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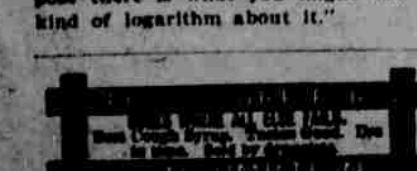
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State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss: Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio...

Chicago Tribune: "Is it not true," said the youthful Young Thing, "that there is something sadly poetical, and even musical, in the sound of a giant tree falling to the earth?"



BELL RUNG ON THE PULPIT.

A Serious Duty Imposed on Church Members in a Michigan Town.

"You remember the chestnut bell of course?" said the man who had got out of Chicago with only the loss of one of his shoe heels. "Well, I was greatly taken with it at the time, and when I set out to visit my old home in Michigan I bought a dozen bells to take along. Nobody in the town had heard of them, but I hadn't worn one over a day when the people caught on and I was fairly besieged. When Sunday came I prepared to attend church like a dutiful son, and at the proper time mother and I were seated in her pew. Just what the text was I can't remember, but the minister had scarcely announced it when six of my chestnut bells sounded among the congregation. The good man didn't mind them in the least, but went ahead with his work. He was rung up on his hymn, and he was run up every minute or two on his sermon, and about it I was also half-scared out of my boots. As I had brought the bells to town I didn't know but what he'd hold me responsible, and open out on me. About the middle of his sermon he said something about Jonah, and eleven of those bells went 'in-i!' on him in succession. He stopped, and looked around, and then calmly said: 'Will those people who are jingling keys kindly jingle a little softer?' 'I was thankful to get out of that church without a calamity,' continued the bell man, 'and I didn't do any laughing till the next day. Then it was because I learned that every blessed man who had rung up the minister was seriously in earnest about it and felt it a sort of duty, and because that minister himself called at the house and accepted my own bell and rung it upon mother within five minutes!'" —New York Sun.

JOUBERT ON MAJUBA HILL.

How He Brought His Proud British General to Immediate Terms.

Those who met Gen. Joubert when he was in this city a few years ago as the guest of Henry George recall him as a plain-faced old man with a mass of black hair streaked with gray and a full, grizzled beard. He speaks English but his wife, a woman prematurely aged with domestic toil, spoke nothing save Dutch, and sat patient though unmistakably bored at the affairs to which she and her husband were invited. With the father and the mother was a strapping son of sixteen or thereabouts, who strongly resembled Joubert. The old general told with modesty of his negotiations with the British at Majuba Hill, and his eyes sparkled as he recited his reply to the British commander-in-chief. "It does not comport with these," said the British general, pointing to the decorations on his breast, "to accede to your terms." To which said Joubert, pointing to rifleman, "And it does not comport with those to offer any others." Joubert's best story, as illustrating the perils of South African life was concerning the loss of a somewhat savage but valued cook, who was bodily carried off from the kitchen by a lion. —New York Times.

Personal and Otherwise.

Mark Twain has met the Boer, and this is what he says of him: "He is deeply religious; profoundly ignorant; dull, obstinate, bigoted; uncleanly in his habits; hospitable, honest in his dealings with the whites; a hard master to his black servants; lazy, a good shot, a good horseman, addicted to the chase; a lover of political independence; a good husband and father; not fond of herding together in towns, but liking the seclusion and remoteness and solitude and empty vastness and silence of the veldt; a man of mighty appetite and not delicate about what he appeases it with—well satisfied with pork and Indian corn and blintz, requiring only that the quantity shall not be stinted; willing to ride a long journey to take a hand in a rude all night dance interspersed with vigorous feeding and boisterous jollity, but ready to ride twice as far for a prayer meeting; proud of his Dutch and Huguenot origin and his religious and military history; proud of his race achievements in South Africa—his bold plunges into hostile and uncharted deserts in search of free solitudes untraced by the pestering and detested English; also his victories over the natives and the British; proudest of all of the flag and of his personal interest in which the Deity has always taken in its affairs."

"He has one or two newspapers, but he is apparently not aware of it; he will happily read no school and taught his children nothing; news is a term which has no meaning to him, and the thing itself he cares nothing about. He hates to be taxed, and remonstrates. He has stood stock still in South Africa for two centuries and a half, and would like to stand still until the end of time, for he has no sympathy with outlander notions of progress."

