

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing-down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fevers and dreads are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."

Mrs. JOSE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (Confidential) Lynn, Mass.

In the first three months of this year there were 460 arrests for drunkenness in Cincinnati.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv.

Naturally. "That orator is going on a comical course of lecturing."

"Yes, and with a special train."

Appropriate. "Where do you suppose is the best place to give one of these dancing lessons?"

"I should suppose on some coffee grounds."

Declined With Thanks. "I hear that Spragg, the editor, is getting very absent minded."

"I should say he is. Why, the other day he returned his tailor's bill with a rejection slip inclosed."—Boston Daily Globe.

On Australian Stamps. The Kookaburra, which is to figure on the new Australian stamps, is a kind of laughing jackass of the kingfisher tribe, and about the size of a crow. He kills snakes, is an optimist by nature, laughing at sunrise and sundown.

Environment. The Mexican student was watching his first northern football game. It held his interest firmly. His face grew flushed, his arms were flung out, he shouted hoarsely.

"Do you call this a game?" he asked of the man at his right.

"Sure," was the reply. "What would you call it?"

"In my country," said the stranger from across the border, "we would call it a seven-day pitched battle!"

Toastie Flavour A Winner

Every day many are finding out that

Post Toasties

are different from other "ready to eat" foods. It's in the making.

Toasties are carefully cooked bits of choicest Indian corn toasted to an appetizing, golden-brown crispness.

Care and time in toasting and the delicate flavoring make this crisp corn-food delightful.

Post Toasties—ready to eat direct from the sealed package, with cream and sugar to taste.

—sold by Grocers.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
Author of "The Perfect Tribute, etc."

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CHAPTER II (Continued).

On an afternoon in July in the year of 1820, Francois, being 10 years old and a dreamer, came alone through the gate and sat down with his short legs dangling over an ancient wall, 15 feet sheer down. He sat there, quite comfortable and secure, and with his head, as though, in the brilliant future, and also of the story of the great dog and the treasure. This ruin, the ancient chateau of Viques, had a legend. Each child of the village knew it before he could remember how it had been built with all of them always—grandfathers had heard it from grandfathers for hundreds of years. The tradition ran that ages back, in the time of Caesar, 50 years after Christ, a Roman governor, the Gauls, had built there a formidable castle on this hill outside the village—"Vicus," the Romans called it simply, "the village"—and "Vicus," changed to "Viques," it has stayed. The castle had great granaries to hold the grain which the governor stored from the peasants and sent to Rome to sell. This little "vicus" was on the main road to Rome, which made it convenient for the governor. So he grew rich by oppression, and the gold from the people he piled in cellars deep in his castle. When it came to be a great amount he sent far to the north and got a huge dog, and this dog he trained to a terrible fierceness, so that any one coming near him in the long underground corridors would be killed. The treasure was sure to be taken in pieces, except always the governor. The governor knew well that the people hated him, even those closest to him, and this savage beast was his only friend, and his reliance.

One day, when he went on in this way, the governor grinding the peasants, and the giant dog guarding him and his treasure, till at last there came a thunderbolt—the governor was sent for to come to Rome to give an account of his riches which he had kept from the emperor. He had to go, but he left the dog in charge, and the night after he was gone the peasantry gathered and set fire to the chateau and burned it to the ground, and the dog and the treasure were burned in it, and there they are to this day. The people of Viques believe that if a man will go to dig for that treasure and will stay till midnight that at 12 exactly a colossal dog will rise from the ruins and come, and bring flames; in his mouth will be the key of the treasure vault, and back of him will stand the ghost of the Roman governor wrapped in white, his face covered. And if the man will be bold enough to take the key from the flaming mouth, then dog and governor will vanish in a clap of thunder, and in front of the treasure vault he may turn the key and go in and help himself. The people of Viques believe this because the grandfathers have known from the grandfathers how there were men in old times braver than common who stayed till midnight in the ruins and saw the dog and the ghost—but none brave enough ever to take the key from the dog's mouth.

The child Francois, his heels hanging over the drop of the ancient wall, the shadows of a large chestnut tree playing back and forth across his little figure and across the broken piles of grass-grown stones which had been the castle, revolved this tale in his mind. The picture of the huge dog breathing fire and that ghostly vision of the pitiless governor, white, face-covered, dimly outlined in the shadows, gave the boy a thrill of agonizing horror, but not a thrill of fear. Fear has been, those who knew him said, left out of this lad.

