



THE PATHWAYS.

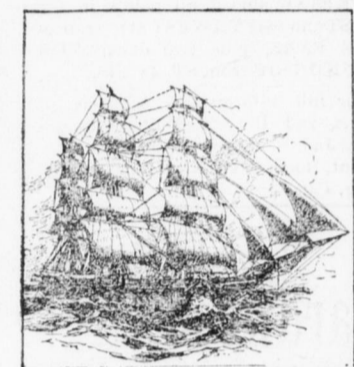
A star went shooting down the west And left a streak of light That glowed a moment, showing where The meteor had traveled ere For aye it passed from sight.

Across God's wide eternity The little paths that mark Where men have passed are like the light That briefly shows the meteor's flight Down, slanting, through the dark. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

AMERICAN SCHOOLSHIPS.

Maintained for the Purpose of Training Boys for Service in Our Merchant Marine.

The St. Mary's and the Saratoga are two of the three American schoolships on the Atlantic coast intended exclusively for nautical schools to train boys for the merchant marine. The Saratoga is controlled by the state of Pennsylvania and the state of Massachusetts controls the Enterprise; but the St. Mary's is maintained by the board of education of the city of New York. The nautical school on the St. Mary's is under the supervision of the United States—that is to say, the captain is a detailed officer of the United States navy. The school is intended for boys who in-



SCHOOL SHIP ST. MARY'S.

tend to learn navigation and seamanship, combined with a high school course of studies, so that they may be fitted to engage as officers in the merchant marine service. After a student has completed two cruises and passed his examination he receives a certificate of graduation, which qualifies him to fill the position of quartermaster or junior officer on the great transatlantic steamship lines.—St. Nicholas.

Rooster Killed by Lightning.

The popular idea that feathers are nonconductor of electricity, laboring under which delusion many people scary about lightning climb under feather beds, even in summer, was exploded in a very remarkable manner during a heavy thunderstorm at Chambersburg, Pa. While the storm was at its worst a bolt of lightning struck the center of the public square and landed on a rooster, which was running across the opening. It hit him square on the head, and, of course, killed him instantly, and also burned all the feathers off his back and sides.

Jenious.

"Why did Gayboy's handsome stenographer leave him so suddenly?" "He says she found a number of letters from his wife in his desk."—Town Topics.

THE RUDDY FLAMINGO.

A Beautiful Bird Which Usually Stands on One Leg and Tucks the Other Up Out of Sight.

Flamingoes in full plumage are most gorgeous birds, for their top feathers are almost scarlet, some of those on the wing are jet black and underneath some are white. A full-grown bird is often from five to six feet in height.

When they are flying they stretch out their long necks and legs as far as possible, which makes them look very funny. This particular kind that you see here comes from the south of



RUDDY FLAMINGOES.

France and Spain. They make a noise very like geese.

And they build themselves curious nests of mud and earth scraped together so as to form a small hillock with a hole on the top. Sometimes the hillock is as much as 23 or 24 inches high.

In the countries where they are found they go about in flocks of 300 or 400 together. When they are feeding sentinel flamingoes stand at each end of the flock to give notice of any approaching danger. These sentinels don't attempt to eat till the others have finished, but stand with necks erect and heads constantly turning, always keeping a sharp lookout.

When flying they form themselves into bands, each band evidently being under the command of a leader, and in spite of their long necks and legs they are wonderfully graceful.

Like lots of other long-legged birds, flamingoes love to stand on one leg and tuck the other up out of sight.—Philadelphia Globe.

William's Bad Table Manners.

William's table manners were notoriously bad—so bad that he was facetiously accused of spoiling the manners of a pet dog chained in the back yard. He gripped his fork as though afraid it was going to get away from him, and he used it like a hay-fork. Reproaches and entreaties were in vain. His big sister's pleading: "Please, William, don't eat like a pig," made no impression upon him. One day William and his bosom friend, a small neighbor, dined alone, and William was heard to say in a tone of great satisfaction as he planted both elbows on the table: "Say, Harry, they's nobody here but us. Let's eat like hogs and enjoy ourselves."—Caroline Lockhart, in Lippincott's.

Baby Alice Had an Idea.

