He listened to several recitations with a grave and interested air, and at the end of the last one he rose to address the school, "by request."

"Some things are in my province as member of the school board, and some are not," he said, with a genial smile, "It's within my province to say that I never heard scholars answer up more promptly than you children of District Number Three.

"As to whether your answers were or were not correct. It is not my place to say. Your tencher knows, and in ber hands I leave the matter."



As far as human beings are concerned the bair of the female grows much faster than that of the male.

Only One "RROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Loc for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One day. 25c

Judgment of Posterity Teacher (of night school)-It

scarcely necessary for me to say that Ten nyson ranks deservedly as one of the greatest of English poets.

Shagny Haired Pupil-Sure. He's th only man that could bhyme "opward" with "frundred," and make it go.

VOLUMES MIGHT BE WRITTEN Of the Success That Awaits the Farmer In Western Canada.

The story of wheat farming in West tro Canada (that portion of Canada lying north of Dakota and Montana) has been frequently told, but it will stand a lot of telling, and still retain its touch of interest. During the year just closed 277,376 persons made their homes in Ganada as compared with 215,912 for the year 1906, an increase of 61,464. Those from the United States numbered 56,551.

A writer in Industry recently said "To-day the Dominion of Canada is witnessing a mightier movement of population than ever stimulated a Biblical writer to pen a chapter of Scripture." The same writer says "From the Rhine and the Rhone river valleys; from the port cities of Germany and the farms of the Fatherland; from the peasant soil of Russia; and out from the grimy Lancashire and over-populated Yorkshire. the discontented and ambitious of age of the opportunities afforded by the fertile soit and exhibarating climate of

the Empire of the North." thuing, the same writer says "White a million human beings throng the shores of the United States every year, the smaller number arriving in Canada come with a more well-defined purpose." The question has been ask ed, why do these people come to Casnda? The available land between the Mississippi and the Pacific has been exhausted, and the farmers within that territory find that their sons have to seek newer elimes. Canada offers one hundred and sixty acres of land free to each. This land yields from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. In Southern Alberta, the winter wheat belt of Canada, as high as 60 bushels per acre have been harvested. Less yields than the one mentioned have netfed the farmer as much as \$35 per acre. There are no words that tell the tale so effectively as those of the farmer himself, the man who has ploughed the fields, sowed the grain, and with folded hands rests, while nature, bounteons in that country, in less than three months, placed at his disposal bundreds of acres of ripened grain, now waiting the arrival of the reaper, and therefore we reproduce the following letter. Any agent of the Canadian government, whose advertisement appears elsowhere, will be pleased to give information regarding the district mentioned or any other that may be in mind: E. T. Holmes, Esq., Canadian Govern-

mend Agent, St. Paul, Minn. : Dear Sir-In 1905 I located on claim sbout 30 miles from the town of Wadens, on the Canadian Northern Rallroad, have fived on my claim most of the time since. I consider this to be one of the best districts in the country for grain growing. In 1900 wheat averaged from 30 to 51 bushels per acre on some of my neighbors farms, within 4 miles of my claim. Oats go from 75 to 100 bushels. It is also a good country for stock. Where I am there is plenty of fuel. Homesteads nearly all taken, the settle ment being largely Germans and Amer icans, all well-to-do. I left Waden in February, 1907, returning April 25 so that I missed part of the winter. which the old seitlers tell me was one of the worst they ever saw, but there was no suffering, as the people ar pretty well fixed, and there are no blizzards in that country, at feast there never has been known to be one Wild land sells at from \$10 to \$15; closer to town it is higher.

In the summer we have all sorts of wild fruits very plentful, and I sad, heavy heart. never saw better vegetables, and game is so plentiful a man need not starve for want of something to eat. Plenty of good water, ton. You need not besitate to recommend this district, but the homesteads are nearly all taken. most of the homesteaders are living right on their chilen

FRANK MORREY. Kelvington, Sask.

## AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

The English Orphans," "Homestead on the Hillside," "Lena Rivers," sok," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Course Mande," etc.

CHAPTER V .- (Continued.) Conducting him through the wide, marbled hall, she ushered him into the drawing room, where for a time he stood perfeetly bewildered. It was his first introduction to resewood, velvet, and brocatelle, and it seemed to him as if he had suddenly been transported to fairyland. He saw the silk chairs, slyly touching one to see if it did feel like the gored, peachblossom dress worn by his wife forty-two tried one of them, examined the rare ornaments, and came near bowing to the portrait of the first Mrs. Remington, so natural and lifelike it looked standing out from the canvas.

"This will last Maddy a week. I thank you, ma'am. You have added some considerable to the happiness of a young girl, who wouldn't disgrace even such a room as this," he said, as he passed into

Mrs. Noah received his thanks graciously, and led him to the yard, where Sorrel

stood waiting for him. Driving at a brisk trot through the grounds, Sorrel was soon out upon the highway; and with spirits exhilarated by thoughts of going home, he kept up the trot until, turning a sudden corner, his master saw the carriage from Aikenside approaching at a rapid rate. The driver, Paul, saw him, too, but scorning to give half the road to such as Sorrel and the square-boxed wagon, he kept steadily on, while Grandpa Markham, determined to speak with Guy, reined his horse a little nearer, raising his hand in taken that the negro should stop. As a natural consequence, the wheels of the two vehicles became interlocked, and as the powerful grays were more than a match for Sorrel, the front wheel of Grandpa Markham's wagon was wrenched off, and the ald man precipitated to the ground, which, fortunately for him, was in that locality covered with sand banks, so that he was only stunned for an instant, and thus failed to hear the insolent negro's remark : "Served you right, old cove; might of turned out for gentlemen." Neither did he see the sudden flashing of Guy Remington's eye, as, leaping from his carriage, he seized the astonished African by the collar, and, hurling him from the box demanded what he meant by serving an old man so shameful a trick and then insulting him.

All apology and regret the cringing driver tried to make some excuse but Guy stopped him short telling him to see how much the wagon was damaged while he ran to the old man who had recovered from the first shock and was trying to extricate himself from the folds of his shop and thither Guy ordered his driver to take the broken-down wagon with a view to getting it repaired.

"Tell him I want it done at once," he said, authoritatively, as if he well knew his name carried weight with it; then, turning to grandpa, he asked again if he were burt.

"No, not specially-joited my bones some. You are very kind, sir," grandpa replied, brushing the dust from his pantaloons and then involuntarily grasping Guy's arm for support, as his weak knees began to tremble from the effects of excitement and fright.

"That darky shall rue this job," Guy said, savagely, as he gazed pityingly upon the shaky old creature beside him. "I'll discharge him to-morrow."

"No, young man. Don't be rash. He'll do't again; and sprigs like him think they've a right to make fun of old codgers like me," was grandpa's meek expostulation. "I was just up to Alken-side to see Squire Guy, and——" "What did you say? You have been

to Aikenside to see me ?"

"Yes, and I was sorry to miss you. -I-it makes me feel awkward to tell you, but I wanted to borrow some money. and I didn't know nobody as likely to have it as you. That woman up to your house said she knowed you wouldn't let me have it, 'cause you hadn't it to spare. Mebby you haven't," and grandpa waited anxiously for Guy's reply.

Now, Mrs. Noah had a singular influence over her young master, who was in the bablt of consulting her with regard to his affairs, and nothing could have been more unpropitious to the success of grandpa's suit than the knowing she disapproved. Beside this, Guy had only the previous week lost a small amount loaned under similar circumstances. Standing silent for a moment, while he buried and reburied his shining patent leather boots in the hills of sand, he said at last: "Candidly, sir, I don't believe I can ac

commodate you. I am about to make repairs at Alkenside, and have partially promised to loan money on good security to a Mr. Silas Slocum, who, 'if things work right,' as he expressed it, intends building a mill on some property which has come, or is coming, into his hands." "That's mine that's mine, my home-

stead," gasped grandpa, turning white almost as his hair blowing in the April wind. "There's a stream of water on it and he says if he forecloses and gets it he shall build a mill, and tear our old house down."

