utod you. If trial marriages are a success ng the Eskimos, it's more than cau sald in Astorbiltia.

Miss Helen Gould says that she "is sot clever enough" to talk to the newspapers. Too clever, we should say.

The New York comple who have been married sixty-three years without a single quarrel do not know what fun it is to kiss and make up. |

"I have all the money I want," destares Oscar Hammerstein. Oscar has always been rather proud of his repumeten for eccentricity. There is an old one something like

will go full gallop." How easy it would be to substitute automobile for horse. A lady Spiritualist asserts that the Szar of Russia consults mediums every say. If this is true he must be pat-

resizing an inferior class of mediums. The Delaware man who whistled while the doctors amputated his flupers may turn the joke on the sawbones by making them whistle for their

While scientists are worrying over earthquakes that cannot be located, the some effect. There is an opportunity to rest of humanity is thankful that no promote a highly valuable work fer all long casualty list makes its appear-

If they've really found a way to remove birth marks by the X-ray we do not see how the Old Earl can possibly recognize his long-lost chee-ild in the fourth act.

The woman who accuses her mother of having allenated her husband's af-Sections has placed the mother-in-law joke in a new light and given it a new ense of life.

Some professor claims to have presf that Solomon did not write the Songs of Solomon, It isn't likely that anybody will ever think it worth while to claim that Hall Caine didn't write his works.

A woman advertised for a husband and used a fictitious name. Her son, using a fictitious name, answered, and they met by appointment. It was perhaps to emphasize their silliness that they let the story get out.

The divorce is absolute, but Count Boni's creditors' claims have been setstod. That should relieve him of some anneyance, and yet a man of his sensitive nature must shrink at the thought of wasting money on creditors.

self for college at the age of 57 years. We are sure that Henry G. Davis of | beans are sold at 20 to 22 reales (90 West Virginia will extend his best to 95 cents) per quintal (891/2 pounds). wishes to the young fellow and hope that an honorable and a useful career may lie before him.

Bowager Empress of China appears to have been premature. In fact, the peothere may be no immediate necessity for them to look her in the face and say It.

Parents who are dissatisfied with the present status of athletics in the public schools-and there are many of them-will follow with luterest the course of the Boston school committee, which is considering the advisabillity of introducing the West Point drill, It is a matter of common knowledge that the drill at West Point accomplishes the main object of all athletic exercise-it gives its pupils a sound body and an erect, vigorous carriage that lasts them through life. Is there any school in American where football, baseball or all the sports together do this for the whole student body?

"A lot of men," said Gov. Hughes, of New York, in a speech the other day, "are overcapitalized worse than the corporations, and cannot earn interest on what they imagine are their intrinsle merita." This is so striking a way of putting an old truth that it Lears discussing. Everybody knows men whose stock is so heavily watered with concell that they cannot avoid batikruptey. They do not pay dividends on the capacity they brag about They say they are capable of great things, but when it comes to the point they are incapable of even small ones. The late Dr. Dowie was an example of ruother klud of human corporation. He ind a great deal of ability, and if he had confined himself to dealing on the basis of what there was, he would have heen a success. But he overcapitalized h levelf, and the time came when he coll t not earn interest on his capabilities as he estimated them. Then failure was sure, and be died poor, broken and alone. One of the secrets of success in this world is knowledge of one's self. The man who is aware of his own limitations, and keeps within them, is always safe, no matter how narrow they may be. The failures are numity of those men who overcapitalize themselves. It is as bad to undercapitailze one's relf, of course, as to go to the other extreme. The man who is difficient, who underestimates his own ability and strength, will not go far. That's the idea. Ain't it horrible?" But at least that nort of man caes not make the crash that follows the fall of the overcapitalized person. Learn to estimate yourself correctly-that is the lesson a man amet master who seeks success. Overcapitalization is as dangerous to an individual as it is to 1 corporation.

