

The chicken looks like a benevolent eye upon the amateur gardener.

Children are won by candy, women by bunnets, men by schemes.

You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity, 16 ounces 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

It is more blessed to give than to have to pay for your own gifts.

The voice of a mob reaches into the marrow.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES
Via
WABASH RAILROAD.

Home Visitors' Excursion to points in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, sold Sept. 1st, 8th, 15th and Oct. 6th, at very low rate, long limit returning.

HALF FARE
Baltimore, Md., and return sold Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.

Little Rock, Ark., and return sold Oct. 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

Detroit, Mich., and return sold Oct. 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th.

Home-seekers' Excursion to many points South and Southeast, one way and round trip tickets sold the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

The Wabash is the only line passing the World's Fair Grounds, giving all a view of the buildings and grounds. Through connections. No bus transfer this route. Elegant equipment consisting of sleepers, FREE reclining chair cars and high back coaches, on all trains.

Ask your agent to route you via the Wabash. For rates, folders and all information, call at Wabash City office, 1001 Farnam street or address HARRY E. MOORES, Genl. Agt. Pass. Dept., Omaha, Neb.

To Visit All the Capitals.
Jean A. Crone, a newspaper man of Augusta, Me., who is to visit every state capital in the United States, covering a distance of over 21,000 miles inside of three years and six months, is nearing Lansing, Mich., having already covered 2,194 miles since April 1. He is making the journey on a wicker of \$5,000 and is walking the entire distance, pushing a wheelbarrow-shaped contrivance which he calls a trolleyette, which contains his clothing, sleeping tent, food, etc.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Five Kings at a Wedding.
At least five sovereigns will attend the marriage of Prince Andrew of Greece and Princess Alice of Battenberg. The czar, Emperor William, King Edward, King Christian and King George have promised to attend the ceremony.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

A baby's first attempt to walk is a trial balance.

Fish's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Wine Testing by Telephone.
Wine testing by telephone is the latest contrivance of a Paris inventor. Unscrupulous vendors will not blame M. Maneuvrier, assistant director of the Paris faculty of sciences. He has just discovered an infallible method of ascertaining by the use of the telephone how much a given quantity of wine has been watered. The principle on which the invention rests is the variable conductivity of different liquids, notably of wine and water. The apparatus works as follows: Two vessels, one containing wine known to be pure, the other the same quantity of the wine to be tested, are placed on an instrument outwardly resembling a pair of scales. The telephone is in contact with both liquids. If the sample of wine under observation is as pure as the standard used for comparison no sound is heard; if, on the contrary, it contains water, the telltale telephone "speaks," and the greater the proportion of water the louder the instrument complains. A dial on which a number of figures are marked is connected with the telephone. To ascertain the proportion of water in the wine tested, the operator moves a hand on the dial until the telephone, which has been "speaking" all this time, lapses into silence. The hand has thus been brought to a certain figure on the dial. This number is then looked up in a chart which the ingenious and painstaking inventor has drawn up, and corresponding to it is found indicated the exact proportion of water contained in the quantity of wine.

DOCTOR SAID

"Quit Wrong Food and Eat Grape-Nuts."

An Illinoisan who has been through the mill says: "Last Spring I was so bad with indigestion I could not digest even soft cooked eggs and doctor said I must eat predigested food and prescribed Grape-Nuts. I changed for the better before I had used one package, eating it three times a day.

"My improvement on Grape-Nuts food was so wonderful that I concluded to use your food drink Postum in place of tea and to make a long story short I have not been without Grape-Nuts and Postum since and my present health proves my doctor's wisdom in prescribing Grape-Nuts. I have got strong as a horse and well and owe it all to your delicious food and Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

In the making of Grape-Nuts food all the indigestible starches of the grain are transformed into Post sugar. Every particle of Grape-Nuts is digestible in the weakest stomach. Physicians have never found a stomach too weak to digest and assimilate it.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

He anchored fast his fishing-boat,
He made a cushion of his coat,
And sat and watched his bobber float
From early morn till night.

