

Virtue.

I once possessed a costly plant—
A strange exotic, sweet and rare;
I kept it in a sunny nook,
And daily watered it with care.

In the congenial atmosphere
The lovely flower came to bloom;
And all beholders' senses thrilled
With its rare beauty and perfume.

But, oh, alas, a careless hand
One morning opened the window wide;
And the few moments that had passed
Before my flower chilled and died.

Thus, oft, with virtue safely housed
Within the hothouse of the home,
How largely seem its branches spread,
How lovely doth appear its bloom.

Yet, when the world's temptations breath
Against it but one icy breath,
How quickly do its branches drop,
And off its root is chilled to death.

—Leticia F. Clark, in Boston Post.

THE BOOK IN WOMAN'S LOOKS

By H. S. CANFIELD.

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For ten years Mr. G. Heming Magnus of Philadelphia had been a writer for the lesser magazines. He wrote short stories and essays and sent them to the editors in the hopes they would be accepted. His stamp bill was large. Still, perseverance, a mild intention and knowledge dug for the encyclopedias will tell in time. His accepted manuscripts increased in number. This perked him up. He started a bank account of moderate dimensions. Nothing makes a man so brave as a bank account. He was a slender man, with drooping shoulders, mild blue eyes and a sandy Vandike beard. When "lionized" he used to twist this beard into a sharp point and stab himself upon his narrow shirt-front. Though his legs were wobbly and his feet large, his "heart was in the right place." This he knew from the fact that when startled by a sudden noise it "beat thick and quick, like a madman on a drum."

A boisterous doctor came up behind him, slapped him on the shoulder and bowed:

"Maggie, old man, how're the brutal editor men?"

The heart, which was in the right place, began thumping. Magnus wheeled and faced him, wrath in his pale eyes.

"I do so hate to be called 'Maggie,'" he snapped. "It really is not my name." Then his thin, delicate hand went to his left side.

"It's all right, Magnus," the doctor said. "Beg pardon. You looked overworked. Take a bit of free advice: Go away somewhere and rest."

It was early summer and the members of the literary clubs, the fashionables and the preachers were flitting. The bank account was healthy. Magnus looked over the papers. Among a thousand advertisements of places "with all the comforts of home," his eye was caught by a mention of Harper's Ferry, Virginia. He asked about it and was told it was a good country, with pure air, farm foods, trout fishing and cheapness. That seemed to suit. Next afternoon he alighted from a dilapidated buggy in front of "Grasslens" farmhouse. Shadows lay deep on the alley. The Potomac rolled grandly to the south. Looking from his window over the sweeping river, Magnus said:

"Here is rest. I do not want human companionship. A cultivated mind needs only itself. Surrounded by these eternal hills, amid which dwell a simple people, solitude should bring happiness. Their ways are not my ways, their souls are half-developed, but we need not clash."

He fell readily into the habits of the household. It consisted of Mrs. Loudoun, a silver-haired widow, her granddaughter, Amanda Loudoun, a brown-eyed girl of eighteen, with a delicious figure, a mass of brown hair and a frank smile, and a man of all work, who ate enormously and said never a word. The two women gave him no confidences, for which he was grateful. He was forced to admit that their manners were perfect, but set this down to innate female refinement. They made no effort at all to entertain him. He paid his moderate bills and kept himself to himself. He dis-



Magnus wheeled and faced him wrath in his pale eyes.

Jured a boat in a small house which roved by the river and used to pull laboriously a half-mile up the stream W evenings, then fasted down.

In two weeks, however, he realized that a cultivated mind needs bored further more than itself. He was bored. He told himself that he was ungenerous in withholding himself from these two lonely women, who knew nothing of books, society, cities or the great world without. He was not conscious of a desire to alleviate the loneliness of Mrs. Loudoun, but he thought the girl would improve mightily by converse with a man of his cultivated abilities and experiences. She was plump, and her weight in the boat made the rowing more difficult, but he endured the extra labor for the pleasure of watching her intellect expand like a flower. She listened to his talk of books with every

appearance of interest. He found all her comments apt, and some of them shrewd. He felt the unconscious charm of her innocence.