During the last quarter of a century there has been the greatest activity in logical research, which received | misfortunes of others."-Houston Post,

Dakota County Herald an extraordinary impetus from Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. Nor has the interest aroused been confined to experts. Though the people generally have paid little attention to methods and detalls, they have been glad to learn of the results and have applauded the scholarship and the industry that have brought them about. They have recognized, too, that in addition to scholarchip and industry money was necessary for unraveling the mysteries of buried cities, but the suggestion that furnishing the money provides a most attractive career for rich young men was reserved for Prof. George N. Olcott, of Columbia University. He grows eloquent over the thought, What, he asks, have the gayeties of society. "what has fishing or hunting, golfing or automobiling, to offer comparable to the keen excitement of watching and directing a hundred workers as they lay bare an ancient city which human eyes have not seen in two millenniums?" As for the opportunities to make important discoveries, he shows that they still abound. There are chances upon chances in Southern Europe, and Asia is a specially inviting field. Americans can work there on the same terms bis: "Put a fool on a horse and he as Europeans. They will not be at a disadvantage, as they might be in Europe, with the competition of the natives; they will have oriental strangeness to lure them on and the spice of adventure. Many an ancient Asiatie city is awaiting the golden touch that will unlock the door of hidden wonders. and "would mean that American wealth might give the means and American scholarship reap the glory." As we

"TREE OF THE FUTURE."

men should think it over.

read of the enormous waste of time

and money by young men of wealth, or

become cognizant of it in other ways, it

seems as if such an appeal should have

mankind, to lead a useful life, to awak-

en a new interest in life, to share in

the scholar's glory. The rich young

Spanish Bean Furnishes Excellent Food for Horses.

United States Consul Ridgely of Barcelong reports that on the occasion of recent important agricultural and botanical convention in that Spanish city, Bener Bartolome Bonet, a cultivator and agricultural student, referred to the algarroba tree as the "tree of the future." Mr. Ridgely says:

"He based his statement upon the value of its fruit-locust beans-as a fattening and strengthening food for horses. Upon investigating the matter, I found that the algarroba or earob tree grows all along the Spanish coast of the Mediterranean and in the islands of Majorca and Ibiza. The beans are used as fodder for horses. The best quality is obtained in the neighborhood of Vinaroz, and large quantities are grown in the Tortosa district. The tree grows best in dry. rocky soil. About the eighth or ninth year it begins to bear fruit, and will produce about 50 kilos (110 pounds) the first year. A good tree in full A Pennsylvania man is fitting him- beauty will, on an average, produce aso to 600 pounds annually, and the "The life of the carob tree is about

80 years. The only thing it has to fear is the frost, which almost invariably kills the tree. The wood of the carob The report of the abdication of the tree is valueless as lumber and is sold for fuel. The benns, when used as food for horses, are strengthening, fatple who started it are keeping as far toning and healthful. In feeding, the away as possible from Tsi An's head- beans are broken into halves or quarquarters and fervently hoping that ters and mixed with bran. In a reports concerning the growth and treatment of the algarroba tree, Sener Bonco

Says:

"They should be grown in pots having the lower extremity wider than the upper, and the lower part well perforated. They must not be transplanted until the end of February or the beginning of March. The best manner of grafting is by budding, which should be peformed when the bark separates itself easily from the tree, the branch not being cut until the following year. As to pruning, this must not be done toe vigorously, but frequently." -- New York Commercial.

Not a "Light" Drink.

An Easterner, riding on a mail stage In northern Colorado, was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon one side by the driver and upon the other by an elderly passenger, evidently a native of the region.

"I understand you're temperance," began the driver. "Yes, I'm pretty strong against liquor," returned the other. "I've been

set against it now for thirty-five years." "Scared it will ruin your bealth?" "Yes, but that isn't the main thing." "Perhaps it don't agree with you?"

ventured the driver. "Well, it really don't agree with anybody. But that ain't it either. The

thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"A horrible idea! What is it?" "Well, thirty-five years ago I was sitting in a hotel in Denver with a friend of mine, and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something,' and he says, 'No, sir. I'm saving my money to buy government land at a dollar and a quarter au acre. I'm going to buy tomorrow, and you'd better let me take the money you would have spent for the liquor and buy a couple of acres along with mine.' I says, 'All right.' So we didn't drink, and he bought me

two neres. "Well, sir, to-day those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing town; and if I'd taken that drink I'd have swallowed a city block, a grocery store, an apothecary's, four lawyers' offices, and it's hard to say what else,

"You say she's as changeable as an

April day?" "Worse than that. She's as changeable as a September day."-Kansas City Times.

