

THE PANIC.

By Feodor Vasilivitch Plascin.
The czar's army was advancing. The burning sun made the dust laden air feel like fire. The grass on the ground was trampled down by thousands of feet, and the only protection and cover were the corn fields, whose tall withered stalks concealed friend and enemy alike.

A company of Russian infantry came rushing back, and threw themselves down among the cornstalks, which trembled in the air for a few seconds, then all was quiet.

In disorder without leaders, they had fled like a herd of scared sheep, inspired only by the instinct of self preservation, the desire to live. And now they were lying there in groups, silent and downcast, hardly able to breathe, listening and trembling at every sound, insane from fright, panic stricken. From the direction from which they had come, and as it seemed, directly from the yellowish green wall of corn stalks which stood between them and the enemy came the sound of rifle shots, with a noise as of peas thrown by the handful on a drum. Sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker, sometimes in volleys came the sound, accompanied on and off by the roar of the field artillery.

Hardly had they thrown themselves down when the bullets began to strike the ground all around them, but they remained motionless, every man clutching his rifle in his hands, careful not to look at his neighbor, every man ashamed of his own cowardice. Thus passed a whole minute—an eternity of death and destruction it seemed.

A man in the uniform of a captain came running toward the cornfield which had allowed us to escape. He had lost his sword and his uniform was torn and dusty. He was furious, his face distorted with rage. He had been in command of these people, lived with them, loved them as children. He knew everyone of them, his life, his character, he had led them into death, the death which threatened them from behind those hastily constructed trenches which were visible in the horizon, and they had betrayed his faith in them.

He rushed into the corn field breathless, unable to raise his voice to call them back, broken down with despair. They were all there—he knew it, he felt it, only a few steps from him, stricken with fear of death, and he did not have the strength to call them back to inspire them with new courage.

The old scarred veteran officer, stern and grim though he looked, suddenly began to sob, and sank exhausted to the ground, never ceasing thinking of the bullets which were whistling around him, almost wishing that one of them would kill him.

What was his life worth after this disgrace? Where were they, the miserable cowards? The corn stalks parted slowly, and among them appeared the grimy face of the old sergeant.

Quick as lightning the captain jumped to his feet. "You also—though also Stephen Antanovitch!" he shouted and rushed toward the old sergeant, who stood there pale and trembling, afraid to meet the eye of his superior officer.

"Oh, captain, captain," he groaned. "I do not understand how it happened. You don't know?"

The sergeant stood at attention, his hand raised in respectful salute. The list of the officer struck the pale face of the old sergeant, but he never stirred, though the tears ran down his cheeks. He was broken hearted at the thought of his life.

Not Entirely Lost.

Johnny—"Was that a good banana?" Bill—"The inside of it wasn't good, but it had a bully skin on it. Three fellows have already slipped up on it, and I'm on the watch for more of 'em."—Boston Transcript.

Six duels have already been fought as the result of the assault on General Andre by M. Syveton, in the French chamber of deputies. No harm was done, as the affairs were practically bloodless. The duelist who was the worst hurt was able to ride away from the field of honor on his bicycle.

Two Laughs in This Story.

From the London Chronicle. The American in the corner of the non-smoking first-class carriage insisted on lighting his cigar. The indignant Britisher in the other corner protested, and protested in vain. At the next station he hailed the guard, with hostile intent; but the placid American was too good natured about that ticket. "Well, I think you'll find that this gentleman is traveling with a third-class ticket on him." Investigation proved him to be right, and the indignant Britisher was ejected. A spectator of the little scene asked the triumphant American, "how he knew about that ticket." "Well," explained the imperturbable stranger, "it was sticking out of his pocket and I saw it was the same color as mine."

The Reason Why.

Drummond, Wis., Aug. 21.—(Special.)—Whole families in Bayfield county are singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the reason why given in experiences such as that of Mr. T. T. Wold, a well-known citizen here.

"I had such pains in my back that I did not know what to do," says Mr. Wold, "and as I came across an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I sent for a box. That one box relieved me of all my pains. My wife also used them and found them just what she needed. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Backache and other Kidney Troubles."

Backache is one of the earliest symptoms of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it promptly and permanently and prevent it developing into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

His Idea.

Wille—Say, mom, what is a Mormon? His Mamma—A man with about ten or fifteen wives.

