, the youngest child of seven.  
So I can see the wind blow through grass and bushes and trees.  
And I can hear the calling of drowned men from the sea.  
I hear the grass a-growing when other maid would hear.  
Only a lover's whisper breathed softly in her ear.  
Before the wild rose opens I'm wistful because I know  
That she will wear a canker, her golden heart below.  
For Friday's child must hear and see what he'er another may.  
And cover with to-morrow's cloud the sun that shines today.  
And I was born of Friday, and am the last of seven.  
And I'm maybe the saddest maid of Bideford in Devon.  
—Fall Mail Gazette.

**BABET'S SACRIFICE**

From the summit of a certain ample hill near Champrosy the view is rarely beautiful and has inspired many a poet and painter. But this story is not concerned with the landscape. At the foot of the hill, in the winding, picturesque valley, stands a rough, weather-beaten cottage. It has stood there for years and years, and the woods of Senart, opposite, look down upon it with a long-recognized comradeship.

The cottage is not empty, oh, no, indeed! That can be attested easily enough by the white muslin curtains, coarse, but clean, that flutter in the open windows; and, also, by the pretty roses that bloom on every side. Out of the open cottage door come two figures—an old brown man and an old gray woman, the man in corduroys, the woman wearing a neat white cotton cap and a blue apron.

No sooner have they come into view than a burst of exquisite melody greets them, shrill and sweet, pleasingly sweet, now diving, swallow-wise into tender warblings, fluting of liquid cadences; now hastening to ascend, soaring high and higher in eager, joyful ecstasies.

Then one sees what one has failed to observe before, up among the yellow-tinged and the climbing Provence rose vines hangs a wicker cage containing a thrush.  
"Chrysostome! le joll Chrysostome!" says the old man, approaching the cage. "Good morning, Chrysostome." He feeds the bird out of a small store of millet with which he has filled his pocket. Babet, his wife, watches him furtively for a second, and as she sees his crippled movements she sighs to herself.  
"My poor Pierre, he grows weaker every day. If I only had some rich Burgundy to give him. But, helas! we are poor. Well, the good God knows what he does."

As Pierre turns around Babet dismisses the worried expression from her nervous, little face and summons the ever-ready smile.  
"They had not always been poor, this loving old couple—not so very poor, at least. Before the rheumatism had settled down upon him, when he had the use of his strong, willing limbs, Pierre had gotten along very comfortably with his modest bit of farming in that fertile valley. Often the artists, who would hang around the hills of Champrosy with their easels and canvases as the bees hang around the clover, would say to him:  
"Why do you not move into town and work? You would make much more money in a town. Now, beyond the woods, there, at Soisy, for example, I know a baker—"

But the broad-shouldered, hearty peasant would smile cheerfully and would wisely shake his head.  
"Monsieur is kind to suggest. But, no, no. We have been happy here, my wife and I. This is our place in the world, and here we will live until the good God says 'Come.' Even then—ah! you will laugh, monsieur, but I will tell you what I say to my wife, I say, 'Babet, let us pray that the good God will give us a fine crop of Burgundy and other dainties for her Pierre has suddenly floated across her vision."  
"I would give you a fair price for the bird," the stranger went on. "I would like to have it for my little daughter. In fact, you may name your own price."  
Pierre was about to repudiate the offer again when he caught Babet's eye. She was already speaking.  
"And, monsieur's little daughter would be very good to the bird?" She lifted up her worn, gentle face, and eyed him anxiously. Poor Pierre hesitated and stumbled a little before he was able to stammer vaguely:  
"You are going to sell our Chrysostome, Babet?"  
"Yes, yes," she said, decidedly. But she gave her head a sort of helpless nod, and looked down at her blue apron.  
The artist paid double the sum named, and said he would send a servant that afternoon to claim his purchase.

