

HER DESTINATION IN DOUBT.

Little Girl's Remark Not Complimentary to Grandma.

Ethel is of the mature age of five. Recently her grandmother concluded that it devolved on her to instruct the child in religious matters.

"You must be a good girl, Ethel," she said. "Then you will go to heaven when you die."

Ethel seemed scarcely pleased with this reward for exceptional conduct.

"Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked grandma, with a look of reproach.

"Oh, I don't know," temporized Ethel. "I guess not."

"Why not?" demanded grandma, severely.

"Because maybe I couldn't get out," answered Ethel.

"You wouldn't want to get out," rejoined grandma.

"Oh, yes, I should," returned Ethel, with conviction.

"No," argued grandma, "you would not. Why should you want to get out of heaven?"

"Why," answered Ethel, "I guess I'd want to go and see you once in a while, wouldn't I?"—Woman's Home Companion.

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

She Didn't Know Them.

Marion was toiling bravely upstairs, paper and pencil in hand, ready to ask questions of the first person she chanced upon. Being just six, she was of the "inquiring" age, and thereupon endeavored to make every one's life a burden to them.

The first person she met was Bridget, the upstairs girl. "Bridget," she lisped, "please give me the letters in the alphabet." Bridget repeated them slowly and impressively. "And now, Bvidget," the child went on, "I want the letters that are not in the alphabet." Bridget was thoughtful for a moment: "Bless me soul, darlin' child," she answered, "I don't know them."

New Chart Corrects Errors.

The great practical utility of the magnetic survey made in the Pacific ocean by the yacht Gallie since 1905 is shown by a new magnetic chart, from which it appears that the charts previously used by navigators in the Pacific ocean were erroneous along some much-traversed routes to the extent of from three to five degrees, and the errors at times were systematic. Errors of this magnitude are of importance in practical navigation where the indications of the compass should be as accurate as possible.

The Missing Link.

What was said to be the "missing link between man and ape" was found by Dr. Dubois in 1895 on the banks of the Bengawan river, in central Java. These fossil remains consisted of a skull, a thigh bone and two molar teeth, from which the scientists "constructed" an animal, not human, yet nearer to man than the ape. The "link" was named "Pithecanthropus Erectus."—New York American.

"TWO TOPERS."

A Teacher's Experience.

"My friends call me 'The Postum Preacher,'" writes a Minn. school teacher, "because I preach the gospel of Postum everywhere I go, and have been the means of liberating many 'coffee-pot slaves.'"

"I don't care what they call me so long as I can help others to see what they lose by sticking to coffee, and can show them the way to steady nerves, clear brain and general good health by using Postum."

"While a school girl I drank coffee and had fits of trembling and went through a siege of nervous prostration, which took me three years to rally from."

"Mother coaxed me to use Postum, but I thought coffee would give me strength. So things went, and when I married I found my husband and I were both coffee toppers, and I can sympathize with a drunkard who tries to leave off his cups."

"At last in sheer desperation I bought a package of Postum, followed directions about boiling it, served it with good cream, and asked my husband how he liked the coffee."

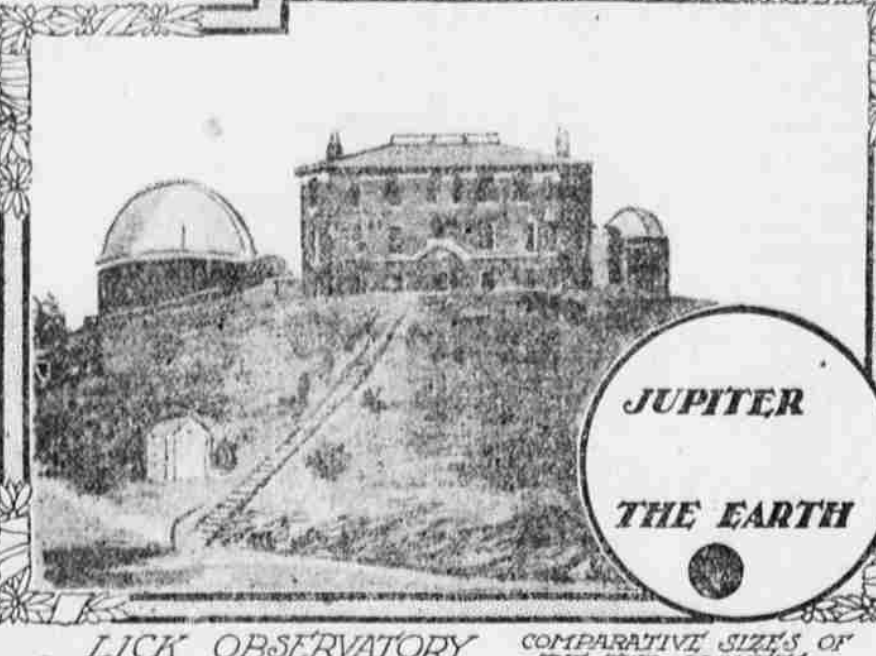
"We each drank three cups apiece, and what a satisfied feeling it left. Our conversion has lasted several years and will continue as long as we live, for it has made us new—nerves are steady, appetites good, sleep sound and refreshing."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