"He is hungry to be rich, for he is human; but his preference has been for riches in cattle, not in fine clothes and fine houses and gold and diamonds. The gold and the diamonds have brought the godless stranger within his gates, also contamination and broken repose, and he wishes that they had never been discovered."

The giraffe was thought to be near extinction, but Major Maxse, a British explorer, has found great herds of them along the Sobat river, a tributary of the White Nile.

India's area of wheat farms is now about two-thirds as large as that of the United States. The wheat is still thrashed by being trodden out by bullocks and buffaloes.

A NEW MARK TWAIN STORY.

Which Accounts For the Non-Publication of a Carefully Prepared Interview.

There is a certain editor in New York with whom the power of the daily press is such a hobby that he raised the salary of a sub-editor who suggested a "Sunday special" on Famous Graduates of the Reporters' Room, and at once assigned his best dressed reporter to interview leading authors along this line.

It happened that Mark Twain was in New York, and the editor counted on him as a striking example of the literary value of newspaper training. The reporter was ordered to spare no space for the interview. Yet when the article appeared Mr. Clemens' name was conspicuously absent. It was this way:

Mr. Clemens received the reporter with his customary urbanity, though he shrugged his shoulders when he learned what paper the young man represented. As usual Mr. Clemens was a most elusive man to pin down in an interview, but at last the reporter gathered his wits and asked the question which he meant should point his article.

"Mr. Twain," he asked, "to what one thing most of all do you owe your marvelous success in literature?" He had counted on "my newspaper training" as the answer.

The famous humorist half shut his eyes, thought a few moments in silence, and then said decisively:

"To the fact that when I was young and very ambitious I lost my job."

"May I ask what was your job, Mr. Twain?" exclaimed the puzzled reporter.

"Certainly, sir; certainly," replied Mr. Clemens, with great suavity. "I was a reporter." —Saturday Evening Post.

SNAKES AND BEASTS OF INDIA.

In 1899 They Killed More Than 27,000 Persons and 100,000 Cattle.

The home department of the government of India has one sphere of activity to which nothing analogous can be found in this country—namely, the destruction of wild beasts and poisonous snakes. During 1899 the number of deaths among human beings attributed to wild animals was 2,368. Fortunately, however, the number is below the average of the last four years and much lower than the number (4,283) reported in 1897. In 1899 tigers caused the death of 899, wolves of 338 and leopards of 237 human beings, while bears, elephants, hyenas, jackals and crocodiles were accountable for a large proportion of the remainder, says the London Times.

The tiger is most destructive in Bengal, about half of the whole number of victims of this animal being reported from that province. Man-eaters have especially troubled certain districts, and liberal rewards have been offered for their destruction. In the Bhango district of Upper Burma a single man-eating tiger killed about twenty persons. A special reward of 100 rupees was paid for its destruction. More than half of the deaths from leopards occurred in Bengal, while more than three-fourths of those from wolves occurred in the northwestern provinces and Oudh. Special measures were taken to hunt down a particularly destructive pack near Cawnpur. High rewards were offered and hunting parties organized, but without much success.

The loss of human life from snakes reached the high total of 24,621, a greater mortality than in any one of the four preceding years. Nearly half the deaths occurred in Bengal, while the northwestern provinces and Oudh came next with nearly one-fourth of the total. In Bengal the relatively high mortality is attributed to floods, which drive the snakes to the high lands on which village homesteads are built. As will be observed, snakes are more destructive of human life than are the wild animals, but the reverse is true of the destruction of cattle. In 1899 no fewer than 89,238 cattle were destroyed by wild animals, and 9,449 by snakes. Of the former, 37,386 fell victims to leopards, and 54,321 to tigers. The leopard is even more destructive to cattle than the tiger in Bengal. This province is the greatest sufferer from the ravages of wild animals and snakes, its loss being 30,529 cattle, Assam lost 17,000, Madras 15,592, Burma 11,016, and the central provinces 11,683.

The number of wild animals destroyed was 18,887, and the amount paid for their destruction was 107,478 rupees. The number of snakes killed was 94,548, and the rewards paid for this service amounted to 4,151 rupees.

To Have and to Hold.

"Miss Johnston," authoress of "To Have and to Hold," says a reader of this column, who knows her personally, "is the frailest, daintiest little lady imaginable. Far from being the dashing creature one would think from reading her novel, she looks as if she had not strength or energy enough to put her thoughts on paper. She told me that her methods of work are somewhat peculiar. She prefers to begin to write at 11 o'clock in the evening, when everything about her is still, and there are no discordant noises to distract her attention. She writes only in the south, and as far as possible, on moonlight nights, seated at a window, through which the moonlight is streaming." —Philadelphia Telegraph.