As hour on hour thus idly spent
In slow succession came and went,
He passed the time in sweet content
While waiting for a bite.

When shadows bade him fish no more,
He piled the lazy, dripping oar
And sought a lad upon the shore,
His string of bass to buy.

Next morning in the busy mart
He told a tale all knew by heart.
Yet told it with such wondrous art
None knew the old, old lie.
—Brooklyn Eagle.



A LITERARY EPISODE

By LELIA MARY EVANS.
Copyrighted, 1903, by The Authors Publishing Company

Her sanctum bespoke the literary woman. With pen poised in hand she sat courting inspiration; but the power to attract its influence seemed to have drifted away. Again and again she plead for just a slight touch to awaken sleeping imagination to assist in writing the story she must send in at 5 o'clock. With doleful countenance she looked at the clean sheet of paper spread invitingly before her, and awaited suggestion:

"This is the practical side of the literary career for which I sighed."

Her eyes wandered to the broad patches of sunlight, which came in through the open window, lighting up with vivid gold the bunch of roses, in a vase on her desk. She gathered the flowers in her hand and buried her face amid their yellow petals.

"Ah," she said with a sigh, "my supplication is disregarded," and she replaced them in the vase.

The pine-laden air ranned her cheeks, and she invoked the Sylphs, but they answered her not.

At sixteen literary anticipation had placed upon her a pinnacle. Now she acknowledged herself the victim of conceit.

She glanced at the clock, saw the hands were gliding on towards three. The door opened, and a gentleman entered. He said, extending his hand:

"I knew you would forgive my entering unannounced. I knocked, and receiving no answer took the privilege of an old friend."

"When did you return?" she asked, thinking of the incomplete story.

"This morning," he replied, taking a seat by her side. Her heart sank. Evidently he had settled himself for a visit. She watched the clock; the minutes were flying.

"Do you still believe that literary women should not marry?" he asked.

"Yes," came in hesitating tones. Then hope kindled a spark, and she added, with animation. "They are not suited to domestic life."

"Why?" he asked, thinking how interesting she was.

"Because they cannot descend to the matter-of-fact ways of married life."

She glanced at the blank sheet before her; then at him. Her eyes sparkled; there was an expectant look on her face.

"You think more of literature than of love?" and he endeavored to still the regret in her heart.

"No; it is because I place love upon a throne worthy of an undivided worship, which a literary career will not permit."

Reading glowing eyes upon her, he said passionately: "I would be satisfied to divide."

"You say so now, because, perhaps, you are in love, but love allows

no interference. Literary women are ever on the alert for material, and I fear a husband's love would soon weaken for want of attention. Mr. Ainsworth, a woman must give up a literary career if she desires to become a wife."

"If she loved sincerely she would be more than willing to make the sac-



"Love has gained, I will be your wife." riedly withdrew. The contact of her fingers thrilled him, and he longed to tell her what was in his heart.

Literary ambition incited her intellect. Her penholder demanded attention.

"What will compensate you for this offering you place upon the altar of literature? You are giving up the best part of your life. Tell me what return you expect?"

"Fame," and she reached out as if to draw the paper nearer.

"An empty bauble at the mercy of fickleness. The world will bestow it upon you for a little while, until your novelty is eclipsed by a later favorite; then will snatch the bauble, and leave you alone and forgotten. Tell me, will this satisfy you? Will you not be miserable?"

"Shakespeare gained this empty bauble, as you call it, and not only retained it while living but after death. The world at large has encircled his name with an aureole which will shine forever."

He smiled; she had a high opinion of her literary ability.