Guy was in a dilemma. He had not asked how much Mr. Markham wanted, ane as the latter had not told him, he naturally concluded it a much larger sum than it really was, and did not care just then to lend it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. after a little. "I'll drop Slocum a note to-night saying I've changed my mind, and shall not let him have the money. Perhaps then he won't be so anxious to foreclose, and will give you time to look among your friends."

was about to say: "I'm not so much a in the armchair, Guy waited until he stranger as you think. I knew your father well," but he checked himself with the thought: "No, that will be too much like begging pay for a deed of mercy done years ago.". So Guy never suspected that the old man before him had once laid his sire under a debt of gratitude. The more he reflected the less inclined he was to lend the money, and as grandpa was too timid to urge his needs, the result was that when at last the wheel was replaced, and Sorrel again trotting on toward Devonshire, he drew after him a

Maddy's disappointment was keener than his own, and so after the sorrowful words, "and I failed, too," he bent himself to comfort the poor child, who, leaning her throbbing head against his shoulder, sobbed bitterly, as in the soft spring twilight they drove back to the low red cettage where grandma waited for them.

CHAPTER VI. It was Farmer Green's new buggy and Farmer Green's bay colt which, three and she is dying and keeps talking of ping to think which way you are going,

days later than this, stopped before Dr. Holbrook's office. Not the square-boxed wagon, with old Sorrel attached; the former was standing quietly in the chipyard behind the low red house, while the latter, with his nose over the barnyard fence, neighed occasionally, as if he miss-ed the little hands which had dally fed him the oatmeal he liked so much, and which now lay hot and parched and helpless upon the white counterpane Grand years ago that very spring. Then he ma Markham had spun and woven herself. Maddy might have been just as sick as she was if the examination had never occurred, but it was natural for those who loved her to impute it all to the effects of excitement and cruel disappointment, so there was something like indignation mingling with the sorrow gnawing at the hearts of the old couple as they watched by their fever-stricken darling. Farmer Green, too, shared the feeling, and numerous at first were his mental animadversions against that "prig of a Holbrook." But when Maddy grew so bad as not to know him or his wife, he laid aside his prejudices and suggested to Grandpa Markham that Dr. Holbrook be

sent for "He's great on fevers," he said, "and is good on curin' sick folks," so, though he would have preferred someone else should have been called, confidence in the young doctor's skill won the day, and grandpa

onsented. This, then, was the errand of Farmer Green, and with his usual bluntness he said to the recreant doctor, who chanced to be at home:

"Wall, you nigh about killed our little Madge t'other day, when you refused the stiffcut, and now we want you to cure

The doctor looked up in surprise, but Farmer Green soon explained his meaning, making out a most aggravated case, and representing Maddy as wild with de-

Maddy's case-lost nothing by Mr. Green's account, and by the time the doctor's horse was rend . and he on his way to the cottage, he had arrived at the conclusion that of all the villainous men outside the walls of the State's prison, he was the most villainous, and Guy Remington next.

What a cozy little chamber it was where Maddy lay, just such a room as a girl like her might be supposed to occupy, and the backelor doctor felt like treading upon forbidden ground as he entered the room se rife with girlish habits, from the fairy slippers hung on a peg, to the fanciful little workbox made of cones and acorns. Maddy was askeep, camlet cloak. Nearby was a blacksmith's and sitting down beside her he asked that the shawl which had been pinned across the window might be removed so that he could see her, and thus judge better of her condition.

"Feel her pulse, doctor; they are fast-'most than you can count," Grandma Markham whispered; and thus entreated, the doctor took the soft hand in his own, its touch sending through his frame a thrill such as the touch of no other hand had ever sent.