EYES ON JUPITER

RECENT DISCOVERY OF EIGHTH SATELLITE FOCUSES ATTENTION ON PLANET.



LICK OBSERVATORY COMPARATIVE SIZES OF THE TWO PLANETS.

Eyes of astronomers, as well as of star gazers among the ranks of the laymen, have been directed with special interest towards Jupiter of late owing to the reported discovery of the eighth satellite of the great planet whose history—in an astronomical rather than a mythological sense—is a marvel of scientific romance. There is probably no object in the heavens around which such rich associations cluster. It was the Jovian orb that presided over the first intimations of the speed of light in the days when Roemer watched the eclipses of its moons. To Jupiter was directed the first telescope ever trained off the skies by an earthly astronomer. It fell to the lot of Jupiter to intervene in the great struggle between rival theories of the world order and connect itself forever with a most thrilling period in the history of science. Measured and weighed since then with all attainable exactness, it is known for observers to-day as the planet of colossal dimensions and terrific speed, of numerous progeny and troubled countenance, yet it never shines without casting its luster away back toward the middle ages upon the serene, indomitable and undying figure of Galileo.

The surprising fact about Jupiter, so far as its moons are concerned, is that the planet was lost to astronomical investigation for nearly 300 years. In that time the telescope underwent enormous improvement. Herschel mapped the heavens with his great tube, and Lord Rosse's reflector at Parsonstown showed such light-gathering capacity that the star Sirius shone in it "like a coach lamp." Later still, with the introduction of achromatic object lenses and advance in the art of glass making, the comparatively tremendous range and defining power of the modern refracting telescope were placed at the disposal of the observer. The Lick instrument, with its clear width of three feet turned toward the night sky, seemed well nigh the limit of the investigating power which astronomers could hope to command. Yet after all this advance and almost at the beginning of the twentieth century Jupiter showed no more of her moons to the modern scientists than she had revealed nearly three centuries before to the unpracticed eye and rude instrument of Galileo. The planet was known in 1610 to have four satellites; in 1892 no sane astronomer expected to see any more. It was a comfortable provision, and the count seemed closed. Yet all this time there were seven, possibly eight, moons, though the fact was hidden from the world, just as magnetism had been hidden until Gilbert brought it into notice, and as radium was hidden until the Curies raised it from the dust.

Jupiter was reserving his secret for some daring observer who should bridge the gap of nearly 300 years with a new discovery. The first chapter of the revelation came in 1892, and the revealer was Prof. Edward Emerson Barnard of the Lick observatory. A southern man, who had already done excellent work in celestial photography, besides discovering a number of comets, he was one of the first, in the clear air of Mt. Hamilton, Cal., to turn the new 36-inch telescope to the planets. He was doubtless eager to know what of new detail and physical construction the big glass would bring forth. Happening one September midnight to be examining the disc of Jupiter he glimpsed a tiny speck of light near the edge of the planet. It soon became lost in the glare of the larger body, but the quest was resumed on succeeding nights, and then the news was flashed to every American and foreign observatory that Jupiter had five moons. This unexpected and momentous discovery thrilled the astronomical world, but there were other surprises yet to come. Early in January, 1904, Prof. Charles Dillon Perrine of the same observatory—also a comet finder and expert in the study of eclipses—announced a sixth satellite, the existence of which he had suspected in December of the previous year; and the observation was confirmed by experts at the United States naval observatory. In January, 1905, Prof. Perrine followed up his success by discovering a seventh satellite, and now what may turn out to be the

eighth of Jupiter's moons has just "swum within the ken" of the astronomers at Greenwich observatory in England.

