

**The Acacia Tree.**

There has just been discovered in the far east a species of the acacia tree which closes its leaves together in coils each day at sunset and curls its twigs to the shape of pigtails. After the tree has settled itself thus for a night's sleep, if touched the whole thing will flutter as if agitated or impatient at being disturbed. The oftener the foliage is molested, the more violent becomes the shaking of the branches, and at length the tree emits a nauseating odor, which, if inhaled for a few moments, causes a violent dizzy headache. It has been named the "angry tree."

**Story From Patti.**

In Syracuse, Adelina Patti told a reporter how she had recently been teaching music to a little American girl. "This little girl," she said, "is a delight. Her questions and answers are as entertaining as a comedy. The other day, I was explaining to her the meaning of the signs f and ff. 'F', I said, 'means forte. Now, if f means forte, what does ff mean?' 'Eighty,' said the little girl."

**A HEART STORY.**

Folsom, S. Dak.—In these days when so many sudden deaths are reported from Heart Failure and various forms of Heart Disease, it will be good news to many to learn that there is a never failing remedy for every form of Heart Trouble.

Mrs. H. D. Hyatt of this place, was troubled for years with a pain in her heart which distressed her a great deal. She had tried many remedies but had not succeeded in finding anything that would help her until at last she began a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills and this very soon relieved her and she has not had a single pain or any distress in the region of the heart since. She says: "I cannot say too much praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are the greatest heart medicine I have ever used. I was troubled for over three years with a severe pain in my heart, which entirely disappeared after a short treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Love is a double-back action of the skyrocket and the match. Goes up heavenward all right, but the stick comes down to earth—very earthly.

**DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?**

Also, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

He who loses no love for others loses all life for himself.

**Piso's Cure for Consumption**—An infallible medicine for cough and cold. N. W. SAMPSON, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1903.

**Energy Wasted After Business Hours.**

A great many people dissipate more energy between the time when they leave their work at night and when they return to it in the morning than they expend all day in their vocations, though they would be shocked and offended if anyone were to tell them so. They think that physical dissipation is the only method of energy-sapping. But men and women of exemplary moral habits dissipate their vitality in a hundred ways. They indulge in wrong thinking; they worry; they fret; they fear this, that, and the other imaginary thing; and they carry their business home with them, and work as hard mentally after business hours as during them.—Success.

**Anecdote of McMahon.**

The late John MacMahon, of the Irish bar, although a Celt, had a ponderous, heavy style, and no sense of humor. On account of being deaf he agreed, out of policy, with any remarks made by the judge, even though he did not understand what was said. On one occasion he was appearing before a master of the rolls, who thought that MacMahon was arguing rather elementary law for such a court as his. "You are speaking as if I were a mere type in the law, Mr. MacMahon," said the master of rolls, testily. "Quite so, my lord," said counsel, airily, proceeding with his argument oblivious to and regardless of what the judge had said.

**HAS A SAY.**

**The School Principal Talks About Food.**

The Principal of a High School in a flourishing Calif. city says: "For 23 years I worked in the school with only short summer vacations. I formed the habit of eating rapidly, masticated poorly which coupled with my sedentary work led to indigestion, liver trouble, lame back and rheumatism.

"Upon consulting physicians some doped me with drugs, while others prescribed dieting and sometimes I got temporary relief, other times not. For 12 years I struggled along with this handicap to my work, seldom laid up but often a burden to myself with lameness and rheumatic pains.

"Two years ago I met an old friend, a physician who noticed at once my out-of-health condition and who prescribed for me an exclusive diet of Grape-Nuts, milk and fruit.

"I followed his instructions and in two months I felt like a new man with no more headaches, rheumatism or liver trouble and from that time to this Grape-Nuts has been my main food for morning and evening meals. I am stronger and healthier than I have been for years without a trace of the old troubles.

"Judging from my present vigorous physical and mental state I tell my people Methuselah may yet have to take second place among the old men for I feel like I will live a great many more years.

"To all this remarkable change in health I am indebted to my wise friend and Grape-Nuts and I hope the Postum Co. will continue to manufacture this life and health giving food for several centuries yet, until I move to a world where indigestion is unknown." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ask any physician what he knows about Grape Nuts. Those who have tried it know things.