"He was one of the fortunates. Will your name ever rank with his? You will still crave adulation. There will ever be an unsatisfied desire, and you will have spent your youth vainly grasping after fame. Ambition has been your aim; you have not taken time to consider your lonely hearth. Now the praise is yours, what is left? Nothing. Gradually you view the reality—an empty heart and cheerless home. Tell me, can you bear this?"

She was contemplating him earnestly, as he added:

"I am going to ask you the same question I put two years ago."

The click of the clock startled her, and she cried excitedly:

"Oh, just wait twenty minutes."

In wonder he watched her, as she wrote rapidly. Apparently she had forgotten his presence.

He feasted his eyes upon her bowed head with its wealth of golden hair, as sheet after sheet was covered by dainty writing.

At last, with countenance all alight, she faced him. "I must send this story in at 5 p. m. The clock warned me that I had severely time to write it. You see I waived all ceremony," and she flashed the splendor of her glance upon him.

"I thank you for allowing me to remain while you performed the task." He took her hand, and she let her fingers close around his. Her eyes were warm with gratitude; his with love, as he said: "May I ask you a question?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Do you love me well enough to give up your literary career and become my wife?"

She hesitated and a shadow of regret settled on her face, as she said, placing the written sheets in his

hand: "Read, and you will find your answer."

Word for word, their conversation stared him in the face, only his name was absent. The answer of the heroine, for a moment, banished all hope. He read:

"I cannot. Literary fire, eventually, would destroy our happiness. I must be true to my calling. You see necessity just now required literary material, and my love for my career has overpowered the love I had for you, so far, that I have submitted to the public eye that which should have been sacred."

He returned the sheets, and she placed them in an envelope.

"Thanks for your timely aid," and she impulsively extended her hand.

He grasped it firmly, as with a smile he remarked: "This ending will not please. Do you think so?" Without giving her time to reply, he continued: "The majority of the reading community prefers stories which end with the marriage of the heroine and hero." His eye held her's until the love light kindled in her glance.

"Let me show you how to conclude the story," he said. "Look upon me as a figure needed as literary food. Come; it will take but a moment; one short act of drama of life!"

He was masterful, and an irresistible power made her lips meet his. Her will became subservient as he told her in his arms.

"Choose," he said, with command in his voice, "shall it be love or literature?"

"Love," she whispered.

"Is this answer merely for the benefit of the story, or am I to hold it in reality as a sacred promise to be my wife?"

She whispered tremulously: "Love has gained. I will be your wife."

A glow of satisfaction lit his life and he said—holding her at arms' length to admire her exquisite beauty: "I will always teach you how to write your love scenes."

WILD CREATURES DIE OUT.

Dwindling of Species Something Beyond Our Control.

Attempts at the reintroduction of any wild creature that has become extinct very seldom meet with success. "We are afraid," says London Country Life, "that the efforts made by the late Lord Lilford, Lord Walsingham and others to reintroduce the great bustard into Suffolk have met with the usual fate. Sixteen birds were turned loose in 1900 and now only one pair remain and, unfortunately, their domestic arrangements succeeded as badly this year as they did last, the eggs laid being infertile. It is worthy of note that the nests this season and last season were both placed in the field where the last great bustard nested sixty years ago, before the bird disappeared from Suffolk. The history of the experiment goes far to show that the dwindling of a species is generally due to causes over which man has no control. There are cases, such as that of the bittern, where one can understand that extinction has been due to such causes as the drainage of the moss and mire, but there are others for which no explanation is given. For example, why should the kite, once the commonest of London birds, now be esteemed a rare visitor? Or why should the red-legged croucher have almost vanished, while the jackdaw and the rook are even as the sea-sand for multitude?"

Evening Hymn.

To the sound of evening bells
All that lives to rest repairs,
Birds unto their leafy dells,
Beasts unto their forest lairs.

All things wear a home-bound look,
From the weary bird that plods
Through the cornfields, to the roof
Sailing towards the glimmering woods.

'Tis the time with power to bring
Tearful memories of home
To the sailor wandering
On the far-off barren foam.

