A REAL HERO

There's many a valiant fellow in humble walks of Who's never heard the cannon roar nor felt the battle's strife;

And of these peaceful heroes, the bravest of them

It seems to me is he who wears the last straw that in the Fall.

It may take nerve to gallop where fearful cannon yawn, But a lot of men in rank and file will cheer each

other on; And it takes real nerve to amble where shamele urchins bawl.

"Go shoot de straw hat, cully-don'tcher know that it is Fall ?"

Most folks are brave in numbers, as every man

You'll do a lot of things that way you wouldn't do alone:

And when with tile and derby is dotted all the mall. The man IS brave who's wearing the last straw

hat in Fall Great Cæsar was a hero, the bravest of the

He never met his master from his cradle to his

But though he met no equal in the Briton or the That man's his peer who's wearing the las

straw hat of Fall!

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE

Amanda Ruggles tied on her green Amanda Ruggles tied on her green gingham sunbounet, picked up the bundle lying on the kitchen table and walked out of the house, closing and looking the door behind her. She laid the key under a loose board at the back step, then climbing the fence behind the house started across the meadow for the home of Lorinda Briggs.

At her feet waved a sea of pink clover. Above her head slow-moving clouds made pictures on the sky. But Amanda Ruggles took no head of objects so common as clover and clouds. Her thoughts centered on two things; the bundle she carried, and the object of her journey.

The first contained what is dear to every

woman's heart—material for a new dress. The other was, how best to accomplish the cutting and fitting thereof. Even now she was on her way to the home of Mrs. Briggs, the neighborhood dressmaker, but right well she knew that to approach her for a favor on an "off" day, was like handling a skittish horse and could only be done through tact. As she often told her husband, "No one could ever tell which way the cat was goin' to jump with Lorin'

If one had taken the trouble to look inside that green bonnet he would have seen a face as awkward as the figure to which it belonged and corresponding in squareness of outline. Heavy in build it was, in texture loose and coarse-grained. A flat Do you think there'll be enough for the wide nose separated a pair of pale blue eyes. A double chin lost its folds beneath the collar of a stiffly starched and smooth-ly ironed print dress. A loose lipped mouth hinted that its owner was much given to the telling of garrulous tales.

Mrs. Ruggles climbed a second fence and came to a road where cool green grass on either side gave pleasant invitation to the feet of the traveler, but to walk in the wheel. Unconsciously pressing the bundle closer, she hurried on toward her destination.

The house, like nearly all the dwellings in that vicinity, was a wooden structure, composed of an "upright', and "wing." The upright stood with its side to the Mandy." road; at some remote passed time it had received a coat of white lead. In prominence and importance it symbolized the wife, who in all things, was the leading spirit of the home. The "wing" like the nusband, stood in the background leaning resignedly against the "main," and was fast assuming that grayness and duliness that time and neglect inevitably give.

Passing around to the kitchen and finding the door open, the visitor entered unannounced. At the same time the mistress of the house came through another door, and after the customary salutation, the visitor was ushered into the spare room and given a chair. Amanda seated herself and removing her bonnet made known her

"I've come over to see if you'd cut 'n' fit a dress for me, Lorindy." She untied She untied the bundle and unrolled the contents along with her idea. "Ezry and me went to town t'other day and sold the butter and bought me a corn colored percale.'

The sharp black eyes of Mrs. Briggs scrutinized the folds of pale yellow cotton, marked here and there with black rings and enlivened by gorgeous red flowers blooming on the greenest of green vines. "Pretty fine, Mandy—do you think it wears as well as the coarse?

"That's what I told Ezry. But he thought I hadn't ought to stick out about bein' it was for nice and Sunday. Ezry's an awful good hand to pick out anything.'

"It wouldn't be healthy for Jerry Briggs to pick out anything for me-and he knows I cal'late my judgment's as good as

the next one." Better, Lorindy, better. But, of course, if we was all competent to lead, there'd be Amauda caught at this none to follow."

straw as a means of saving grace.
"Twelve yards at a shilling a yard," she went on "and the storekeeper throwed in the buttons."