"He does not think of himself," said the grandmother proudly, "so he can not fear for himself."

Francois considered, and, feeling no fear in his soul, decided that he was the man destined to take the key out of the dog's mouth and get the treasure, which he would at once transfer intact to his mother. He had no need for treasure; there were things more important. It was for him to become a marshal of France. Napoleon had said so; it must be so; but he should like, on the way to this goal, to face the dog and take the key and give his mother the treasure. He knew she would like it, for he had heard her say to his father only yesterday, "Ah, Francois, if we had a little more silver we could do that!" It would be pleasant to arrange that for his mother, and shortly after to become a marshal of France.

In the galaxy of the thought, and feeling both ambitions all but accomplished by his decision, he lifted himself on the palms of his hands and kicked out lightly over the abyss. As he kicked there was a sudden strong grip on his shoulder; he was jerked backward and rolled on the grass.

"Are you tired of life at this age then?" a strident voice demanded, and Francois lay on his back and regarded, wondering, at east, the bronzed lined face of a big man standing over him. The two stared, and then: "You believe yourself to be an eagle, and you are on the point of flying? Is that it?" The abrupt voice threw the questions at him, and Francois smiled sunnily. He knew this to be sarcasm, though he did not know that name for it, and from the sweet soundness of his soul the arrow of sarcasm slid off always as a glancing brightness and left no poison. Francois smiled, then laughter with assurance of the other's friendliness up into the strange man's face. He got to his feet and stood.

"No, m'sieur," he said, "I did not think myself an eagle. I was only pleased at thinking what I am going to be some day. Something much better than an eagle," and he nodded with a confidence in the stranger's sympathy.

"The deep strong voice seemed to set him right, and he was not of that ambitious of the bustling multitude. "Great things are likely to happen to you, it seems then, you small peasant. Is it permitted to ask what magnificent it is that you are to be?"

"Certainly it is permitted, m'sieur," Francois answered in his courteous, courteous way. I am one day to be a marshal of France, m'sieur."

The man, big, soldierly, aggressive, and the little peasant boy, gentle, humbly clad, unafraid, faced each other a minute in silence, each interested simply in the other as in a new experience, each unconscious of himself and the other's interest.

Then "Ah!" the man said again. "It is a good business which you have honored by your choice. You are without doubt a close friend of his gracious majesty, King Louis XVIII, our ruler?"

To set him right, and he was not of that party, m'sieur. Me, I am Bonapartist. I shall one day be a marshal of France

under another Bonaparte." The lad's large eyes lifted and his gaze floated away across the afternoon landscape as he quoted in a lowered voice the words which the emperor had spoken over him.

The stranger watched him, astonished, and then he laid his hand on the slim shoulder in its homespun blouse, and his grave voice was gentle. "My child, be careful, how you say words like those; you may get your father in trouble. It is a good belief to keep in one's heart, and you and I may yet shout 'Vive l'Empereur' for a Napoleon again. Yes, and you may be marquis, and you may be king, but keep your tongue inside your teeth, boy; now is not the time to talk. And do not hang over old walls when the kicking fit is on you, else we shall have one great man less in the world shortly. I must go on. Good day, my friend, the marshal."

CHAPTER III WITHOUT FEAR.

The glider was at work gilding the great hall on top of the church steeple. Every 20 years this had to be done, and it was an event in the village. It was said that it cost much money; there were rumors that it cost as much as 1,000 francs. The glider knew, of course, and the cure knew, but neither of them told. Moreover, it was dangerous, and, like all dangers, fascinating.

The boys of Viques stood in groups in the street with their heads bent back, watching the tiny figure of a man that crept up an invisible ladder far in the air and up it went, like a fly, crawling on the fleche, and there was a sinking feeling in each boy's stomach which was delightful, to think how at any moment that creeping black spot, which was the glider, might fall down, down, and be dashed to pieces. The other boys, not to the glider, who was a stranger not of their village, nevertheless it would be a proud thing to say they had seen him killed. Life and suffering mean nothing to a boy, but an event is a pleasure. Many of the other boys, all away their heads and cried out, "I can't look; I'm afraid he will be killed." And at this the boys felt superior, because they were not afraid but rather hopeful of a catastrophe. There are points of difference between boys and girls.