Samehow the act reassured him. All and found the rapid pulse.

"If she would awaken," he said, laying the hand softly down and placing his other upon her forehend, where the great sweat-drops lay. "Guy was a fool and I was a brute," the doctor muttered, as he folded up the bits of paper whose contents he hoped might do much toward saving Maddy's life.

When next morning the doctor came, there was a look of deep anxiety upon his face as he watched the alarming symptoms of his delirious patient, who talked incessantly, not of the examination new, but of the mortgage and the foreclosure, begging the doctor to see that the house was not sold, to tell them she was earning thirty-six dollars by teaching school, that Beauty would be sold to save their dear old home. All this was strange at first to the doctor, but the rather voluble Mrs. Green, who had come to Grandma Markham's relief, enlightened him dwelling with a kind of malicious pleasure upon the fact that Maddy's earnings had she been permitted to get a "stifficut," were to be appropriated toward paying the debt

If the doctor had hated himself the pre views day when he rode from the red cottage gate, he hated himself doubly now as he went dashing down the road, determined to resign his office of school inspector that very day. And he did. Summoning around him those who had

been most active in electing him, he refused to officiate again, assuring them that if any more candidates came he should either turn them from his door or give them a certificate without asking a question.

"Put anybody you like in my place," he said: "anybody but Guy Remington." There was no probability of this, as Guy lived in another town, and could not have officiated had he wished. But the doctor was too much excited to reason upon anything save Madeline Clyde's case. That he perfectly understood; and during the next few weeks his other patients waited many times in vain for his coming, while he sat by Maddy's side watching every change, whether for the worse or better. Even Agnes Remington was totally neglected; and so one day she sent Guy down to Devonshire to say that as Jessie seemed more than usually delicate, she wished the doctor to take her under his charge and visit her at least once a week. The doctor was Guy laid a little emphasis on that last not at home, but Tom said he expected word, and looking up quickly, grandpa him every moment. So seating himself

"Well, Hal," he began, jocosety, but the joking words he would have uttered next died on his lips as he noticed the strange look of excitement and anxiety on the doctor's face. "What is it?" he

asked. "Are all your patients dead?" "Guy," and the doctor came closely to him, whispering huskily, "you and I are murderers in the first degree. Yes; and both deserve to be hung. Do you remember that Madeline Clyde whom you in sulted with your logic and Latin verbs? She'd set her heart on that certificate She wanted the money, not for new rowns and fooleries, mind, but to help her old grandfather pay his debts. His place is mertgaged. I don't understand it; but he asked some old hunks to lend him the money, and the miserly rascal, whoever he was, refused. I wish I had it. I'd give it to him out and out. But that's nothing to do with the girl-Maddy, they call her. The disappointment killed her.

I may confounded exampleation. I tell you Guy, my inward parts get terribly mixed up when I hear her talk, and my heart thumps like a trip-hammer. That's the reason I have not been up to Aikenside, I wouldn't leave Maddy so long as there was hope. I did not tell them this morning. I couldn't make that poor couple feel worse than they are feeling; but when I looked at her tossing from side to side and picking at the bedclothes, I knew it would soon be over-that when saw her again the poor little arms would be still enough and the bright eyes shut forever. Guy, I couldn't see her diedon't like to see anybody die, but her, Maddy, of all others-and so I came away. If you stay long enough, you'll hear the bell toll, I reckon. There is none at Honedale church, which they at-

tend. They are Episcopalians, you see, and so they'll come up here maybe. I hope I shall be deafer than an adder." Here the doctor stopped, wholly out of breath, while Guy for a moment sat without speaking a single word. Jessie, in his hearing, had told her mother what the sick girl in the doctor's office had said about being poor and wanting the money for grandpa, while Mrs. Noah had given him a rather exaggerated account of Mr. Markham's visit; but he had not associated the two together until now, when he saw the whole, and almost as much as the doctor himself regretted the part he had had in Maddy's illness and her grandfather's distress.

