SALZER'S SEEDS

Beardless Barley is profitably prolific, yielded [illegible] for Mr. Wm. Orenko Co., New York, 163 bushels per acre. Sows well everywhere. That pays.

20th Century Oats. The oat marvel, producing from 200 to 350 bus. per acre. Salzer's Oats are warranted to produce great yields. The U. S. Ag. Dept. calls them the very best. That pays.

Three Eared Corn. 200 to 300 bus. per acre, is enormously profitable at present prices of corn. Salzer's seeds produce everywhere.

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Spelts. Greatest cereal food on earth—60 bus. grain and 4 tons magnificent hay per acre. That pays.

Victoria Rape makes it possible to grow heavy, sheep and swine at a cost of but 1c a lb. Marvelously prolific, does well everywhere. That pays.

Bromus Inermis. Most wonderful grass of the century. Produces 6 tons of hay and lots and lots of pasturage besides per acre. Grows wherever soil is found. Salzer's seed is warranted. That pays.

$10.00 for 10c. We wish you to try our great farm seeds, hence offer to send 10 farm seed samples, containing Thousand Headed Kale, Teosinte, Rape, Alfalfa, Spelts, etc. (fully worth $10.00 to get a start) together with our great catalog, for 10c postage.

John A. Salzer Seed Co. LA CROSSE WIS.

The "Weber Junior" Pumper

Is all complete, ready to attach to pump. Equals 20 men pumping water. Uses but little gasoline. Is shipped crated completely erected, all connections made. Easy to start, any one can operate it. Every one guaranteed. Other sizes up to 50 H. P. Send for catalog. Weber Gas & Gasoline Engine Co., Box 113 Kansas City, Mo.

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OVER 20,000 cases cured of nervous debility, loss of vitality and all unnatural weaknesses of men.

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Free Book! We will send our elegant 80 page book to any one who is afflicted and in need on request of information. Our book is the finest book of the kind ever published and is of great value to any one whether in need of medical treatment or not. We send the book in plain envelope sealed. Write for it today—by postal card or letter—

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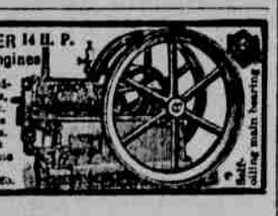

Belt calling main bearing

150 Kinds for 16c.

It is a fact that Salzer's vegetable and flower seeds are found in more gardens and on more farms than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 5000 acres for the production of our choice seeds. In order to induce you to try them we make the following unprecedented offer:

For 16 Cents Postpaid

20 kinds of rarest luscious radishes,
12 magnificent earliest melons,
16 sorts glorious tomatoes,
23 peerless lettuce varieties,
12 splendid beet sorts,
65 gorgeously beautiful flower seeds,

In all 150 kinds positively furnishing bushels of charming flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue telling all about Teosinte and Pea Oat and Bromus and Spelts, onion seed at 60c a pound, etc., all only for 16c. in stamps. Write to-day.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

POPULAR FIRM OF DOCTORS.

For many years the name of Doctors Fellows & Fellows has been prominent in the list of specialist doctors of Des Moines. This firm enjoys a wide reputation. It is composed of father and two sons, who have given close study to certain diseases and are competent to treat them. They are progressive men, whose aim has been to alleviate the ills of the human body and to bring happiness where pain and distress has reigned.

Doctors Fellows & Fellows have been before the public as specialists for twenty years. They are honorable men, whose word is as good as a bond. While they have been successful in practice, they have not rested on their honors, but have studied in the best medical schools of this country, England, Germany and France. They have watched the development of medical practice along all lines, and having selected one line of work, have made it their specialty. They have read, and written for the best medical works in this country, have taken instruction in the best hospitals and schols.

Doctors Fellows & Fellows have prepared a special private medical work which they are furnishing free to those who write for it. Being leaders in their field of medical practice, this work is especially valuable.

Indianapolis Journal: Those who have read some of the atacks on Methodist preachers by Prof. Pearson will be pained at the intolerant spirit which pervades these utterances. If it were the age of the stake, Prof. Pearson would likely be burned.

Boston Transcript: The Philadelphia Methodists think Prof. Mitchell is a dangerous man because he cannot be easily answered. When then they say "dangerous" they probably mean "embarrassing."