When the servant arrived at the chalet with the bird, the cage was placed in a large window in one of the drawing-rooms. The window opened to the sun and to the fragrance and greenery of the garden. But not a note, not a sound came from the melancholy thrush. It drooped and hung its head as if mouthing. They fed, they whistled, they coaxed; but it remained motionless and moping.  
The artist was indignant. He had not really pressed the old people to sell their bird; he had given them double the sum named and now! It was not in his nature to be suspicious but it certainly looked as if another thrush had been palmed off upon him in place of the magnificent songster he had heard that morning.  
However, he gave the bird several days' trial. At length, patience was exhausted, and he sent for his late owner to remonstrate with him upon his deception.  
Pierre trudged heavily into the room, hat in hand, and the artist turned around, armed with some righteous rebuke.  
But neither he nor Pierre was allowed to speak; for no sooner had the old man made his appearance in the room than the thrush leaped down from its perch, flapped its wings joyously and burst into so triumphant a song that the whole room seemed to vibrate with its melody.  
"What Chrysostome, le joll Chrysostome," said the old man, going up close to the wicker cage, you haven't forgotten me, then?"  
"Forgotten him, indeed! The bird extended its slender body, expanded its soft chest and flitted its little wings, its song of greeting rose upon the air, and the artist, with the splendor of an invisible color and the artist found himself thinking, "And all the while it kept moving from side to side in the cage—gazing with eyes one might say, at the wicker cage."  
"Yes, there could be no doubt about it! It was the same bird that had changed the ears of the artist and his little daughter at the foot of the hill near Champrosy. But, like the He-

brew captives, it had not been able to sing its songs in a strange land.  
"You can have your bird, my old man," the artist said with a smile. And then, to Carolyn:  
"We would not part such loving friends for boxes of bon-bons, would we dear?"  
So off together they trudged, happy Pierre and Chrysostome, Chrysostome still in full song. And Babet wept for joy at their return.—New York Press.

**A SHRINKAGE IN VALUES.**  
Poet's Experience With the Child of His Brain.  
The eager poet wrapped it up carefully and set out for the city, where the leading magazine editors sat in judgment on such as his—or, rather, on such as might not hope to be quite as his, and it was night when he came to the city. At the hotel where he chose to lodge, he passed it to the clerk, with instructions to place it in the safe, where valuables were kept for security.  
"What value?" the clerk inquired.  
The poet's face flushed with pride.  
"It is, perhaps, scarcely possible to place a value upon it, but—"  
"Say two hundred?" suggested the busy and practical clerk.  
"That is, perhaps, something of the sort they will place on it," replied the poet, with a deprecating curl of his lip. "Yes," say two hundred," and he signed.

The clerk checked it at two hundred, and put it away in the safe. Next morning the poet arose, paid for his lodging, received it safely into his hands again, and went forth. The afternoon was waning when the poet, looking wan and weary, stood again at the hotel desk, with it (no longer with a large I) in his hand.  
"Ah!" said the clerk. "Care for it again? Same value, I suppose?"  
"Well—er—ah—not exactly," said the poet, still eagerly, but of a different variety of eager. "I think—er—what I was going to say, was—or—as a matter of fact—er—could you let me have half a dollar on it?"  
The clerk said he couldn't hardly do it just then, and the poet took it and went back to his humble village, where he opened it in his shop and did quite well.—New York Times.

**WHAT SLUGGARDS HAVE DONE.**  
Sleepy Boys Do Not Always Turn Out Worthless Men.  
In our family of five boys there was never one who jumped out of bed until he was pulled out or dabbed with a wet sponge.  
Yet here is the faithful record of the five sluggards:  
Aged Thirty—Manager of large manufacturing works.  
Aged Twenty-seven—Doctor; metallist with honors.  
Aged Twenty-three—M. A. at eighteen years old; now going up for his last half of his final for LL. B.  
Aged Twenty—Student in medicine; carried all before him in every exam.  
Aged Fifteen—Head boy of his school.

Yet every one of us was called lazy, and every one will to this day at any time, morning, noon and night, enjoy repose when he can snatch it.—Letter in London Mail.