Remarking that the pattern was liable to be "skinched," Mrs. Briggs took the goods from Amanda's lap and proceeded to measure it by her own infallible method. Grasping one end of the cloth in her right hand she stretched that arm as far back as possible. Sliding the other hand along the edge of the goods, and turning her head to the left, she brought the cloth up to the tip of her nose, loosely and allowing good measure. This she repeated to the end and proved, at least to her own satisfaction. that her surmise was correct. The last length fell short all of an inch.

'I mistrusted as much." she said Mrs. Briggs possessed a domineering dis-position and this coupled with a desire to differ with every one, had sharpened her features and drawn many an unlovely line in her figure and face. Her style was emphasized by her manner of dressing her hair which was drawn tightly back from her face and wound in an uncompromising hard bun at the back of her head.

Amanda was intently examining the design on the cloth and with one stubby finger carefully following the wanderings of

e wine.

"I kinder like the looks of that green ed, shall I try it on?"

vine sprawlin' all over it-that must be

trumpet-houey suckle, Lorindy?"

Mrs. Briggs was of the opinion that them high colors were liable to fade or run, and even if they didn't they'd surely rot the cloth, etc. But after much skirmishing she consented to cut and fit the dress. She brought a chair and sat down facing the visitor.

"How do you think you'd like it made.

Mandy?" Leaning toward the hostess Amanda said confidentially—"I'll tell you what I thought, Lorin', I thought if there was cloth enough, I'd like a basque and overskirt with butterfly tabs, and a gored skirt with a bias piece around the bottom. You remember six years ago when Mis' Beasly was here visitin' she had a dress made that dy, I ain't never got them tabs nor that bias piece out of my mind. And I thought as soon as I could see my way clear, I'd have 'em, too. Miss' Beasly was an awful good dresser." same way, and somehow or nuther, Lorin-

"When you've said that, you've said it all," broke in Mrs, Briggs with asperity. "She told Mis' Ostrander," went on Amanda, "and Mis' Ostrander told me, that the dress was made by a town dress

maker.' "I saw the dress, and 'twa'nt no better than I can do." Mrs. Briggs was piqued.
"That's what I told Ezry. But he says
that's the woman of it. They'll take something that ain't half as good if its only harder to get and costs more. They all want to overreach and make a show. you think there'll be enough for the tabs. Lorindv?"

Mentally Mrs. Briggs had resolved to cut the dress as nearly like the original as two peas. Still, she felt it was well to keep Amanda hanging on the edge of un-

certainty. So she answered evasively.
"Well, there may be and there may not; we'll have to cut 'n' try."

She produced her pattern, the pattern of the neighborhood that served for all both large and small. She spread the goods on the floor and the two women got down on their knees and pinning the pattern onto the cloth, estimated the possibility of the bias piece and butterfly tabs. The conclusion, however, seemed as far away as ever. Suddenly Mrs. Briggs was seized with inspiration.

"I'll tell you what we better do. We better cut the waist 'n' sleeves first, and you'll be sure of them. Then we can see how much we've left." Accordingly the waist and sleeves were out. "My, but you're handy with the scissors,

Lorindy." "Yes, it runs in our family," with conscious pride; "I had an aunt that cut by a chart."

"You don't say."
"Yes, and I had another aunt that was a dressmaker, natural born. She was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. She used to say that all she wanted was a pair of scissors and plenty of room and she'd resk but what she could make a good

livin' and not half try." "I don't doubt that in the least, Lorindy. But, of course, that was a gift. As I was tellin' Ezry, I didn't know where there was a family that was so kind of genius like, and you, 'specially always had a knack of makin' so much out of a little.

Under the mellowing influence of flat-

tery, Mrs. Briggs grew gracious.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised if there was," she said, "and I guess I' better out them next. My aunt used to say, 'out your garment accordin' to your cloth, but think circumstances alters cases sometimes."