THE LAND OF LONG AGO.

(Nixon Waterman.)

There's a dear old home in Far Away,
A soft, snug nest where the children play,
A real of rest where the old folks stay
In the Land of Long Ago.

O, never a map shall point that place;
Nor ever the drift of time erase,
But the hungering heart the lines shall trace
Of the Land of Long Ago.

And ever the tide of my life's swift stream
Rolls back to the bay of a blissful dream,
And I live and laugh in the glint and gleam
Of the Land of Long Ago.

On the north and south are the joy and rest
Of a sister's smile and a mother's breast;
And a father's love to the east and west
Of the Land of Long Ago.

We shall all come back from the desert "Sigh,"
We shall all come home to the "Soul's Reply,"
We shall all return in the "By and By"
To the Land of Long Ago.

PIERCE COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Is high prairie, level and generally a rich, dark, sandy loam. Has a good deal of thin soil or grazing land, but is well situated northeast of Madison county, on the branch of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley R. R., which leaves the main line at Norfolk, and running through Pierce, rests at Verdigre, in Knox county.

Land is worth $20 to $30 per acre. It had a fair corn crop this year (1901), which is selling at 40 to 42 cents per bushel.

Wheat averages 16 bushels to the acre, and is selling at 50 cents per bushel.

Hay yield in the county, about 60,000 tons or 1½ to 2 tons per acre. Average market price, $5 per ton. There is about 600 acres of alfalfa hay started in Pierce county, which is doing well and promises to be a very extended and profitable crop.

Pierce is the county seat and is a thrifty town of about 1,000 population.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Mrs. Chumley carries her ideas of harmony too far, she's always trying to find things to match her complexion." "Yes." "And now she's gone and had her house painted yellow."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE KLONDIKE INCUBATOR.

On another page will be found an advertisement of the Klondike Incubator Company, of Des Moines. The Klondike incubator is an up-to-date machine, having added improvements from time to time, as critical experience suggested, until there now seems little room for further improvement. It has perfect ventilation and even radiation, while its moisture plan—which is fully covered by patents—cannot be appropriated by any other make. The moisture tank surrounds the radiating flue, and being open at the top, diffuses its moisture and oxygen into the warm, dry air before it passes into the machine, giving the air all the wholesome parts. So perfect is its construction that the manufacturers have no hesitancy in giving a ten-year guarantee, which speaks volumes in its favor. Any ordinary boy or girl can successfully operate it, and in fact, many such have bought it whereby to earn their own pocket money. All these desirable features combined make a machine that should meet all the requirements of the farmer or poultry raiser. The company is very reliable in all its dealings and inquiries for catalogues and price lists will be promptly attended to by making kindly mention of this paper.

British America is about 300,000 square miles greater than the United States.

Aches, pains, soreness, swellings, bruises, burns, sprains or pain, quickly cured by Hamlin's Wizard Oil. 50c and $1.00 at druggists.

A Connecticut man has sent to President Roosevelt a knife with a handle made from the old Charter Oak. The historic whittle has been in the Governor Holley family for fourty-four years.

Is your home supplied with the greatest of pain relievers? Hamlin's Wizard Oil—great remedy for emergencies.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Bishop Potter's summer house was entered and despoiled by a gang of burglars the other night, and there is nothing to indicate that the Bishop suspects any prohibitionist.

Wasps may often be observed detaching from fences, boards or any old wood the fibres of which they afterward manufacture into papier mache.

A bee will carry twice its own weight in honey or wax.

The Incarnation of Mulvaney.

A CONTINUED STORY BY RUYARD KIPLING.

Curiously enough, Learoyd, who had fought for the prize, and in winning secured the highest pleasure life had to offer him, was altogether disposed to undervalue it, while Ortheris openly said that it would be better to break the thing up. Dearsley, he argued, might be a many-sided man, capable, despite his magnificent fighting qualities, of setting in motion the machinery of the civil law—a thing much abhorred by the soldier. Under any circumstances their fun had come and passed; the next pay-day was close at hand, when there would be beer for all. Wherefore longer conserve the painted palanquin?

