

A Belgian Rat Story.

A particularly good rat story is told in a Belgian paper. A gardener had planted 250 tulip bulbs. The following day, when about to complete the number, the man noticed that the bulbs had disappeared mysteriously. He was told that perhaps rats had been at work, and looked for their hole. This he found, and dug down into the earth until a subterranean chamber was disclosed, where the whole of the 250 bulbs were hidden, packed neatly in rows, one above the other. There was a bundle of hay and dead leaves also, showing that the rats had made most elaborate preparations for the winter season.

Sam Houston as an Indian.

The statue of General Sam Houston of Texas, to be placed in the capitol at Washington, of which Miss Elizabeth Ney is the sculptor, is to be a duplicate of the statue which has just been finished and placed in the capitol at Austin. This statue represents Houston as an Indian at a time when he was living with the Cherokee tribe after his self-banishment from Tennessee. Judge John H. Reagan, who knew Houston intimately, is angry over the Indian statue and in a letter protests against its duplicate being placed in the national capitol.

He Means It.

New Berlin, Ill., March 16th.—Mr. Frank Newton of this place speaks very earnestly and emphatically when asked by any of his many friends the reason for the very noticeable improvement in his health.

For a long time—over two years—he has been suffering a great deal with pains in his back and an oil-over feeling of illness and weakness. His appetite failed him and he grew gradually weaker and weaker till he was very much run down.

A friend recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills and Mr. Newton began to take two at a dose, three times a day. In a very short time he noticed an improvement; the pains left his back and he could eat better. He kept on improving and now he says:

"Yes, indeed! I am a different man and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it all. I cannot tell you how much better I feel. I am a new man and Dodd's Kidney Pills deserve all the credit."

The unexpected never happens. There is always some wise guy standing around who says "I told you so."

No chromos or cheap premiums, out a better quality and one-third more of Defiance Starch for the same price of other starches.

Any woman who speaks ill of her neighbors gives them license to get back at her.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. B. H. KING, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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W. L. Douglas \$3.50 and \$3.00 shoes are worn by thousands of men who have been paying \$4 and \$5, not believing they could get a first-class shoe for \$3.50 or \$3.00.

He has convinced them that the style, fit, and wear of his \$3.50 and \$3.00 shoes is just as good. Give them a trial and save money.

Notice Increase (1919 Sales: \$2,203,882.21 in Business; 1,100 Sales: \$5,024,340.00 a gain of \$2,820,457.79 in Five Years.

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The house that tells the truth.

GREEN RAPE 25 cents per TON

Greatest, Cheapest Food on Earth for Sheep, Swine, Cattle, etc.

Will be worth \$10 to you to read what Baiser's catalog says about Rape.

Billion Dollar Grass

Will positively make you rich; 15 tons of this and lots of pasture per acre, so also Brains, Peas, Beans, Buckwheat, wheat for soil, hot soils, 40 bus. per acre, 200 Country Eggs, 200 Bus. of corn and Potatoes, 1000 100 tons Green Kidney per acre.

For this Notice and 40c, we will send you a copy of our Farm Book. Novembers, fully worth \$10 to you start.

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Upwards of 100,000 Americans have settled in Western Canada during the past 5 years. They are CONTENTED, HAPPY, AND PROSPEROUS, and there is room still for MILLIONS.

Wonderful yields of wheat and other grains. The best grazing lands on the continent. Magnificent climate; plenty of water and fuel; good schools; excellent churches; splendid railway facilities.

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the only charge for which is \$10 for entry. Send to the following for an Atlas and other literature as well as for certificate giving you reduced railway rates. Chief Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to V. W. Bennett, 801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb., the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

A Remarkable Legislative Record.

Duncan Gillies, the father of the parliament of Victoria and its new speaker, has a legislative record that is unique in the British empire or elsewhere. Forty-five years have passed since, as a young man of 25, and a working miner, he was first elected by the gold diggers of Ballarat. With the exception of three years spent in London as agent general, he has been continuously in the Victorian parliament ever since, but he has hardly ever represented the same constituency twice. That is because he has a rooted aversion to rallies on the treasury and doing drudgery for constituents, besides a constitutional love of ease. He has lost count of his constituencies. At a recent lord may's dinner in Melbourne he said to his neighbor: "Let me see, have I ever represented your district?" "No," was the reply; "I believe it is the only one you have not represented."