"That's just the way with me," assenttrodden path was for by her nature, so she ed Mrs. Ruggles. "Things like that is so fell in line with the track of hoof and liable to keep anyone in a rut. I had an uncle once that never could abide any one's gettin' in a rut." Mrs. Briggs was too intent on her work

to manifest any interest in the progressive uncle. "You might be bastin' these seams.

With alacrity Mrs. Ruggles produced needle and thread and began basting. With deliberation and a sense of great responsibility, Mrs. Briggs proceeded to cut the tabs. Meanwhile the conversation flowed on.

"Was you out to meetin' last Sunday, Mandy?"

'Yes, and I don't know when I've heard such a good sermon. It made me feel uncomfortable to listen to it. Elder Whackum's the most inspired man I ever see. Why his collar was wringin' wet and as limp as a rag. I'll het his wife has to use lots of starch when she does up his shirts, and starch is so chafin too. The Elder's chuck full of religion."

"When you've said that, you've said it all," interrupted Mrs. Briggs. "They tell me, their table's awful skinched—awful

"Well," commanded Amanda, "I don't never want to die in debt to my stomach. I want my meat vituals three times a day, and my tea. Will it do any hurt if Idon't match this vine?" Mrs. Briggs was of the opinion that the mismatched vine would never be noticed.

After much turning and twisting of the pattern, the tabs were cut and held up for the owner's inspection. That good woman was visibly affected

and a suspicious moisture gathered in her pale blue eyes. "I've got 'em at last!" she exclaimed

rapturously.
Six years had Amanda waited for the fruition of her desire. Years of happiness they had been to some, to others, of hopes wrecked and dreams dispelled. Waited, she had while fortunes were made and lost; while homes were builded and hearts were broken. Six years-for a bias piece and

butterfly tabs! When this little ripple had vanished, Mrs. Briggs turned her attention to the

gored skirt.

"Now," she said, "if you don't care to have it drag much, I guess I can make it."

"I ain't peticular about that if there's enough for the bias piece. I never could abide a skirt wopsin' around my heels, anyhow. And besides if it's short it don't give it no chance to fray at the bottom. For a space the two women worked in si-lence. Then Mrs. Briggs observed: "Have you seen Mis' Alden lately? They tell me she's dreadful poorly."

"Yes, Ezry and me was over there, t'other day, The doctor had just been, and left her three kinds of medicine. He says if she can keep the medicine down, and there don't anything set in, he thinks she'll pull through. She was complainin' and takin' on a good deal though.

"Folks that's able to complain, can't be very bad off. Where's Ezry today?" "Helpin' Anthony McUmber wash sheep. I left the key and told him he'd find a cold bite on the table, in case Mrs. McUmber didn't ask him to stay to dinner, but if she did, he'd better stay, for a meal is a meal and its just as good for us

"As soon as I cut this front breadth." In a few minutes the gored skirt and bias pieces were realities. Then the fitting of the waist commenced.

"It's plenty hig, Mandy, and plenty ong." Lorinda gathered the folds of cloth long." Lorinda gathered the folds of cloth at the waist line and gripped them in her hand while the visitor standing before the glass, turn best view. turned and twisted to obtain the

"It's a good fault to have it big, and as for the length, why I wouldn't care if a basque come half way to my knees." Mrs. Briggs felt that the conversation was lagging and that the fountain of news needed tapping. She ran over in her mind the eligibles on the scandal list. Oh, yes, there was the widow Moses. Widows were always eligible. Had Amanda called?

"No," answered Amanda somawhat tart-ly, "and I don't know as I shall, either." As the war horse scents the battle afar off, Mrs. Briggs scented a savory bit of gossip, so while she pulled and pinned, basted and ripped the waist, she listened with

eager cars to the story of the widow, who by reason of her bereavement should no doubt have been wearing sackcloth and ashes instead of pleasing gowns and pleasant smiles.
"Well, Mis' Curtis and me was goin' there visitin' and ask her to come out to meetin'. But before we got around to go, Mis' Ostrander see a man go there. Of course, livin' next door, she's got a good chance to see what's goin' on. She said he must of staid all of an hour. This was

on Wednesday, and the next Saturday, who should she see goin' there again but this same man. And both times mind you he was carryin' a satchel." "I wonder what was in it?" asked Mrs.