"A first-class rifle shot, an' a good little many av your inches you are," said Mulvaney. "But you niver had a head worth a soft-boiled egg. 'Tis me has to lie awake av nights schamin an' plottin' for the three av us. Orth'ris, me son, 'tis no matther av a few gallons av beer—no, nor twinty gallons—but tubs an' vats an' firkins in that sedan chair. Who ut was, an' what ut was, an' how ut got there, we do not know; but I know in me bones that you an' me an' Jack wid his sprained thumb will get a fortune thereby. Leave me alone, an' let me think."

Meantime the palanquin stayed in my stall, the key of which was in Mulvaney's hands.

Pay-day came and with it beer. It was not in the experience to hope that Mulvaney, dried by four weeks' drought, would avoid excess. Next morning he and the palanquin had disappeared. He had taken the precaution of getting three days' leave "to see a friend on the railway," and the colonel, well knowing that the seasonal outburst was near, and hoping it would spend its force beyond the limits of his jurisdiction, cheerfully gave him all he demanded. At this point his history, as recorded in the mess-room, stopped.

Ortheris carried it not much further. "No, 'e wasn't drunk," said the little man, loyally, "the liquor was no more than feelin' its way round inside of 'im; but 'e went an' filled that 'ole bloomin' palanquin with bottles 'fore 'e went off. He's gone 'an 'ired six men to carry 'im, an' I 'ad to 'elp 'im into 's nupshal couch, 'cause 'e wouldn't 'ear reason. 'E's gone off in 'is shirt an' trousies, swarin' tremenjus—gone down the road in the palanquin, wavin' 'is legs out o' the windy."

"Yes," said I, "but where?"

"Now you arx me a question. 'E said 'e was goin' to sell that palanquin, but from observations what happened when I was stuffin' 'im through the door, I fancy 'e's gone to the new embankment to mock at Dearsley. Soon as Jock's off duty I'm goin' there to see if 'e's safe—not Mulvaney, but t'ther man. My saints but I pity 'im as 'elps Terence out o' the palanquin when e's' once fair drunk!"

"He'll come back without harm," I said. "'Course 'e will. On'y question is, what 'll 'e be doin' the road. Killin' Dearsley, like as not. 'E shouldn't 'a' gone without Jock or me."

Reinforced by Learoyd, Ortheris sought the foreman of the coolie gang. Dearsley's head was still embellished with towels. Mulvaney, drunk or sober, would have struck no man in that condition, and Dearsley indignantly denied that he would have taken advantage of the intoxicated brave.

"I had my pick o' you two," he explained to Learoyd, "and you got my palanquin— not before I'd made my prot on it. Why'd I do any harm when everything's settled? Your man did come here drunk—drunk as Davy's sow on afrosty night—came a-purpose to mock me—stuck his head out o' the door an' celled me a chucified hodman. I made him drunker an' sent him along. But I never touched him."

To these things Learoyd, slow to perceive the evidences of sincerity, answered only, "If owt comes to Mulvaney long o' you, I'll gripple you, clouts or no clouts on your ugly head, an' I'll drawt throat twistways, man. See there now."

The embassy removed itself, and Dearsley, the battered, laughed alone over his supper that evening.

Three days passed—a fourth and a fifth. The week drew to a close and Mulvaney did not return. He, his royal palanquin, and his six attendants had vanished into air. A very large and very tipsy soldier, his feet sticking out of the litter of a reigning princess, is not a thing to travel along the ways without comment. Yet no man of all the country round had seen any such wonder. He was, and he was not; and Learoyd suggested the immediate smashment of Dearsley as a sacrifice to his ghost. Ortheris insisted that all was well, and in the light of past experience his hopes seemed reasonable.

"When Mulvaney goes up the road," said he, "'e's like to go a very long ways up, specially when 'e's so blue drunk as 'e is now. But what gits me is 'is not bein' 'eared of pullin' wool off the niggers somewheres about. That don't look good. The drink must ha' died out in 'im by this, unless 'e's broke abank, and then— Why don'e 'e come back? 'E didn't ought to ha' gone off without us."

Even Otheris's heart sunk at the end of the seventh day, for half the regiment were out scouring the country-side, and Learoyd had been forced to fight two men who hinted openly that Mulvaney had deserted. To do him justice, the colonel laughed at the notion, even when it was put forward by his much trusted adjutant.