**School Teachers' Salaries.**  
A summary of the salaries paid to the school teachers in the chief European countries appeared recently in several American newspapers. This report showed that the salaries of teachers in England range from an average of \$350 for men to \$250, or even as low as \$200, for women. The lowest annual salary paid to a full-fledged teacher in Belgium is \$192. In Denmark city teachers begin with \$230 and village teachers with \$182. The average for a country or village teacher in Prussia is \$218 per year, although Berlin teachers receive from \$215 to \$650; women are paid from \$144 to \$400. France has an irreducible minimum of \$220. Holland \$160, Portugal \$96 for the country and \$108 for the city and Sweden and Norway \$136 for men and less than \$60 for women. The average salary in Switzerland is \$340 for men and \$275 for women. Greece divides its teachers into classes, those in the first receiving a maximum salary of \$26 per month, those in the second \$16, and those in the third \$13. Teachers' salaries in Spain vary from \$100 per year in the villages to \$480 in Madrid.

**Royal Discipline in Italy.**  
When the King of Italy came to the throne he determined to lessen the expenses of the royal household and to abolish sinecures. Being an early riser, he turned up one morning at the office of the household at eight o'clock, and found two attendants lazily beginning to dust the furniture. Being anxious to dictate some letters, and finding no one to write them, he seized austerly one of the alarmed men, and having dusted one of the desks, sat down and occupied the next hour and a half in writing the letters himself. When at half-past nine one of the clerks sauntered in he was staggered to see the King sitting there.

The King, looking at his watch significantly asked him at what time he and his still absent colleagues were supposed to commence work. "Eight o'clock, sire," was the faltering reply. "Ah, I see you have not enough to do. I must get rid of some of you." He was as good as his word, and there has not been another case of unpunctuality in that department from that day to this.

**Wireless System for Russia.**  
A French company of wireless telegraphy is arranging to provide the Russian government with a wireless system which will enable it to communicate between "station" thirty miles apart. The Japanese vessels were so fitted out before hostilities began, and they were using a wireless apparatus between Korea and Japan; an intermediate station having been placed upon an island in the Korean strait.

**Florence Nightingale's Birth.**  
Florence Nightingale, the world's most famous English nurse, lives at the home of Sir B. Verney, in London. She is to be buried at the age of 73. She was one of the advisers of the secretary of the International Red Cross Society.

**Energy of Radium.**  
A chunk of coal releases, during combustion, enough energy to lift itself about 2,000 miles, or, say, from New York to Manila. But a chunk of radium emanation yields without any combustion an amount of energy in the process of its evolution that would lift it, not only to the sun but to the orbit of the planet Neptune, the outside fence post of the solar system, and which is about thirty times farther from the sun than earth is.

**Electric Railroads.**  
The electric railroads last year carried three times the population of the world. The cars ran eleven times the distance between the earth and the sun. The capital invested is twice as much as the United States bonded debt, and the gross earnings are \$360,000,000. Taxes were paid amounting to \$13,000,000.

**Improving a Pasture.**  
W. W. H.—I have a new pasture in which there is a strip where the seedling did not catch well. Could I scatter some more seed on this in the spring as to have it for pasture by the 25th of June? If so, what would be the best kind of grass to use?

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**SCIENCE and INVENTION**

**Hot Water for the Dishes.**  
How to keep the dishwasher hot is a problem which interests a large portion of the women of the land quite as much as how to run the government and some of the other problems which women have taken up lately. Cold dishwasher is not always been one of the trials which woman has to bear at frequent intervals, sometimes because a neighbor comes to call whom she cannot take into the kitchen while she is doing her work and sometimes because the baby needs attention or something else happens to take up her time. To put the pan on the stove means scalding hot water and possibly damaged crockery and china when she returns, and to leave it in the sink means cold water and all the grease hardened and stuck fast to the dishes.