In Australia the men predominate. The census shows 85 women for every 100 men.

When 1,000 feet above the ocean surface one can, on a clear day, see a ship at a distance of forty-two miles.

In China the Chinese smoke opium. They are ruthless of the sin of eating it. The "Mallean man" does the eating.

The official report, just issued shows that during 1900 the number of pilgrims to Lourdes was 608,000, among whom were four Cardinals and thirty Archbishops and Bishops. 21 water from the grotto 105,000 bottles were despatched to all quarters of the globe.

When I was a Farmer

There is in nearly all women an instinct which makes them long for a home of their own, and hundreds of working women who now suffer the restraints and discomforts of cheap boarding houses would become home makers if they knew how. This sketch is the experience of one woman who made for herself a home in the country and is prepared now to give the pleasures and disadvantages of housekeeping.

The house was an old fashioned one nearly falling apart inwardly, but the typical New England cottage outwardly painted white with green blinds. It was very old, and did not bear its years easily. It was an hour's ride from Boston, and in the quietest of country. Its appearance was not pleasant to eyes accustomed to city trimmers, so I kept from looking within and instead looked out where the Atlantic was to be seen in its glory, wearing a new dress from hour to hour.

The sunlight poured into the rooms and brightened all the dark places, and sweetened them, too. There was need of it, as the former inhabitants had not been up to date on hygienic appliances. The cellar was hung with mould in white curtains so thick was it. One might suppose it a shrine raised to the worship of rheumatism. When the man came to help me get into living trim as he went into the cellar he remarked, "My God, what a cellar!" To my rebuke he calmly replied, "The man who wouldn't swear when he saw such a cellar as that wouldn't have the soul of a man."

These were chief among the evils of the house, and the dampness mattered little during the season that everyone lived out of doors, but it was the one evil that finally drove me back to city living.

The house had a great deal of old-fashioned furniture which properly fitted it. The neighbors pitied me that I had to leave it in my rooms, and I pitied them that they could not see how much in keeping house and furnishing were, and how utterly out of place would modern furniture of the kind beloved for best in country towns be in that old house. The piano, pictures, books, and little things that I have collected during various roomings made modernity enough. I had no best room.

The sitting room was an ideal of home comfort. There was a fire place big enough to take in an immense stick and in it a fire every week but two while I was in the house. I am a natural fire worshipper. I found the crane and had it put in the hooks waiting for it, and by rummaging in the attic I came across the pot hooks to go on the crane, and put them on it and swung my kettles there. I cooked a dinner once a la Pilgrim mother, and then returned thanks that I was a later day dweller in the land.

In the sitting room was a quaint writing desk on spindly legs, the doors ornamented with old-time pictures and a long-gone-by map of Greece was a long-observed of countries. A beautiful grand mahogany table so heavy that I could not move it, was in the center of the room, and on it were books and papers, but by it I sat and read, or dreamed dreams and saw them realized in the coils, while the piano in the corner seemed a quiet friend, ready when called upon to be responsive to my dreams.

When I began my housekeeping the apple-trees were in bud, and soon on either side of my front door was a crab apple tree glorious in cover of white. No "bride" ever looked more joyful than my trees, giving fragrance with every breath of air, and drawing the bees from all around and life was full of beauty. Mine is the richer to day for the gift of them.

The maid did not tarry with me long. She could not bear the loneliness, and after her departure I lived alone for several weeks when the village teacher came to share my lot and we had a practical trial of co-operation in work and money. This is where the experience becomes valuable to others. We had all the work to do ourselves, which was rather hard on one whose housekeeping had always been more on theory than in practice. Until I planned it otherwise the only water supply was in a well fifty feet deep, drawn up by a wheel. That was out of possible use for one not born to hard labor. I had barrels placed in the kitchen, connected with each other and fauceted, and these gave water enough for all housekeeping purposes, and saved having to go out of doors in a storm for every bit of water. It is something wonderful how hard women make life for themselves in the country where there is no need of it.