"Doc," he said, laying his hand on the doctor's arm, "I am that old hunks, the miserly rascal who refused the money. I met the old man going home that day, and he asked me for help. You say the place must be sold. It never shall, never. I'll see to that, and you must save the girl.

"I can't, Guy. I've done all I can, and now, if she lives, it will be wholly owing to the prayers of that old saint of grandfather says for her. I never thought much of these things until I heard him pray; not that she should live anyway, but that, if it were right, Maddy might not die. Guy, there's something in such a prayer as that. It's more powerful than all my medicine swallowed at one grand gulp."

Guy didn't know very much about praying then, and so he did not respond, but he thought of Lucy Atherstone, whose life was one hymn of prayer and praise, and he wished she could know of Maddy, and join her petitions with those of the grandfather. Starting suddenly from his chair, he exclaimed, "I am gong down It will look queerly, too, to go there. alone. Ah, I have it! I'll drive back to Aikenside for Jessie, who has talked so much of the girl that her lady mother, forgetting that she was once a teacher, is disgusted.'

(To be continued.)

LITTLE THINGS THAT HELP.

Devices for Keeping Liquids Hot or Cold-Invalids' Tongs.

The hot-water bag is the latest oblect to which electricity is applied. A simple device which can be attached to any bulb socket enters the bag itself and keeps the water hot indefinitely. Bottle cases are another new inven-

tion savoring of magic, but in no way depending upon electricity or any agent supplying heat. The device is simply a bottle, set in a practical and presentable case, which will keep its contents at the same temperature as when filled for a period of twenty-four hours.

Coffee stays hot and lemonade cold no matter where the bottle is carried fear of Maddy vanished, leaving behind and regardless of weather changes. only an intense desire to help, if possi- The secret lies in the fact that the botble, the young girl whose fingers seemed the rests in a vacuum, which prevents changes of temperature by radiation.

Combination dishes are a great convenience, says Modern Housekeeping and Food News. Relish dishes have separate compartments for different kinds of cold cuts, relishes, etc. Covered vegetable dishes may be separated into twin dishes. Silver holders are offered for the plank on which fish or steak is served and for pudding dishes hot from the oven.

An ingenious and simple contrivance is that of nickel-plated aluminum tongs for an invalid's use. These tongs are of lattice work which closes and opens after the manner of a ferryboat gate.

A centle pressure causes the lattice to spring out fully eighteen inches long and in the hand may be directed by an invalld toward any article, book or newspaper within the reach at that distance. Another slight pressure causes the ends to close like a pair of tongs over the desired object, which is then easily drawn up to a comfortable handling.

Where a patient is not allowed to make any exertion this invention proves a boon indeed. The lightness of the tongs is an added aid in preserving strength.

For the unforeseen but always recurrent emergency there is a combination of small steel tools, set side by side in a lyre-shaped steel frame, which is in reality the handle for each one of the tools. The whole combination may lie in a man's hand and be slipped into an overcoat pocket with no perceptible increase of weight.

In the set there are two sizes of screwdrivers, two sets of gimlets, a pick which can be used to break ice and is equally handy to remove stones from a horse's shoe, wire pincers and a corkscrew. A still more numerous collection of the same order of small tools is arranged in cross rows upon a flat leather strap that rolls up like a diminutive carryall (either to be put into a coat pocket or handbag), scissors and knives being a feature of this use ful medley, to suit any emergency.

Had Told the Truth. "I thought you said Hargous had a big family?"

"He has." "Why, he told me that he had only one child—a daughter."

"Yes. She weighs about 225 pounds, and his wife could fill a job as fat lady in almost any museum."--Chicago Record Herald.

Concerning Hakes. "The man with the muck rake is not attracting so much attention as for nerly."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; but I'm inclined to think that the man with the muck rake didn't to nearly as much harm as the man with the rake off."-Washington Star.

land in cemeferies-enough to bury the dead of the city for 150 years. You can save a lot of time by stopOld Favorites

**新考考者的专参会专业专业专会专业**。

The Erl-King. Oh, who rides to night through the woodlands so wild? It is the fond father embracing his child,

And close the boy nestles within his loved From the blast of the tempest to keep

him from harm.