Francois however did not look at the glider at all, yet his mind was on the gilding of the ball every minute of the day. He wished earnestly, passionately, to crawl up that ladder and help him fight against the fleche. He felt that he could not possibly go on living with self respect, that feat being unaccomplished. He was a good lad and an obedient one normally, and would forbid such an attempt with horror, but that counted against his own against the strength of his desire. It was a passion, an obsession; the thought drew him as martyrdom draws fanatic. Three days he watched the work, standing with the other boys, all their dark little heads bent back, their eyes following the invisible brush which was noiselessly, slowly turning the dull surface of the ball into a golden gleam, and the blue sky. The boys talked among themselves about it.

"When I am a man I shall do such work," Achille-Dufour announced in a bold voice. "Probably I shall be up there some day where the glider is now, and all of you down below watching me."

And the other jeered frankly. "You—you you fall over a fence—you indeed!" said his cousin Henri scornfully. "But as for me, I would not be afraid to climb that ladder today, and at that there was chorus of protest."

"Who was it, tell me, who was afraid to climb the flagpole by the church? Who was that boy, Henri Dufour?" demanded Pierron Tremblay, and the embryo Frenchman joined in a sarcastic "Ah!" and pointed grimy fingers at the mortified Henri.

"That's nothing," Henri threw back sulkily. "And I was not the only one who was afraid. I offered to climb the pole, and was afraid, and so were the pole, and of the others even offered. And I was no great shame to me, for it is dangerous to climb that pole. It is 20 feet to the cross bars, and beyond that it is 50 feet yet to the small cross bars at the top—it is very high in the air—70 feet. Only Francois Beaupre of all the village has yet climbed that flagpole, and all the world knows that Francois is different. His stomach is different. He has no fear of things, inside him—Francois has no fear of things, inside him."

There was amurrur of assent, and the hero put a friendly hand on the shoulder of the discredited Dufour.

"It's nothing," he agreed. "It's only the old boys that are afraid. I don't feel inside my stomach that thing which you say is being afraid. I do not know that feeling, so it is easy. It was not much for me to climb the pole; it was just that I could do it."

And the boys seeing their honor saved, agreed heartily.

"All the same," Achille Dufour suggested ungratefully, "Francois would not dare climb that ladder to the ball. Dare you?"

The great brown eyes of Francois turned about the group; the boys waited eagerly for his answer. If he dared it was almost as if they should all do it; it was always this one who left to the dangerous places, always this one who went a bit further when the others' courage failed; they explained it pleasantly by that fortunate lack in Francois' inside mechanism which produced in the others the discomfort called fear, hindering bold deeds.

"He has no judgment, Francois; therefore, he fears nothing," they sometimes put the case.

But the fact remained that he was afraid of nothing. The boys waited a minute, eyes and mouths stretched, and at length came the decision.

"I dare," said Francois. Then the dark heads came together in an uneasy mass, and there was whispering.

At the dinner hour that day several mothers of the village remarked that their small lads were restless, not inent as usual on the black bread and the soup of chopped vegetables and the green beans—all anxious to finish and get away. Only the mother of Francois, however, reasoned from this that mischief was brewing. When the slim, wiry, little figure slipped from the table and ran through the open door, she rose and followed and stood in the great entry watching him race across the

field toward the church. But at that moment the baby cried and she turned back into the house, and when she looked again the boy had disappeared. Yet it was on her mind that something would happen, and from time to time she would go and look out the doorway and shade her eyes looking for her little lad. Meanwhile Francois had veered but once in his straight path—to turn to the Philpoteaux cottage, where the glider lodged while in Viques.

"How soon will one be at work up there again?" he asked through the window of Auguste Philpoteaux, sitting at his dinner, and the man answered good naturedly, enjoying the publicity which made him the most interesting person of the village.

"It may be in half an hour, my boy. Not sooner." And Francois raced on. By this time a boy here and a boy there had stolen from their dinner table, and were creeping up, down the street, but the elders said no attention. Francois disappeared into the church; the boys began to grow breathless.

"Will take some minutes for the stairs," they waited. Two minutes, three, perhaps five; something rose out of the trap door leading to the platform from which the steeple sprang—a figure, looking very small so far up above them. Instantly it attached itself, like a crawling fly, to the side of the steeple; it moved upward. Henri Dufour, below in the street, jumped as a hand gripped his arm. He looked up, frightened at La Claire.

"What do you Francois?" she demanded sternly, but the boy did not need to answer.