The giant among the planets is just now excellently situated for observation, shining for some time in the western sky after sundown. Any small hand telescope will show Jupiter much as it looked to Galileo—a plain, softly luminous disc, accompanied by one or more of the four moons, all of them sometimes visible at once, which were first seen at Padua in the opening decade of the seventeenth century. As the size of the telescope is increased, interesting detail makes its appearance. The most easily glimpsed features are the belts—lines of cloud-like substance crossing the planet's face north and south. The disc of Jupiter is also diversified by an oval-shaped object which has never ceased to be an object of mystery, as well as wonder, to astronomers. Its extraordinary size and hue have given it the title of "the great red spot." Situated near the edge of the south belt, it is sometimes 30,000 miles long by 7,000 miles broad, extending over an area of about 200,000,000 miles. A blanket closely fitted everywhere to the surface of the earth would not be large enough to cover this strange object on the face of Jupiter. Meanwhile the planet has other mysteries. Its surface is fluent, and shifts to and fro in such a way that it has never been possible to determine the exact period of the planet's diurnal rotation. The depth of Jupiter's turbid and fluctuating exterior has been estimated by one observer at from 750 to 800 miles. Some have suspected that, like Saturn's rings, the belts are whirling lines of meteors. There is much reason to believe that part of the light that comes to us from Jupiter is the planet's own.

What, finally, of the satellites themselves? The early astronomers knew the first four, the Galilean moons, as Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto, and it is the magnitude and motions of these which are best known. With an average diameter of about 2,500 miles, their distances from Jupiter range from 112,500 miles to 7,355,000 miles, and their periods of revolution around the planet from nearly 11 hours to about 16 days, the fifth moving at about 16 1/4 miles a second. The satellites are now numbered in the order of their discovery, but their distances from Jupiter do not coincide with this order. The most recent estimates at Harvard college observatory give the arrangement as follows:

Satellite 5	112,500 miles
Satellite 1	261,000 miles
Satellite 2	415,000 miles
Satellite 3	664,000 miles
Satellite 4	1,167,000 miles
Satellite 6	7,355,000 miles
Satellite 7	7,355,000 miles

The object recently observed at Greenwich, and supposed to be an eighth moon of Jupiter, is still under observation.

For all but expert observers, provided with the largest telescopes now in use, the newly discovered moons are utterly beyond the reach of human vision, and the astronomers who have seen them may be counted on the fingers of one hand. But the original four which Galileo saw are easily within the reach of the ordinary field glass or small telescope. The phenomena they present are most interesting. Circling their primary at different speeds, they may sometimes be seen equally, as well as unequally, distributed with respect to Jupiter; occasionally the planet cuts them in two, or has all four on one side.