What a still and holy time!
Yonder glowing sunset seems
Like the pathway to a clime
Only seen till now in dreams.

Pilgrim! here compelled to roam,
Nor allowed that path to tread;
Now, when sweetest sense of home
On all living hearts is shed.

Doth not yearning sad, sublime,
At this season stir thy breast,
That thou canst not at this time
Seek thy home and happy rest?
—Richard Chenavix Treach.

Horse Dies of Broken Heart.

A horse owned by John Dillon of Holyoke and known as the "Old Wald horse," dropped dead in the stable the other day, after over thirty years of continuous service. Just a few moments before his death the old horse, which had been recently moved to new quarters in the stable, broke his halter and went back into the old berth which he had occupied for several years.

Fall in Birth Rate.

The best calculation that can be made shows that the average number of children in the white native family a century ago in the United States was more than six; in 1830 it had fallen to less than five; in 1860 to less than four; in 1875 to less than three; in 1900, among the "upper classes" in Boston, to less than two.

World's Marriage Statistics.

Marriages average 3,000 a day in the whole world. Of 1,000 men who marry 332 marry younger women, 570 marry women of the same age and ninety-eight older women.

Indians in the Ministry.

In the Dakota presbytery composed entirely of Indians, there are twenty-seven churches and 1,458 communicants, ministered to by fifteen Indian preachers.

BLUFF SEAMAN INSPIRES PASTOR.

From a primitive village in Long Island comes the story of a congregation whose pastor was debarred from preaching to them because of illness. To fill his place one Sunday there came a newly ordained minister, who had never had a chance before to preach. He was nervous, and as he ascended the pulpit stairs his knees smote together. The sexton, a bluff old retired sea captain, was sorry for the youth and, leaning forward, he said in hoarse whisper:

"If you knew this congregation as well as I do, you wouldn't care a cuss for the whole of them."

A calm settled upon the preacher's nervous system, for the ancient mariner had spoken a word in due season.

A Useful Wife.

Prof. Ladd, the psychologist, of Yale university, having had trouble with his eyes, went to an oculist, who asked him what he had been doing to get himself in such a state.

"I have been looking at the sun to note the effect of the rays on the human brain," said the professor.

"But you will destroy your sight if you keep that up," the doctor warned him.

Six months later the professor had his eyes examined again. The oculist declared them to be all right, and asked him how he managed his experiments with the sun's rays.

Prof. Ladd said: "Oh, I have my wife look at the sun for me now."—New York Times.

Poppies.

These be the sunset flowers
Apollo, the god, doth paint;
Scarlet and ruby showery,
And glimmer of amber faint;
These to the Hebean hours
Are Bohemian chalcid paint.

Slumber in these cool bowers
We, the Utopians, dream;
Rojoling in Nature's dowers,
This be our song and our theme;
Laugh when Fortune's brow lowers,
And quaff from these goblets that gleam.

Hold high these chalcid gemmed,
Pledge we the dryads and fays;
Flora, the queen, diadem'd,
Rueeth the Hours and the Days;
We, at her feet, flower-hemmed,
And loyalty give and our praise.

An Unceasing War.

Few people know that an almost continual state of warfare exists in this country, the incidents of which remain unchronicled by the general press. Few weeks pass down on the banks of the Rio Grande, which separates the United States from Mexico, without some battle between smugglers or bands of cattle thieves and the men of the ranger service, in which the Mexican troops sometimes co-operate with Uncle Sam's.

SNAKE FOOLED ITS TORMENTOR

Story of Intelligent Reptile That Needs Verification.

The naturalist, Joan Burroughs, is opposed to nature books that treat of animals too imaginatively—that impute to animals sentiments of love, pity, tenderness and refinement which mankind has no way of proving that they possess.