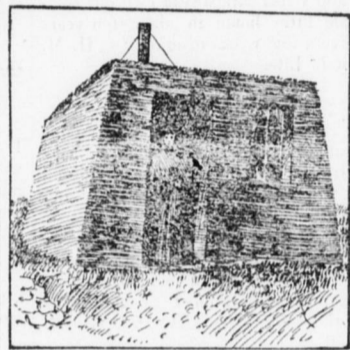
When Baby Alice first saw a cow with a bell around its neck she thought it so funny that nothing could induce her to leave the spot. She stood watching the cow until it slowly walked away. Then, when the bell began to ring, she turned delightedly to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, does the cow ring the bell when she wants the calf to come to supper?"—Little Chronicle.



WESTERN FARM LIFE.

It is Not Always Pleasant and the Wives of Pioneers Are the Chief Sufferers.

Many farmers' wives in the east hardly realize the comfort that surrounds them, even in an old-fashioned house with few modern conveniences, as compared with the privations encountered on some of the virgin prairies. It is true that communities build up rapidly in the great west, and the sod house of one generation soon gives way to the convenient modern dwelling of the next, but life is hard for every pioneer, and some of its greatest trials fall to the women. A witty woman once observed that her sympathies were not so much with the Pilgrim Fathers as with their wives; they endured all the hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers did, and the Pilgrim Fathers, too! In like manner, when we read of the courageous homesteaders who fight drought and cloud-bursts, grasshoppers and blizzards, until



NEBRASKA SOD HOUSE.

the virgin prairie is harnessed to its work of feeding the world, we think of lonely women, like the one who stands in front of that pitiful little sod house in Nebraska, shown in the cut. Our friends tell us that a sod house or a dug-out is often very comfortable, but the housekeeper has to renounce many things that she thought necessities in the tree-embowered home "back east." We should like to visit awhile with that Nebraska housewife, who stands up so courageously by her front door; we have no doubt she has met many house-keeping problems, and bravely surmounted them, and we hope the rich sod beneath her feet will produce among its other crops a modern farmhouse that will make up for all the privations she may first pass through.—Rural New Yorker.

CUTTING AND FEEDING CORN.

How a Farmer Can Obtain Full Benefit of His Crop Explained by an Agriculturist.

No farmer receives the full benefit from his crop unless he feeds both the fodder and grain, writes Fred H. Suhre, in Orange Judd Farmer. The best plan is to purchase a corn binder and cut the crop with it. My experience proves that it is cheaper than to have it cut by hand. One man with a machine can cut six to eight acres a day, and two men can shock it. Corn cut this way and bound in bundles is easier handled, whether hauled to a shredder or husked by hand. I have a feed cutter and a four-horse sweep power, with which I used to cut my fodder, but I found that I can have this work done cheaper and better with a combined husker and shredder.

My cattle waste less shredded fodder than they do good clover hay. I never plan to fatten my cattle on grain, but intend to feed enough to keep them in good growing condition, so they will fatten readily when turned on grass. I live three miles from a mill where I can have my corn ground on a corn and cob grinder for seven cents per 100 pounds. This mill will grind about 30 bushels an hour, therefore I never have to wait very long when getting a load of corn ground. This is much cheaper for I than to have a mill of my own, for I think that to do a good job of grinding power should be had from a steam or gasoline engine, the cost of which is too much for me, as I seldom have over 25 cattle, old and young.

Every intelligent farmer knows it pays to feed some grain to cattle in winter, but about the first of January, when the corn gets hard and dry, some of my cows will not eat it on cob, therefore I must have it ground. I believe if it is ground with the cob it is more easily digested than corn meal. Cattle not being fed heavily, eat their grain rapidly. If corn is fed on the cob, I think enough is wasted to more than pay for grinding.

NOTES ON THE MULE.

A mule will pine away and die when rheumatism attacks his hind feet. Disease is friendly to the drinking fountain lined with green slime.

In kodaking a mule don't focus its rear, unless you have a wheelbarrow escapement handy. A mule is a vegetarian by nature and training, and although he will kill he will not eat his prey.

A mule never discriminates between a tramp and a preacher. He is like the rain—gets the drop on bad and good alike.

A mule has one great advantage over less favored creatures; he has no descendants to leave a good name and fame—so leaves neither.

A mule standing motionless with both eyes half closed is not dreaming sweet dreams. Scientists say he is either thinking of the man he kicked last or the one he will kick first.—Rural World.

A Little Off.

A local artist of note tells an amusing story of his visit to an insane asylum in this state. Spending as much time as he could visiting an inmate, he started down the stairs on his way to catch the train back to the city.

At the foot of the stairs stood a large clock. Taking out his own watch to compare the time, he found there was a difference of several minutes. Turning to the doorkeeper, a young Irishman, he inquired if the clock was right. "Right!" said the doorkeeper. "Do you think it would be here if it was right?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A German Farmer's Case.