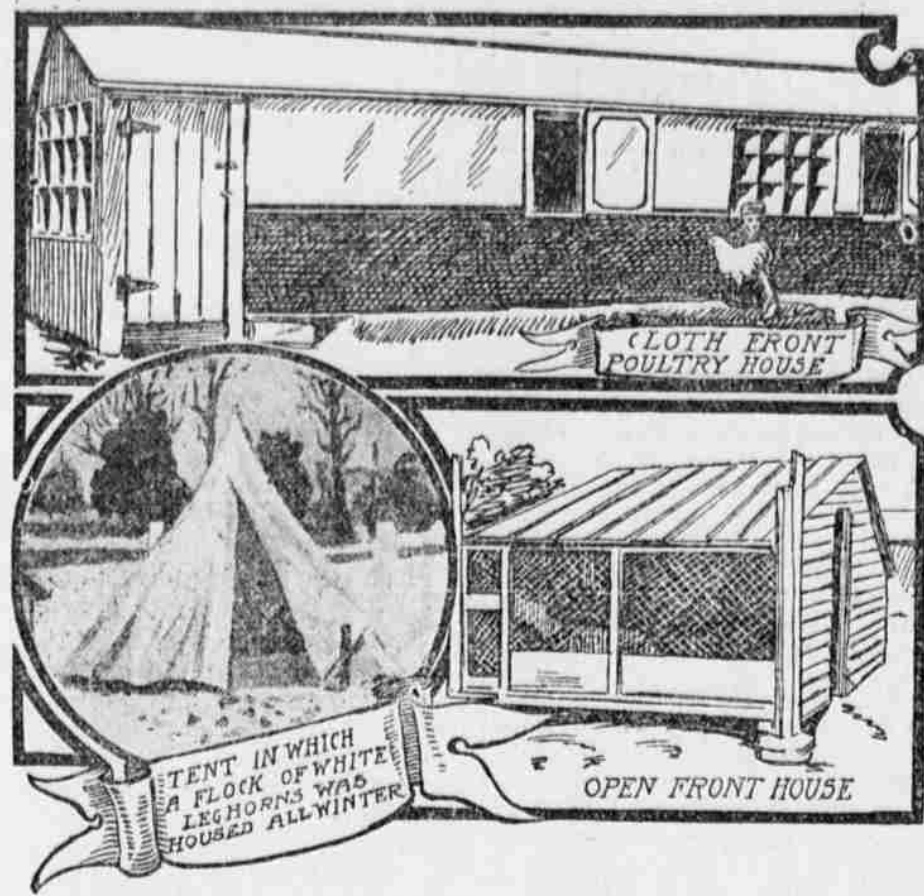
Now and then the satellites pass behind him in their motions and are "occulted;" they also move across his face, the moon in transit casting its black shadow on the planet's disc. The fact that Jupiter shows a face 40 times larger to the nearest of his companions than the moon does to the earth suggests something of the spectacle which the night sky would present to a dweller in the Jovian system. But that is another story.

Few Perfect Models.

There are in Europe 10,000 women and girls who earn a living as artists' models. It is strange to say that there are not ten among them who possess a perfect face and figure.

HENS IN TENTS

BETTER FOR THE POULTRY AND EASIER FOR THE POULTRY KEEPER



New England has been responsible to a large degree for the plan of using cold poultry houses, which is being generally adopted all over the country.

Until a few years ago poultrymen everywhere believed that the warmer a henhouse could be kept the better the results would be. So the buildings were made as snug as possible, with close-fitting windows, tight doors, sometimes even with a stove to add more heat than that furnished by the bodies of the fowls.

Now this practice has been so far departed from by many New England poultrymen that muslin curtains have taken the place of glass windows, the doors are left open much of the time and no one is greatly concerned if a bushel or two of snow blows in.

Prof. G. M. Gowell of the Maine agricultural experiment station at Orono was the pioneer in the matter of exploiting the use of muslin curtains in place of glass, and the results of his experiments along this line have led hundreds of people to adopt his plan.

Prof. Gowell uses houses which have both glass windows and muslin curtains, the idea being to admit a generous amount both of light and of air. He also uses curtains in front of the roosts, so that the birds sleep in what is practically a roosting closet. This curtain is so arranged that it can be raised and fastened up out of the way, and it is lowered only on cold nights.

It is a well-known fact that a square house affords a great deal more floor space than one which is long and narrow, and the Gowell houses are built with that thought in mind, so that the roosts are a considerable distance from the windows.

The birds confined in these houses have done remarkably well. The cold house is just as well adapted to the needs of the amateur, the man with a small flock, as to those of the commercial poultryman.

F. W. Colby of Auburn, Me., has a new house for his flock of fine white and silver wyandottes which is an entirely up-to-date line. It is 40 feet long, with double walls on the west and north sides. There is a pitched roof, covered with tarred paper. The sides are also covered with tarred paper. The front of the house is covered with common factory cotton at ten cents a yard, with a small glass window in each pen. Each pen has a roosting room with a curtain arrangement, to be closed at night when the weather is cold. Mr. Colby built this house himself, and says that the material and labor did not exceed \$70.

It has remained, however, for Prof. Charles K. Graham of the Connecticut agricultural college at Storrs to attempt the boldest experiment which has ever been made along the lines of fresh air quarters for laying hens.