One evening, three weeks after the beginning of their friendship, she assumed guidance of the conversation. It was done in a spirit of mischief but the eyes of G. Heming Magnus did not see it. He lacked the perceptive faculty. She astonished him much by a sound, if not brilliant, monologue upon the Elizabethan poets as compared with those of the earlier era, and in a mild discussion of the reputed authorship of the Shakespearean



A "Potomac rose."

plays, worsted him badly. She said they were the work of Sir Walter Raleigh during his eighteen years of confinement in the Tower of London. Next day she invited him into a part of the house he had not visited, introduced him to a sitting-room, furnished plainly but in perfect taste, seated herself at an old but tuneful piano and played for him, with feeling and force, selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Verdi, Donizetti, Wagner, De Koven, Millard, Sullivan and "Dave" Brahms.

The Philadelphian dimly recognized that he might possibly have been guilty of underestimating the simple farming family. A little later he began to hold her in his thoughts and to speak of her, when on his rambles, as a "Potomac rose." This was a bad sign. In all his thirty years he had seen no one like her, so simple, so unaffected, so sympathetic, so beautiful. This was a worse sign. He measured mentally the height of his bank account and found it sufficient. This was the worst sign of all.

It was late in the September of 1898. There was a slight chill in the air. The girl, wrapped in some fleecy light stuff, sat, as was her custom, in the stern of the little boat, which made no sound as it drifted. In the moonlight her brown eyes looked like jewels. Not a word had been spoken for half-hour. G. Heming Magnus said:

"Miss Loudoun, when I came here I thought you ignorant country folk. I know now what a fool I was. I must go to-morrow and it makes me sad. I can't bear to think that I will never see you again. I have never told you that I love you, but I do sincerely. You must have seen it. Will you marry me?"

She did not answer. She had grown suddenly pale and was staring intently at the landing, then not a hundred yards away. Suddenly she clasped her hands and a wave of crimson rose to her face. A happy smile curved her lips. Then she gazed earnestly at her companion.

"I have not seen it," she said gravely. "Forgive me, Mr. Magnus, but I can not marry you."

In silence he picked up the oars. The prow of the boat grated upon the shore. As the girl stepped lightly to land she was taken into the arms of a tall, young fellow in khaki uniform. She staid there a full five minutes, while Magnus stood awkwardly by. Then she turned, saying: "This is Mr. Landen. He has been at Santiago. We have been engaged for two years." Next spring G. Heming Magnus wrote a book which is in its 150th thousand. His heart has gone into it. Its name is "Queen Rose of a Rosebud Garden."

Africa's Iron Ore.

In addition to the gold and diamond mines of Africa, iron promises to be an important industry, as the first blast furnace has just been erected near Pretoria, on the line of the railway, and is located in the center of iron deposits and in close proximity to coal supplies. The furnace, which will have a weekly capacity of 500 tons of pig iron, is to be followed by rolling mills and a steel converting plant. The ore is of the hematite and magnetite variety, and runs 58 to 62 per cent of metallic iron. A survey above ground and cross-cutting indicates that there are some 62,000,000 tons of iron in sight.—Harper's Weekly.

TOOK HUSBAND IN PAWN.

Russian Spinster Foreclosed on Peasant Woman's Mate.

A peasant woman, residing in the village of Belosasschek, in the Government of Vilna, Eastern Russia, found herself without money on the eve of a festival, and was very sad about account. Her husband was known far and near as a ne'er-do-well, and therefore she did not reckon on any help from him. In her distress she turned to her neighbor, an elderly spinster, and requested the loan of a few roubles. But she could not give any security. "I really do not possess anything that I could give you as security," she said, "unless you care to take my lazy husband in pawn." To her great surprise the woman received the loan, and with the money went into the village to make a few purchases. The idea of her obtaining a loan on her husband appeared to her very droll. Great was her astonishment on returning from her shopping expedition to find that the old spinster had disappeared with the worthless husband. The deserted wife did not trouble to make inquiries concerning her spouse. On the contrary, she rejoiced at her deliverance.

Sam Wouldn't Get Up.

