A HERO.

We saw the colonel on parade, A most imposing sight he made

His swelling chest, his bearing proud, this voice percuptory and loud With awe inspired the gazing crowd.

You really should have heard him when He shouted orders to his men.

Yes, when he roared those orders out You should have seen them march abo In prompt compliance with his shout.

Oh, very dignified was he-As martial as a man can be.

So haughtliy he held his head, His glils became so very red, So turkey-cocky was his tread.

We later saw him when he seemed Far meeker than we could have dreamed

His step was soft, his voice subdued, His ruddy cheek was chalky-hued, With terror he seemed quite imbued.

in such a man as he'twas queer, But he was overcome with fear.

He born to threaten and command! A rank poltroon with trembling hand. And knees that hardly let him stand.

ve marked his took of wild despair— ve heard his wife's voice on the stair Chicago Daily News.

TWO KISSES

By MARGARET VAN METRE

AMMA, took, there's Tom Patterson," said Marion Haddon. terson," said Marion Haddon. Why, so it is," answered her mother. He must have come out from the city for a summer vacation. Well!" And she settled down in her chair with the ever present mending at her side, while looked with slightly questioning glance at her daughter.

"Well," echoed Marion to herself. But she said nothing, and soon wan-dered into the yard, book in hand, to the hammock which swung idly out un-

Marion Haddon and Tom Patterson had been playmates ever since, as one old neighbor used to express it, Marion was knee high to a grasshopper. They had played together, gone to school to-gether, and through it all had been

Then Tom had gone away to college and after a year or two at an eastern where he had been ever since employed in the office of a noted architect; for Tom was an expert draughtsman and as ways a bright youth, he had settled down to his chosen business with a spirit of energy that showed plainly that he was serions in the choice of a profession; and with a persistence that had surprised even his closest friends, he had continued at the same work, in the same office until now four years had passed since be had taken a vacation of any sort and since he had revisited the scenes of his boyhood trials and pleasures.

During these years, Tom had paid little attention to the girls. In his early he was rather in love with Marion Haddon; but he had stayed away so long, and Marion had been so happy and Hyely in the company of various other of the village youths, that it was decided by the wise ones of the town that there wasn't anything in it after all. But when it was rumored on this beautiful day that Tom Patterson was in town, there were not a few who. like Marion's mother, thought questioningly of her and wondered.

Marion herself wondered, too. "Ton in town! I wonder bow he looks. And how will he think I look? I wonder if he—" The pause was suggestive of some deep question, but Marion did not flatsh, even to herself, the thought that massin, even to herseit, the thought that was in her mind. She sat for some time thinking. She thought of all the good times she and Tom used to have together. How she hated to have him go away! And he said he was sorry, too. Did he mean it? She wondered again.

Her earliest memory of him recurred to her mind, such a provoking recollection that was, and always so vivid a one. Try as she would, she could never quite She was a very little girl then, and

little people were playing in Tom's yard one hot afternoon in summer. The game was "King William." Most of those in the game were older than Marion and evidently thought it would be fun to play a little trick on her. Tom was in the center. Around him the others circled, singing as they went: 'King William was King James' son. Upon a royal race he run:

tle wore a starupon his vest That points the way to the governor' breast."

Round and round the little company circled, still singing, all alive to the fun of the occasion except Marion; she alone, shy and uneasy.
"Go to the east, go to the west,

Go choose the one that you love best

Go choose another with all your heart. As these words were sung, Tom, as by a hint from one of the older girl-pointed to Marion, who slowly, shrink ingly, took her place in the center at his side. Persistently the song went on to

its inevitable end:
"Down on this carpet you must kneel As sure as the grass grows in the field. So kiss your bride, and kiss her sweet.

And now you may rise upon your feet."
When the last words were sung by the gleeful little crowd, Marion was seized by Tom and kissed—kissed there before them all! This was more than she could stand, and with tears of wounded pride filling her eyes, making her stumble as she went, she burried home. That was an insignificant incident and evidently quite forgotten by a'd concerned, but it the mind of Marion it remained and

So Tom was home. Did she care? had just She wondered if she did, and was just "It's going to admit that she believed she did Herald.

a little,-when the gate opened and up the long path, straight to where she swung in the big hammock under the walked the very one of whom she was thinking, Tom Patterson. And in that moment she admitted to herself that she cared-a great deal.

She rose and smiling a welcome, came to meet him. "Why, Tom, how you've grown. You hardly look the same to

But I am the same to you, Marion,

if you would only believe it."
Tom's glance said more than his Marion blushed and seated herself in the hammock, while Tom flung himself with careless grace on the grass at her feet.