Briggs, her mouth full of pins.
"That's what we don't know. She said she wouldn't have thought so much about it, if it hadn't been for the satchel. The first time she see the man, was the same day Ezry went after the blackberry sprouts. "Ezry," interrupted Mrs. Briggs, "has

Ezry been there?"
"Yes," answered Amanda, "and he's goin' again to fix the passure fence."
"The proper thing, Mandy, would be for the preacher to tend to her wants. You

know they're 'specially charged to look after the flock." "That's what I told Ezry, and he said a preacher was all right in his place, but talkin' religion wouldn't keep an unruly steer in the pasture, and if the Elder's flock was anything like the roan steer of the widder's he'd have all he could 'tend to. We had quite a tiff about it and finally I says,—'Ezry Ruggles, my fence needs fixing." And he says, 'If you think so much of the Elder, why don't you get him to fix it.' Of course, Ezry was mad, or he wouldn't have said it.'' A tender feeling

for the headstrong husband stirred in Amanda's heart. "Ezry's a good man, Lorin,' but he ain't got no realizin' sense of what constitutes religion," she added.

Then Mrs. Briggs spoke slowly and with

"You're different from me, Mandy Ruggles, it wouldn't be healthy for Jerry Briggs to go gallivantin' around after blackberry sprouts, and he knows it. He'd get blackberry sprouts."

This was no news to Amanda. Indeed it was a commonly accepted fact among the neighbors that in his domestic relations, Jerry Briggs was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

As Mrs. Briggs ceased speaking, a falter-ing uncertain step was heard crossing the kitchen floor. Two pairs of eyes turned simultaneously and beheld a small spare man standing in the doorway. He was a man with shifting eyes and receding chin, whose whole manner seemed to be an apol-

"Why Jerry Briggs! What on earth are you doing out of the field this time of

He cleared his throat and spoke and his voice was as faltering as his step. "I wasn't comin'—quite so soon—Ma, but I finished plowin' that piece, and I thought I'd see if you didn't want me—to—strike out a back furrow, in that corner lot. "I'would be handier—the lot is so-

so narrow." Mrs. Briggs frowned. "I guess you better plow round and ound, Jerry." right, Ma." The faltering step prossed the floor of the kitchen and the long uffering Jerry went back to the field.

When Mrs. Briggs' equilibrium was restored, she resumed operations on the "Don't you think that puckers a little

in the back, Lorindy?"

Mrs. Briggs straightened the waist and running one hand over the rounding shoulders, smoothed out the wrinkles. "Not a bit, Mandy," she replied re-assuringly, "it's goin' to set like a duck's foot in the mud."

With her soissors, she trimmed the neck and shoulders, then slipped the sleeves over Mrs. Ruggles' arms and pinned them in position. Next, the underskirt was fitted to the robust figure and then came the looping and draping of the tabs.
"You're so flat in the back, Mandy."

The two women looked at each other. Mrs. Ruggles seemed disturbed and turned her head away.

"I never have wore one, and I've said I never would," she murmured. "But you've never had any butterfly tabs before, and you remember Miss Beasly