Sam Pruitt made his debut in the boxing game several years ago. He was a big colored fellow of the heavy-weight division and many shrewd judges of boxing pronounced Sam a second Peter Jackson and placed him as a likely candidate for the heavy-weight championship. Sam made his first appearance as an amateur and won several bouts, which boomed his stock. Then he became a professional. One night at the San Francisco club he was boxing a big fellow of the opposite color. During the first two rounds Sam showed to advantage by pegging and jabbing his opponent without a return. During a mix-up in the third round the white man caught Sam with a sweeping swing and sent him to the floor. Referee Greggains stood over the fallen boxer and commenced counting off the seconds. When he reached eight Greggains said, "Sam, I have counted eight, you had better get up."

"Mr. Greggains," replied Sam, "you can count a thousand and I ain't never going to get up. You get that white man there out of the ring if you want me to get up."

The Inevitable.

During the trial of a suit to enforce the payment of alimony recently, a witness in the case gave the most damaging evidence against the defendant in the suit, once the husband of a very prepossessing blonde. With very great frankness he told how the defendant had mistreated his wife in almost every imaginable way, and how on one occasion he (the witness) had interfered to save the poor woman from a beating.

"Oh, you acted the part of a peacemaker, did you?" said the defendant's attorney when the voluble witness was turned over to him for cross-examination. "You rushed to the rescue of a fair damsel in distress."

"I did," said the witness, proudly, "and I succeeded in saving her."

"Well, well," sarcastically returned the lawyer, "then you did not meet the fate commonly accredited to the peacemaker?"

"Not just then," said the witness. "I did later. I married the fair damsel after she got her divorce."

European Women in Tibet.

Miss Susette Taylor, one of the very few European women who have ever visited Tibet, gave some interesting particulars of the customs of the people of that mysterious land recently. When the Tibetans put out their tongue at you, Miss Taylor says that you must not feel insulted. He is merely being polite to you after his own manner, the projection of the tongue being a civility equal to our shaking hands, which in his country is not etiquette. On one occasion Miss Taylor strayed into a Buddhist temple at prayer time, and her parasol was considered such an interesting article that prayers were interrupted while the lama borrowed it and then opened it among a chorus of murmurs of approval and admiration.

Ballade of the Girls.

Who would not pause to drink a toast,
To pledge the health of maidens fair,
While thinking still of her who most
Excels in wit and beauty rare?
Who would not thus one moment spare
For lover's devotion, while onward rolls
The world, with all its sorrows care?
A health, I say, to lovely girls!

What man of us is too engrossed,
Too busied with the world's affair
An instant to desert his post
And drink to damsel's debonair?
Nor need he fear lest he forswear
Himself in pledging flaxen hair—
She he loves have raven hair—
A health, I say, to lovely girls!

And so this glass to beauty's host!
A pledge in which we may share,
'Tis only thus that we may boast
The smile of her who places
The one for whom we each would dare
And die the death amid the swirls
Of cannon's smoke and battle's dare—
A health, I say, to lovely girls!

Coal in Russia and Japan.

Coal is an important article just now in Japan and Russia. It is said that Russia had ordered 1,000,000 tons from Pennsylvania. Japan has 5,000 square miles of coal lands, and her exports are 3,000,000 tons annually greater than her imports. It is estimated that over 1,000,000 tons are deposited in the undeveloped coal fields in the island of Hokkaido, one of the northern islands of Japan. Russia's imports are largely in excess of her exports, notwithstanding she has a coal area of 20,000 square miles, exclusive of Siberia, Central Asia and Caucasus. It is clear that Russia needs developing.

World's Fair Exhibits.

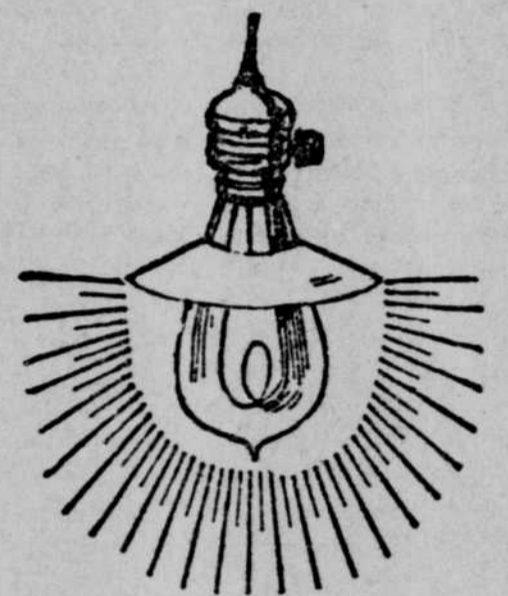
The combined value of the exhibits in the ten principal exhibit palaces of the World's Fair has been estimated by E. S. Hoch, assistant to Director of Exhibits Staff, at \$72,500,000. This estimate is based on statistics at hand in the division as to the amount and nature of the exhibits which will be installed in each building. This does not include the display in the Fine Arts palace. Nor does the estimate include the contents of the various government structures at the exposition nor the exhibits contained in such concessions as will be of an exhibit nature.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Incandescent Lamp Reflector.