Wille—Gee! I'm glad pop ain't a Mormon. Just think of having ten or fifteen mothers to lick you.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Joke on Secretary Wilson.

A Joke on Secretary Wilson was sprung at a cabinet meeting at the White House the other day. Mr. Wilson's department has issued a couple of bulletins on Angora goats, one of which resulted in the following letter being addressed to the president:

"Mr. President—I regret to call your attention to the Angora goat department of the bureau of agriculture. It has spread broadcast a document commending Angoras to the farmers of the country. This contains three spacious landscapes: 'Before Goating,' shows a dense jungle, suggesting an average New Hampshire pasture; 'One Year After Goating' shows the same land producing a valuable crop of bean poles.

"Two Years After Goating" shows a lawn suitable for golf links. The omnivorous appetite of Angoras is described in a way that led me to hope they might even effect a saving in blasting powder, the chief source of expense in farming heretobouts.

"I enclosed the flock with a fence highly recommended to me by the American Steel and Wire company. I now suspect that this company may be a trust and should be investigated. The goats began by thrusting their heads through the upper part of the fence, where they hung by their horns. When tired of this they went through, under and over the fence.

"I make no complaint that they ate a valuable rose garden belonging to a neighbor; but their conduct in my own vegetable garden entitled me to relief. When pursued, their rapidity of movement might suggest ideas to the Pennsylvania railroad company in connection with its Chicago-New York service. "I leave the matter, Mr. President, to your sense of justice. A consulate near good fishing grounds would be appreciated."

WRONG SORT.

Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread May Be Against You for a Time.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Welden, Ill., says: "Last spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach trouble, accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried every kind. I had become completely discouraged, had given up all hope and thought I was doomed to starve to death, till one day my husband trying to find something I could retain brought home some Grape-Nuts.

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once, my flesh (which had been flabby) grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight. I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for four months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet.

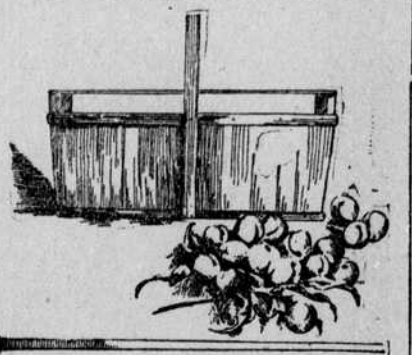
"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living.

Grape-Nuts food has been a god-send to my family; it surely saved my life and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



BASKETS FOR SELECT FRUIT.

Several times space has been given in this department to the advantage of using the small package in marketing selected fruit and especially where the market is a large city where space for storage is limited on the part of the consumer. There are several designs of baskets that are very popular. Most of them hold one or two bushels and are made after the plan of the well known grape basket. Lately a new pattern has been introduced which is becoming popular with shippers. It is not unlike the ten-pound grape basket in form except that the cover is so arranged that at each corner there is an open space sufficient for ventilation, but



not large enough so that the fruit can be packed from the basket. This is a decided advantage for ventilation will solve the problem of shipping well ripened fruit considerable distances. This ventilated top does not in any way prevent the stacking of the baskets with due regard to economy of space, nor can the ventilation be shut off in any way by any method of stacking the baskets. The illustration gives a good idea of this basket and as there are several on the market with the same ventilating device differently applied they are worth investigating.

CUTTING CORN FOR SILAGE.

The frequent mistake is made of cutting corn for silage when the ears are too green or, in the milk stage, as they are generally known when in this condition. If one will stop to think they will remember that the greatest feeding value of the corn is when it is mature although not hard and dry. Perhaps as good a rule to be guided by as any is to cut the corn for silage just before the leaves begin to show a decided yellow cast. Of course there must be some nice calculation in this, but it is easily worked out if one will be careful and watch the crop. The old idea that silage must be a mass of fermented corn is being lost sight of and intelligent feeders are recognizing the fact that its greatest value is when the silage is sweet and nearly green as possible. In this condition it has a greater value than we realize and it is certainly sufficiently great to pay well for all the time and thought necessary to grow corn properly as well as to cut it and store it when in the best condition.

ONCE MORE ALFALFA.