"If I thought Ezry wouldn't care," she Mrs. Briggs darted into an adjoining coom and returned with a large piece of

white cloth. This she folded and refolded until it was the required size. Pinning it on a long string and lifting the tabe, she tied the string around the ample waist; then drop-

ping the tabs, and patting them, she step-ped back and surveyed the effect, with her head on one side. "It's just the thing, Mandy, and makes you look real stylish: The dress being fitted, it was removed

and carefully folded, together with the piece of white cloth pinned to a string. Then Mrs. Ruggles departed, after leaving a pressing invitation for Mrs. Briggs to come over and spend the day. This the latter promised to do, and, in turn, extended an invitation equally pressing for Amanda to run over any time. With numberless good-bys, and promises of future visits, the two women separated.
"Well I declare! I'm glad she's gone,"

said Mrs. Briggs as she entered the house and began taking up the litter left from the dressmaking. "Mandy's a good woman, but such a gossip and so tiring." Mrs. Ruggles journeying home across the mea-

dows, soliloquized.
"Well, if it ain't a relief to get away from there. Lorindy's a good woman, but it's just like pulling teeth to get an accommodation out of her, and as for that matter, her hull family's the same way. I wonder if Ezry did eat to McUmbers'? -N. Josephine Brangwip, in the Pilgrim.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

This Cow a World Beater.

A cow owned by H. D. Roe, of Sussex county, N. J., has just sprung into fame as having surpassed the world's butter record. The figures are official, for they were kept by the New Jersey agricultural ex-periment station, says the New York Sun.

This cow has just had her picture printed in the Aemrican Agriculturist. She is registered as No. 48326 in the Holstein-Friesian family and carries around with her the formidable name of Aggie Cornu-

copia Pauline.
In 30 days, beginning with February 20th last, Pauline yielded 2,640.25 pounds of milk. As a gallon of milk weighs about 8 pounds, her product in 30 days was 330 gellons, or 11 gallons a day. Anyone who has seen the milk pail results of the night and morning milking of the average cow knows that this yield is simply enormous.

The Hoistein-Friesian stock are very remarkable milkers, and their average yield is from five to seven gallons a day; but Pauline has doubled the yield of the good registered Holstein-Friesian cow and has surpassed by one-third the record of most of the superior animals.

The butter product for 28 days, or four weeks, was 129.907 pounds, or an average of 322 pounds a week. This was a mid-winter record, but probably the season made no difference in the yield, for Pauline had the hest cow feed that money could buy, and every possible care. But the result is none the less astonish-

ng. At this rate, the cow would produce in the 52 weeks of the year 1,706 pounds of butter, or from 300 to 400 pounds more than she weighs. When she is in milking condition her weight is between 1,300 to 1.400 pounds. The best previous butter record was

made over a year ago by a cow in Oneida county that produced 30% pounds in seven Pauline has a prodigious capacity for food, but she is excusable when she turns so much of it into milk. During the last two weeks of the test she consumed daily from 40 to 45 pounds of corn silage, 25 pounds of turnips, 8 pounds of clover hay

and 3 pounds of peas and oats hay, besides 31 pounds of wheat bran, cream gluten, hominy meal and ajax flakes. She would be expensive to board if she did not do so much for her keep. But after all she was producing milk and butter at a relatively low cost. The cost of producing milk was only 1.4 cents a quart and of butter 12.5 cents a pond. butter 13.5 cents a pound. These figures however, do not include the cost of labor. Beauty and utility are finely blended in Pauline, for her picture shows that she is one of the handsomest animals of her breed. She is a native of New Jersey, but comes of the most famous families of Holsten-

Friesians in the Netherlands. She is the mother of an interesting family, comprising two sons and two daughters. Milk is only one of the products that make Pauline a very valuable asset, for her oldest son wes sold for \$3.000, her daughter, two and a half months old, for \$1,000, and the present owners of her second son have refused \$3,500 for him.

Thus the income from Pauline, over and above her living expenses, is very substan-

All this shows the possibilities of breed ing. It is supposed that all our cattle had a common origin in the wild cattle that existed in the ancient forests of Europe, and that the wonderful improvement that have been made in those ancient small, rough and rugged cattle are the work of skillful breeders who had definite

objects in view.

They developed the races that are famous some for fattening qualities, and others for milk, and the bester grades of cattle in our country have had the advantages of the finest skill of Europe and America in this line.

Medical Examiners Will Instruct Pennsylvania Railroad Men on "First Aid."