With that, by degrees people came from the cottages as at some mysterious warning and stood silent, and to breathe, watching the little figure as it crept up, up the dizzy narrowing peak of the church steeple. A rider galloped down the road; seeing the groups, he pulled in his bay horse and his eyes followed the upward glance of the whole village. In spite of the distance, one could tell that it was a child's, not a man's figure, glued against the fleche, almost now at the top.

"Who is it?" he flung at the nearest abrupt and commanding.

The men pulled off their caps and one answered respectfully: "It is little Francois Beaupre, my seigneur; it is a child who has no fear; he is dangerous, and, like all dangers, fascinating. He will fall now—at this moment."

"He will fall now—at this moment." And the dark blot clung against the gilding. Then suddenly it moved, began to make a slow way downward, and a long sigh, like a ripple on water, ran through the ranks of the people. No one spoke; all the eyes were glued the little figure slip down, down the unseen ladder in the air. At last it was at the bottom; it disappeared into the trap door. Every one began to talk volubly, and a young man cried for joy, then a child spoke in a high voice.

"See," she said shrilly, "the mother of Francois goes to meet him." And she was far down the street, gliding toward the church door which was under the steeple. As she reached it the little lad came out, his face flushed, his eyes shining with excitement and triumph. She took his hand and gazed at him, and he turned so quietly, without a word of either joy or reproach, her face impassive. She had got her boy again from the dead, it seemed to Claire, and those first moments were beyond words in the mind of the mother. The warm hand was enough. The man of the bay horse, trotting slowly along, saw the meeting.

"It is a woman out of the common, that one," she spoke aloud. "She rules her boy." And the boy, who had looked up as he came and smiled and tugged at his cap with the hand which his mother did not hold.

"Good morning, m'sieur," he said with friendliness, and the rider started.

(Continued next week.)

Cherishing Passion.

Katharine F. Gerould, in the Atlantic. There was a great deal more sex, in its subtler manifestations, in the old novels and plays, and in the new ones. Not so much as a novel was a love-story; it was of supreme importance to a hero whether or not he could make the heroine his wife. It was also of supreme importance to the heroine. The romance was all founded on sex; and yet sex was hardly mentioned. Our heroes and heroines married by scientific care. A thing at all, they are apt to consider it biologically, not romantically. We, as a public, are more frankly interested in sex than ever; but we think of it objectively and a little brutally, in terms of demand and supply. And so we get often the red-light spectacle of the hero and heroine having no time to make love to each other in the good old-fashioned way, because they are so busy suppressing the love and compelling the existence of a disease. Much of the frankness, doubtless, is a good thing; but beyond a doubt, it has cheapened passion. For passion among the young is a subtle thing, which is wrapped about with dreams and imaginings; and can bring human beings to salvation as well as to perdition. But when it is shown as a mere province of courtesans, small wonder that we turn from it to the hero who will have difficulty in finding a scientific cure. Especially when we are told, in the same time, that even the courtesan piles her trade only from direct necessity.

Jersey City's Prize Baby.

From the Woman's Home Companion. The following extract from the report contains an account of the winner of Jersey City's contest.

"The name of its 100 per cent baby was Edward Dean, at least that was what the good nurses at the baby clinic had called him, and he had been born in Jersey City and had vanished in the detsam and jetsam of a life. He was a mere wisp, pinched, wan, weepy, when the nurses undertook their red-light care by scientific care. He was placed under a strict regime, regular diet, regular sleep in fresh air. He was weighed and measured at regular intervals. And he was transformed into a perfectly proportioned and nourished baby. The nurses entered him in the better babies contest conducted by the Jersey City board of health and the Woman's Home Companion. Edward rolled up a score of 100 per cent. Mothers were amazed at the standing of this unmothered baby. Doctors saw in it the triumph of intelligent care. Newspapers wrote him up. The story reached the ears of the Jersey City yearned for a baby. Edward had gone to fill those arms. He has a mother, a father, a home—and a new name—because Jersey City held a better babies contest."

Three Chinese provinces have a total of 126,303,013 uncultivated acres.

Sweden in 1912 bought \$8,000 worth of cash registers in the United States.

CHUMS OF EMPEROR

ALL COME TO GRIEF

Financial Collapse of German Princes' Trust Follows Wall Street Stunt.

The great German "princes' trust," consisting of the Kaiser's chum, Prince Max Egon zu Furstenberg, and his majesty's kinsman, Prince Christian Kraft zu Hohenlohe, has collapsed.