Are You One! "Papa, what is a philosopher?" "A philosopher, son, is a man with sense enough not to worry over the



"Well, how d'ye feel about it, any- like as not somehody meets me at the grinning.

lime-whitened hat for the greater convenience of scratching his head, "Blame per, me if I know," he answered.

"Feel kinder swelled up?" "Not by a gallon jug full," replied the man with the bod. "There's times when I have had the bighead an' got the notion I amounted to a considerable, but this nin't one of 'em. Swelled up! Say, are you goin' to feel swelled up when they get this here buildin' finished an' folks stop on the street to gant buildin' it is? You may have had cut no figger. You ain't got no say bow it's to be decorated inside nor nothin' o' that kind, have you?"

"Sure I haven't," replied the man with the hoe. "Nor I don't want to." "Well, it's different with a kid." said

the man with the hod. "You kind o' feel 's if you would like to have suthin' to say. But you desen't. I handed him a bit o' pork rind day afore yest'd'y an' I like to had my head took off. I ain't let to handle him even. Me feel swelled tike, up! Why, I ain't sobody around the house no more. There's them three women, they're the execkative committee an' the business agent an' the walkin' delegate. An' the kid, he's the whole thing. I jest pay my dues an' look pleasant.

"What did you expect?" "I kinder expected a girl," answered

the man with the hod. "I mean did you expect to run the

whole show?" "I don't know as I figgered on any thin'. That's what makes it such a s'prise. When I was at work and away | mon." I never did try to boss anythin' around way I wanted 'em. Now, by gorry, as bodful."-Chicago Daily News.

way?" asked the man with the hoe, front gate an' tells me to take off my shoes afore I tiptoe up the gravel path The man with the hoe pulled off his to the door. An' as like as not I do it. Where's me dinner? I ask in a whis

"'You'll hafter do within a cold bite to-night," they say. 'We've had suthin else to think of 'sides cookla' dinners No, you can't go in there now. What's the matter with the man? Don't you understand they're usleep?"

" 'Well, where's me paper?' I ask. "'I took it to start a fire in the stay to heat up some milk. An' that re minds me. Don't you take your coat look at it an' say what a stylish, ele- off now. You skip over to the cream ery an' git a bottle o' fresh milk. Hursuthin' to do with it, but that wouldn't ry now, an' take your shoes with you an' put 'em en outside.' "

"I don't s'pose you rest much, eith-

"Not when he's a-bawlin'," said the man with the hod. "He don't gin'rally bawl much, though, 'ceptin' nights," "Git up an' spank him."

"Olt up an' go over to the station a: clean it out," said the man with th had, sarcastleatly. "Besides," he add ed, "I don't want to spank the little

"Like to hear him boller, ch?" "Well, you won't b'lieve me, maybe but dogganed if it don't sound sorte good. There's so much of the holle fer the size of him. An' when I go b an' see him with his red face all wrin kled up an' fightin' the air with hi fists an' kickin' out them bandy legs o his-well, I d' know. You've had 'en aln't you?"

" 'Bout s'teen of 'em." "Well, you want to come up an' se this un," said the man with the hod

"He's a little suthin' out o' the com-"That's what they all are," said the the house, but when I come home I man with the hoe, stirring his mortar most gin'rally had things about the afresh, "Don't step too high with the

PRETENDER DECLARES HIMSELF SULTAN.



FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF MULAI HAPTD.

Mulai Hafid, who has declared himself Sultan of Morocco in place of his brother, the present ruler, is one of Morocco's most remarkable men. There is every possibility that he will drive out the old Sultan because the best fighters of the desert are gathering around bim in large numbers.

Mulai Hafid is younger than the Sultan, but, unlike that monarch, is strong mentally and of commanding, magnetic presence. He is for Morocco for Moroccans, and thus appeals to all the people who live away from the seashore-from white influence. Hafid has never been in Europe. Hafid is a poet and has had his works published by a printing concern in Egypt. He has only one wife and a child.

Hardly Negotiable.

Stories have been told of buttons, tacks and various extraneous sunstances found in contribution boxes, but it is seldom that a church member strikes a blow so severe as was that delivered by Amos Budd, of Potter ville, on one occasion.