Arrangements have been completed by the Pennsylvania Railroad company for a series of lectures to all classes of train employees and yard and shop foremen on 'First Aid to the Injured.' These lectures will be delivered to the employees by the medical examiners of the various districts, beginning with the next week, and will be continued until all the train employees and foremen have been instructed in the use of the first aid equipment. This scheme was selected by the relief department of the company, and preparations for placing the plan in operation have been

under way for some time.

It is designed that each lecture shall be given to 50 or fewer employees, so that the instructions may be made more personal. Passenger, freight and work train men, enginemen and firemen, yardmasters, shop foremen and others engaged in the service where immediate aid may be needed pending the arrival of a physician. All gage, mail, combination baggage and mail, express, work and wrecking cars and ca-booses will be equipped with standard stretchers and first aid boxes, and all locomotives will be supplied with a tin box containing six first aid packets of bandages inclosed in a sealed wooden box. The lectures will cover only the more simple cares of those injured in wrecks or other accidents, and the use of the materials contained in the first aid boxes. .

Increase of Insanity.

One person in every 150 in Chicago is insane, according to a dispatch from that city to the New York World. One person in every five is predisposed to insanity. This is asserted in the report of Dr. V. H. Podstata, superintendent of the Dunning

Insane asylum. Many more prominent authorities, men who have studied the subject scientifically for years, state that insanity has increas there rapidly in the last ten years. It has increased all over the world, but more rapidly in Chicago than elswhere. percentage of insanity to 1,000,000 inhabi-

tants has quadrupled in fifty years.

"At the present rate of the development of insanity, according to the world's statistics," says Dr. James P. Lynch, "and with present conditions of work and living unaltered, half of the civilized world will be more or less insane 500 years from now, and in another 200 years from that time, under the same conditions, most of the Caucasian race will be mentally deranged and civilization wiped off the face of th earth by the multitudes of Goths and vandals of Asia."

-Nordy-Married life has a recompense for every drawback. Butts-For instance?

Nordy-Well, if you happen to lose the coal money playing poker, your wife will generally make it hot enough for you.

"What is the 'barber's itch.' any way, do you kncw?" "It's the itch in his palm for a tip."

Mt. Pelce in Wild Fary Belches Balls of Fire.

Renewed Activity of Crater Recalls Terrific Outburst Culminating May 8th, 1902, in Total Destruction of St. Pierre and its 30,000 Inhabitants

KINGSTOWN, St. Vincent, Oct. 6 .- The captain of the British steamer Sibun, which arrived here to-day, reports that when the steamer passed the Island of Martinique on September 30th, Mount Pelee was again in full eruption.

The spectacle was witnessed by those on board the Sibun at 2 o'clock in the morning of the day mentioned, the volcano emitting stupendous black clouds and balls of fire.

This accounts for the dust clouds reported to have been seen yesterday throughout the Windward Islands.

VOLCANO'S HAVOC ON MAY 8TH, 1902. On May 8th, 1902, the volcano of Mt. Pelee, on the island of Martinique, which had been throwing up clouds of ashes for a month or more, sent out a deadly blast of superheated gas from a vent in the side of newly formed crater, and in a few seconds destroyed the town of St. Pierre with over 30,000 inhabitants.

After that initial outbreak the volcano continued in a state of intense activity with slight variations for over a year, affording at times a unique and terrifying spectacle. The phenomena accompanying the outbreak at Mt. Pelee in all their grandeur were described and reported for the Press readers by Prof. Angelo Heilprin, who made several visits to the devastated island.

One of the most extraordinary features of the eruption of Mt. Pelee, which was specially manifest in September, 1902, just about two years ago, were the extraordi-nary electrical discharges which accompan-ied the eruptions at night. Prof. Heilprin declared that the amazing pyrotechnics of Mt. Pelee for vividness had never been equaled. He said that no one who had never seen these wonderful displays could get anything but a faint idea of the marvels of these eruptions at night.

RENEWED ACTIVITY. Judging from the latest dispatch from the West Indies the present outbreak of Mt. Pelee is very much like the display that Prof. Heilprin witnessed in September, 1902, when the volcano was entering

upon a new phase of activity.