Rich Fountain, Mo., Aug. 17th.—Rev. Jos. Pope, of this place, is widely and favorably known as a clergyman who has done and is doing much for his people. He is very much beloved by everyone for the faithfulness of his pastoral work.

Rev. Mr. Pope has given for publication a statement made to him by a German farmer, who is a member of his congregation. The man's name is George Hoellerer, and he has given Rev. Mr. Pope this letter:

"Last winter I suffered very much with Rheumatism. I could neither walk nor ride on horse back nor do any farm work.

"I took medicine from different doctors, but they did not do me any good. Then I tried Doan's Kidney Pills procured for me by a good friend. After I had taken the first box I felt already a heap better; I was relieved of the pain and could walk and chop wood; and the contraction of my fingers began to resolve.

"Now since I have taken six more boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I feel well again and am able to do all the work on the farm."

The Usual Thing.

"I would like to know," asked the parent, who had a son in need of some further education, "what is the course at your college?" "The usual half-mile course of cinders and all that sort of thing, you know," absently replied the president of the great institution.—Philadelphia Press.

Merit Makes It the World's Leader.

Merit, greatest medicine ever put into convenient form for quick, easy, pleasant use—backed by the right kind of advertising, has given Cascares the greatest sale in the world among laxative medicines. Over ten million boxes a year are now being bought by the American people. Great success always brings out imitators, and readers are warned that when it comes to buying medicine the best is none other than Cascares, a dealer offers to sell you something just as good, put it down as a worthless fake, put your money in your pocket, and go to a store where you will be treated fairly, and where when you ask for Cascares, you will get what you ask for.

When people marry for fun, the laugh is on them.—Philadelphia Press.

Men and Women

alike find pleasure in profitable investments. We have a number of interesting publications that tell of sections on the line of the M., K. & T., where the careful investor has an opportunity for placing capital. Send a recent stamp to prepay postage, to "KATY," Suite B, St. Louis, Mo.

One secret of success is to keep your own secrets.—Chicago Daily News.

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

Our duty to the present is paying our debts to the past.—Ram's Horn.

An actress doesn't always fare well on her Grewell tour.—Chicago Daily News.

A man of integrity will never listen to any plea against conscience.—Home.

"Do your neighbors sing the latest songs of the day?" asked the landlord. "I shouldn't object to that," answered the sad-eyed tenant; "their specialty is the latest songs of the night."—Commercial Appeal.

First Workman—"Wot's it say, Bill, on that old sundial?" Second Workman (reading deliberately): "It says 'Do-to-day's work for to-day.'" First Workman—"Do two day's work to-day?" Wot O! Not me!"—Punch.

Towne—"He's very wealthy," Mrs. Towne—"Yes, and very stingy and economical." "You don't know that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes." Mrs. Towne—"Certainly not; I'm judging him by his wife's clothes."—Philadelphia Press.

No Use for One.—New Yorker—"Why are you looking so curiously at this map?" Stranger—"Because I can't find my way without looking at it." New Yorker—"Not find your way? I have lived in this city for 40 years, and have never had use for a map."—Judge.

She—"Of course, he bores me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned I just hid it with my hand." He—"Trying to be gallant?" "Heavens, I don't see how I could be so small either—hide-er—that is—beastly weather we're having, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Press.

Young Wife (rather nervously)—"Oh, cool, I must really speak to you. Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, the second day it is the fish, the third day it is the joint—in fact, it's always something or other." Cook (with feeling)—"Well, ma'am, I'm sorry for you. It must be quite awful to live with a gentleman of that sort."—Punch.

COMPELLED TO USE A CRUTCH FOR EIGHT MONTHS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. P. CONLIN, CARBONDALE, PA.

Mrs. P. Conlin, 83 Greenfield Avenue, Carbondale, Pa., says: "I suffered with backache, and, despite the use of medicine, I could not get rid of it. I was compelled to use a crutch for eight months, and a part of the time was unable to walk at all. I fairly screamed if I attempted to lift my feet from the floor, and, if ever a woman was in a serious condition, I was. My husband went to Kelly's drug store and brought home a box of Doan's Pills. I felt easier in a few days, and, continuing the treatment,

Advertisement for Doan's Kidney Pills, including a small illustration of the product box and a form for a testimonial.

Advertisement for Kemp's Balsam, featuring a large illustration of a man and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

THE SALESWOMAN

Compelled to Be on Her Feet the Larger Part of the Day Finds a Tonic in Pe-ru-na.