It was at the close of a missionary memory of his steam engine encouraged it was to contribute ten cents to each the church subscribed, was seen to take | bome." a blue slip from his pocket and look at it keenly and affectionately.

When, after a slight but evident besitation, he dropped the slip, carefully folded, into the box, Descou Lane, who was passing it, could hardly refrain from an exclamation of joy.

"The Lord will bless you. Brother Budd," he said, when the sermou was over, hurrying down the alsie to over take the prosperous grocer.

"I hope so," returned Mr. Budd, dryly, "but I'm afraid you callate on that being a check that I dropped in the box. It wasn't. "Twas a receipted bill for kerosene the church owed me last year, and it had been overlooked Of course it's jest the same as money, though, when you come to that.'

Couldn't Light Them on Him. An old woman from the country bought three boxes of matches from her grocer in town. It rained when

she was going home, and the matches

became so damp that not one of them

day she took the matches back to the ent."-Boston Traveler.

grocer, and upbraided him for selling such useless stuff. The grocer took out one or two, and struck them quite easily on the leg of his trousers, for by this time the matches had become perfeetly dry. But the old woman did not think of this explanation, and exclaimed: "Tut, tut! that's not good enough for me. I can't tramp six miles to your trousers every time t want to strike a match. Give me three of the charities to the support of which boxes of a kind that I can light at

The Age of Discretion. Senator Dillingham, discussing immigration in New York, made use of the phrase, "the age of discretion." "What is the 'age of discretion,' sen-

ator?" asked one of his auditors. "I should say," returned Senator Ditlingham, smiling, "that the age of discretion is reached when a young man removes from his number the rich colcetton of cetresses' and dancing girts' photographs, and substitutes the portraft of his rich bachelor uncle."

Want of Perethought. "Did you hear that Jigsby was sent to jail hast week for speeding his motor cors

"Yes; he hadn't maney enough with him to pay his time and was sent to jall in default." "So foolish to start on a spin without

the amount of one's running expenses." -Baltimore American: "Nagg is very fond of entertaining isn't he?" "Yes; his wife has to be would strike. On the following Satur- pleasant when there's company pres-

THE OLD RED CRADLE.

Twas lest a little old red cradle. Test used to stand against the wall. Twas worn and marked and badly bat-

Though once the nest of a baby small; It had no bows or knots of ribbons, And little, too, of carver's art, But once it held a precious baby That won a place in every heart.

His eyes were bright and blue and pretty. His dimples, too, a wee, wee speck, A little hair, but moft as velvet With pretty chin and fair white neck And he could kiss, O! like a fairy, There never was so sweet a mouth,

He really was an angel being, Sweeter than zephyrs from the South. But, now the old red cradle's empty. The hand that rocked will rock n

more, Its place is now a dusty garret. With useless things and such like store; So, fare-thee-well! you old red cradle, No one will care as days go by. And, yet, the cutest babe of babies Years gone within you used to lie!

-Horace Enton Walker.

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"I wish I had a brother," sighed my Cousin Sylvia.

"I wish you had," said I. "A cousin, of course, is all very well, but he isn't a brother."

"That's a truth clearly expressed, But, seriously, do you think a brother could have been more bothered with a sister than I have been with you? Excuse the crude way of putting it."

"I won't excuse anything. I never asked you to bother about me." "Now, do have patience. Sylvia, Haven't I done my best for the last five or six years to help you to enjoy

"And now you tell me that it has been a bother to you."

"Walt a moment. Nothing that I have tried to do for you has been a bother, but I must say that some of the things you have done have "What do you mean? Tell me at

"Let me explain, Sylvia." "Not a word."

"Oh, very well. If you won't Is-"Certainly, I shan't. But I demand

to know at once what you meant by 'the things I have done.' " "I was thinking," I said slowly and with some hesitation, "of-of-well,

your numerous affairs, Sylvia," My cousin's face crimsoned and then



"LET ME EXPLAIR, SYLVIA."

as you call them, to you?" she asked, "More, I'm afraid, than they are

you." "Indeed!"

"Look here, Sylvia. Try to realize that I've some natural regard for you. If I hadn't, I certainly should not attempt to interfere. But people will talk, and if you don't hear them I do."