'Oh, father, see yonder, see yonder," he BRYS; 'My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully

'Oh, 'tis the Erl-King, with his staff and his shroud! 'No, my love, it is but a dark wreath of cloud !"

'Oh, wilt then go with me, thou leveliest child? many gay sports chall thy hours be beguiled;

mother keeps for thee full many fair toy, many a fine flower shall she pluck fat her boy."

'Oh, father, my father, and didst thou not hear. As the Erl-King whispered so close in

'Be still, my loved darling, my child, be nt case-Twas but the wild blast as it howled through the trees."

"Oh, wilt thou go with me, thou leveli

est boy? daughter shall tend thee with ear and with joy; She shall bear thee so light through wind and through wild, And hug thee and kiss thee, and sing to thee, child."

"Oh, father, my father, and saw you not The Erl-King's pale daughter glide din through the rain?"

no! my heart's treasure! I knew est full soon it was the gray willow that danced to the moon.'

"Come with me, come with me, no longe Or else, silly child, I shall draw the away :" 'Oh, father, my father, unloose not the

hold ! he Erl-King has selzed me, his gras, is so cold !" Fore troubled, the father spurred or

through the wild, Clasping close to his bosom his shudder ing child; He reaches his dwelling in doubt and it drend. But clasped to his bosom his darling lay

dend. -Translation from Goethe.

ZINC IN MINE DUMPS.

Australian Metallurgists Think They

Have Process for Getting It. Australian metallurgists say they have solved the problem of treating zinclferous tallings, of which many adlions of tons have accumulated or the dumps of zinc mines, and which have hitherto been practically worthless, though they are now said to represent millions of dollars. These ores, having been treated for the lead and silver which they contain, the residue on rugs, draperles, plants. When the in the old dumps, or tailings, carry 6 per cent lead, 20 per cent zinc and 6.3 ounces of silver a ton, says the New York Tribune. The general process of extracting the lead is one of concentration by means of jigs and various types of concentrators. Until recently no satisfactory process had been discovered for extracting the zinc from the ore, and this zine-bearing residue has been put to one side for years, until now there are probably 5,000,000 tons of the material carrying on an average 20 per cent zine and 6 per cent

lead. A company was formed in Melbourn few months ago with a capital of \$1, 750,000 for the purpose of purchasing large quantities of tallings from the different mines and treating by what is known as the Potter process. This company has secured the option on about 4,000,000 tons of tailings, which, it is estimated, will produce 269,000 tons of lead, 20,638,000 ounces of silver and 738,000 tons of zinc. The preliminary plant for treating the tailings has just been completed and is giving excellent results on a treatment of about fifty tons of tailings a day. A plant is now being designed in Melbourne, however, capable of treating 2,000 tons a day, and later it is intended to increase the capacity of 4,000 tons,

When the plant contemplated is running the output of sliver, it is estimated, will reach the great total of 8,000. 000 ounces a year, equal to four times the present output of the Cobalt district. In addition to this, the output of lead will be 87,000 tons and of zinc the enormous total of 292,000 tons This is fully equal to half the produc tion of the entire world, and must have an important influence on the market price of zinc. These extraordinary results are expected from working ever the waste dumps and tailings of the Australian mines and, if they are realized, the discovery of the process will be a great credit to the Australian metallurgists.