Queen Victoria and the Telephone.

Sir William Preece, who was for nearly thirty years in the employment of the postoffice, is fond of relating an anecdote, which, while it rather tells against him, does his vivacity and readiness full justice. It was at the time when a telephone had been set up between Osborne and London, and in order to give Queen Victoria an exhibition of its possibilities certain tests were carried out. One of them was the playing of a band in London so that her majesty might hear the music at the other end of the wire. By some mischance the band was not there when Sir William was informed that the queen was waiting to hear its performance. There was only one thing to be done, and Sir William, knowing the possibilities of the telephone, hummed an air into the receiver. Then he inquired whether her majesty had recognized the tune. "Yes," was the reply. "It was the national anthem, and very badly played."

"Music Hath Charms."

An electrical engineer employed by Mr. Edison was lately engaged upon some experimental work upon harmonic telegraphy. He happened to notice that when the note given out by the instrument reached a certain pitch all the mosquitoes in the neighborhood came flying towards the apparatus. The workman produced a quantity of flypaper, with which he covered the machine, and so succeeded in capturing thousands of the noxious insects. The cause of this queer musical attraction seems to be that the note produced by the machine was exactly similar to that caused by the rapid vibration of the wings of the mosquito when flying. Sir Hiram Maxim has since made experiments of a similar kind, and found that a tuning-fork giving a similar note was equally attractive to the gnats and mosquitoes in the neighborhood.

War Veterans in the Senate.

Thirty-eight years after the civil war there are fourteen men in the United States senate who served in the confederate army and thirteen who served in the federal army during that great struggle. While a number of men in the last list are well advanced in years, yet there are quite a number of comparatively young men who entered the army when boys of 15 to 18. In the case of union officers who are now senators, most of them were quite young when they entered the service. One senator, Pettus of Alabama, served in both the Mexican and civil wars.

Original of "Uncle Tom."

Norman Argo, born a slave, has just died at Pain's Lick, near Lancaster, Ky., at the reputed age of 111 years, the authority of which is fairly established by members of the family in whose service he has passed nearly all his life. Argo belonged to General Sempel Kennedy, at whose place Harriet Beecher Stowe got most of the material for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He is said to have been the original Uncle Tom. In his youth he was a great jockey and won large sums for his owner. Argo was but 3 feet 4 inches tall.

A \$1,000,000 Hitching Post.

J. B. Poston of Bath, Me., has a hitching post which, he says, is worth \$1,000,000, even if it would not bring that sum at a forced sale. It is believed to be the last of the thousands of posts which were driven along on the route of the Erie railway when it was being constructed through the Susquehanna, Canisteo and Allegheny, sixty odd years ago. The purpose then was to elevate the railway bed, but the plan was abandoned after it had cost \$1,000,000 and had driven the Erie into its first bankruptcy.

First Woman Across the Bridge.

Mrs. Washington A. Roebbing, who died last week, was the first woman to cross the Brooklyn bridge, and she had aided her husband to complete the structure when he was disabled by illness. She studied engineering with him in Europe and always operated with him in his plans. Many successful men give their wives credit for their individual achievement, but few women have been able to secure public recognition for assisting their companions in life as came to Mrs. Roebbing.