"People!" she cried, contemptuously, "Yes; good Christian people discuss your affairs on the way home from church; and even people who are not good Christians find your doings a ed, referring to Jim Hardy, a fine pleasant theme of conversation." "It-it's none of their business."

"Well, it seems to be their chief secupation, at present. Really, Sylvia, if a quarter of what these gossiping idiots say were true, I'd-I'd-"Renounce your relationship, I sup-

"At any rate I'd have no pride in it. But you see, Sylvia, I know that nearly all men, and most women, too, are not to be trusted when they talk about their neighbors. Still you can't deny-" "That will do, Billy," she interrupt-

ed quietly. "I don't know why I'm not angry with you." "Neither do I, Sylvia," I admitted candidly. Then I burst out: "But I wish to goodness you'd marry one of

them. I expected a heavy saub, but Sylvia

merely smiled and said: "I wish I could." "Don't you like any of them?"

"Oh, yes." she returned, calmly, like them all-in a way." "Bless me! And do they all like you -in a way?" Sylvia nearly blushed,

"You must understand, Billy, that I don't allow any nonsense," she said. with some haste. Oh, Sylvia, you're worse than I

thought." "I treat them all like friends," she returned in tones of dignity, "I suppose you think I'm a flirt."

"I think you're a puzzle, anyhow," I replied. "But how many of them are when half way downstairs a doubt content to be treated like friends?" Probably my cousin was engaged in a fastened the door, and it opened noise calculation, for she neither looked at lessly.

me nor answered my question. "Is it not the case, Sylvia," I went on, "that one after another they fall in love with you, propose, and are rejected?

Her continued silence gave consent. "What do Uncle George and Aunt Mary think about it?" I inquired. "Oh, father doesn't bother, and moth-

er only says she wishes I would be more careful. But I am careful, Billy. I can't help boys behaving foolishly." "I'm afraid they can't help it, either. It strikes me, Sylvia, that you are too | oil and kerosene is said to be excellent

PAW! I

BET THAT

PING BUSTED

KING BOLT

HEZ CUM

Trade Note-Hay is up again. themselves until they think that they really interest you, and then--

AN INCIDENT OF THE MECENT ARRIAL RACE

"But they do interest me." "So do some books; but you've get to shut them up now and then. Sylvia, when a man begins to talk to you about his troubles, stop him, unless you are prepared to share them till the end of the chapter. My dear girl, I've been an ass myself."

HY MEDDERS TOLD ME

COULDN'T HIT A FLOCK

O' BALLOONS AN NOW

BY CRACKY IGOT A

CHANCE TO TRY

"I'm sure you have. Billy," she remarked with such sweet gravity that I had to laugh.

"Yes, sylvia; and if I didn't know yon so well I believe I should be an ass again. What yould you say if I proposed to you?"

"I should say it was very sudden, of course." "Do you always say that?"

"Certainly not. For often it's very slow. Oh. you've no idea, Billy, how roundabout some boys are. A girl may have a suspicion of what is coming, but often it's all so vague that she-sheoh, you know what I mean. It is so difficult to know what to do sometimes." Here she gave a little sigh.

"Now, I think it's time you were going away, Billy. I've got some letters to write-replies, and so on."

"Then I'll stop and help you. I know the sort of repiles you send. 'Miss Sylvia Wood greatly regrets that she is unable to accept Mr. Blank's most kind known wood, invitation to board and lodging for the rest or--'

"Hold your tongue! I suppose you'll call fer me in good time to-morrow evening. The dance begins at 9. Somehow I wish it didn't begin at all," she said, frowning slightly, as if struck by some disagreeable thought. "Afraid of meeting somebody?"

asked softly. She did not reply "Is it the Hardy Annual?" I persistyoung fellow who had proposed to Syl-

via regularly ever since she was 18. She was now 23. "Don't call him that," she said. "All right, Sylvia. But it may re-Heve your mind to know that he won't be there to-morrow night." "Oh!" sald Sylvia.

"It's a mercy he has turned sensible at last. I fancy be must have regarded your refusal of last year as final, for I had a note from him this morning telling me he had made up his mind not to come to the ball, and asking be to give his kind regards to my cousin." "He's in Manchester, isn't he?" said Sylvia, carelessly,

"Yes, he's been there for nearly a year. He was wise to fly from the temptation here. Well, do you feel keener about to-morrow's dance?"

