

A BEN DAVIS CROSS.

The Ben Davis apple is generally known among growers as the beautiful apple just time now to sow seeds for Swedish without any other good qualities. It is one turnips on soil well prepared and the crop without any other good qualities. It is one of the peorest apples grown in the matter of quality and sells entirely on its beauty. Growers have always hoped that some exper would find a cross which would give the world some of the beauty of the Ben Davis with the good qualities of some other sorts and attempts have been made from time to time with more or less indifferent results until a cross was made between the Ben Davis and the McIntosh. Ben Davis and the McIntosh.



to give it a place of merit, it is promising. In the matter of flavor, a most important thing, it is very much better than Ben Davis though not so good as the McIntosh. In shape the new sort is larger than the n Davis but most resembles the McIntosh in appearance, a fact to be regretted and which indicates that the best results have not been obtained for we want to cetain the beauty of the Ben Davis with the improved quality of the other parent; this done, and we will have a variety which will sell in any market and at a

USING CHEAP SHRUBS.

For a long time, in this department, we have urged the setting of ornamental trees and shrubs, particularly the latter, about the farm home. A large number of correspondents have asked for a small list of thrubs and have invariably requested that no classes high in price be named. As a matter of fact the most desirable masses and varieties are among the mod-erate-in-price so there is really no excuse for going without them. Here is a small list that will give satisfaction anywhere, which are inexpensive, easy to grow and readily planted in fall or spring: Hydran-gea paniculata grandiflora, Syringa, Forsythia, Cornus mascula variegata, Spirea prunifolia, the varieties of We'gelia and the varieties of Althea all of which can be the varieties of Althea all of which can be bought for 20 to 35 cents, each first class plants which will not fall to give entire cern is pretty good evidence that Uncle Sam does not consider it a good thing for farmers to become mixed up in. Potate as giving much variety in habit of growth and foliage markings. Send to any of the aurserymen whose advertisements you may see for a catalogue and set out some of the sorts named this fall. If one is

much of the trouble in this direction is ods, or mashes, as they are generally own. In this form the food seems to compact at first and then decay or sour in the passage to the bowels where it makes serious trouble. Then poultrymen learned to feed only whole grain regulating it acding to the age and size of the chick and gradually carrying it along to the lay-ing age. It was found that by this plan a stronger better pullet resulted and now it is rare that the mash is fed to any fowls but adults and that only in a small degree. During the summer when the half grown chicks are on the range the matter ding is extremely important, because every ounce of food they take should be one more lift toward the production of a bird that will go into winter quarters at five months old strong and vigorous and ready and able to turn out eggs in quantiyoungsters a good range, not too extenand the pullets in the fall should be all

INVESTMENTS FOR FARMERS.

In some sections good crops for a number of years in seccession have made the paid and some cash ahead. Schemers watch crop reports and are quick to ascertain when a section is prosperous, and they find, unfortunately, many victims among farmers. There is no better place for the investment of surplus money than right on the farm which gave one the money. First of all improve the home and the very first improvement here should be conveniently arranged rooms and then improved methods of heating We may not have gas and electric on all farms but there is no reason why our homes cannot be heated by furnace. Then improve the stock of all kinds; then improve the land and add implements which will enable you to do more work with less effort. After that, if there is any surplus which is not needed for the family or the farm, a saving banks ac-count is a safe investment and your cash is available at all times. Few farmers are there who are so far ahead that they can find nothing more to improve on the farm.