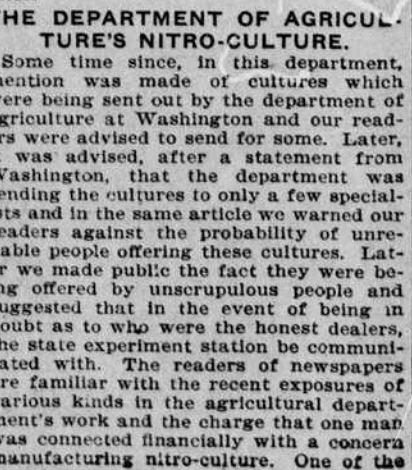
During the next month is the ideal time for sowing alfalfa according to those who have made a study of the plant and the beginner with this valuable forage plant will do well to bear in mind the main essentials. First, the sweet soil which can only be obtained by liming for one or two years before sowing the seed. Then the necessity for furnishing alfalfa fertilizer to the soil on which the plant has never grown either in the form of inoculated soil or by cultures which are now obtainable from a number of reliable dealers. Then, too, the seed must be well prepared and it should be as well prepared as for wheat. It must be sown in a shallow furrow at this time pre-supposes that the soil is well supplied with moisture and particularly near the surface in order that a good growth may be had during the period that remains for growth of plant before winter sets in. Do not use a nurse crop, but sow the seed along with the alfalfa using at least twenty pounds of seed to the acre; it is a good plan to sow half the seed lengthwise of the field and the other half across the field. If sowed broadcast from eight to ten pounds of seed per acre will do. This is manifestly better covered with a harrow and then rolled. Try a small plot if this is your first experiment with the plant.

EDUCATING THE CONSUMER.

Few workers of the soil can afford to take to themselves the task of educating the public especially when large organizations will do so little towards it. At the St. Louis fair in awarding prizes for fruit quality was counted only as 15 points out of a possible 100, while color was also counted at 15 and size at 15, so that one had only to exhibit a well known specimen of any variety with a high color and gain 20 points in the competition over 15 awarded for quality. This is manifestly better for it gives the consumer a wrong impression of the fruit and, in many cases, prevents increased consumption which is a detriment to the producer for it tempts him to growing highly colored varieties of poor quality. This is manifestly better for it gives the consumer a wrong impression of the fruit and, in many cases, prevents increased consumption which is a detriment to the producer for it tempts him to growing highly colored varieties of poor quality.

THE SWITCHING TAIL.

One of the troubles of the milker is the frequent injury which is done to the udder by all into one's face or knock one's hat off. There are a number of simple devices to overcome this and one of the best of them is made by arranging a length of wire about three feet back of the animal stretching it from one post to another. Before milking the cow the farmer should fasten a hole in it run the wire through it. On the other end of the lath



fasten an eight-inch piece of barrel hoop, fastening the lower end to the lath with nails and holding the upper end in place with the string. Before milking take the cow's tail and draw the hairy bunch through the hoop. She will be unable to move it and after a few trials will give it up and stand still. The illustration plainly shows how this device is constructed and applied.

Uncle Joe's Story.

New York World: "Some of these republicans are pretty fierce for tariff revision," said Representative Jacob Beldier of Ohio to Speaker Cannon today. "Reminds me of a lady out in my town who met a little boy on the street one day," said the speaker. "The boy was leading an ornery looking pup. The lady stopped and looked at the pup. 'Is he fierce?' she asked. 'He's the blankety-blankest fiercest pup you ever seen,' said the boy. 'O,' said the lady, 'I didn't want a fierce dog.' 'Well,' replied the boy, 'he ain't so blankety-blank blank-blank-blank fierce.'"

LOST 72 POUNDS.

Was Fast Drifting Into the Fatal Stages of Kidney Sickness. Dr. Melvin M. Page, Page Optical Co., Erie, Pa., writes: "Taking too many iced drinks in New York in 1893 sent me home with a terrible attack of kidney trouble. I had acute congestion, sharp pain in the back, headache and attacks of dizziness. My eyes gave out, and with the languor and sleeplessness of the disease upon me I wasted from 194 to 122 pounds. At the time I started using Doan's Kidney Pills an abscess was forming on my right kidney. The trouble was quickly cured, however, and the treatment cured me, so that I have been well since 1896 and weigh 188 pounds."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

Chicago Tribune: Maud—Got a new young man, have you? I'd like to know how he looks. Mabel—You would? Well, here's his photograph. Maud—Oh, that's his photograph, is it? (Inspects it.) Still, I'd like to know how he looks.