That is to say, this has been the state of affairs previously, but now there is a dishwasher which seems to have the faculty of keeping the water at just about the proper temperature when the dishes happens to be left full of unwashed dishes for a half-hour or so. This plan is provided with a wide flange around the edge which elevates the bottom from the hot surface of the stove sufficiently to prevent the water from reaching the boiling point. It will also be seen that there is a double compartment inside the plan, one space being utilized for the rinsing water and the other for that in which the dishes are washed. It is possible to draw the water off from either compartment without lifting the heavy pan, a faucet being provided for this purpose. It might also be possible to utilize this dishwasher in conjunction with a

**New Dishpan Solves Problem.**  
small alcohol lamp, which would be located in the center of the pan and warm the water in both compartments, thus doing away with the necessity of starting up the fire to heat water for this purpose. Virginia A. Cassell of Snake Creek, Va., is the inventor.

**Military Education Science.**  
In the course of the discussion which is now going on in England over the place of science in military education, one fact has been insisted upon by every pleader for more science, namely, that the defect of classical education as well in military and naval matters as in the other professions is as much in the mental habits it produces as in the knowledge which it fails to impart.

It not only furnishes the student with an outlook on the world, based on the science of the year 1 B. C., but it equips him with intellectual tools, beautifully ornamented, and of great artistic perfection, but as hopelessly inadequate to the needs of modern life as are now the bow and arrow in warfare. The claims of a quack or the "revolutionary discovery" unearthed by an imaginative reporter, seem to the classicist as inherently probable and far more interesting than the carefully worded announcement of a great scientist. There is no difference in probability, so far as he can see, regarding the truth of the announcement that a South American traveler has discovered a bush producing worms as fruit, and the claim of an Indian doctor that mosquito bites cause malaria.

He accepts statements as facts, because some great man has made them. He is a believer in, and student of, words rather than things. It is this attitude of mind, this confusion of facts and fancies, that forms the heaviest indictment against the classical school.

**Electricity in Japan.**  
According to the London Electrical Engineer, there is a great activity in the utilization of electricity in Japan for lighting, power and traction purposes. One city plans to develop 10,000-horsepower by using the power of the Tama river. Power stations will be erected at three points. Electric traction systems are being installed at various points, one of these, twenty miles in length, now being built. The power plant for this road is in course of erection, and will have an output of 540-horsepower.

**Mined Horse Meat.**  
It is stated that a government committee has been appointed in Paris to investigate the use of raw horse flesh in the treatment of tuberculosis and other diseases. On the committee are, among other well-known men, Prof. Debove, dean of the Paris faculty of medicine, and Prof. Barrier of the veterinary school at Alfort. The reasons for the inquiry are not as yet clear, but may perhaps transpire when the report of the committee is published.

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**Of Course.**  
A Washington newspaper man has a little girl who gets some original sayings. A few days ago she asked her mother to hear her Sunday school lesson. The mother smilingly assented, and taking the book asked:  
"Who was the first man?"  
"Adam," was the quick response.  
"And who was the first woman?"  
"Adam's mother, of course."  
It required some time to convince the little one that she was in error.

**Increase in Exports.**  
In 1840 the total value of American exports was \$123,668,000, or \$7.25 per capita. For the fiscal year ended June 30, last, the total value was \$1,392,231,000 or \$17 per capita. The population has increased 47 per cent, and the exports over 1,000 per cent. The average American is a better wealth producer than his father or grandfather.

**Murders and Executions.**  
The murders in the United States in 1905 numbered 8,976; the legal executions numbered but 123.

**HOUSE OF SIX ROOMS.**

Well Arranged Structure at Comparatively Small Cost.  
An excellent plan for a six-room house is shown in the accompanying sketches. The rooms are of good size, and the plan is exceptionally well arranged, being very compact and economical. The cellar stairs go down from the kitchen under the main front stairs; there is an outside entrance on the landing at the ground level. The exterior is very neat and satisfying, and the house is a popular one. It is well finished in natural woods throughout. The dimensions are as follows: Width, 31 feet 6 inches; length, including veranda, 41 feet 6 inches. Ceiling heights: Basement, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet. Cost, including plumbing and furnace heat, \$2,400 to \$2,600.