## MODERN SURGERY.

its Minute and Elaborate System of Sterilization. The scene at an operating table in

one of our hospitals now would make one of the old masters of surgery stare. The operator himself and all his staff are dressed like the old hely priests of Solomon's temple, wearing white caps and gowns, with the nurses standing around like priestesses all in spotless white, while every one about the table has gone through as many ablutions as befits the occasion of a bloody sacrifice under the auspices of the immaculate goddess of cleanliness. A minute and elaborate ritual has been observed of sterilizing everything-towels, threads, needles, forceps, instruments, and what not while the floor itself is made of New York City has 3,115 acres of glass or glazed tiles rather than of wood. The surgeon himself does not venture to cut the victim till be has put on his sterilized gloves, because he cannot possibly clean his fingers enough. Should any onlooker take his

**的总统在在在在在在在在在在在在在**原则 hand out of his pocket to reach for the gaping wound he would be elected instanter for spoiling the whole performance with his defiling touch.

The results of this vigilant war against microbes are simply marvelous and can be fully appreciated only by those who, like myself, can remember the surgery of former days in hospital wards and on the battlefield,-Everybody's Magazine.

SWEEPING THE ROOMS.

Systematic Cleaning Far Better than the Annual Uphenval.

It is a unique experience and one worth chronicling to visit a large class in a prominent college for women, where not mathematical logarithms or Greek meters, but principles of household management are considered, says the New York Tribune. "And out of such an experience," says the instructor, "come points deserving to be widespread. "Thorough cleaning of a room does

not mean a semi-annual cleaning. As

a clever woman said: 'House clean-

ing? Don't!' There are certain things

which need to be done annually or semiannually, such as painting, whitening of walls, cleaning stoves, but with the modern house it is more sanitary and nore economical to keep clean all the time than to try to do it twice a year. "Following a regular sequence of processes is the most effective way to clean. If the mistress knows this se quence she can instruct the mald. First, collect your materials-dusters, mops, brooms. Next, look out for the plane. Dust and clean it theroughly with an oiled cloth-preferably kerosene, because this is cleansing, evapo-

rates quickly, is cheap and is always at hand; but sweet oil or salad oil may be substituted. Clean the white keys with alcohol, the black keys with soan and water. Dust the case after closing the plane and cover the instrument carefully.

"Now open the windows wide, if the weather permits. Dust and cover all large, permanent articles of furniture. The best dust covers are made of glazed goods-some smooth, washable stuff which may be starched. Then, in order, take down the draperies and, if possible, put them out of doors for the wind and sunshine to purify. Dust the window shades and roll them close to the top. Remove from the window, after dusting, all the easily movable furniture-tables, chairs, etc. Next dust the pictures, both glasses, frames and backs. Newspapers make excellent coverings for pictures. And, by the way, study the use of newspapers. (Wash the picture glasses after the sweeping is over.)

"As to broks: There is an admirable process expressed in four words-clap, suap, blow, wipe. As to rugs, roll them inside in; spread out, if possible, on the grass or snow, or hang out on the clothesline if there is no other place. Better still, hang them over two or three lines, as this will relieve the strain. Let your rugs have the sunshine for the sake of your health; never mind the fading. Last of all, remove the plants from the room and dust, and tie up the chandelier.

"Then, while the dust is settling, go outside and do some of the work needed dust has settled, clean the wa'ls and ceiling, and dust or sweep or wash the floor. Clean the paint and the windows at the end, after the room is cleaned. The final process is very simple: Remove all the large articles of furniture, the draperies, etc. Fold the sweeping covers in and put all your cleaning materials into their places, in readiness for the next time of use."

HAS A PASSION FOR ANIMALS.

London's New Reformatory Jail for Society's Spoiled Pets. London has invented a new terror for its animal pets. A prison for refractory cats, dogs, monkeys and, in fact, animals of every kind has been opened, says the Kansas City Star. The first prisoner, a Mandalay monkey, much to his evident disgust, is now erving a three weeks' term behind iron bars for wilfully tearing a woman's dress.

The prison is a new department of the "Animal's hospital," an institution already famous in its way. Erring animals are received for solitary confine ment or other punitive treatment without question as to the justice of the sentence which has been passed upon them by their masters. Behind heavy bars and restricted to a diet from which all luxuries are rigorously excluded they learn to rue the ways that landed them there.