This new phase consisted in building up an enormous spine-like cone nearly 5000 feet high, a gigantic obelisk which stood for a long while as Nature's monument to the dead of St. Pierre. This cone reached its greatest height in December, 1902, but lost considerable of its height during 1903 and as the volcano reached a quieter stage this year, the great cone was onsiderably lowered in height.

From time to time minor outbreaks have been reported from Mt. Pelee and the French Government has devised a system of observation around the volcano, outside of the danger zone for warning the inhabitants of any new outbreak of the volcano. ERUPTION UNCERTAIN.

Whether the present activity is likely to continue is uncertain. When Mt. Pelee first burst forth its bidden fires in May, 1902, it was accompanied by a sympathetic eruption from the great volcano of the Soufriere on the island of St. Vincrnt nearby. But this time the renewed activity of Mt. Pelee seems to have no effect on its nearby neighbor, although, as in 1902, Mt. Vesuvius seems to be in accord with its West Indian associate.

To Avoid Pueumonia

Do not overheat in the house. Most people habitually dwell in apartments, the temperature of which is from 3 to 10 degrees too high.

Wear light underwear and heavy overcoats rather than heavy underwear and light overcoats.

Avoid mingling with crowds when extremely tired or when food has not been for a longer interval than usual. Avoid becoming chilled when overtired. Admit into all rooms where you live and

work plenty of sunlight and fresh air. Keep warm when indoors even if it is ecessary to build fires in seasons when it s unusual to do so. Avoid indoor chill and dampness as much as possible. For this reason be careful to remove the chill before moving into apartments freshly papered or calcimined.

Be careful during variable weather. Where there is continual cold or constant warmth the disease is little known.

If you have an attack of the grippe be unusually careful about your diet about exposing yourself to the weather. Neglected colds develop into pneumonia with startling rapidity.

Take plenty of exercise in the sunlight and fresh air. As good nursing is practically the only cure for pneumonia, so good living is practically the only preventive .-Chicago Tribune.

State Firemen in Session

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 4.—The silver anniersary convention of the Pennsylvania State Fireman's Association began here this morning, with more than 1200 delegates in President Charles E. Spears, of Reading,

opened the meeting, and the Rev. B. Can-field Jones invoked a blessing. Mayor Hardwick welcomed the delegates to Erie, and he was followed by ex-Mayor Robert J. Saltsman, who spoke on "The City of Erie; Advantages and Disadvantages.'

and an exhibition contest is promised.

To-day Chief McMahon was presented with a gold watch and chain by the members of the Erie Fire Department. Never in the history of the city has there

been such an elaborate display of flags, bunting and electric effects. On every corner bands are playing, and the jolly fire fighters are meeting with a cordial reception on every hand. The convention business will virtually close to-morrow night, after the election of officers, but the big parade will take place on Thursday, and the racing and

hand contests on Friday. Club Commandments

A woman's club in Kansas bad the following commandments printed in the yearly calendar:

1. Thou shalt have no other club before this one. 2. Thou shalt not worship any false thing.

Remember thy club engagements. Honor thy club sister.
Thou shalt not murder the king's English.

6. Thou shalt not covet omce.

To which might be added: Punctuality is the politeness of kings; let it be of Thou shalt not covet office.

NEWFANGLED SCHOOLS

They taught him to hemstitch and they taught him how to sing,

And how to make a basket out of variegate string. And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his

thumb They taught a lot to Bertie, but he couldn't

do a sum.

They taught him how to mold the head of Hercules in clay, And how to tell the diff'rence 'twixt the bluebird and the jay,

And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture frame.

But strangely they forgot to teach him how to spell his

Now, Bertie's pa was cranky, and he went one day to find What 'twas that made his son so backward in the

mind.