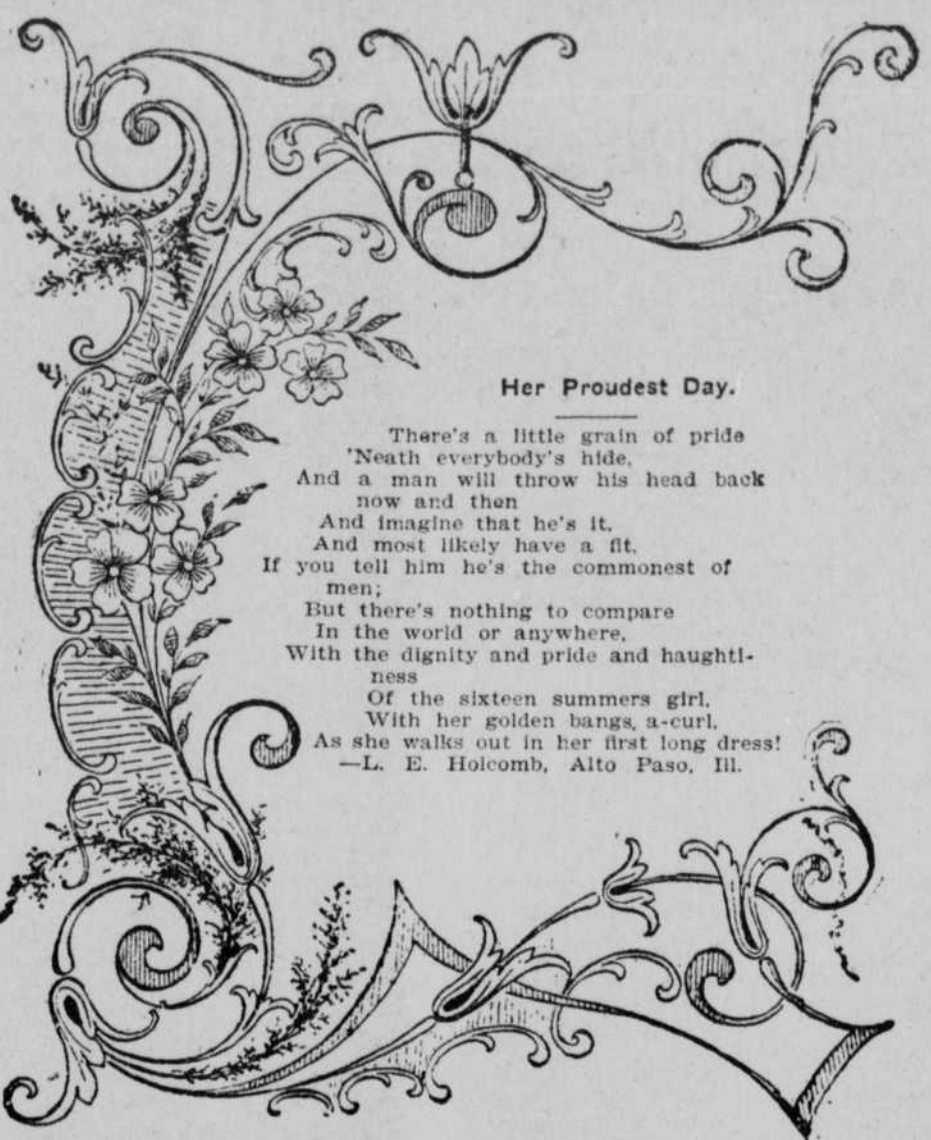
LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

STRAIGHT 5¢ CIGAR ALWAYS RELIABLE

HONEST MEN IN JAIL

are at a premium everywhere and an Honest Farm Wagon should be. If more men who interpret recent articles they offer for sale were put

the farmer would have less trouble. When you buy a Farm Wagon see that it is the "NEW TIFFIN." No Maple axes, No Elm or inferior Birch hubs. Nothing in the gears but 2nd quality Hickory and Oak. If your dealer will not handle it write THE TIFFIN WAGON CO., TIFFIN, OHIO, and they will tell you where you can get one.



Her Proudest Day.

There's a little grain of pride
Neath everybody's hide,
And a man will throw his head back
Now and then
And imagine that he's it,
And most likely have a fit,
If you tell him he's the commonest of men,
But there's nothing to compare
In the world or anywhere,
With the dignity and pride and haughtiness
Of the sixteen summers girl,
With her golden bangs a-curl,
As she walks out in her first long dress!
—L. E. Holcomb, Alto Paso, Ill.

How Rod Platt Got Back.

"Can't I go down with you, Uncle Nate? It's only seven miles, and I'll sit very still in the cab."

The stout engineer scratched his head doubtfully. "Yes," he said at last, giving way before the appeal of blue eyes. "Nine-forty, sharp, Bessie. Rod Platt won't be botherin' you in Welton. Beter stay as long as Cousin Sally will keep you." He gave an irritable shrug and looked at his watch. "It's 9 o'clock now. I must be going."

"I'll be there," cried the girl. "Thank you, uncle. I don't thank you, though, for being so mean to Rodney. He fired for you two years and you thought there was no one like him. Then, just because he accidentally hit you with a lump of coal—"

"Accident! Huh!" snorted Nathan Bellows. "He done it a purpose."

"He didn't. He was trying to hit a bird by the track."

"Well, he hit the wrong bird, then. He's made his last run with me. And with you, too. I told him if I caught him around here again I'd brain him."