PLOWING UNDER COW PEAS. Whenever it is possible to make the crop of cow pea tops into hay and feed it to stock and then use the manure on the soil it is preferable to the plan of plowing unheavy growth of green tops for there is always danger in plowing under a heavy crop of green material because it is ant soil sour if done in hot weathNOW FOR ROOT CROPS.

tosh. ventage and thus reduce the cost of labor. still Do not get the idea that root crops can be While the new variety, which is still Do not get the idea that root crops can be cameless, has not been tested sufficiently profiably grown in any soil that happens to be idle; they can be grown in such soil, of course, but the crop will hardly pay for the trouble. Very rich soil is not desirable but on the other hand it should be rich enough to grow the roots in good size and grow them rapidly enough so that the flavor will be all that is possible to obtain and so that they will keep well. On soil that is not to high in price so that it is needed for one or more money crops it pays to devote a considerable area to root crops if he has stock to which they can be fed and if they can be grown at no great ex-pense they can be profitably fed to swine even when the low price of pork is con-sidered. Root crops are worthy much more attention than they generally receive the hands of the average farmer or

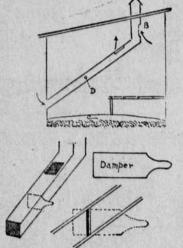
RASPBERRY CULTURE PROFIT-ABLE.

All things considered raspberries are really more profitably than strawberries and, so far as insect enemies are concerned, are about on a par. The demand for raspberries, both red and black caps, is far ahead of the supply and the prices are better in proportion than for straw-berries. As a rule under normal conditions raspberry plants need be renewed not oftener than every seven or eight years while it is rarely the case that a strawberry bed will be profitable after the third year. Raspberry plantations are much more easily cultivated than straw-berry beds and at a corresponding less expense. In sections of the east the black caps have been few and far between not because the crop was small owing to light bearing but because the number of bearing plants was small. The writer will show his faith in raspberries, located within 56 miles of a large city, by setting them liberally another planting season. It means will we abandon our extensive of strawberries but will simply extend the fruit industry by setting more raspberries rather than more strawberries. Look into the matter in your section and see what the opportunities are.

THE VINELESS POTATO. If anything was proof that the vineless potato proposition had little or no merit,

an a cold climate it will be a good plan to warrant the great care necessary in handling the plants back considerably and give them protection during the winter by mounding up the soil at the base in the late fall. THE DECLINE OF MASHES.
So long as bowel trouble is the main difficulty with which we contend in the handling of chicks from hatching to the laying age just so long we should seek to find some plan of feeding which will overcome this. It has been demonstrated that much of the trouble in this direction is sort is not only willing but anxious to have it tested on the grounds of the sevthose in charge will report concerning the value of the new applicant for public favor without fear or favor and that such reports may be relied upon. Don't buy rare things or wonderful things in the agricultural line without first finding out what the people of the experiment station in your own state think of them. Do not hesitate to use your experiment station for the majority of them will hall with delight any interest taken by the farmers of the state. Do more than write them, call on them; you will be well treated and learn enough to pay you several times over for the trip.

POULTRY HOUSE VENTILATION There are a number of ideas for the ven tilation of poultry houses which are very desirable but most of them are expensive out impairing its vigor. Give the to put into operation. The main benefit to rs a good range, not too exten- be obtained from ventilation is dryness of sive, plenty of shade and good water and atmosphere which of itself means the cir-what grain they need night and morning culation of pure air. In any plan of venculation of pure air. In any plan of ven-tilation the air from out of doors should be taken in from near the bottom of the house and follow the ventilator until it reaches the top or nearly so before it is allowed to escape into the rom. We think the plan of ventilation indicated in the illustration is one of the best known. foundation for a comfortable dry house is laid in the floor which is of concrete kept thicks with straw. The shaft is run in



an angle entering the house at the point indicated by the arrow at the bottom left and escaping into the room at the point in the shaft indicated by the upper arrow er; it may be rafely done, however, after the peas mature in the fall and will do the soil much good although, as stated, the better way is to cure the hay, feed it to stock and apply the manure to the soil of the ventilator on the outside of the plowing under only the root growth of the house. A damper is provided as shown so hear which converse that the current of the sea hear when the se peas. After plowing under the cow pea that the current of air can be controlled tops the soil should be given a liberal apilication of potash and phosphoric acid, drawing at the bottom of the cut show and in the spring an application of twenty-how this damper is operated. The whole bus, els to the acre of lime if a crop of plan is simple, easily put in operation and equence is to follow.

will be found very effective. Before Her Father.