HERE'S A WAY TO SAVE DOCTOR BILLS.

Physicians Give Free Advice by Which Parents May Profit.

It's a matter of general interest just how one's physical condition can be got into shape to best receive the benefits of the summer season. Especially is this true of the children. They have become run down by a winter of unnatural food and much time spent indoors. Spring comes with its sunshine, its fresh vegetables and all else invigorating, but the children are in no condition to receive nature's remedies.

Many parents call in the family physician. Many other parents take advantage of what the physician told them when he was first called in consultation. All good family physicians receive the children Castoria. Healthy parents know this remedy of old, for they took it themselves as children. It was more than thirty years ago that Castoria made a place for itself in the household. It bore the signature of Charles H. Fletcher, then, as it does to-day, its efficacy is its guarantee, which is accorded in thousands of homes where there are children.

Much is printed nowadays about big families. Dr. William I. McCann of Omaha, Neb., is the father of one of these much-read-about families. Here is what he says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have, in my years of practice, found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Charles H. Fletcher has received a large number of letters from prominent physicians who have the same esteem for Castoria that Dr. McCann has. Not only do these physicians say they use Castoria in their own families, but they prescribe it for their clients. First of all it is a vegetable preparation which acts on the food and regulates the stomach and bowels. After eating comes sleep, and Castoria looks out for that, too. It always feverishness and prevents loss of sleep, and this absolutely without the use of opium, morphine or other baneful narcotic.

Medical journals are reluctant to discuss proprietary medicines. Hall's Journal of Health, however, says: Our duty is to expose danger and record the means for advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge there is no remedy which produces a more pure and health by regulating the system, not by stupefying it, and our readers are entitled to the information."

Phosphorus paste, spread upon soft bread, and put near their haunts, is a most satisfactory thing for destroying roaches. Mix the phosphorus with lard or drippings, spread, and put the bread around the last thing at night, removing the remainder the first thing in the morning, as the phosphorus is a dangerous poison. Another "cure" is chocolate and borax, half and half, mixed together a mortar so that every particle of chocolate has borax adhering to it. The roaches are very fond of chocolate, and borax is a poison to them. This material should be sifted dry into the crevices where the roaches congregate. A short campaign, combined with thorough cleaning, plumbing, and a frequent routing out of dark closets, should completely eradicate these loathly creatures from a country home in this latitude. In a city house there is always the danger of immigrant insects from less cleanly neighbors.

SORE HANDS, SORE FEET.

Itching, Burning Pains and Painful Finger Ends—Complete Cure by Cuticura. One Night Treatment: Soak the hands or feet on retiring, in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure and purifier of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, or bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For red, rough and chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with brittle, shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, a single treatment affording the most grateful relief, and pointing to a speedy, permanent and economical cure. In no other ailment have Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment been more effective.

The increase of population in the United States in the last fifty years exceeds by 14,000,000 that of the present population of France.

By Franz Von Couring. (Copyright, 1906, by W. R. Hearst.) It was on one of my first trips from New York to Naples on board one of the great North German Lloyd liners, and before we had been many days out, I had met a few sympathetic people, with whom I spent most of my time while going across. Two of these were American ladies, of whom especially one bore a long talk to me, everything about herself, though I had never tried to win her confidence. She felt in need of a friend on board the big steamer traveling alone, and so she told me that she had been engaged for five years to a countryman whom she was now on her way to meet and marry at Naples. Her intended husband was a scientist and had formerly been too poor to think of marriage, but now he had received a position in the famous aquarium which enabled him to support a family, if not in luxury, at least comfortably. For five long years she had heard from him through letters which came with unerring punctuality every week—and now she was so happy that she could hardly realize that the whole thing was not a dream.

She was far from beautiful, pale and thin, but her expression which told of many sufferings; but when she spoke of "him" her face became so radiantly happy that one could not help considering her pretty; and in my thoughts I often congratulated the man who was to be the husband of such an affectionate and loving wife. The other American girl was very much different. Serious, intelligent, well read and evidently unusually energetic. She was a socialist and had devoted much of her time to the improving of the conditions of the poor of Chicago. She was the author of several books on the social question which had brought her not a little fame, and was a delightfully conversationalist.