How far would it have been possible to advance business methods toward their present high standard, and what would be the volume of business transacted this year, were we still hampered with the candles or pine tapers of our forefathers as a means of lighting stores, offices and residences? It is the conveniences of the age which have aided most in increasing the volume of daily transactions in the commercial world to their present enormous amount, and no greater convenience has come to the business man than the method of lighting the desk, office and manufacturing plant. What would our ancestors of less than 100 years back have thought of tapping a pair of wires at any point and inserting a little glass bulb, turning a button and obtaining a light better than a dozen of their candles could afford them? To-day it has become such a common affair that we seldom pause to think of the improvement, but simply take it for granted, as we have learned to do the thousand and one other things which the inventor has placed at our disposal.

But even this little glass bulb, with its rays of light streaming out all around, is open to improvement. In almost every use to which this lamp is put there is no necessity for the rays which illuminate the space above the carbon film, and this inventor proposes not only to shut them out, but to reflect them downward again, where they will increase the brilliancy of the vertical rays. This is accomplished by the use of the little metal reflector shown in conjunction with the incandescent electric light in the picture. The under surface of this



Increases Power of End Rays. shade is nickel-plated and highly polished serving to deflect the light rays which have an upward trend. To attach it to the lamp, the bulb must be unscrewed and inserted between the adjustable wings above the reflector proper. A. J. Partridge of Chicago is the inventor.

Wind's Mystery.

The meteorologist is gradually divesting the wind of its mystery and is able to explain convincingly how and when it originates. The study of a great number of observations taken simultaneously all over the country, and in fact all over two continents, has enabled the expert to foresee just when at night the layers of air near the earth become cooled, and as cool air is heavier than warm air, a law of physics that is generally appreciated theoretically, but usually overlooked practically, this heavy air tends to move down the hillside. The tendency becomes after a time sufficient pronounced to produce a general downhill movement, eventually resulting a perceptible breeze.

That is what is commonly designated locally as "the mountain breeze," and which from its origin is practically in one constant direction, though the intervention of powerful storms may temporarily reverse the customary movement. Vice versa during the day the presence of warmer and therefore lighter air near the earth causes a movement of the atmosphere with an upward tendency, creating the so-called valley breezes. In certain favorably situated localities the appearance of the mountain or the valley breeze is as regular as clockwork, the transitional period being marked by a calm.—Philadelphia Record.

Alloy That Defies Temperature.

Consul Guenther of Frankfurt reports the invention by Dr. Guillaume of an alloy of steel and nickel which has the useful property of not expanding with increase of heat, retaining practically the same volume under all changes of temperature. By altering the proportions of the constituents, a metal is obtained which contracts when heated. The utility of an alloy which maintains an unchanged volume, despite changes of temperature, is very great in making accurate measuring instruments, clocks and watches. The new alloy—called "invar"—has already been used for pendulums and instruments for tropical surveys with excellent results.

Science and Health.

One-fifth of all deaths during last winter were from pneumonia. It is estimated that in all about 720 tons of ore have been used to produce about one-fifth of an ounce of radium. When lightning strikes a tree the heat generated is sometimes so great that all the sap is converted into superheated steam, which explodes, tearing the tree to splinters.

"If we ask a person to estimate the number of stars visible on a clear night," says Houzeau, "we shall have an exaggerated answer, the actual number being a little over 3,000."

New Stimulant Praised.

The Paris Journal des Debats relates experiments with formic acid, a secretion of ants. Eight to ten drops of the acid taken three or four times a day had a marked effect in stimulating muscular activity, which might be continued a long time without resultant fatigue. "That tired feeling" also disappears under the influence of the acid.