The stood before her father when
The day was at its close,
And in his pocket there and then
He had a withered rose,
A once red rose that she possessed
Ere, yielding to his prayer,
She took it from her gentle breast
And gave it to his care.

He stood before her father who Was old and gray and grim;
He longed to speak a word or two,
But words deserted him.
Before her father, grim and gray,
Her red rose he forgot,
And thrice made up his mind to say
The words he uttered not.

He stood there while her father sat At ease and saw him cling With one hand to the solled strap that Was not a restful thing; His feet were sore, his look was sad, He longed for space to sit,
But lacked the nerve to ask her dad.
To move along a bit.

—Pu

SOME RACING STORIES.

From the Washington Star. This young man, who works for his living in an F street office, couldn't get his desk anything like cleaned up till nearly half past 2 last Saturday afternoon. Then he broke out of his office at a canter, making for the New York avenue surface line of cars, Benning-bound.

He wasn't so eager to make the track in time for the first race—3 o'clock—on his own account. But he had a \$10 note, belonging to a friend, in his clothes, to be wagered on Winchester in the first race.

He was considerably worried, however when on boarding the New York.

ever, when, on boarding the New York avenue car at Fourteenth street, he fig-avenue car at Fourteenth street, he fig-ured that, with the clearest right of way and the best going, the car would only just about make Benning in time for the first race.

The car hustled along at a pretty The car hustled along at a pretty good clip till the bridge over the Eastern branch was reached. Then the car's fuse or hew-gag, or something or other, burned out, and it came to a standstill. It was then eight minutes to 3. The young man with the \$10 note to go on Winchester for a friend broke out in a cold prescription. out in a cold perspiration. There was no chance for the car to reach the Benning gate in time for any of its pas-sengers to play the first race. Sup-posing Winchester were to win at 20 or 30 to 1 or some such foolish figure? or 30 to 1 or some such foolish figure? He was in a sad fume over the situation, when, to the rear of the car, he heard the notes of a three-strap automobile siren. The young man leaped out of the stalled car, ran over to the middle of the road and waved his arms wildly directly in the path of the approaching buzz-wagon. The machine proaching buzz-wagon. The machine

slowed up.

"Hey, there, Jim; what the dickens ails you?" the driver of the car called out to the young man. "I can't give you a lift—wagon's packed full now."

"Don't want any lift," replied the young man, hurriedly. "Here, take this," handing the owner of the automobile a \$10 note, "and get it on Wingelie a \$10 note, "and get it on Wingelie a \$10 note," mobile a \$10 note, "and get it on Winchester in the first race for me. Money belongs to a friend of mine, and the blamed Winchester horse is liable to cop and cut me out of a summer vacation if I don't get the bet done some tion if I don't get the bet down some

way, and——"
The man in the buzz-wagon understood. He took the \$10 and was on his way before the young man in the road had finished his explanation.

When the young man with the quick thinking habit got to the entrance the owner of the automobile was waiting for him at the turnstile. He had \$110 in his hand.

"I got the bet down," he said, "just as the mutts were lined up to break. Winchester wins, and I got 10 to 1." The F street youth's sudden impulse to jump from the stalled car and stop the automobile had been worth just \$100 to him

As to that same Winchester race, George Sheridan, a well known follow-er of the game from Chicago, and a heavy bettor when he thinks he is in good, had a dry remark to make when the numbers went up. Sheridan had "gone to" some other horse in the race to the tune of \$300. When Winchester finished in the van, "breezing." Sheridan, who was standing just behind the press box, jammed his hat over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets

and observed grouchily:
"Winchester, hey? And Sheridan
twenty miles away!"
The sad story attaching to almost
every case wherein one man bets another man's money at a race track had its ten-millionth exemplification in the race which Fiat won, with as good as 10 to 1 against him.