'I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, his temper far from cool ; 'I want him educated !" so he took him out of

school -Newark News

Don't Boll the Water

Now comes a Paris physician who says that it is all wrong to boil drinking water, as the municipal doctors direct when there is danger of a typhoid fever epidemic. Professor Charrin, of the college of France, is the learned authority who is quoted as denouncing the popular theory that the fever germs being destroyed by cooking them well, the danger of sickness is avoided. Professor Charrin's doctrine is that in boiled water not only is the deadly microbe destroyed, but also the microbes which even more than the dog or horse deserves to be called the friend of man. The beneficient microbe is that which assists at the digestion of such substances as cellulose

and albumen. If he is boiled out, these intractable substances set up irritations which end in enteritis and other maladies. Another eminent Freuch authority, M. Pages, agrees with M. Charrin in saying that boiled water seriously impedes digestion and attacks the assimilative organ. "It may," he says, "save you from typhoid, but the risk of typhoid is in any ease very small, while if it does save you, it exposes you to a host of other ailments no less mischiev-"If you do boil drinking water, ous." says M. Pages, "expose it before you drink it for some hours to the open air, and agitate it." This is probably to let the microbes all in again.

World's Gold Out put in 1903 was \$325, 527,200

George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint. has completed his calculation of the production of gold and silver in the United States and in the world for the calendar year 1903.

This country produced gold valued at \$73,591,700, a decline of \$6,400,000 as compared with the preceding year. Of the total, Colorado produced the greatest amount, \$22,540,100; California second, \$16,104,500, and Alaska third \$8,614,700.

The total silver product of the United States was \$29,322,000, a decline of 1,200,-

000 ounces, valued at 54 cents an ounce.

The falling off in both metals is attributed by Mr. Roberts to labor troubles in

325,527,200; silver, \$92,039,600.

Australasia was the largest gold producer \$89,210,100; the United States second; Africa third \$67,998,100, and Russia fourth, \$24,632,200. Mexico led in the production of silver,

The total gold product of the world was

\$38,070,000; United States second, and Australasia third, \$5,228,700. The commercial value of the silver output is \$6,532,400 greater than in 1902, at the average price of 54 cents per ounce, compared with 53 cents in the previous vear.

Educated Mare Learning to Talk.

BERLIN, Sept. 25 .- The educated stalion Hans has been followed by an educated mare, Rosa. Rosa is a beautiful quad-luped, with sleek black skin and intelligent eyes and performs nightly on the tage of the variety theatre here. spell single monosyllabic words, can distinguish ten different colors, can add up to 100, can distinguish people by their photographs and can tell the time by looking at a watch.

Rosa is possessed of a very flexible neigh and her owner is certain that she can be taught to modulate this in such a way that at command certain notes will be given. He assures his friends that there are undreamed of possibilities here and that with care and caution Rosa will develop a neigh language by means of which she will be able to express all her wants

and answer all questions. A movement is on foot to provide the world with a new race of wise and educated horses by breeding Hans and Rosa.

Then They Felt Sad.

It was the Scottish express, and as it was not due to stop for another six hours the other nine occupants of the smoker be-gan to get nervous. The tenth passenger, Visitors are pouring in on every train, and by Thursday, it is thought, there will be 15,000 strangers on hand. Officers of the association will be elected to-morrow, d passed it to his afflicted neighbor. He drank long and eagerly.
"Do you feel better?" asked the giver.

"I do," said he who had groaned.
"What ailed you, anyway?"
"Ailed me?" "Yes; what made you groan so?" "Groan! Great Scott, man, I was sing-

-Entering the oil magnates's office,

Then a great silence fell on that third-

the footpads ordered him to hand over the contents of the safe. "Boys, you're up against it," said the rich man cheerily. "Didn't you see that pompadour haired man with eye-glasses

that just went out?" "Yes, wot about him?" leader. "It was Cortelyou. That's all."

when a man can't get away from his work. -"When does a man begin to want to get married?" asked the inquisitive youth,
"When the woman in the case begins to want him to," replied the sage from Sage-ville.—Chicago News.

What fine days these are for fishing