"You did! You mean old—"

But the door was slammed and Bessie Paxson was left to finish her sentence to empty walls.

"I might as well go down to Welton to-night and ask Tom Sears to give me a job haying," thought Rod Platt, recently and unceremoniously bounced from the company's employ at the wrathful request of Nathan.

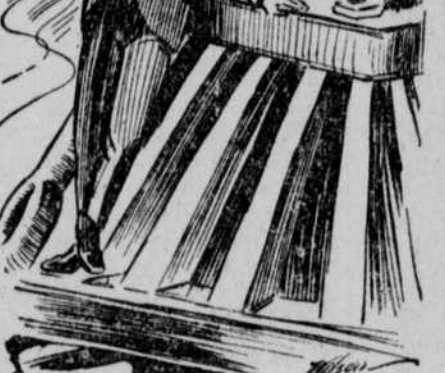
"The old man will never forgive me—and Bess; well, it's hard luck."

The clean built young fireman ground his big, white, irregular teeth. "Fangs," the boys on the road dubbed him, but he didn't mind. "I'll take one more trip with Nate," he grunted. "Passenger, too. Reserved seat and free ticket."

When No. 127 puffed her fast gathering way by the coal sheds behind the round house, a quick form slipped out from the gloom and pounced on the pilot like a diminutive spider on a huge insect.

"If Nate knew this," chuckled Platt, fastening comfortably, "he'd blow up. That dub of a Rickett is firing for him, I heard. Shucks! He can't feed a house boiler. Spinning now, ain't he?"

The night express whirled on in the blackness—on past the icehouses



Pounced on the pilot like a diminutive spider on a huge insect.

by Sedge Pond, winking the stillness with a steady, rattling roar. "Two, three, four miles," counted Rod. "Now the gorge and the woods. Seems natural, don't it, or would it I was back there where I ought to be. Here's where I tried to peg that cussed partridge, and the blamed jump broke and took Nate behind the ear. What a fool I was!"

They flew around a curve to the straight stretch of rails glittering in the headlights glare. "Hullo!" whispered the man. "Slowing up—want's the matter?"

Shading his eyes he peered ahead to see a swinging lantern's signal of warning. "I knew that gravel would slide down," he muttered. "That's it, I guess. I'll get out of this berth and walk the rest of the way."

As the engine panted to a halt he dropped off, hearing the gruff hall of Bellows, "What in thunder's the trouble?"

The man with the lantern stepped forward, speaking in incoherent



His half-blinded eyes could see more plainly.

mumble. Rod could have touched him.

"Hey! Louder!" called the engineer, sharply.

Then Platt heard something else—a rush of men, a spring, fierce oath, a faint scream, two thuds, then a long moment of silence.

The chill in his blood pulsed back into hot wrath, but he lay still behind the little rock. Now his half-blinded eyes could see more plainly. His straining ears caught every whisper.

Four men, counting the fellow with the lantern. What could he—what should he do?

He knew that Bellows was lying on the floor of his cab, although he could not see him. The fireman he could see, a motionless black shape upon his blacker coal. Something was huddled against the window of the cab upon his side. That he could not make out at all. He knew that in the locked express car behind, a pale, determined man was sitting on a small steel safe, with a revolver in his firm hand. And the three quick-moving shapes—the low, tense voices—

"Uncouple the express car, now—all three of us. Got your dynamite, Bob? The men are 'out' all right. Was that a woman up there, Sim?"

"Yes, I tied up her mouth an' feet, Cap. Now, Eddie, soon's we whistle climb in an' start her up. Let her buzz a mile an' stop. We'll be on."

The three whistled back like great cats. The other planted his lantern on the steps and raised one foot and hand.

He got no further. The stone that crashed on his skull may have killed him as he sank down, sliding under the truck wheels.

The hand which had held the stone was on the throttle now. It yanked it viciously to the widest notch. A tremendous, jarring jerk shot through the link of cars. The great drivers whizzed, stationary for a second in their revolution, then grasped the rails, and No. 127 shot on with a snorting scream, a gasping, straining demon in the darkness.

Platt heard the wild, despairing yell behind the express car, and, laughing uncanonically, glanced back. Yes, he had been in time. The train was intact.

When he came out of his faint on the station platform a few minutes later a girl with pathetic, tearless

eyes held his head in her tender lap. She bent down and kissed him.