"Mulvaney would as soon think of deserting as you would," he said. "No, he's either fallen into a mischief among the villagers—and yet that isn't likely, for he'd blarney himself out of the Pit; or else he is engaged on urgent private affairs—some stupendous devilment that we shall hear of at mess after it has been round of the barrack-rooms. The worst of it is that I shall have to give him twenty-eight days' confinement at least for being absent without leave, just when I most want him to lick the new batch of recruits into shape. I never knew a man who could put a foolish on young soldiers as quickly as Mulvaney can. How does he do it?"

"With blarney and the buckle end of a belt, sir," said the adjutant. "He is worth a couple of non-commissioned officers when we are dealin' with an Irish draft, and the London lads seem to adore him. The worst of it is that if he goes to the cells the other two are neither to hold nor to bind until he comes out again. I believe Ortheris preaches mutiny on those occasions, and I know that the mere presence of Learoyd mourning for Mulvaney kills all the cheerfulness of his room. The sergeant tells me that he allows no man to laugh when he feels unhappy. They are a queer gang."

"For all that I wish we had a few more of them. I like a well-conducted regiment, but these pasty-faced, shifty-eyed, mealy-mouthed young slouchers from the depot worry me sometimes with their offensive virtue. They don't seem to have backbone enough to do anything but play cards and prowl round the married quarters. I believe I'd forgive that old villain on the spot if he turned up with any sort of explanation that I could in decency accept."

"Not likely to be much difficulty about that sir," said the adjutant. "Mulvaney's explanations are only one degree less wonderful than his performances. They say that when he was in the Black Tyrone, before he came to us, he was discovered on the banks of the Liffy trying to sell his colonel's charger to a Donegal dealer as a perfect lady's hack. Shackbolt commanded the Tyrone then."

"Shackbolt must have had apoplexy at the thought of his ramping warhorse answering to that description. He used to buy unbacked devils, and tame them by some pet theory of starvation. What did Mulvaney say?"

"That he was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and anxious to sell the poor baste where he would get something to fill out his dimples. Shackbolt laughed, but I fancy that was why Mulvaney exchanged to ours."

"I wish he were back," said the colonel, "for I like him and believe he likes me."

That evening, to cheer our souls, Learoyd, Ortheris and I went into the waste to smoke out a porcupine. All the dogs attended, but even their clamor—and they began to discuss the shortcomings of porcupines before they left cantonments—could not take us out of ourselves. A large, low moon turned the tops of the plume-grass to silver, and the stunted camel thorn-bushes and sour tamarisks into the likenesses of trooping devils. The smell of the sun had not left the earth, and little aimless winds blowing across the rose-gardens to the southward brought the scent out of dried roses and water. Our fire once started and the dogs craftily disposed to wait the dash of the porcupine, we climbed to the top of a rain-scarred hillock of earth, and looked across the scrub seamed with cattle-paths, white with the long grass, and dotted with spots of level pond bottom, where the snipe would gather in winter.

"This," said Ortheris, with a sigh, as he took in the unkempt desolation of it all, "this is sanguinary. This is unusual sanguinary. Sort 'o mad country. Like a grate when the fire's put out by the sun." He shaded his eyes against the moonlight. "An' there's a looney dancin' in the middle of it all. Quite right. I'd dance too if I wasn't so downheart."

There danced a portent in the face of the moon— a hugh and ragged spirit of the waste, that flapped its wings from afar. It had risen out of the earth, it was coming toward us, and its outline was never twice the same. The toga, table-cloth, or dressing-gown, whatever the creature wore, took a hundred shapes. Once it stopped on a neighboring mound and flung all its legs and arms to the winds.

"My, but that scarcrow, 'as got 'em bad!" said Ortheris. "Seems like if 'e comes any furder we'll 'ave to argify with 'im."

Leroyd raised himself from the dirt as a bull clears his flanks of the wallow. And as the bull bellows, so he, after a short minute at gaze, gave tongue to the stars.

"MULVANEY MULVANEY! A hoo!"

Then we yelled all together, and the figure dipped into the hollow, till, with a crash of rending grass, the lost one strolled up to the light of the fire and disappeared to the waist in a wave of joyous dogs. Then Leroyd and Ortheris gave greeting, bass and falsetto together, both swallowing a lump in the throat.

"You damned fool," said they, and severally pounded him with their fists.

"Go easy!" he answered, wrapping a huge arm around each. "I would have you know that I am a god, to be treated as such—tho' by me faith, I fancy I've got to go to the guard-house just like a privet soldier."