A Pennsylvania avenue restaurateur who went to the track by the steam cars on that day was held up by a friend at the station. The friend couldn't get away from his business to go to the track that day, it seemed, but he had a tip on Fiat and wanted to get \$20 down. Would his friend, the restaurateur take the \$20 and play Fiat straight for him? The restaurateur representations of the straight for him? who went to the track by the steam eur, remembering some doleful in-cidents in connection with proxy betting and having a keen sense of his own notorious absentmindedness besides, tried to duck, but he couldn't get out of it. His friend was insistent, and so the restaurant man took the \$20 and promised to get it down on Fiat in the last race.

By the time he reached the track the absent-minded restaurateur had clean forgotten all about that \$20 Flat money to be put down for his friend. He didn't, in fact, stay at the track for the last race at all. He cleaned up about \$70 up to and including the fifth race, and then he concluded that he'd got and then he concluded that he'd got all that ought to be coming to him for one day, and started to town in an electric car. On the way in he began to figure up his bank roll, checking off his bets and winnings. He found that he was \$20 ahead of the balance figures, and he was year gleatful indeed

and he was very gloatful, indeed.

"Well, this," said he to himself, "is the first time I ever got ahead of a bookmaker or a bookmaker's crew. One of those cashiers must have given me \$20 too much in settling one of my bets. Fine! I suppose I'll spend the whole day tomorrow looking up that cashier and giving him back the \$20 he gave me by mistake—yes, yes," and he con-tinued to gloat most cheerfully all the back to town in the electric car.

He met the man who had given him the \$20 Fiat money when he got off the car to change for his restaurant at the transfer station. The Fiat man began to execute difficult and involved jig steps as soon as he saw the restaura

steps as soon as he saw the restaurateur.

"Yow! I guess I'm the poor horse picker, ain't I?" he gurgled to the restaurateur. "I'm a perfect shine at this thing of lighting on the long ones, ain't I? Just telephoned to the track and found out that little old Fiat copskies at 10 to 1. Wow! Gimme my \$220, old man—and much obliged to you for getting it down."

ting it down."

The restaurateur had remembered, of The restaurateur had remembered, of course, long before his gurgly friend had concluded his happy little speech. And, without a word, he went into his dungarees and dug up the \$220. But the next time he lets any friend hold him up at a race track the capital of the United States will be Aurora-in-the-Ozarks, and that shift, it is generally understood, is some little distance in

Equally sad, as the result of his offhandedness, was a young gentleman from Baltimore, who, one day last week, brought a couple of young wom-en friends over from the Monumental

city to view the Benning game for an afternoon. The party viewed the races from the club house. Came a race in which one of the young women, look-ing over her program, clapped eye on the name of a horse dubbed Nutwood.

"Oh, there was a girl at the convent "Oh, there was a girl at the convent named Nutwood," exclaimed this young woman. "And what an athletic girl she was—she could beat all of the girls in the hundred yards, e-e-easy! Oh, I'm going to have a dollar on Nutwood. What's Nutwood's price?" addressing the young man. young man.

"Oh, 50 to 1, or something like that," carelessly replied the young man from Baltimore, "Crab. Only in the way. Hasn't got a chance in the world. Crawfish. Runs backward. Lob. Wasting her money. Forget it."

But the girl who'd had a schoolmate named Nutwood insisted, and then the other girl caught the hunch fever, and they both insisted upon the young man getting a dollar apiece down for them on Nutwood.

"Oh, it's post time now," said the ung man. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll oung man. lay you against Nutwood myself. Soft two bucks for me. Stealing it. I'll give you each 50 to 1 against Nutwood. That

atisfy you?"
Well, they'd rather get it down with

Well, they'd rather get it down with a regular bookmaker, they said—it would seem more reckless—but—"You're on, both of you—50 to 1 each on Nutwood," and they insisted upon taking their \$1 bills out of their pockstbooks and giving them to him, while ne smiled enjoyably and talked airily about how soft the money looked to him.