Early last winter Prof. Graham secured a common tent of the A type and fastened it securely to the ground, so that the strong winds which blow over the hill at Storrs would not be

able to yank it up, and in the tent he installed a small flock of white leghorn fowls, headed by a proud and handsome cock bird.

As all people familiar with poultry know, the leghorns have very long combs. The cock especially has a particularly large and showy appendage of this character, as well as heavy wattles. This fact led Prof. Graham to select birds of the leghorn breed for his experiment.

The winter passed and the little flock of leghorns were still living in the tent and not a single comb had been frosted, although there were several exceedingly cold nights.

Any one who may consider this apparent exposure of the flock to the cold as being cruel will be interested to know that on several occasions the thermometer showed that the temperature was lower in some of the closed houses than in the tent. Moreover, the combs of the fowls in one of the regulation houses were touched by frost during a cold snap in February, but the happy little flock in the tent escaped without any misfortune of this character.

The ground in the tent is covered with straw for the birds to scratch in. There is a box for a nest and a low roost for the birds to use at night. During the daytime the flock is allowed to run outside.

This experiment has excited no little interest among people interested in poultry.

The plan of using muslin curtains instead of glass in poultry houses is finding so much favor that it is being experimented with all over New England. Dealers in poultry supplies now sell oiled muslin, to be used for this purpose, by the yard. It is by no means necessary to use oiled muslin, however, for that which has not been coated with oil serves just as well, although it is not quite so durable.

It is a surprising fact, but one which has been repeatedly tested, that the temperature in a building the windows of which are covered with muslin is only two to four degrees colder than one in which glass is used, and that the temperature really seems warmer, because the air contains less moisture.

In houses which are kept tightly closed moisture often forms on the inside walls and renders the house damp, the result being that the fowls develop colds and are attacked with roup.

As a rule, there is much less sickness in a flock of poultry housed in quarters which are ventilated by means of cloth windows. Of course, less light is admitted through cloth than through glass, and it is well to have one glass window, although it is the usual practice to raise the muslin curtain during the day, allowing the air to enter freely. The opening should be high enough so that the wind will not blow directly on the birds.

A number of dairymen are now experimenting with muslin windows in their barns, and satisfactory reports on this experiment are being made.

MIGHT YET BE PERSUADED.

Sweet Girl Brought to Ask Time for Reconsideration.

"Since you can be no more than a sister to me," said the heartbroken young man, "will you not give me one kiss of farewell?"

She assented, albeit coldly. And Mannering drew the girl to his heart, he pressed his lips to hers with a passionate fervor born of his despair.

Afterward her head sank gently upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Mannering," she breathed, "this is all so—all so new to me—so strangely different from my expectations—perhaps, if you would give me time—time to reconsider—"

But, dear reader, let us draw a veil over the sacred scene.—Exchange.

FROM A NOVEL.



She stood gazing into empty space.

An All-Round Book.

The book agent had spent a discouraging morning, and when he had an opportunity to scan the face of Eli Hobbs at close range, he felt that there was small chance of making a sale. However, he had more than one method of suggestion.

"Sitting out here on the piazza afternoons with your wife, this would be the very book to read aloud," he said, ingratiatingly, to Mr. Hobbs, taking the other rocking chair and opening the large red-covered volume.

"I don't read and I haven't any wife," replied Mr. Hobbs, dryly.

"Dear me!" said the book agent. "Well, if your wife is dead, perhaps there are children. Now, children find this book—"

"There are no children," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "There's nobody but myself and my cat."

"Well," said the book agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy book to throw at her, just to ease your feelings?"—Youth's Companion.

What a Dear Little Wife Did.

The leap-year widow had cornered the wily widower.

"Ah, you should marry again, Mr. Primrose," she whispered in her most persuasive tones. "Widowers are like bachelors—they come home at night and toss their clothes all in a heap. You should have a dear little wife to go through your clothes."

"Thanks," replied the wily widower, tersely, "but my last wife went through them so completely that I didn't have carfare in the morning."

WOMAN'S BACKACHE



The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention.

In such cases the one sure remedy which speedily removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Will Young, of Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says:

"I was troubled for a long time with dreadful backaches and a pain in my side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life."

Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had very severe backaches, and pressing-down pains. I could not sleep, and had no appetite. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a new woman."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

A Prosperous Family