"Oh, yes. certainly-of course," Something in her voice made me look at her more closely. "Why, Sylvia," I cried, "you're like a

little ghost." The hre seems-to-to have made the r-rooms stuffy," she stammered. Then she smiled. "Aren't you going

away, Billy?" "I suppose I'd better," I replied, ris ing slowly to my feet. It struck me then that I had never seen my cousing "I see. You treat them all seriously? look so lovely. And I realized that the

> wound was not even nearly, healed. "Can I ask you one question, Syl via?" I said, abruptly and huskily. "No, please don't, Billy," she whis pered.

I said good-bye and left her, but made me retrace my steps. I had not

Sylvin was sitting at her writing toble, her face buried in her arms. With out disturbing her I learned what I wanted to know and quietly departed On my way home I called at the postoffice and dispatched a telegram to Manchester,

Next night I escorted Sylvia to the ball but I was not required to see her home.-Philadelphia Bullstin.

"Come to-morrow night. Billy."

A mixture of emery powder, sweet sympathetic; you let them talk about for cleaning the teeth-of a saw.

FARMERS RAISING FENCE POSTS. Ready Market for Commodity, Also

for Railroad Ties. Raising fence posts for profit is an industry that Western farmers are finding remunerative and pleasant. says the Philadelphia North Americas. The demand for lumber has been gotting greater each year and the farmers have found fence posts increasing much faster in price than anything that they have to sell. Therefore, some of them have taken to raising

crops of posts and railroad ties. Locust and catalpa are the favorites. Sixteen hundred trees planted six feet apart can be put on an acre, if they are to be cut when the proper size for posts. The ground is opened up with a lister, deepened with a plow and, after the trees are inserted, a furrow made with a common plow will cover up the

roots and start the trees to growing Catalpa is a rapid grower. It is adapted to more purposes than any common species of wood. Its light weight when it comes to shipping it, the freight charges, for the same reason, are about a third of those for lecust or osage orange. Being closegrained, it holds a stanle with the tenacity of a buildog and it will withstand decay longer than any other

Another virtue of the catalpa is that it cannot be killed by being cut down. On good soil posts can be raised in six years. The wood may be cut down as often as is desired, and yet the stump will grow again, giving a good post in quicker time than was originally raised. Fence men say that catalpa has been known to grow six inches on a

bright sunshing day. Hedge fences are quite numerous to the West, the osage orange being the favorite upon the farms. Originally the settlers objected to them on the ground that they supped up too much of the vital elements of the adjacent soll, but experience has proved that this is a fallney, and not only will an osake hedge furnish the best of fence. but it will produce a large crop of trees suitable for posts. As soon as a tree gets four inches in diameter, it is cut out and turned into posts that sell at \$20 to \$45 a hundred.

There is a ready market for both the posts and ties, and it is not far to seek. The railroads all want ties, and are willing to buy in large quantities. while there are enough unthinking or unknowing farmers to furnish buyers for all of the fence posts that can be

"The Tender Mercles." Bishop Joseph F. Berry, during the Methodist Conference's recent session in New York, told a story in Illustration of the tender mercles of the

wicked. "It is said," he began, "that when the great Spanish marshal, Narvaez, lay dying, his confessor asked him is he had any enemies.

"'No.' whispered the marshal, To "But the priest, reflecting on the stormy life of the dying man, repeat-

""Think, sir! Have you no enemics? None whatever?

" 'No.' said the marshal, 'cone.' "And he added tranquilly:

" of have shot them all." Too Busy for Fun.

Out at the end of the pler the fish were biting freely, and the boy with the con-burnt nose had just added another six-inch "ring perch" to his string. "I see you are having fine sport this

seculor, my fad." sold the stranger. "Sport!" contemptuously echoed the boy. "It keeps me so blamed busy baltin' heaks an' stringin' fish that I aint' havin' a bit of fun !"

Guilty. "That pigger's a coward!" "Nossuh, he aln't no cowa'd." "You said yourself that he was chick-

en-hearted." "All nigguls is chicken-hearted

boss."-Houston Post.