When Nutwood won from Monte Carlo by a nose he paid out his \$100 like a little man, but he looked extremely thoughtful and preoccupied for the remainder of the afternoon.

WASH DOGS, MIND BABIES.

Women Hire Plumber for Strange Pur-

pose at High Wage.
From the Detroit Free Press.
Washing dogs and "minding" babies at 60 cents an hour—these are the highly delightful occupations that two plumbers were engaged in last week. A plumber who employs the two men, and whose word is as good as his bond, is authority for the facts.

"Please send a plumber up to my house right away," said a woman over

the 'phone.

"What do you think she wanted?" said the workman when he returned half an hour later. "She wanted me to wash her doz."
"Go back and wash him," said his employer, and he did. It took him all the afternoon to scrub the canine. The

woman cheerfully paid \$3.

A woman—not the same woman—in an excited tone of voice, asked that a plumber be sent to her house for three

hours. When the man arrived the woman who is well known in society, brought out a box of her husband's best cigars, the latest magazines—and a baby. After minding the infant three hours, while the mother was out shopping, he collected \$1.80, filled his pockets with good cigars and returned to the shop.

How Harry Was to Biame.

From the Chicago Daily News. "Anyhow," said the girl in the new spring hat with the trelliswork of roses on it, "it was Harry's own fault. He is always trying to do things that are funny, and expects us to go into ecstacles of mirth over them. How were we to know this wasn't one of them? It was my turn to entertain the club," and it was to be a

estume party. "I decided to have a Dutch luncheon, and every one was to come dressed as a Hollander. Nearly all of them came early out Harry, and we were all laughing at each other, when I heard some one on the ront porch. When I neard some one on the front porch. When I opened the door I rearly died of laughing. I knew at once it was Harry, for I recognized his eyes. He must have gone to an awful lot of work getting up his costume, I thought, for he had on big blue trousers and a thecked shirt with pearl buttons, and under his cap was a wig of straight yellow nair, and he wore a big yellow mustache.

"He hung back and acted as though he was ashamed of himself—and, really, I didn't blame him, for you know how proud Harry usually is of his appearance. I grabbed him and dragged him in, and shrieked for every one to come and look. They just went crazy over him, told him he was splendid and asked where he got the costume, while they were turning him around till he must have been dizzy.

"He played the part pretty well, too, actually stammering some Dutch at us and sending us off into fresh spasms. We all laughed so no one could have told what he was saying if any one had wanted to. Then he backed up against the wall and got mad and threw his arms around and knocked over a lamp. When he didn't stop acting after that, or seem sorry, we all stopped laughing and began to feel a little indignant. It seemed to be carrying the

"Goodness knows what would have happened next, for he was breathing hard and glaring at us, when there was a fresh commotion in the hall, and who should walk in but Harry himself, in ordinary clothes, with nothing but a big Dutch cap to disguise him.
"I looked at him, and then I looked at

the man I had dragged in, and I thought must be losing my mind. 'Who are you, anyway?' I demanded

of the man against the wall. "He took a long breath and swallowed hard and looked as though he would like

"I haf try to tell you,' he said. 'I am the brudder of Lena, und I come to see

"Lena is our new maid. I led the man out into the kitchen, where Lena Then I hurried back to scold Harry. all took it out on him, and he got real provoked about it—though I am sure he might have seen he was the one to blame, and ought to have been willing to apologize

Uncle Rastus' Defense.

The Honorable Malcolm Rice Patterson, of Tennessee, tells a story about an old negro who had been arrested for stealing pig down in his state. After all wit resses had been heard and it was conclusive that the old darky was guilty, the udge, who knew him well, turned to him and said, "Why did you steal that pig, Incle Rastus?

"Bekase mah pooh fambly was stahvin', ro' honor," replied the prisoner.

"Family starving, eh? But they tell me you own five dogs. How is that, Uncle Rastus?" asked the judge.