"There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

**JOHN BURT** By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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**CHAPTER NINE—Continued.**

Two warm arms were clasped around his neck, a face wet with tears nestled for a moment on his shoulder, and she kissed him twice, with the live kisses that come from the heart of a woman whose affection has passed the mysterious border that separates friendship from love.

"Good-bye, John; God bless you and guard you!"

"Good-bye, Jessie; good-bye!"

He watched her as she faded away from him and disappeared beyond the vines which shaded the veranda.

Under the arched maples where he had walked with Jessie so many times, and down the sandy road where they had loitered in summer days now gone forever, John Burt urged the horse along. It was two miles to Peter Burt's, and he soon reached the gloomy old house. A figure stood by the gate. John rode forward and recognized his grandfather.

"You did well to come home, my boy," said the old man, whose deep, calm voice held an anxious note. "Something has happened, and my soul has been calling you since dusk. Ride to the graveyard and I'll follow you. It isn't safe to talk here."

In the far corner of the old graveyard John Burt nudged his horse and turned to meet his grandfather. The old man seated himself on the grave of the pioneer Burt who, two hundred years before, had dared the dangers of the wilderness.

"Now we can talk," he said. "Tell me what has happened."

Quickly John Burt related the incidents of the tragedy.

"The old man made no sign during the recital, and was silent for minutes after John had ended.

"He deserved to die, and it was written that he should perish by violence; but his blood is not on your head," began the old man calmly. "Murder, in the sight of God, is in the



such trifles as you can carry in your saddle-bags. You must make Plymouth before daybreak. This letter is addressed to a man in Plymouth. Here is a ring. Show him this ring with the letter. Stay in his house all day, and start for New Bedford about ten o'clock to-morrow night. You must arrive in New Bedford before daybreak, and go to the address on this letter. When you find it show Captain Horton the letter and the ring. He will put you on board the Segregansett, which sails for the South Pacific in three days from now. This third package you will not examine until well at sea. Here is money. Enter the house and make no unnecessary noise. I will saddle your horse and wait at the barn."

The sky was aflame with lightning as John stood once more by the old man's side. The rumble of thunder told of the near approach of the tempest.

"John," said Peter Burt as he grasped the boy's hand in his, "I feel no sorrow save the pain of a temporary parting. I shall see you again, my boy; I shall clasp your hand in the vigor of your manhood, when success has crowned your efforts, and when your happiness is complete. Do not write to me or attempt to communicate with me, or with anyone, until you are rich and strong enough to meet your enemies on equal ground. During these coming years let money be your ambition. You live in an age when money is the god of the material world. Understanding has been granted to you, and when you apply yourself to the struggle the thrill of knowledge will pervade you. You have received a ken of this world's affairs, so that I can say to you in the language of Isaiah: 'I will give thee the treasures of darkness and the hidden riches of secret places.' Rest secure in that promise, have abiding faith in it, and hold no communication with those who love you until my prophecy has come to pass. Do you promise me, my boy?"

"I do, grandfather!" said John, who was deeply affected. "You have been so good—"

"Never mind, my boy; thank God, not me. Good-bye, John—God bless you!"

The first drops of the storm pattered on the dusty roadway as the old man raised his hands and gave John his blessing. Springing into the saddle, the boy caught one last glimpse of Peter Burt in a brilliant flash of lightning which glorified his heroic figure, his white hair shining as a halo above his brow.

It was four o'clock when he halted at a small house on the outskirts of Plymouth. Years before, with Peter Burt, he had visited the old sailor who was spending there his declining years. After repeated knocking, the old man opened the door. John handed him the letter and showed the ring. He read the letter and heartily greeted his guest.

"Enough said, my boy!" he declared, as he burned the letter. "He'll be as safe here as in God's pocket. Make yourself comfortable and I'll stow away your horse."

When the old man returned he prepared a breakfast which John ate with relish, and then his host showed him to a bed which, though hard, seemed the most delightful place he had found in years. The sun was low when John woke. The old sailor did not betray the slightest curiosity concerning John's journey, and at ten o'clock his guest bade him farewell with sincere thanks for his hospitality.