The latter part of the sentence destroyed the suspicions raised by the former. Any one would have been justified in regarding Mulvaney as mad. He was hatless and shoeless, and his shirt and trowsers were dropping from him. But he wore one wondrous garment—a gigantic cloak that fell from collar-bone to heel—of pale pink silk, wrought all over in the cunningest needlework of hands long since dead, with the loves of the Hindu gods. The monstrous figures leaped in and out of the light of the fire as he settled the folds round him.

Ortheris handled the stuff respectfully for a moment while I was trying to remember where I had seen it before. The he screamed, "What 'ave you done with the palanquin? You're wearin' the linin'."

"I am," said the Irishman, "an' by the same token the 'broidery is scrapin' me hide off. I've lived in this sumpshus counterpane for four days. Me son, I begin to understhand why the naygur is no use. Widout me boots, an' me trousies like an openwork stocking on a gyurls' leg at a dance, I begin to feel like naygur-man—all fearful and timorous. Give me a pipe an' I'll tell on."

(To be continued.)

-:- TALK ABOUT WOMEN. -:-

Mrs. Sarah St. Justin Beale, a New York author, through a series of unfortunate financial misfortunes, has had to enter a charitable institution for women in Denver.

Mrs. General Miles has had named in her honor a woman's auxiliary army post in Washington, the name given the organization being Mary Sherman Miles auxiliary.

Miss Abbie Chopin, an American missionary in China, has had conferred on her the royal red cross, bestowed by the king of England through the British minister. It was given her for services rendered during the siege of Pekin.

Miss Annie Blalock of Georgia is engaged in founding an industrial school for the negroes of her native state, modeled after the Tuskegee Institute of Booker T. Washington. Her father has given her a plantation of 260 acres, with the buildings, for that purpose.

It is said that the Empress Eugenie is writing her memoirs, which after her death, are to be placed in a public building, where every one will be able to read them. Her private correspondence will be added to the memoirs, including the letters addressed to Napoleon III before and after her betrothal.

Animated by the example of Carrie Nation a young woman of Binghampton, New York, Miss Alice Weaver, has begun a crusade against candy stores, which she regards as more harmful than saloons. She entered one of these stores and proceeded to demolish the candy jars, but her crusade was brought to a sudden stop by an unsympathetic policeman. Miss Weaver paid a fine of such proportions that her ideas of reforming the world by blotting out the candy store infamy have been greatly modified.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison has taken her place as the unquestioned leader of society in Indiana. Her home in Indianapolis is the gathering place of the wits, the brains and the influence of the Hoosier state. Her library, collected by General Harrison during his illustrious career of more than forty years in public life, is the most complete and valuable collection west of the Hudson river. At her death it is to be divided among General Harrison's children. Mrs. Harrison is a patron of music and literature.

A sedate little tot of a girl furnished considerable amusement for a number of street car passengers in New York the other afternoon, at the same time demonstrating that imitative motherly qualities begin to show themselves very early in life. In relating he little comedy a writer forthe New York Times says that the child, who was with her mother, carried in her arms a doll half as big as herself. In the course of the ride the little one's mother found it necessary to give her maternal attention to the small girl's nose, and this being duly atended to she slipped the pretty lace-trimmed handkerchief she had used into the bag she was carrying and was about to close it, when the baby held out her small hand for it. It seemed she wished to finish the duty her mama had begun, as such small children frequently do, but that was not true in this instance. Baby was a mother herself and, taking the handkerchief solemnly, she applied it to dolly's nose and handed it back to her mother without a ghost of a smile. It was the mother and the other passengers in the car who exchanged smiles at the serious way in which the little one imitated service done for herself.

Henry J. Croker, the San Francisco capitalist, has 100 rare stamps that are valued at $20,000. His rarest stamp is the 20-cent label issued in 1845 by the St. Louis postoffice before there were any regular United States stamps.

Rev. Dr. Parker Morgan has completed the twentieth year of his service as rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, and was presented with a handsome loving cup. President McKinley was one of Dr. Morgan's intimate friends.

Baron Schwegel of Austria is another European who is coming to America to study the industrial system of this country and the methods of "trust" organizations of capital. He is a member of the Austrian Parliament and a leader of the German party in that body.

Almost any man makes a "go" of it when his friends give him a fine send-off.