Although the Mandalay monkey is he only four-footed individual who has, to date, undergone confinement, the prison is not an experiment, says the matron of the Animals' hospital.

"You can soften the temper of the most sullen and sulky of the animals by a few days of solitary confinement. Especially is this so in the case of overpampered pets of the society madam, who miss the soft cushions and special foods to which they have een used. Under confinement they are niserable and frequently cry for days it a time without a let-up. Release brings humbleness."

The convict monkey, however, appears to be withstanding the softening effect of confinement to a degree that loes not speak hopefully for his future lberty. He sits all day long scratchng his head in gloomy contemplation. His chief failing seems to be a confirmed hatred of women, for he resents with a snarl the approach of petticoats to the cell. Toward men he is a different creature, amiable and friendly.

A Model Citizen.

"I have come all the way out here." said the tenderfoot, "to see your beau-

"Somebody's been stringin' you, stranger," replied Arizona Al. "It ain't

It Is Queer. Little Boy-Isn't fathers queer?

Auntie-In what way? Little Boy-When a boy does anything for his pa, he doesn't get anything, but if another man's boy does it

he gets a nickel. There are few women who do not

buy hats too young for them.



This woman says Lydia Repinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter. Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

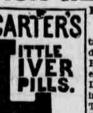
"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinksham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health, Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges.

Why don't you try it? Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice, she has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

n, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

## SICK HEADACHE CARTERS Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-



tress from Dyspepsis, In-digestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect rem-Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear CARTERS Fac-Simile Signature freut Sood

Evidently a Mistake. "That watch," said the jeweler, handing it back, "is one of the kind that's made to sell."

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

"Durn it!" exploded Uncle Josh, who had bought the timepiece at a State street auction establishment, "I've showed that there watch to 'leven different jewelers. They all tell me it was made to sell an' yit I can't git a blamed cent fur it nowheres!"

Consolution Mrs. Upsome-It's too bad that Prince

Wilhelm isn't coming to Chicago. Mrs. Highmus-Why do you mention it? He's only the second son of a crown prince, anyway.-Chicago Tribune.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protrud-ing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

New Culture of Wheat.

At Pullman, in the State of Washington, there is in connection with the State Agricultural College an experiment farm where are now growing more than 1,000,000 different kinds of grain that are to be separately cut, thrashed, aggorted and bagged this season. Many of these are hybrid varieties of wheat, crossed fourteen years ago by Professor Spillman, now in the service of the United States government.

The tracts sown to the several kinds vary from one to five acres in extent. In the intervening years these several varieties have been carefully sowed. the best seed selected and sown again until properly established. This season is the first in which any large amount of seed has been secured, which will be thrashed and distributed to farmers who desire to test the new kinds. It will be sold at a good price to cover the large expense involved in the long culture.

The new varieties are not yet named, but will be before distribution. Some combine early maturity with hardiness or good milling qualities and each has some definite quality or qualities that are reckoned desirable. The object, of course, is the development of varieties that will prove of most advantage to the farmers of that State. The improvement of the wheat crop is a matter of the highest importance to agriculturists and also to bread eaters,-Boston Herald.

COFFEE DRINKING.

A Doctor Says It Weakens the Heart. "In my opinion," says a well-knewn German physician, "no one can truthfully say coffee agrees with him, as it has long since been proven that caffeine. contained in coffee, is an injurious, poisonous substance which weakens and degenerates the heart muscles.

"For this reason the regular use of coffee, soon or late, causes a condition of undernourishment, which leads to various kinds of organic disease.

"Convinced of this fact. I have often sought for some healthful beverage to use instead of coffee. At last I found the thing desired in Postum. Having had occasion to forbid people using coffee, whose hearts were affected, I have recommended Postum as a beverage, since it is free from all injurious or exciting substances. I know this from results in my own family, and among patients.

"Hundreds of persons who now use Postum in place of coffee, are greatly benefited thereby." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-

ville," in pkgs.