The night ride to New Bedford was made without incident. It was three o'clock when John knocked at Captain Horton's door; and, much to his surprise, that gruff old mariner was up and dressed.

"Come in! I've been expectin' ye!" he said as he opened the door. "Glad to meet ye, Joe," he said, turning to a sleepy-eyed boy, "take care of this lad's horse."

John secured the contents of the saddle-bags, and an hour later stepped on board the Segregansett. Captain Horton showed him his quarters and advised him to "turn in." He did so, and when he awoke the heaving and groaning of the old whaler told him that she was on the open sea.

Not until the Segregansett had left the Bermudas did John open the package which had been given to him by Peter Burt. It contained a long letter from the old man, describing a spot in the California mountains, of which a dying sailor had told him years before. The poor fellow declared that he had found a rich deposit of gold, and that he was working his way back to Boston, hoping to interest the necessary capital. In Peter Burt's letter was enclosed a rough map which the sailor had sketched when he realized that death stood in the way of his dreams of wealth.

There was also a parcel with an outer covering of oilskin. John unwrapped it and disclosed a large, old-fashioned wallet, which he recognized as having belonged to his grandfather. In this wallet he found a layer of United States Treasury notes of large denominations. His fingers tingled as he handled the notes. Ten thousand dollars! Jessie seemed much nearer as John looked at those bits of paper.

The scenes and incidents of that eighteen thousand mile journey around Cape Horn are worthy of extended recital, but are not an essential part of this narrative. One bright afternoon the Segregansett sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, and a week later John Burt was a passenger on the steamer Reliance, bound for San Francisco.

A thousand leagues away, Jessie Carden treasured the secret of a sensation strangely akin to new-born love. On the walls of her chamber was a large map, and she loved to look at it and wonder what spot of land or sea held John Burt.

(To be continued.)

**NEVER LOSE THEIR NERVE.**

**Popular Impression About Railroad Engineers Corrected.**

"Speaking of railroad wrecks," said the commercial traveler in the smoking compartment of the Pullman car "my observation leads me to believe they are due to the fact that the nerves of the engineers are brought to such a high tension after a number of bad accidents that they lose control of themselves."

"That's just where you are wrong," quietly said a gray-haired man with a tanned, weather-beaten face, who sat near the window smoking a cigar. "I think you will all credit me with knowing what I am talking about, as I have been a railroad engineer for the last thirty years, have run all kinds of engines, from a mine dummy to a hundred-ton passenger engine with a seven-foot wheel, and have railroaded on all the principal lines in the United States.

"The majority of people seem to have the idea that the engineer of a fast train is always in fear of run-ins and collisions, and that he is under such a nervous strain that he sometimes has to be lifted from the cab when he reaches the end of his run. That isn't so. An engineer has too many duties, such as watching his signals, keeping water in his boiler, and seeing that he is on schedule time, to have much time to worry himself about accidents that are likely to happen. As long as he pays the proper attention to his own train he knows that is all he can do, and that if anything goes wrong it is beyond his control. So he doesn't take up any of his time worrying. Accidents will happen, no matter how much care is taken to prevent them, and sometimes there can't be found any reason for them, but you may be sure that they are never caused through the engineer losing his nerve."

**An Unkind Question.**

It was shortly after the house committee of the Democratic club promulgated a resolution that evening dress should be worn by members and visitors who dined or paid evening visits to the club, that Tom Dunn, the former sheriff, fell into a library arm chair one night.

Mr. Dunn's own garb would have passed muster at Marlborough House so he looked around upon the throng in confidence and content.

There came a certain man of business to the club that night who wore an evening suit which was well-fitting, expensive, and correct in detail.

But he did not look comfortable. Pride kept him quiet for a few moments, at the end of which pride caused him to ask:

"How do you like it, Tom?"

"It's immense," said Dunn; "why don't you buy it?"—New York Telegraph.

**Uncle Sam as Foster Mother.**

A rural conscript during the civil war appeared before the board of enrollment and desired to be exempt that he might return to his country home.