"Where's Uncle Nate?" murmured Rod, trying to rise and gazing at the circle of sympathetic faces.

"Here!" growled a husky voice, which quavered and broke, as the big engineer fell upon his knees and seized Platt's hand. "Here, boy, and they're fetchin' poor Rickett round, too. I'm a—I'm a—"

"No, you're not," whispered his former fireman, with a weak smile. "Just tell me one thing, old man. Have I 'got back'?"

"sure!" cried Nathan Bellows, emphatically. "I guess we'll have to take him back, Bess, eh?"

"I've never let him go," said the girl quietly, and kissed him again.—Philadelphia Ledger.

EARRINGS WORN FOR AGES.

These Ornaments Are the Survival of a Very Ancient Custom.

Although few women in recent years have been wearing earrings, the fashion still survives, and at functions of select society pendants of brilliants are still frequently seen. Of all the ornaments used by human beings earrings are probably the oldest so far as historical research has been able to determine. They date from the remotest antiquity, the earliest mention of them being in Genesis in the time of Jacob, about 1732 B. C. This antiquity has been confirmed by the finding of costly and elaborate specimens in the Troad by Dr. Schliemann, in Etruria by Castellani and in Anglo-Saxon remains in England. Their use at first was not ornamental, but superstitious.

Amulets consisting of inscribed precious stones on pieces of metal were worn suspended from the neck or more frequently from the ears. Augustine speaks strongly against earrings worn as amulets in his time. It is a noteworthy fact that the ears of the famous statue Venus de Medici are bored, evidently for earrings.

The fashion of men wearing earrings, which is still common in Italy, among the fishermen of Cornwall, England, with Portuguese sailors and many others, is a survival of the superstition that they were a protection against evil. Many of the Italians in New York wear earrings for this purpose.

The Old-Fashioned Fire.

To steam heat the cities aspire
As they shiver and shake in the cold;
But give me the old-fashioned fire—
The round, rosy backlog of old!
The warmth and the light
Of its flame, leaping bright—
The drowsy-heads huddled around it at night!

In the darkness the winter wind sighing
Made the flame take a ruddier glow;
The sparks up the broad chimney flying—
Like witch-eyes that gleamed in the snow!
Oh, the warmth and the light
Of those red flames so bright,
And the comfort and joy of the wild winter night!

Far better that friendly old fire
Than building of shimmering steam,
With never a flame to admire,
And never a beautiful dream!
Oh, the love and the light
Where those flames danced so bright,
And the old-fashioned joy of the old-fashioned night.
—Frank L. Stanton in the Atlanta Constitution.

Recognized Him.

A professor in the Harvard Law school has a memory which plays him false on all matters except points of law. He cannot remember his men. When the school opened last fall a student who prides himself on his reputation with the instructors and makes himself felt by wise questions in the class room, approached the professor and held out his hand.

The professor hesitated for a moment over the man's name and finally got it out in trimph.

The student was highly elated and a few minutes after said with proud satisfaction to the professor's secretary:

"The old boy seems to be getting his memory back. He hesitated only a minute before he called me by name. Pretty good after a three months' vacation, isn't it?"

"Why," replied the secretary, "it's funny he hesitated when I had just told him your name. He saw you coming across the hall and asked me who you were."—Youth's Companion.

Macaulay as a Schoolboy.

Zachary Macaulay placed his three younger sons, John, Henry William and Charles, as pupils in the school kept by my grandfather, Richard Elwell, at Hammersmith, having previously, but vainly, urged him to admit thereto the future great historian and essayist, says a writer in the London Standard. And my uncle Richard Elwell, who died in 1887, in his ninetieth year, told me that his father's reasons for refusing to admit young Thomas Babington into his school were: First, that the boy was above 12 years of age at the time of application; second, that he was "quite unlike other boys," of a peculiarly retiring disposition, delighting much in solitude, but yet pervasively disinclined to study of any kind.

Had Heard of It—Somewhere.

Senator "Tom" Platt was fingering a gilt-edged book that had come to him in the mail. He seemed so much interested in it that Senator Quay asked what he was reading.

"This," explained the New York "boss," as he turned the pages slowly, "is a reprint of a curious volume much thought of by William Penn and his followers, but which I am told is scarcely known among their descendants."

"And what is it called?" asked the Pennsylvania statesman.

Platt tossed it on Quay's desk. It was the Bible.