Cotton Growing in Africa.

In the last annual report of the British commissioner of British Central Africa the details of exports are interesting as containing the first mention of the export of cotton. Last spring 600 acres were under cotton cultivation, and it is expected that by December there would be 4,000 acres.

BARN AND STORE HOUSE.

Plans for Commodious Structure for the Farm.

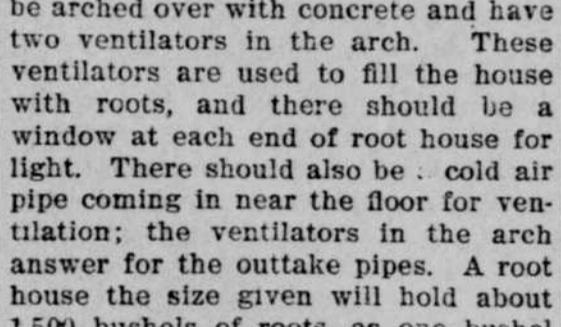
M. McM.—Kindly publish a floor plan for a basement barn, 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, to accommodate 35 cattle, 8 horses, and to have two box stalls for cattle and two for horses, besides a root house, to hold 2,500 bushels, a silo 12 feet square, and a place for manure. How thick should the walls be and how deep should the foundations be laid?

(2) How should the barn be laid out above and how long should the posts be?

(3) The barn will be built on clay soil, 200 yards from a running stream. Could water be drawn from this stream by a windmill, and what size of pipe should be used?

The accompanying plan contains five single horse stalls, two box stalls for horses, 38 cow stalls, and two box stalls for cattle. The manure shed is at the end of building, with a door at each side wide enough to drive a wagon through to draw the manure out.

The root house is under one of the drive-ways, and extends along the side



Ground Floor Plan of Stock Barn. A—Horse stable, B—Feed rooms, C—Cow stalls, D—Passage behind cattle, E—Gutters, G—Box stalls, H—Manure shed, I—Silo, J—Root-house, K—Ventilators.

of barn wall towards the silo. It is 12 by 40 feet and 8 feet high. It should be arched over with concrete and have two ventilators in the arch. These ventilators are used to fill the house with roots, and there should be a window at each end of root house for light. There should also be a cold air pipe coming in near the floor for ventilation; the ventilators in the arch answer for the outside pipes. A root house the size given will hold about 1,500 bushels of roots, as one bushel of roots occupies about 2 1/2 cubic feet. Should the root house not be large enough it can be turned with the end to the basement of barn, between the driveway and silo, and making it 20 by 30 feet and 10 feet high. It would then hold about 2,400 bushels. The silo is placed beside the other driveway and is twelve feet in diameter and built round. Silos used to be built on the inside of barns, but of late they are built on the outside. In fact for the last six years I have never built nor seen one built on the inside of a barn.

2. The barn above should have a mow 18 feet wide over the horse stable, then 12 feet for a driveway, then two 20 foot mows and a 12 foot driveway, and then an 18 foot mow over the manure shed. The posts of the barn should be 18 feet long. The doorway will go down inside of the mow, the door opening from the edge of the driveway floor. The hay and straw may be thrown down through doors in the side of the mows in each driveway.

3. You can draw the water from the stream providing you do not have to lift it too much, and a 1 1/2 inch pipe would be large enough.

4. If the wall is built of stone it should not be less than 18 inches thick; if of concrete one foot is thick enough. The foundation should be put down at least 20 inches and after the wall is completed the soil should be graded up 8 inches higher. This will always keep the ground drier and allows the water to run off and not settle along the wall.—N. B. H.

Garden Needs Draining.

A. J. W.—My garden of rather wet, heavy soil will not produce crops although it is manured each year with stable manure and wood ashes, with occasional applications of lime. I can not get crops of potatoes, corn, tomatoes, pumpkins, melons nor black currants. What treatment do you advise?