Miss Curtin, of St. Paul, Gives Her Experience.



Miss Nellie Curtin.



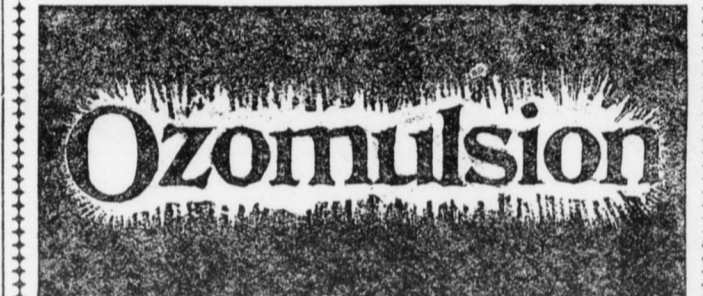
pelvic organs, the discharge of mucus is sure to occur. This discharge of mucus constitutes a weakening drain; the system cannot long withstand the loss of mucus, hence it is that women afflicted with catarrhal affections of the pelvic organs feel tired and languid, with weak back and throbbing brain. A course of Peruna is sure to restore health by cutting off the weakening drain of the daily loss of mucus.

An Admirable Tonic. Congressman Mark H. Dunnell, National Hotel, Washington, D. C., writes: "Your Peruna being used by myself and many of my friends and acquaintances not only as a cure for catarrh but also as an admirable tonic for physical recuperation, I gladly recommend it to all persons requiring such remedies."—Mark H. Dunnell.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

THE BULL DOG GERM

You know how a bull dog bites. When he sets his jaw, hardly anything but death will cause him to let go his hold. Same with a microbe; only more so. Get rid of him, or he'll get rid of you. By degrees, as he continues to live and multiply, he will so poison your blood, as to make you very sick indeed. The only way to drive out microbes, is to take some medicine which will go right into, and sterilize, the blood. Nothing will do this like



It contains a germicide which is directly absorbed by the blood vessels, and which, while enriching the blood with vital particles, paralyzes and destroys all germs, parasites and microbes.

This done, the other ingredients of this great pharmaceutical preparation, principally cod liver oil, glycerine and hypophosphites of lime and soda, proceed quickly to build up the flesh and strength of the patient, and so make him well.

Literally and actually, Ozomulsion will feed you back to health. Do not hesitate or delay. If you are out of sorts, under the weather, weak, tired, irritable, anxious, or suffer from pains, aches, stomach, liver or kidney disorder, weak heart, lungs, consumption, or have other indications of microbial poisoning WRITE FOR FREE BOTTLE of Ozomulsion Food (by postal card or letter), which will at once be sent you, on request Free By Mail Prepaid. It is the Food Physicians use and prescribe the year round, in their own families and practice, and Dealers sell in Large Bottles Weighing Over Two Pounds. Address Ozomulsion Food Co 98 Pine Street - NEW YORK

FREE! TO WOMEN A Large Trial Package of

Advertisement for Daxtine Toilet Antiseptic, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing its benefits for women's health.

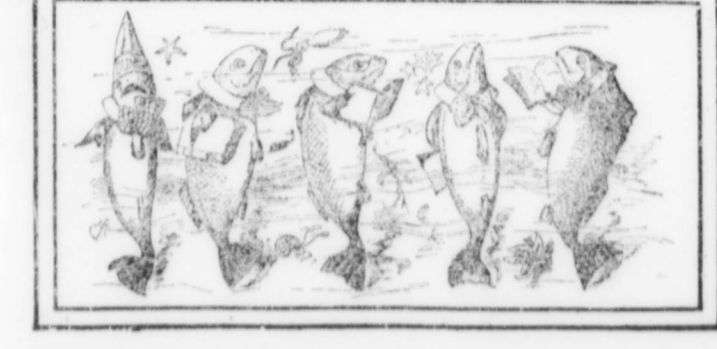
Advertisement for Military Land Warrants, including text about the benefits and how to obtain them.

An Ill Wind That Blew Somebody Good.



HEN little Tom went out to sail, He leaned too far across the rail, And dropped his precious glasses! He saw them sink, but never knew That, sitting far beneath the blue, Where wave the long sea-grasses,

There wept a little fish, because He could not go to school, he was So dreadfully near-sighted! When, looking up, through tears that rose, He caught those glasses on his nose, And wasn't he delighted!



He clasped his little fins for glee That so much better he could see. And now, fulfilled his wishes, His little heart is light and gay, For off he went 't was very day And joined a school of fishes!