NEW DORP'S OLD TAVERN.

Built in 1665 and Has Been Continuously Occupied.

Some weeks ago at a meeting of the board of aldermen it was said by Borough President Cromwell that Francaes' tavern was the oldest hostelry in Greater New York. There is at least one much older than Francaes'. It is the old "Black Horse" tavern at New Dorp, S. I. The present proprietor is Patrick Curry, who bought the place seventeen years ago. This tavern was built in 1665, and has been doing business at the same stand constantly since that date. The original swinging sign representing a black horse was taken down some years ago when the iron rings by which it was suspended had been worn through by constant swinging for over 200 years. The sign is full of bullet holes, where it has been used as a target at various times. The outline of the black horse can be distinguished only with difficulty, as the curves of that noble animal have faded away. Mr. Curry preserves this as a most cherished possession in the sitting room of the hotel. The original crossbeams of the ceiling are still visible in many of the rooms. In others they have been incased with smooth boards, a strange blending of the modern and the ancient. Built before the era of machinery, when every kind of timber was most plentiful, and when the only tools were the adze, the jacksaw, the hammer and the plane, this old building at the crossroads may be good for at least another century.—New York Times.

MADE A SHREWD CALCULATION.

How Senator Vest, as a Boy, Got Out of a Tight Place.

Senator Vest came into the Senate chamber feebly; he leaned on his man servant's arm. But he was in good spirits, and there was soon gathered about him a little group of statesmen.

Senator Vest began to evoke memories of his boyhood.

"Once," he said, "a crowd of us—a crowd of us boys—played soldiers. There were two camps. Each camp had a fort with a high mud wall, and when you put your head up above this wall—bang! bang! bang!—a volley of stones came at you."

"We had strict military rules, and to disobey the captain's orders was a crime no one would have been guilty of. Therefore when I was told to go outside the fort and pace off the distance from our camp to the pump close by the enemy's lines I did so, though I was badly frightened. Stones fell all about me, and, though I paced my way to the pump correctly, I quite forgot to count my steps. So when on my return the captain asked me what the distance was I was embarrassed. But in a moment I had a happy thought."

"How far, captain, would you say it was?" I asked.

"Oh, about seventy-five paces," the captain answered.

"That is exactly right," said I. "It is seventy-five, exactly."

The Poor Man and the Beggar.

"Please, sir," said the tattered beggar, "give me a few cents. I haven't a cent, haven't eaten a thing to-day and have no place to sleep."

The well-dressed man stopped sharply, regarded the beggar a moment and then said:

"My man, my luncheon to-day cost another fellow \$4.85, and now I'm walking from here to Seventy-second street because I haven't a nickel. My rent bill of \$780 is due to-morrow; I'm \$1,000 overdrawn at the bank; a man that owes me \$20,000 killed himself yesterday; my yacht, auto, diamonds and paintings are all mortgaged, and my wife is suing for a divorce. Now, sir, who is the worse off?"

The beggar took a nickel from his clothes and handed it silently to the man.

The well-dressed man looked astonished. Then he threw a \$5 bill at the tattered mendicant and walked away.—New York Press.

The Way to the Valley.

The way is long to the Valley of Rest,
Down the dim, uncertain years,
But we'll reach the valley when God thinks best.

And enter its shadows, sweet and blest,
Where is never a rain of tears!
We'll forget the gloom of the weary way.

Where the thorns grew red along;
With answers sweet to the prayers we pray,
The Spirit of Peace will speak that day,
And the sigh will be the song!
And deep in the beautiful Valley of Rest

We shall pass from the storm-swept sod;
With tired hands folded above the breast,
We shall say to the Silence how God knew best,
And dream in the Light of God.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Air Baths.

"Air baths" are all the rage in fashionable Berlin just now. We all know what necessary factors light and air are for the maintenance of health. The Berlin air baths have the great advantage of being pleasant as well as healthful, and many of the society women of the German capital have taken them up. Even the tiniest children are taken to these "baths" as well as young girls and more elderly women.

The main object, of course, is the exercise of both the muscles and the lungs at the same time, and the nondescript kind of bathing dress worn allows the women a delightful sense of freedom while practicing their gymnastic feats or playing at gardening in the grounds. It is scarcely necessary to add that the garden is kept as secluded as possible. Surrounded by high walls, it is situated in a quiet locality just outside the city.