There were three acres and one-half of land belonging to the house. Half of this was wooded, and the rest was an apple orchard with some space for a garden. The place was greatly run down. There was the remains of what had once been an extensive raspberry patch, and cherries, grapes, currants, and pears were on the ground. It was fruit year when I became a farmer, so I tasted the joys of harvest. Apples were so many that they were not worth gathering if one had to hire the work done, and it was almost impossible to hire a man to do anything. They preferred to go to "the store"—there was but one—and talk about how hard times were, and how a man couldn't get anything to do. My apples served me as gifts, and the puddings, dumplings, sauce, but most of all in jelly. Made a bushel of apples into jelly and had crab apples beside those to can, and turn into jelly.

To live in the country and not have a garden seems odd of keeping. So I determined to have one. What I didn't know about farming would have made quite a library. I know more now, because I made mine nearly all myself. The farmer who ploughed it—let never had been ploughed before—said it was so full of tansy that nothing else would grow there and he also said that under those circumstances he should not do anything more to it, wasting his time and my money, so as a garden I must have it went at it. I planted a dozen tomato plants, beans, peas, corn, cucumbers, squash, lettuce and radishes. I planted my corn in a wet place and my peas in a dry, but by experience that that was just the opposite of what I ought to have done. My corn assumed an air of melancholy and showed that getting its feet wet did not agree with it. Even the crows seemed to visit it. The peas grew and so did everything else, but the lettuce which was overshadged by the tomatoes, and the squash, which never came up. The beans grew as if they knew they were encouraging a beginner. I had vegetables to give away and more than I wanted to eat. I made a bushel of cucumber pickles from the cucumber vines, put up several quarts of tomatoes and had about half a peck of green tomato pickles. If you want to know how to get a most delicious flavor to your preserved things, let them be fruits of your first garden.

There were black heart and white heart cherries, and both trees loaded. Of the latter I sold eight quarts, and put up as many more. I had them always ready during their season to offer friends. Of forty-two quarts of raspberries most of them were sold or given away. I had currant and raspberry jelly, and of the thimble berries made a jelly which had an exquisite flavor. I think thimble berries are not as well known in this way as they deserve. I canned a few quarts, but they are so full of seeds that they are better worth making into jelly than using any other way. My pears were few and served me as dessert only. The wild and cultivated grapes which were to be had in quantity served as a fruit for the table, as grape juice, jelly, spiced grapes and marmalade. Did it pay to be a farmer? Yes, whether one counts in money or health. Rent five dollars a month, which, shared by two made very light weight. So much of our living came from our own raising that even when fires broke to make the reckoning heavier our expenses each were never over eight dollars a month. We lived near enough to the city to go back and forth every day, if we cared to do so. It takes no more fire to warm two than one, no more light for two than one, and the rent is the same whether one or more are in the house. Near every city, that is, near enough to make it possible to get back and forth are houses which can be hired for as little as a room in the city. Fires on the roads do not bring up the prices either. Let four girls or more hire such a place and they will have an object lesson on home management and home comfort that will insure for young women who will not go to boarding should they marry, but will make homes. There is no such center of safety in the world, for man or woman, as a happy home, and she who makes one is a public benefactor. Of the possibilities on a small farm open to a woman without much strength, I have not spoken because I have not personally tried them. I know my farming must be brief and therefore failed to go into some ones that I should very like to be established permanently. I know women who have made bees, hens, small fruits and flowers pay well, they seem no more capable than other women. I believe in these lines of work for women, and the outlay in cash is less than one would suppose. The world has too many lonely women leading lives starved for a human interest. Why do not some of them try combining themselves into families on a home basis? In such women lies the way to greater comforts for the same income, a broadening of the horizon by seeing something besides one's own cares, and an opportunity to make one's self a telling feature in the life of a small town—in short, to be individual instead of an atom in the general human mass. It is no utopia, but a blessed reality within the reach of those who wish it, to make one sing from the heart— "Be it ever so humble, There is no place like home." —DORA M. MORRIS. In Table Talk.

Swine Growers' Interests.

This paper has always tried to give up-to-date matter along lines of interest to swine breeders, but to be fair to the interests of our subscribers we are sure that it would be to their benefit to take a paper especially devoted to swine industry. The hog on the farm is a money producer and will always be a source of revenue at any season of the year. The business goes hand in hand with the cow. It is with pleasure that we recommend our readers to subscribe for Blooded Stock, Oxford, Pa., a monthly swine paper. It is practical, up-to-date, and a leader in its class. A special offer is being made to our readers in the advertising columns of this paper. Give this your attention and have this paper reach you regularly. Even cross-questioning can be done in a pleasant manner.