Formed seven years ago in an attempt to copy the American community of interests idea and introduce the method of high finance into Germany, the concern has finally come to grief. Its checkered career has cost its promoters and stockholders tens of millions of marks. The princely partners have now parted company, half a dozen of their properties are in liquidation, control of the trust has been taken from them, and under the supervision of the Deutsche bank a belated attempt will be made to save from the wreck such values as still are capable of rescue.

Greatest of German Fiascos. The princes' trust will live in German economic history as the biggest fiasco of the age. It is a source of general congratulation that the end has come so soon. If it had been postponed a crash was inevitable which would have shaken the entire German financial and commercial fabric to the roots.

The princes' ramifications were widespread, their companies were getting into deeper water from hour to hour, and more and more outside interests were being dragged in as the trust's difficulties increased, and matters were rapidly shaping for a crisis when the Deutsche bank, which had gradually gotten the leading strings into its own hands, called a halt. Uter ruin for all concerned would otherwise have been the ultimate result.

The moral, which the public in general—and doubtless Princes Furstenberg and Hohenlohe themselves—have drawn from the fact of the trust is that princes, like nobles, should stick to their trade. Both the princes proved hopelessly amateurish and dilettante in their effort to play the role of money kings.

Neither Prince Quite "Broke." They essayed to work out a scheme which would have taxed the ingenuity of a Morgan, Hill, or Rockefeller. When they applied to it the energies and experience of men raised as princes, officers and courtiers, the result was inevitable and glittering failure.

Prince Furstenberg, who Hohenlohe emerges from the wreck quite "broke." They still possess vast properties, though their interest in them is probably more in the nature of equities than ownership, as they have been borrowed for years right and left to secure cash with which to manipulate their farflung enterprises.

The hereditary owners of large estates in Germany, Austria, and Hungary, consisting mainly of lands and forests, Prince Furstenberg and Hohenlohe in 1907 conceived the idea of converting their assets into properties of a more commercial character. They were also ambitious to dominate the German money market on Wall Street lines. They invested in lignite and potash mines, tin works, breweries, shipping lines, foreign banks, gambling and sanatorium concessions in islands of the sea, omnibus systems in the cities, real estate and building concerns, and half a dozen other nondescript ventures.

New companies were organized, then watered, and wholesale speculation with a view to acquiring control of the trust's enterprises set in. Few of the trust's enterprises turned out to be profitmakers. Most of them, in consequence of incapable management and frenzied finance, went steadily from bad to worse.

But the combination was many years old it became painfully evident that it was headed straight for disaster. The desperate point to which the princes were reduced was indicated last winter, when both Furstenberg and Hohenlohe were compelled to mortgagize their estates and other securities as security for public loans, raised to meet back interest obligations insistently demanded by banks.

Prince Furstenberg has continued to live the life of a debauchee and carefree cavalier. His annual entertainments of his pal, the Kaiser, at the wonderful black forest estate of Donau-Eschingen only a few months ago was not designed to indicate to a man up a tree that the royal host was desperately short of ready cash.

The more captious critics of the princes' trust make no bones about saying that the heavy and constant demands of Prince Furstenberg's pocket in order to permit him to play comic opera under the expensive role of the German emperor's best friend, had as much to do as any thing with the prince's chronic hardship. Others say that Emperor William himself has paid dearly for his intimacy with "Max," as it is thought the Kaiser invested heavily in shares of the princes' companies and has lost correspondingly.

Radio-Obcurity. From Engineering and Mining Journal. One of the striking properties of radio is the fogging of photographic plates by its emanations. Of equal rank with this, although we have not seen any lengthy mention of it, is a rapid fogging of governmental intellects, when confronted with radium problems. An example of this is found on page 12 in this week's Journal on the recently introduced Walsh bill, which provides that the government loses its rights over domestic radium ores when it refuses to purchase carload lots of radium of sufficient value to be merchantable.

What is the dividing line between merchantable and unmerchantable? And what is the penalty against the private person or corporation for dealing in unmerchantable ores? In other words, what happens if the government refuses to buy what its representatives say are unmerchantable ores? Private enterprise might take a different view. Why say "merchantable" ore, anyway? And the small miner who cannot produce in carload lots to have no rights? We consider that an investigation of the question of radio-obscurely in Washington would yield some interesting results—we would on most say illuminating—but radio-obscurely, we understand, defies illumination.

At the next meeting of the New York section of the Mining and Metallurgical society, the subject of discussion will be radium. Some common sense about this interesting and political element will doubtless be unfolded. It would be a good plan if the congressional committee on mines and mining should be invited to attend.