**Feeding Bran; Curing a Kicker.**  
A. S.—1. What is the best method of feeding bran to milk cows? What is the best method of curing a heifer of kicking while she is being milked?

Many dairymen prefer to feed bran in the form of mash, but feeding experiments prove that there is little or no advantage in adding water over feeding it dry. A very good use can be made of bran by mixing it with ensilage, pulped roots or cut hay. If fed with cut hay it is well to moisten the mixture so that the bran will adhere to the coarser food and not be blown out of the margin or inhaled by the animals.

**Sowing Alfalfa.**  
O. S.—In seeding with alfalfa how much seed should be sown per acre and should it be sown with oats or some other grain? Will I get a crop the first season?

Alfalfa may be sown alone or with a nurse crop, such as wheat, oats or barley. If the land is clean it is better to sow it alone, but if dirty, the weeds are liable to overgrow and smother the alfalfa plants. If alfalfa is sown with a grain crop the latter should be thin, not more than about five or six pecks per acre. Whether sown alone or with a nurse crop the seed bed should be fine and not less than sixteen pounds of seed should be applied per acre. Alfalfa will not produce much bulk of crop the first season. If grown alone it should be mown high when about a foot or fifteen inches in height and this may be removed or allowed to lie as mulch, according to its bulk. If grown with a nurse crop it should not be mowed after harvest, unless it reaches more than a foot in height, when the mowed crop should not be removed from the land. Alfalfa should not be pastured the first season, as the plants are liable to be drawn out by the roots when young.

**Fertilizer for Clover.**  
E. A. W.—I wish to enrich a piece of land and cannot obtain yard manure; would it be better to apply artificial fertilizer or to grow clover and plough the crop under?

If the land is sufficiently rich to grow a fair crop of clover, you should assuredly advise the course you speak of to improve it. The first cutting of clover may be made into hay, turning the second growth under at the close of the season. If, however, the soil is very poor and the growth of clover will, unaided, be but thin and meager, it would certainly be profitable to apply a sufficiency of a suitable fertilizer to give the clover a good start. For this purpose, nothing could be better than wood ashes, say, at the rate of 25 to 50 bushels per acre, lightly ploughed under; or, better still, harrowed in just before seeding. A good substitute for wood ashes could be made as follows: Muriate of potash, 100 lbs.; superphosphate, 300 lbs.; applied at the rate of, say, 200 to 300 lbs. per acre. As a green crop for plowing under, probably the best will be found to be common red clover, sown at the rate of 8 to 10 lbs. per acre.

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**MAKING GOOD ROADS**

People of the South Particularly Impressed With the Necessity for Change in This Respect—Why Farmers Should Be Interested in the Subject.  
The people of the South appear to be greatly aroused on the question of highway improvement. The roads of the South are, on the whole, worse than those of any other section. There are several reasons for this, among which may be mentioned unfavorable climatic conditions and scarcity of road-building materials. To these may be added the fact that the South has hardly as yet fully recovered from the devastating effects of the civil war, and the population and wealth per capita are less in proportion to the mileage of roads than in most Northern states.

But the public-spirited citizens of the South are enthusiastic advocates of better roads notwithstanding these obstacles. In many counties of North Carolina, Tennessee and Texas, bonds have been issued and many miles of first-class roads constructed.

If there is anything worse than a clay road it is one of sand. But apparently by accident it was discovered a few years ago that sand and clay thoroughly mixed in proper proportion make an excellent road. As a result of this discovery a large mileage of sand-clay roads has been constructed in North and South Carolina and some in other states. Two advantages of this kind of road are cheapness of construction and abundance of material. In many coast counties in the South shells are used for making roads, and they prove an excellent substitute for crushed stone. In southern Alabama and Louisiana may be found some stretches of shell road that are as fine as any in the country.