I think underdrains will correct the trouble you complain of in addition to which I should advise you to sow something for a green crop to be turned under. Suppose you put in this spring or summer, sowing Canada peas, if possible, as early as August, if not possible to have the ground ready by that time, sow rye in October, and plow it under the following spring. Coarse gravel or coal ashes may lighten up the soil in quite a degree, but I think you will find underdrains will give you best results. Cumber and melons require a warm, light soil, sandy or gravelly loam being best; and I doubt if you would be entirely successful in growing any vine crop on your land even if you had good underdrains. I think your failure in growing black currants is due to the same cause as plants will not thrive in heavy, wet soil, and no amount of potash or other fertilizer would change the texture of the soil.—C. E. H.

Ants in an Orchard.

A Subscriber.—Please tell me what will kill an ant hill in an orchard.

One of the simplest remedies for the destruction of ants in orchards is to pour into each nest about a teaspoonful of bisulphide of carbon, afterwards plugging the hole with a small piece of sod pressed down with the foot. The liquid evaporates quickly and the fumes penetrate into all parts of the nest, destroying all the occupants. Another remedy is to pour scalding water into the nests.

Tar Paper on a Roof.

G. W. B.—Would a layer of tar paper between dry, well seasoned lumber and the shingles on a roof tend to rot the lumber? What would the effect be on the lumber if it were green?

The tar paper being antiseptic in character would tend to preserve the dry lumber; on the other hand it would in a measure delay the drying of the green lumber, and in that way tend to encourage decay in the lumber.

BIRD LIFE IN HAWAII.

Many Species Will Disappear or Be Driven to Inaccessible Heights.

From some of the open pastures rises the song of the skylark, which was imported from New Zealand; skylarks increase in number, but not very quickly.

The voice of the Chinese turtle dove—the mourning dove, it is called—is heard in the land quite near to the valley homes; also the upward whirl of the Mongolian and the Japanese pheasant.

Grouse and quail—the California valley quail—were there until lately, but the latter have now betaken themselves to heights of 6,000 to 7,000 feet, whither the marauding mongoose can not follow them.

I asked a young niece of my own who lately left Honolulu what birds visited their grounds three miles up the valley road, and she tells me:

"Java sparrows, rice birds, and those squawking myns. The last eat up all our young figs and grapes, unless we throw the tennis nets over them."

That watching of birds which is essential to a knowledge of their life history has, indeed, been impossible to most visitors to Hawaii.

And now that annexation is giving an impetus to the development of the country's resources, the inevitable destruction of its forests, even if the birds themselves do not perish with the trees that sheltered and fed them, is driving them up to still more inaccessible heights and wooded depths between the sharp volcanic peaks, which will baffle the hardest climber.—Blackwood's Magazine.

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

Great Results Sometimes Spring from Small Beginnings.

"The longer I live," observed the cashier of a bank down town, "the more I realize the importance of little things. Here is a case in point," he continued, referring to a letter he just had received. "A few weeks ago I had two callers in my office, one an excited, elderly man, a big depositor, and the other the president of a manufacturing concern and the writer of this letter. This manufacturer left, and soon afterward the excited man discovered that the clerk had taken his hat. He stormed about the place until one of the clerks suggested that perhaps the manufacturer had taken it by mistake. The excited man demanded his address and started out to hunt him down and give him 'a piece of his mind.'"

"The other day I read a letter from the manufacturing concern and was astonished to see among the names of its officers that of my excitable caller as vice president. My curiosity was aroused and I made some inquiries. Now I learn that the excitable man was so pleasantly received when he called for his hat that his anger cooled at once. Then he got to talking about the manufacturer's business and the money he was making. A few days later he invested heavily in the concern and was elected its vice president. And all because of that little mistake about a hat."—New York Press.

The Greater Love.

The bee that sips her sweets from flowers fair,
Flying on careless wing now here, now there,
With azure skies above, green sward below,
And soft south-wind to bear her to and fro,
Might seem the soul of self-devoted ease,
Her life a draught of nectar without loss.

Not so! Her prime is full of strenuous deed,
That shames our own in generous mood
Of work for others' good. Long summer days
She toils her golden hoarse, with gurgled stays
Her Queen, uprears her youth, and stores
Then sudden shuns her wealth, her home,
Her brood,
And seeks new haven on an unknown sea,
Leaving her life-work to posterity.

Photographer Too Literal.