AIDING THE MEMORY.

Ways to Develop and Strengthen This Faculty.

Many people complain of having a poor memory, and yet that faculty can be developed as easily as can the biceps muscle. Nor is it necessary to go to any professor of memory or to master any elaborate system in order to accomplish this result. One does not have to go to a gymnasium to strengthen one's arm or back. Sawing wood or rowing a boat will do it. Similarly memory may be cultivated by one's own efforts and amid one's ordinary pursuits.

One man made the Sunday service of his church serve as a memory exercise. After the service he would endeavor to recall the numbers of all hymns sung, the chapter and verse of the Scripture lesson, words of sermon, texts and points of sermon. This required the paying of close attention and a conscious effort to impress these things upon his mind. By this and other equally simple means he developed a memory that was absolutely at his command.

Famous speakers who have memorized their speeches have adopted various simple devices to aid them. The late Hon. John Bright fixed in mind the different points in his speeches by first drawing little figures or pictorial representatives. If part of his speech had to do with a bridge, he would make a little sketch of such a structure or if with Ireland or Scotland he would sketch a small map of the country or the district. He could remember these figures or pictures. When he rose to his feet, he could see them in imagination and select them one by one as he proceeded from point to point in the address, not having any note or manuscript by him at all. That was the method that best suited him.

Another way of memorizing the points of an address to be delivered, one which the writer has frequently used, is by means of anagrams. It is very simple. Suppose one were called upon to deliver a Fourth of July oration and wished to speak mainly on these three points: First, historic origin of the day; second, the success of the experiment in government then inaugurated; third, the destiny of the republic. A very suitable anagram to recall these points to mind would be the letters U. S. A.. He could set his topics down in this way:

Union proclaimed by Declaration of Independence.

Success of experiment in government.

After the present, what?

He does not need to take any notes with him on the platform. He can easily remembers these letters. Remembering them, they recall his topics, and remembering the general topic it will itself suggest any subdivisions pertaining to it.

Certain people possess what may be called the bump of location. If they remember a passage in a book, they can tell you which side of the page it is on and what part of the page. There are students with that kind of a memory who prepare their recitations by taking a large sheet of paper and writing different parts of the lesson in different places on the paper. They can rely on their sense of location to call to mind whatever they may wish to remember.

Again, there are people who have a keen eye for color. They will make their memoranda on slips of paper of different colors. Then simply calling to mind a particular color will enable them to remember the memorandum associated with that color. Of course all this is based on what is known as the faculty of association of ideas.

Some people who can remember words and phrases find difficulty in remembering figures or numbers. In such cases a curious expedient has sometimes been resorted to. A phrase will be devised, the initial letters of which suggest the figures sought to be remembered. For example, suppose some one's street number to be 182. The suggestive phrase might be, "I seek him." The letter I will suggest the figure 1, the letter S somewhat resembles an 8, and the two perpendicular strokes of the H suggest the Roman numeral II. A roundabout method this may be, but it has served to fasten figures in the memory of people who had previously found them troublesome.

But perhaps the most wholesome way in the long run is simply by repetition and effort to fix the thing in the memory directly without tricks of memory, or artificial methods. By memorizing one sentence or verse a day from the best literature the mind will soon have a fine treasure of beautiful thoughts and an enriched vocabulary. Dr. William Punshion, a great English preacher, did this, and his fine prose may have been largely due to his familiar acquaintance with the best literature.

For quotation purposes it is necessary to remember verbatim, and though this is the hardest task of memory, it well repays the effort. Once trained, the memory will be able to recall the exact words of conversations, sermons and passages in books without having made any conscious effort to commit them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Small potatoes are not to be sneezed at any longer. They are all used in the starch factories. About 16,000 tons of potato starch is made in this country every year. Here is where the small potato is just as good, so far it goes, as the big one.

Walter J. Bruner, secretary of the Bruner Hardware Company of Kansas City, while hunting in the Creek Nation was killed Friday by the accidental discharge of a revolver. The tragedy occurred about a hundred miles east of Guthrie.

The people of Halifax, Nova Scotia, are preparing to give the Canadian soldiers returning from the South African war a tumultuous and joyful welcome. There are to be parades, torchlight processions, shin illuminations and a big banquet, and the ladies will give to each soldier a gold maple leaf pin.