"What are your claims?" asked the doctor.

"I am entirely dependent upon my mother for support," was the innocent reply.

The members of the board smiled and the doctor replied:

"I am happy to assure you, my son, as you heard referred to at once before your mother of so unsuitable a burden and assume your entire charge and expense during the next three years."

Novelty chevrons make a feature effective made up into the fashionable most excellent example shows mix cream color and is combined with bro the coat is one of the jaunty blouses includes a yoke collar that gives the with flare cuffs that are most beco required for the medium size is 4 1/4 4 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern, No. 4666, address on receipt of ten cents.

of the latest styles and are most le suits with short blouse coats. Deep ed browns and tans with dots of this en velvet and cream colored cloth, that make favorites of the season and broad shoulder line and full sleeves ming. The quantity of material yards 21, 3 3/4 yards 27 or 3 1/4 yards sizes 22 to 40, will be mailed to any



*Your Corner*



**Chat of Matters of Feminine Interest**  
—Two Charming Features Combined Effectively in Gown Illustrated—Pretty Corset Cover — Fashion Notes.

finished with a big hemstitched or embroidered bow is a jaunty favorite. Lace sleeves dyed to match the frock are being used, as more serviceable than the daintier white frills.

**To Keep Ferns Fresh.**

There is a new way to care for ferns that has been found very successful. Once a week they must have a Turkish bath. Put them in the bathroom, shut the windows and doors to exclude every particle of air. Then fill the bathtub with scalding water and allow the plants to steam for three or four hours.

The room should be gradually cooled before the plants are removed to a cooler atmosphere. This process does away entirely with the laborious work of washing and spraying the leaves and is much more satisfactory.

**Pineapple Snow.**

Soak half a box of gelatin in a teacup of cold water for an hour. Grate a small pineapple and stir in a cupful of granulated sugar. When this is dissolved stir in the gelatin. Turn into a double boiler the water outside, already hot, and stir until sugar and gelatin are altogether dissolved. Take from stove and allow the mixture to get cool, but not too stiff to whip in the whites of five eggs that have been beaten very stiff. Beat all until it is well mixed. Put in glass dish and leave on the ice for several hours. Serve with whipped cream.

**Grape Juice Sponge.**

Dissolve a scant three-fourths cupful of sugar in one cup of grape juice with the juice of one lemon; strain and add half an ounce of gelatin which has been dissolved in one-fourth a cupful of water. Set the dish in ice water, stirring until the mixture begins to thicken, then beat in gradually the whites of two eggs beaten dry, and whip the mixture till very light. Turn in a mold, or pour lightly into a glass dish to thoroughly chill. Serve with whipped cream.

fall over the sides, and escape contact with the water. At the conclusion of the feast, each member of the party pulls a ribbon and obtains a bouquet.

**Corset Cover.**

Blouse waists create a demand for corset covers with full fronts that is quite generally felt and recognized. This one combines that feature with a prettily tucked back and is finished with circular basque portions from the under-arm seams that do away with all bulk over the hips. The fronts are slightly full in themselves and are trimmed with three circular frills each that are edged with Valenciennes lace, the cover being made of linen batiste. The quan-



4636 Corset Cover, 32 to 40 bust.

quantity of material required for the medium size is 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide with 8 1/2 yards of lace and 2 1/2 yards of heading.

A May Manton pattern, No. 4636, sizes 32 to 40 will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

**Belts.**

The leather belt, three inches wide, is the latest notion. Made stiff, it neither dips front or back, and is straight all round and fastens with straps. It is not half so pretty as the crushed leather, as soft as satin, sparkling with a good harness buckle. All kinds of leather have been pressed into the service, and some of them have the natural hair left on them, such as calf skin. An all-round belt is never so becoming as those with a slight dip. A stock or necktie of some sort should match the color of the belt.

**For a White Frock.**

In the way of an easily made trimming for a dancing frock of white point d'esprit or mousseline is the shirring of a white ribbon, Louisiana or satin, through the middle, the ribbon not to be over half an inch wide, and using it to festoon the bottom of very wide fold tucks or sew on the edge of three or more flounces upon a skirt.