These two American ladies, one of the ship's surgeons, a Frenchman who was returning to France after having made his fortune in the States and myself so formed a little exclusive clique which was watched with jealousy by the other passengers. Our seats were close together at the table; on deck we moved our easy chairs together in a little nook at the end of the promenade deck, and the evenings we generally spent in the salon playing cards or chatting.

One evening, when we were ploughing our way through a heavy fog and the roar of the whistle made the whole ship tremble every minute, the Frenchman, who had until then been very reserved, began to speak of ghosts, spiritism, and clairvoyance. The surgeon felt in duty bound to declare that he only believed in science and denied the existence of spirits of any kind. Much to my surprise, he was hotly contradicted by the socialist lady, while the other lady and myself did not take any part in the discussion.

"I am willing to let you decide for yourself," the socialist lady said. "Maybe you will believe me when I tell you all about your own thoughts, your plans and your past."

"And what about your future?" "The future neither I nor any other human being can say anything about." "Oh, then, I do not see much in it," laughed the Frenchman. "I know my own past; it is only the future which interests me."

"But I can tell you not only your past, but also what any of your relatives are doing at this moment." "No, thank you; I do not care a continental for my relatives."

Miss May Somers, the bride, looked up and eagerly said: "You do not mind, Miss Burton, I should like to know what my fiancé at Naples has been doing today, or is doing now. Then I will ask him if it is correct when we arrive?"

"With pleasure," replied Miss Burton, and seized her right hand, whose lines she began to scan carefully. Suddenly she turned very pale and became greatly agitated, though Miss Somers, who was bashfully looking down, did not notice it. We looked at one another in surprise, but soon the color came back to her face, and in a most natural and unstrained tone she told the bride-to-be a few commonplace things, which she evidently invented on the spot.

Miss Somers was rather disappointed, but said nothing, and soon after retired. When she had left, the surgeon told me some of the things which she had said, which were broken into by the moans of the whistle. All of us felt a suspicion, a foreboding of something, but nobody dared ask Miss Burton what she had read in Miss Somers' palm.

"Please tell me, Miss Burton, what dark secret you keep away from Miss Somers?" "Oh, something terrible—something which filled my heart with the greatest sorrow and pity."

"Is he dead?" asked the Frenchman. "No! Much worse than that!" "What, then?" "At 5 o'clock this afternoon he wrote a letter to her, in which he breaks the engagement because he loves another—an Italian girl—and immediately after he deposited the money for her return ticket with the American consul at Naples. She will get the letter the moment we arrive."

The earnest way in which she said these words made a strong impression upon us, but with an effort the surgeon tried to make light of it, and said with a smile: "You are not as smart as I thought, Miss Burton. We shall easily be able to find out whether you are right."

"You doubt? Well, we shall see when we get to Naples. Good night," and without another word she left us. Four days later, when the pilot came on board, the first officer distributed the mail among the passengers. Miss Somers was standing leaning over the side of the ship so as to be sure to catch sight of her lover as soon as he came near the dock. "Now we shall see whether you were right, Miss Burton," whispered the surgeon.

"Yes, we shall see," she replied, almost inaudibly. Suddenly we heard the officer call out: "Miss Somers! Miss Somers! A letter for Miss Somers!" The young lady ran toward him, while we eagerly watched her every movement. She looked at the envelope with a smile and tore it open. We began to breathe freer.

A piercing cry, and we saw her faint and drop as if dead. Everything which Miss Burton had foretold came true. Miss Somers never returned to America. She is still in an insane asylum at Naples.

Erudite Professor. Washington Star: "Professor Skiggs has a wonderful mind." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "when you think how hard one of his lectures is to listen to, you shudder to think of the cerebral strain it must have taken to evolve it."

Looking Ahead.

First Banker—I don't see why you keep that cashier? Second Banker—What's the matter with him? First Banker—He's extremely careless. Second Banker—That's one reason why I keep him. He's liable to overlook a lot of stuff in case he skips out. In Germany a great deal of damage has been reported lately from the large moths which infest dairies and live on butter and milk. Sliding seats were first used in rowing races in 1873.