Some Mistake. "What name are you calling?" asked the telephone girl over the wire. "McCohen," the customer answered. "I beg pardon?" asked the girl. The man repeated it. The girl was silent for a moment, then the girl said: "Wait a moment, please. I think the wires are crossed."

Beginning Young. Mrs. Grammercy—Do you think she's bringing up her daughter right? Mrs. Park—Indeed she is, my dear! She gave the little thing a stuffed bull dog to play with instead of a doll.—Judge.

CANADA'S PLACE AS A PRODUCER

Canada Is Getting a Great Many Americans.

"Three young provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta," says a New York financial journal, "have already made Winnipeg one of the greatest primary wheat markets of the world. In 1904 they raised 58,000,000 bushels of wheat. Five years later they produced 150,000,000 bushels. In 1913 the crop approximated 200,000,000 bushels. At the present rate of progress Canada must soon pass France and India, and stand third in the line of wheat producers. Ultimately it will dispute with Russia and the United States for the first position. Wheat has been the pioneer of our development. Undoubtedly it will prove the same with Canada. In the last calendar year our trade with Canada amounted to 497 million dollars. Only with two countries—the United Kingdom and Germany—is our trade greater. No vivid imagination is needed to see what the future development of Canada means to the people of the United States.

The influx of American settlers to the Canadian prairies is now in full swing. Within the past few days over 80 of those arrived at Bassano carrying with them effects and capital to the value of \$100,000. Fifty settlers from Oregon arrived in Alberta a few days ago; while 15 families of settlers from the state of Colorado arrived at Calgary on their journey northwards. The goods and personal effects of this party filled 20 box cars. Of live stock alone they had 175 horses, 15 cows and 2,000 head of poultry. Another class of settler has arrived at Peers, 110 miles west of Edmonton, where no fewer than 200 German farmers have taken up land. These are from good farming families and brought with them a large amount of capital.

Then in South Western Saskatchewan, there are large numbers settling, these from the United States predominating, while in the northern and central portions of all these provinces, the settlement of new people is going on steadily. Early in April, Peter Goertz arrived in Cardiff after a six-day journey from McPherson, Kansas. Mr. Goertz who had purchased land here was in charge of a party of 33 people from the same part of Kansas and they came through with a special train which included all their stock and implements. The equipment was all Rock Island cars, and was the first full immigrant train ever sent out by that railroad. The farms purchased by the members of the party are amongst the best in the district.

When the Panama exposition opens next year any of the three transcontinental lines in Canada will make convenient means of transport for those going to visit, and in doing so agricultural districts of Western Canada can be seen, and ocular demonstration given those who have heard but not before seen, of that which has attracted so many hundreds of thousands of American settlers.—Advertiser.

Prudent Youth. A young society woman was having a chat one evening with a young man whom she had just met. They were in the conservatory.

"Which do you admire the greater," inquired the young belle, "black eyes or blue?"

"Well, really, replied the young fellow, slowly, "the light is so dim here I can't say just now."—Monthly Magazine.

Results Wanted. "Who is that young man that calls on you, daughter?"

"A budding poet, father."

"Well, tell him to come around when he has blossomed and is able to show the fruit of his labors."

Cigar-Box Heroes. The Leading Opinion Molder (tearing his hair)—I can't for the life of me remember the name of that latest Mexican bandit! What in the world is it?

The Smart Office Boy—Say, th' foreman has got a lot o' slugs in old cigar boxes in de composin' room. I'll just run up an' copy a few names from de boxes for you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Appearance. "The craze for the stage is what makes all the trouble," said Mr. Growler.

"That's a rather general statement."

"It's true. The sorrows of the human race started in the Garden of Eden when Eve undertook to give a performance as a snake charmer."

Plumed. Neighbor—Tommy, how is your little brother?

Tommy—He's been ostracized.

Neighbor—Ostracized?

Tommy—Yes, mam, he went to the zoo Sunday and an ostrich pecked him.

Palpable Proof. "Scientists say that anger causes sugar in the blood," remarked his wife.

"I believe it, my dear. You always seem sweeter when we make up after a fight."

Beginning Young. Mrs. Grammercy—Do you think she's bringing up her daughter right? Mrs. Park—Indeed she is, my dear! She gave the little thing a stuffed bull dog to play with instead of a doll.—Judge.