Senator Thomas C. Platt has often admitted to his friends that he does not consider himself a handsome man. He says he once had some pictures taken while on a visit to Owego, N. Y., the place of his birth. When the photographing operation was completed he told the photographer, as people had done from time immemorial, that he hoped the camera would stand the shock. Anxious to reassure his distinguished patron and somewhat frustrated with the importance of the occasion, the photographer hastily replied:

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Platt, I've taken worse faces than yours with that camera."—New York Times.

Shrewd Scheme of Japanese.

"This Japanese war reminds me," said an old time Bath (Me.) sea captain, "of the earlier times before Japan was so free with other nations as she is to-day. In those days, when a foreign ship entered the Japanese ports the captain was obliged to place his Bible and rudder in charge of the chief officer of the port, and leave it there until he was ready to sail. Of course he wouldn't sail without either, and the Japs could easily keep tabs on the movements of all ships in their harbors."

Not a Visiting Card.

Two men were eating in a downtown restaurant where folk take their luncheons in a hurry from the arms of chairs, says the New York Press. One man was a stranger to the place. Casting a glance about the room between bites, his eye was caught by a motto. The motto reads:

"Wait on the Lord."
The stranger looked at it once, then a second time. Then he nudged his companion and pointed to the motto: "Say," he whispered, "I didn't know he ate here."
"Tut, tut," remonstrated the other. "That ain't no visitin' card."

Distances at Seat of War.

From Port Arthur it is 300 miles, a little south of west, to Chemulpo, the seaport of Seoul. From Port Arthur to Taku, the port of Peking, it is 163 miles. The Korean strait is about 150 miles wide and is 650 miles south of Vladivostok. Wiju, near the mouth of the Yalu river, on its Korean side, is 220 miles northwest of Port Arthur. The distance by rail from Port Arthur to Hs-bin is 650 miles.

Free to Twenty-Five Ladies.

The Defiance Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to the St. Louis Exposition, to five ladies in each of the following states: Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send in the largest number of trade marks cut from a ten cent, 16-ounce package of Defiance cold water laundry starch. This means from your own home, any one in the above named states. These trade marks must be mailed to and received by the Defiance Starch Co., Omaha, Neb., before September 1st, 1904. October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Defiance is the only starch put up 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get one-third more starch for the same money than of any other kind, and Defiance never sticks to the iron. The tickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th. Starch for sale by all dealers.

Dog Saves a Whole Family.

A fox terrier named Beauty is credited by George Bourntinon, a barber who lives with his wife and three daughters in Brooklyn, N. Y., with having saved them all from asphyxiation. When the Bourntinon family retired the gas was left burning in the kitchen, the jet turned very low. During the night, the pressure having been reduced, the light went out. A little later the gas went passing through the pipes again and filling the Bourntinon flat from the open cock in the kitchen.

Beauty, who was awake and prowling about the place had his suspicions aroused by the increasing odor. He ran to his master's bedside and awakened him. The matter was speedily rectified, and the family then realized the hidden danger that had been upon it.

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE.

Won't spill, break, freeze nor spot clothes. Dosts 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other brand. If your grocer does not keep it send for sample to The Laundry Blue Co., 14 Michigan Street, Chicago.

You can easily make a man hot by rubbing him the wrong way.

Do not believe Pilo's Cure for Consumption.

is an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BORNA, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1904.

Women can invent excuses with a pretty candor.

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

In Florence, lately, one of several Italian ladies who were entertaining Mark Twain, asked what was the American national game. "Poker," he responded. When she laughingly protested that he was facetious, he gravely reiterated his statement, and added: "Madame, to the game of poker the American people owe the most valuable lesson a nation can learn: Never give up, even after you have lost your last chance."

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger tells a story of a Washington hostess who invited an attaché of one of the foreign legations to dine with her. The invitation was formally accepted, but on the morning of the appointed day a note, written by the forger's valet, was received, which read: "Mr. Blank regrets very much that he will not be able to be present at Mrs. Swift's dinner tonight, as he is dead."

Love is the sun that hatches the flowers of the soul. The face, which reflects all the inner sentiments of the heart, betrays the love of its owner, and is beautiful.

It's a case of love's labor lost when a woman is compelled to take in washing in order to support a worthless husband.

After buying experience a man seldom boasts of his bargain.

Digressions are often the brightest sunshine of life.

The man who is vain takes pride in showing it on the smallest provocation.