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The Old Songs

When day is done, and o'er the world
the gentle twilight drops;
When rush and roar have died away
and busy traffic stops;
When spicy breezes borne by June
from Araby the blest;
When "not a wave of trouble rolls
across my peaceful breast"—
I love to sit at ease and hear some
sweet-voiced singer sing
The good old Zion songs of yore, which
fondest memories bring.
"Since I can read my title clear"—
the tears come to my eye,
But through the mists I seem to see
those mansions in the sky.

When evening shadows cool and deep
have fallen o'er the world,
I have forgot the cares of day when
"fiery darts were hurled."
And sitting in my old arm chair be-
neath the rustling trees
It seems that I am borne away on
"flowery beds of ease."
A clear voice sings the good old songs,
and in my thoughts I stand
"On Jordan's stormy banks," and
gaze on far-off "Beulah Land."
Fond memories of other days the old
songs bring to me,
When "Now I lay me down to sleep"
I lisped at mother's knee.

When purpling shadows limn the west
with gold and silver sheen,
"Sweet fields beyond the swelling,
flood stand dressed in living green."
The echoing music of the songs rings
out upon the air
The happy promise writ of old,
"There'll be no sorrow there."
All troubles flee as flee the days, and
with a restful sigh
I gaze "O'er Canaan's happy land
where my possessions lie."
Old days, old friends, come trooping
back from out the shadowy past.
As o'er my soul those dear old songs
their web of memory cast.

Those good old songs, those dear old
old songs! When I am called to go
I want to hear their melodies in
measures soft and low.
"Just as I am without one plea," I'll
lay me down to sleep,
For "Jesus, lover of my soul," will still
His watch care keep.
And when I wake to end'ess day on
yonder shining shore,
I want to hear those grand old songs
of Zion evermore.
Those grand old songs our mothers
sang! O, sing them o'er to me,
Until in that "Sweet Bye and Bye"
the jasper walls I see.

"Chemically Pure"

Boric acid, arsenic, and acid saly-
cille;
Chloride of lime and some formalde-
hyde.
Strychnine, coal tar and acid mu-
riatic—
All these and many more beside.
They dope the meat they sell us
And they fill us with disease;
They are on the square they tell us,
And say we're hard to please.
Tuberculosis, hollowhorn, and also
lumpy jaw;
"Bob" veal and things to make you
sick,
Very plain ignoring of the whole in-
spection law—
But what's the use to register a
"kick?"

Stale meat and spoiled meat and

stenches very furious;
"Down" beef and cripples on the
block.
Doped meat that's tagged meat in
manner very curious—
It's quite enough to cause a horrid
shock.
They "fudge" on the inspection
And they fill us full of germs;
They're careless in selection
But they talk in glowing terms.
Preservatives of acids, and they sell
all but the squeal;
The people have enough of squeal
in stock.
Chemists do the business and our di-
gestions steal,
And you are but "muckraking" if
you talk.

June

Now comes the sweet girl graduate
Who smiles and poses prettily
And tells us with a ringing voice
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."
Or eke, perchance, to tell to us,
Her gentle eyes uplifting
That she and her companions are
"Rowing, and not drifting."

With wealth of ribbon and of lace
And dress of silk or satin,
She reaches forth to seize upon
Diploma writ in Latin.
A week of great rejoicing, then
Will come the sad awaking—
She'll find the old diploma won't
Help her to do the baking.

A Fellow Feeling

A few weeks ago this department
contained a few rambling remarks on
the subject of singing, and it was
therein stated that the writer did not
think much of salaried choirs or the
modern way of conducting church
music. A number of letters commend-
ing the stand taken have been re-
ceived. The liberty is taken of quot-
ing from one received from a south-
ern city:

"I am an elder in one of the most
'up-to-date' churches in this city, and
every Sunday I sit in my place and
hear some girl scream and shriek,
doing the solo stunts, or else the
choir will sing a 'hanthem,' as Pat
called it. Some yell loud, some yell
low, and when they get through
about the only thing one understands
is the 'amen, a—men, a—men.' I
am always glad when they get rid of
that last 'a—men.' If some good
old sister were to get up and shout
during that performance it would
stampede the audience—and she
would probably be 'pulled' for dis-
turbng religious worship. But there
is no danger of a shout under the
spell of that kind of singing. At any
rate it never has happened and I am
not afraid to venture the prediction
that it never will. I endure that kind
of singing thinking that possibly the
procession to which I belonged has
gone on and left me behind. But
when I read the 'Few Rambling
Thoughts' I knew there was at least
one man who knew good singing
when he heard it. When you swing
around the circuit with your old-fash-
ioned concert company, be sure and
include P— in your itinerary, and you'll
find me right up in the amen corner
ready to join in on the chorus."

Safe

"The work you are called upon to
perform will require a strong con-
stitution."
"That's all right," said the appli-

cant, "I've lived on canned meat for
the past sixty days."
There being no better proof the
applicant was immediately engaged.

Companionable

The shade of the beef packer was
ushered in at the portals.
"I presume you have a place re-
served for me," he remarked arro-
gantly.
"That's what we have," replied the
shade in charge.
"Where is it?" queried the packer.
"Right over there by that extreme-
ly warm and perspiring individual."
"But he is a stranger to me."
"That's all right. You'll get ac-
quainted because you engaged in the
same line of business. He's Herod
the Great, the fellow who slaught-
ered the innocents two thousand
years before you began. He'll recog-
nize you, for he has been jealous of
your success for a long time."

The Missing Link

There was a gap in the line of por-
traits adorning the ancestral walls of
the beautiful mansion. So much had
we enjoyed tracing the lineage of our
host that we were astonished at the
omission.
"Did this one fail to have his por-
trait painted?" we asked.
We immediately noted that our
question was an embarrassing one, but
before we could frame an apology our
host said:
"The portrait hung there once. We
removed it for cause."
"Ah!" we exclaimed, our tone of
voice intimating that we wanted to
hear more but were too polite to ask.
"Yes, and I will tell you all. That
particular ancestor lived during the
'muck-rake' days of 1906. He was an
official of the Pennsylvania railroa
when the expose came. We did not
deem that it would suffice to merely
turn the picture to the wall."
Realizing the full depth of this stain
on the family escutcheon we could
only murmur a few indistinct words
in a sympathetic tone.

Brain Leaks

A calloused hand is better than a
calloused heart.
Taking things easy means a hard
selge of paying.
Those who marry for money almost
invariably earn it.
It is a wise father who greases the
hinges of the front gate.
The really self-made man seldom
boasts of his maker.
The man who lives by his wits
usually dies amidst woes.
One false friend can cause more
worry than a score of open enemies.
We have seen homes that we
couldn't blame the boy for avoiding.
We feel profoundly sorry for the
child that is never allowed to make
mud pies.
The world grows with amazing rap-
idity after the young graduate gets
the diploma.
Real Christianity never engages the
services of a press bureau to make
itself known.
Some men never realize the need
for reform until they are themselves
pinched by the evil.

A whole lot of men have secured
credit for being great men by merely
imitating the ways of really great
men.

Some people claim credit for self-
sacrifice when they give away some-
thing that is in the way around the
house.

The man who loses and smiles is
a better man than the one who wins
and boasts.