Uncle Rastus scratched his head and coked at the floor as though in deep househt, then raising his head and look-

hought; then, raising his head and look-ng squarely at the judge, he replied: 'Dat's er fack, yo' honor; but I recken yo' ill wudn't 'spect mah fambly ter eat iem dawgs." Sentence was suspended.

He Had His Wish. The late Carl Schurz had no considera-tion for hypocrites or pretenders. Upon literary pretenders he was particularly se-

At a dinner in New York one night a millionaire who had written a volume of poems sneered at politics.
"I wouldn't give a picayune," he said,
"for a senatorship or a cabinet office. To

even president wouldn't tempt me. I. for my part, would rather be known any day as a third-rate poet than a first-rate 'On, that was Mr. Dawson, the civil 'Well, aren't you?" shouted Mr. Schurz.

the flesh and kept hot on the trail of the saints would finally be saved. Every seat in the coach was held by people who were evidently on good terms with all that is worth having in

STORY OF "THE SOWER

WHO WENT OUT TO SOW"

this most bright and beautiful world. The school girls who looked interesting to the men very discreetly hovered near the wing of the Catholic father when the train stopped long enough at a station for a platform promenade The Protestant minister was the easy mark of a woman who had just lost her husband and really wanted to know they would meet again in heaver The traveling men were non-committal, but they seemed to have some doubts. A grandmother made the little girl with her read the bible so much that she must have been nearly through with it; anyhow, she laid it down and began to cry. Then grandma hustled her into the vestibule.

The man who had read all the papers

proved methods of salvation they con-

and magazines he could get on the train took the little girl's bible and turned the leaves as if he had never before seen the book. He was familiar when younger with passages in it. He knew the many things said in praise of the book of books, but as he read the old verses he knew in childhood days he decided that he had found more in them than he could find now that he was a matured man who had seen about all there was to see and therefore knew about all there was to know of life.

He had always liked to read the parables of our Lord. Often he had thought of the ones about the talents, had the sheep and the goats, and the "sower who went out to sow." He said to himself, I am that one. But when "sower who went out to sow." He said to himself, I am that one. But when it came to the teaching that it was right to give those who did one hour's work as much pay as those who worked all day, he couldn't stand for that. And yet the master who had contracted to pay those who worked all the time only a penny, clearly he had the right to pay the same price to others who came later if it pleased him to do so. How many times, he reflected, he had seen the last made first—how often he had seen the many called and the few chosen. "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner." He had his own opinion about what was coming to the prodigal son. He rather liked to think that he would be brave enough to fall where he stood rather than weaken; yet he knew that the way to make wrong right is to bravely ask for the Great Teacher to please orguse had spellin' and writin'.

His weary followers to sleep on and take their rest.

The passenger opposite—not long out of college—said to him: "Guess the two old church crows have got their work old church crows have got their work done—anyway they've quit talking religion. None for me. Dave Harum's the stuff. Do the other fellow as he does you and do him first—if not the words it's the policy all right."

"It is the wrong policy even from the most selfish point," came the sober answer from the reader of parables. "What you sow you reap. You get back just what you give. I don't mean

answer from the reader of paralles. "What you sow you reap. You get back just what you give. I don't mean that the other fellow always appreciates your fairness, but I mean that you feel better yourself for being straight, and ingratitude or dishonesty in others is no sort of excuse for excuse for the parallel of the paying them the same coin. you act meanly you feel meanly. Hon-est men must retire counterfeit money from circulation and never pass it

"Well, I treat folks just as they treat me," said the callow one. "This returning good for evil is all right for church folks, but I'm a sinner, I guess" —and he looked wicked enough to smoke a cigaret and drink ice water. "I don't want to do the work of the two disciples in this car, but I've lived

two disciples in this car, but I've lived long enough to know the truth. I've tried all ways and all plans. The only way to live is to just go straight ahead every day, in every place, and do your best, making all allowances possible giving all a square deal. At best you will fail of your purpose enough to make you miserable at times; but it is the only way—it is the sum and sub-stance of right living. It keeps one serene and happy part of the time, at least. No return is asked or expected, but return is made of times; but it is pated it in less than three years, ously enough, a tanning process of h discovery had been instrumental in mulating the fortune, but when he but return is made oftener than it is withheld." mulating the fortune, but when he came into his money he spent it with a free withheld."

withheld."