If lard is rubbed over every part of a new tin it will remain bright and free from dust for an indefinite time. To keep the nickel on the stove bright make a thin paste of ammonia and baking soda and rub it with a woollen cloth.

A little salt dissolved in buttermilk will quickly brighten copper after it is applied.

Turpentine mixed with stove polish gives an added luster to the stove.

Soot may be removed from the chimney by burning a piece of zinc in the stove.

Boil three or four onions in a pint of water, apply with a soft brush to gilt frames, and flies will keep off.

To avoid unpleasant odors from the sink keep on hand a gallon of water in which a pound of coppers has been boiled and at intervals clean with this.

Do not use soap in washing a stained or painted floor; use clear water in which a little borax has been dissolved.

To clean out glass wash articles, let dry and afterward rub them with prepared chalk and a soft brush, carefully going into all the cavities.—Chicago American.

**The Normal Talks**

When making a curry of cooked meat all browned spots should be removed.

If you wish a cake to be light put it into a very hot oven at first and let the oven cool after the first twenty minutes.

When bluing clothes tie the blue into a piece of flannel and you will avoid unsightly blotches of the color on your clothes.

Before frying fish wipe it with a damp cloth, next dust it thickly with dry flour and then dip into egg and bread crumbs.

When stewing fruit add the sugar after the fruit is cooked, but while it is still hot. In this way a smaller quantity of sugar is needed.

After washing lace ties, etc., rinse them in milk instead of starching them. Let the lace dry, then damp and iron and you will find it looking quite new again.

Wet umbrellas should be stood on their handles to dry. This allows the water to run out of them instead of into the part where the ribs and the silk meet, thus causing the metal to rust and the silk to rot.

**For Brunettes.**

A combination most becoming to brunettes is the blending of pale pink and red. The pink is used for the foundation of the frock in some soft or gauzy fabric, with a garniture of cherry colored poppy, or even crimson velvet. Occasionally this order is reversed, and a red gown is decorated with flowers or ribbons in pale pink, but the result in this case is not so satisfactory.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody.—Gladstone.

Readers of this paper can secure any May Manton pattern illustrated above by filling out all blanks in coupon, and mailing, with 10 cents, to E. E. Harrison & Co., 65 Plymouth Place, Chicago. Patterns will be mailed promptly.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

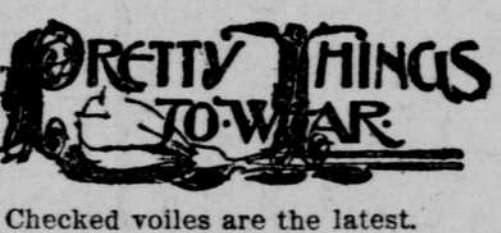
Pattern No. \_\_\_\_\_

Waist Measure (if for skirt) \_\_\_\_\_

Bust Measure (if for waist) \_\_\_\_\_

Age of child's or man's pattern \_\_\_\_\_

Write plainly. Fill out all blanks. Enclose 10c. Mail to E. E. Harrison & Co., 65 Plymouth Place, Chicago.



Checked voiles are the latest. Some of the new jackets have two graduated tucks up the back. Very many evening dresses have long sleeves, full at the elbow. Chemisettes and vests of lace and chiffon abound in the spring dresses. Shoulders are entirely given up to a long languid droop over the top of the sleeve.

The lingerie blouse sleeve is tucked into a narrow frill of valenciennes at the wrist.

Silks are all of the soft, flowing order.

It is prophesied that the Elizabethan ruff is to be revived.

It is once more fashionable to wear a bunch of flowers in the corsage in the daytime.

Some of the new evening gloves are edged with a ruche all the way up to the fastenings.

A novel red silk stocking has a black foot and ankle, designed to imitate a low tie shoe.

The stock of white ecru linen

**A JAUNTY LITTLE COAT.**



Novelty chevrons make a feature effective made up into the fashionable most excellent example shows mix cream color and is combined with bro the coat is one of the jaunty blouses includes a yoke collar that gives the with flare cuffs that are most beco required for the medium size is 4 1/4 4 inches wide.

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