It is a matter of surprise to some that the sentiment for national aid to road improvement should be so strong in the South. The strength of that sentiment is shown by the fact that the pioneer advocates of that plan in both Houses of Congress are from the South—Representative Brownlow of Tennessee and Senator Latimer of South Carolina. The Legislature of Tennessee was the first to memorialize Congress to make an appropriation for road improvement. The fact is that the South has been aroused by stern necessity. The farmers of the South want improving their roads because they need it badly, and because, like farmers in all sections, they think they are entitled to a larger share in the direct benefits of government appropriations than they have heretofore received.

**HAVE NO BASIS FOR TITLES.**  
High-Sounding Names of British Peers Without Significance.  
Curious as it is that the Duke of Devonshire should derive his title from a county with which neither he nor his ancestors have ever had the remotest connection, he is far from singular in this respect among his brother peers. Taking the dukes of England alone, it is sufficient to say that Manchester, Richmond, Newcastle, Marlborough and Fife have no connection at all, either territorial or residential, with the place titularly associated with them. More singular still, there are Scottish peers, even representative peers for Scotland in Parliament—for example, Viscount Falkland—who are of purely English descent and own not a single acre north of the Tweed; while there are Irish peers, such as Viscount Valentia, quite unconnected with Ireland, and sitting in the House of Commons for English constituencies.

**The Irony of Fate.**  
If you should strive with all your might to lead mankind to clearer light, if you would some mighty plan to benefit your fellow man, and spend your days in earnest toil, and rightly born the midnight oil, the chances are—its sad but true—that no one will take note of you.

**Intelligence and Brain Weight.**  
The intelligence of a man is stated to be in direct proportion to the weight of his brain. M. Mathiege, an anthropologist of Prague, has been conducting experiments into the matter. Having first ascertained that the male brain weighs on an average 1,400 grammes and the female brain 1,200 grammes between the ages of twenty and sixty, he has gathered the following statistics, based on the study of the brains of 235 persons, differing widely in their occupation and intellectual culture. The weights of the brains of the different people are calculated in grammes. Day laborers, 1,400; workmen and unskilled laborers, 1,433; porters, guardians and watchmen, 1,436; mechanics, 1,450; business men, 1,466; physicians and professors, 1,500.

**Of Course.**  
A Washington newspaper man has a little girl who gets some original sayings. A few days ago she asked her mother to hear her Sunday school lesson. The mother smilingly assented, and taking the book asked:  
"Who was the first man?"  
"Adam," was the quick response.  
"And who was the first woman?"  
"Adam's mother, of course."  
It required some time to convince the little one that she was in error.

**Increase in Exports.**  
In 1840 the total value of American exports was \$123,668,000, or \$7.25 per capita. For the fiscal year ended June 30, last, the total value was \$1,392,231,000 or \$17 per capita. The population has increased 47 per cent, and the exports over 1,000 per cent. The average American is a better wealth producer than his father or grandfather.

**Murders and Executions.**  
The murders in the United States in 1905 numbered 8,976; the legal executions numbered but 123.

**Energy of Radium.**  
A chunk of coal releases, during combustion, enough energy to lift itself about 2,000 miles, or, say, from New York to Manila. But a chunk of radium emanation yields without any combustion an amount of energy in the process of its evolution that would lift it, not only to the sun but to the orbit of the planet Neptune, the outside fence post of the solar system, and which is about thirty times farther from the sun than earth is.

**Electric Railroads.**  
The electric railroads last year carried three times the population of the world. The cars ran eleven times the distance between the earth and the sun. The capital invested is twice as much as the United States bonded debt, and the gross earnings are \$360,000,000. Taxes were paid amounting to \$13,000,000.

**Improving a Pasture.**  
W. W. H.—I have a new pasture in which there is a strip where the seedling did not catch well. Could I scatter some more seed on this in the spring as to have it for pasture by the 25th of June? If so, what would be the best kind of grass to use?

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