"The theory may be all right, but even the people who preach it practice Harum's belief most," said the young one. "Who in this car—right here—is thinking of helping the other fellow? They are all figuring on doing him if they can, instead of doing for him. There may be children and women on langesburg, and instead of an appeal it.

The failure of anyone to be "The failure of anyone to be considerate does not excuse any lack of consideration," said the man. "All of us like our ease and comfort, but not one of us would fail to extend help where it is needed if we heard the call. Too often the needy misjudge and misunderstand, and when we would like understand, and when we would like to help them, resent it—keep us off. I am mighty grateful to the many who have helped me, and I'd like to help. He came again Tuesday, roughly clad

"Gracious," said the collegian, "you are too good." The young fellow whistled a topical song. The man sat silent, and a little later went forward through the cars.

"There was a sower who went out to sow" he murmured. He recalled having seen a sick girl in the chair car and yet a certain big, strong man he knew had a lower berth in the sleeper. He had about made up his sleeper. He had about made up his sleeper. He had about made up his sleeper. sleeper. He had about made up his mind to offer his lower to a finely dressed, fussy woman whom he had dressed, fussy woman whom he had heard begging the conductor for a lower when told that there was only an upper left, but as he thought of the sick girl in the chair car he wished that the fussy woman in the sleeper could get neither upper nor lower and be compelled to sit in the chair car as the sic!; girl did. He had not seen the girl since the noon stop the day before, so he went to her car, and when he reached her there was a vacant reached her there was a vacant

seat by her and he sat down in it.
"I beg your pardon," he said, "but isn't this Miss Smith?" The girl smiled the wan smile of the white-plagued and answered: "No, this is Miss Jones."
"I think I saw you talking with a friend of mine at Las Vegas."

In the standard sleeper of a train engineer, working on the new cut-off. bound for the coast, a minister and a priest were "talking shop." If they had any differences concerning the most ap-

any differences concerning the most ap- he did. "Dawson is a good fellow," he risked cealed them and, apparently, both were willing to grant that all who mortified the flesh and kent hot on the trail of

am not very well, and I am so tired am not very well, and I am so tired and sleepy—"
"Why, I have a berth," said the man, "and if Dawson had told me you wanted one you could have had mine. You must take it tonight. I have had a good rest and it would really do me good to come back here and take your seat and rough it a bit. This can and seat and rough it a bit. This can and

seat and rough it a bit. This car and this chair are lots better than the rich-est people could buy twenty years ago." And soon the sick girl was back in the standard with a well tipped porter waiting on her at the direction of some well bred weren well bred were not seen to some well bred women who tried to make her comfortable.

As the night came on the man got tired of his seat in the chair car and went into the smoker where he talked with a cattle man about the country they were passing through. In one of the forward seats a woman and a girl were trying to sleep, taking turns in caring for an epileptic youth, who would wake now and then and strike them. They were weary and stained with travel and as miserable as they possibly could be. When the cattle man got off, the man from the sleeper sat down by the irresponsible boy and in-duced the tired somen to sleep while he became their burden bearer. Once he became their burden bearer. Once the boy waked and slapped his new seatmate. For a second the imbecile was in danger of having his head knocked off, for the muscular man he had caught off his guard had probably never been struck in that manner before in his life. But he conquered his desire to strike back and held the poor fellow until he was quiet in sleep again. It was broad daylight before the mother and daughter awoke, for they

mother and daughter awoke, for they were worn out. At the breakfast stop the man got them food, and when he left them his charge of the night was looking out the window without attracting attention of passengers troubling those with him.