"Sometimes, in reading one of these fictitious nature stories—stories that many persons believe to be true—I am reminded," Mr. Burroughs said one day, "of the story of the intelligent copperhead. This story is quite as true as many that are implicitly credited.

"According to it, there was a man who had the habit of teasing copperheads. He would find a copperhead's hole, and then he would wait beside it till the snake returned—till it had gotten so far into the hole that only the end of the tail protruded. This he would seize, and with a quick movement he would throw the snake twenty or thirty feet away. When the snake returned to its hole the operation was repeated, and so on until the joker was weary.

"One day the man did this to a copperhead of unusual intelligence. The snake, on alighting the first time, did not make for its hole again immediately, as the others had always done; but it lay still, and regarded its tormentor, thinking. Then, very slowly, it approached the hole, turned round, and entered backwards—entered tail first—sneering slightly at the man whom it had thus duped."—Detroit News-Tribune.

THE CASTLE THAT NEVER STORMED
will surely stand.

Defiance Starch is put up 16 ounces in a package, 10 cents. One-third more starch for the same money.

Some men kill their friends by swords; others by words.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED?
Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

"Tools go in crowds"; man loves companionship.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup and all the ailments of infancy. Dose a bottle.

It is the friction of life that polishes up its rough edges.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

A ten cent argument often ends in a \$10 quarrel.

MANY CHILDREN ARE SICKLY.
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The boy of twelve who doesn't know more than his father, needs attention.

The shield of faith was not meant to protect the conscience.

Try One Package.
If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

A woman is rarely jealous of an elderly spouse—and yet!

All the world's a stage, but many of the actors are only understudies.

Often they who try to uproot Christianity only shake down its fruits.

It's no sign that stocks are feverish because they absorb water freely.

The Popular Fad of "Munching."
One of the popular fads in Newport at present is "munching," which means merely eating very slowly. Munching is one of the numerous preventives of growing adiposities, and as it has the recognition of King Edward it is naturally regarded with much favor in Newport. The theory is that every particle of food must be chewed slowly and carefully until no solid material remains to be swallowed. Slow eating is merely carried to an extreme by the new treatment. All London society, threatened with too much flesh is said to be chewing very long and very thoroughly and American converts to the system are already numerous. Its effect is said to be noticeable at dinners, which have come to be known as munching parties and are much less vivacious than they were when eating and drinking went on rapidly. Persons who eat slowly also eat much less than those who eat rapidly.

An Old Soldier's Experience.
Dennard, Ark., Sept. 7th. Mr. E. J. Hicks, merchant of this place, has written for publication, an account of a personal experience, which is very interesting.

"I am an old Federal soldier," writes Mr. Hicks, "and shortly after the close of the war I was taken sick. I had aches and pains all over me, fluttering of the heart and stomach trouble. I just simply was never a moment without pain. I could not sleep at night, and I was always tired and fearfully weak.

"I took medicine all the time, but for a long time I was more dead than alive. Altogether I suffered for over twenty years, and I believe I would have been suffering yet, or in my grave, if I had not read of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I got an almanac which told me of this remedy, and I bought some of it. I started with three pills a day, but increased the dose to six pills a day. I had not used many till my pains began to disappear. I kept on and now I can sleep and eat as well as ever I could, and I feel like a new man, with no pains or aches left.

"I will always recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are a wonderful remedy."

Much of our happiness depends upon the amount of affection we are capable of inspiring.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Pommel Slickers

KEEP THE RIDER DRY
Rain can't get at the man who wears a Sawyer's Oiled Clothing. Stays on him all day long. Gets his clothes dry. Keeps him warm. He writes: "I got my money's worth out of your clothing."

Hold high these chalcid gemmed,
Pledge we the dryads and fays;
Flora, the queen, diadem'd,
Rueeth the Hours and the Days;
We, at her feet, flower-hemmed,
And loyalty give and our praise.

BROMO-SELTZER
CURES ALL
Headaches
10 CENTS--EVERYWHERE