As the man came back to the sleeper the trainmen nodded to him and the conductor said: "Well, you've done those folks a good turn." Several times during the night the trainmen had come

seen the last made first—how often he had seen the many called and the few chosen. "The stone which the builders rejected Is become the head of the corner." He had his own opinion about what was coming to the prodigal son. He rather liked to think that he would be brave enough to fail where he stood rather than weaken; yet he knew that the way to make wrong right is to bravely ask for the Great Teacher to please excuse bad spellin' and writin'. And when the foolish virgins—they were foolish to be without oil. People nowadays buy what they need and at the same time contribute their mite to higher education.

He knew the parable of the home divided against itself which could not stand, and the house built on the sand should have been built on the rock, of course. He approved of the Good Samaritan and wondered how the others who passed by could have done so. And then he glanced at the story of the young man who was told to sell all he had and follow the Master—and as he read he got the faintest grasp of the sorrow and loneliness of Him who bade His weary followers to sleep on and take their rest.

How far that little candle casts its beams to him so had done his part becomingly.

When the might the trainmen had come into the cand had in the might the trainmen had come into the coilent boy, and they knew he had done his part becomingly.

When the man reached the sleeper the porter called him "colonel" and told him the sick girl had offered the lower to the story if the story in this car is saying nice things about you," said the porter. The minister beamed on him. The priest gabout the leaven which leavened the whole lump came to his mind. The collegian said, "You're game." The school girls gave him smiles. Grandmother sent the little girl to him to say with the sick girl had offered the lower to the story in this car is saying nice things about you," said the porter. The minister beamed on him. The priest game him a silent blessing. The parable about the leaven which leavened the whole lump came to his minute the

but he felt good because he had done some good, and then he knew that in-asmuch as those about him understood and appreciated his efforts, that they would gladly do as much or more than he had done, when the oppertunity

came to them.

As the porter told him, the stout woman had taken good care of the siek girl—she happened to be going to the same town—and they were off the train before he returned to the sleeper, but he did not expect or desire grateful he did not expect or desire grateful words from the girl. She was more than half in the other world with the

"This is a pretty good world, after all," said the man. He had been to the coast a dozen times and this was his best trip. He picked up the little girl's bible and found the words: "A sower went forth to sow * * * whosoever hath, to him shall be given."
Ewing Herbert.

\$25,000 for Her Kindness

From the New York World. Peter Kronheim of South Africa, Australia and Montana is now a millionaire, but twenty years ago he was regarded as a spendthrift with no friend left but his cousin, Mrs. Ray Weife, who now lives at 16 East One Hundred and Thirty-first street. He had been left a fortune by his father, a Brooklyn tanner, but had dissiously enough, a tanning process of his own discovery had been instrumental in accu-

There may be children and women on this train who are hungry and discouraged and sick, but the shepherds and their following are not hunting the letter said he was a pearl broker in South Africa and was at last meeting with "moderate success."

He came again Tuesday, roughly clad as before, and announced that instead of hers."

as before, and announced that instead of being penniless he was a millionaire. He "I've kept track of what you've done for me all these years, and it comes to about this. Don't open the envelope. Wait till I

He left at once after inquiring about a brother last heard of in Washington. When he had gone the envelope was opened and found to contain twenty-five \$1,000 bills. The Wolfe family didn't go to bed at all. Instead they sat up with the money until morning, placed it in a safe deposit vault with the

pearl necklace. Kronhelm's interests are extensive. Besides valuable ranches and city lots in Montana he owns gold mines in South Africa, adjoining the famous Queen Charlotte, and sheep ranges in Australia. He is unmarried and is very anxious to find his brother, whom he believes to be in or near Washington. He told Mrs. Wolfe that if he did not succeed in finding him he would return to Australia.

Dirt Cheap.

Briggs—It seems as if everything necessary had gone up in price—except human life; that's cheaper than ever. Griggs-But that isn't a necessity.