Why should I believe it. Tom? You've been saying pleasant nothings to me ever since I was a little girl. Why should I believe you now any more than in those other days?" And Marion began to swing lightly to and fro, looking at Tom with a half-mocking smile, but thinking at the same time what a fine fellow he was and how glad she felt that he had come back, if it was but for

But Tom was speaking, and when she ecovered her thought she discovered with a thrill, that he was answering her nocking question with serious delibera-'The reason, Marion, why you hould believe me now, is that this time mean it. No, that's hardly what I nean. I've always meant it, but I never ared say anything very serious now that I have shown that I can earn enough to make a home, I have come to ask the only girl in the world if she will hare it with me.

"Why, Marion, I've loved you ever since that day-of course you don't remember—a day when you were a little girl and I a year or two older. We were playing King William and I was 'it.'
There was a far away look in his eyes, o Marion had a chance to steal a glance at him before he turned again toward

It was your first game, and someone suggested you as a good one to choose. I didn't need to be told that, however. for I had you all picked out; I had chosen you the minute I got in the game. Of course they didn't know, so when I caught you and had that first kiss"-he paused significantly-"they thought it a great joke.

"I felt dreadfully sorry when you felt so bad, and cried; and I wouldn't play any more that day. But I said to my-self then, and have said it many times since, that some time I was going to have another; though of course I wouldn't want it if it should affect you as that first one did." He looked for He looked for some sign from her, but Marion did not stir. All this time she had sat with face turned away, her eyes shining and cheeks rosy.

At last Tom began to grow fearful of the prolonged silence and broke it with: Now I have dared. I have come. Don't send me away, for I have always wanted

Marion turned toward him a face all smiles, but eyes dimmed with tears. "I wouldn't dare because, well-because I've always loved you, too, Tom, at least since that day we played 'King William'

And then Tom had his second, and another, and an—. But that's beyond our pale; we were to stop at the second. -National Magazine

A JAP'S ODD DESCRIPTION. Tells How a Cat Escaped the Jaws of

a Ferocious Brindle Dog.

"It happen one day when you gone off for whole week. I work in kitchen at window. I see one white silk puss cat come creepy, creepy in the yard. I no see his collar, his neck so fluff, but I hear one little bell go tinkle, tinkle. tinkle. Pret soon a missy come round the corner all creepy, creepy, too, with chopbone in her hand, and she call so soft: 'Comee, puss-cat, puss-cat, pusscat.' But puss-cat he no care for dead

chop when he can catchy grasshoppers. "Then quick before I think, whoop! scat! the dogs go scooty 'cross the grass. and puss-cat he all stick out and spit, and then he shin up tree like fury. Bringle-Boy, he rush at missy all mad, and grab her skirts and stockings, and pull-tug, and growl and bite like he eat

'The beast!" exclaimed Barry. "What

did you do?"

The little Japanese man drew himself up with pride till he almost reached his master's shoulder, says Eleanor A. Hallowell, in Lippincott's, "I grab tig broom and rush out to save."

"What did she do?" Barry persisted, kicking angrily at the chair. "Did she scream bloody murter?"

scream bloody murder?"

The little man's pompous bravery seemed to suddenly wither away. "What she do? She just put back her head and laugh all teeth and cry out: 'Isn't he just too sweet for anything?' and silly like that, and as I lift up broom to club that dog's head, she threw him lamb chop quick, and he stop bitey her feet, and she sit down on grass and cry, cry, all whitey. And Brindle-Boy, when he finish that chop he come lick her hands so nicely, and missy she kind of tuck up her cry and run home. But white silk pussecat he no come down out of that tree for two days, and bull-dogs they go round so sad and cough up white fluff fur all time."

"Did they eat her cat?" Barry inquired, as a matter of natural politeness.

He hated cats. The Japanese man resumed his fatuous smile. "They try hard," he acknowledged. "They bitey deep and often, but they do not hurt white silk puss-cat, he live far inside."

Easily Discouraged.
"Do you consider marriage a luxury
or a necessity?" asked the sociologist.
"Neither," answered the man who
had just secured his second divorce. crime."-Chicago Record-

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ODD FACTS FOR FARM FOLK.

Tokay and Syrian Grapes Grown in Northern Idaho—All Grains Are Over Weight When Properly Grown by Irrigation-White Flax Seed-Corn Wheat in Place of Corn.

It is a big surprise to World's Fair visitors to find that tokay grapes grow in the United States as far north as Duluth, Minn. The particular place where this may be done is Lewiston, Idaho, on the banks of the Snake river. Whatever is done along the Snake river in the matter of agriculture and horticulture must be done with irrigation, however.

The remarkable things done under irrigation are portrayed by a number of states. Colorado has a relief map of the Arkansas valley. Utah snows a diorama of one of her irrigated val-leys. California exhibits her products from lands worth a thousand dollars an acre. Oregon displays her beautiful fruits and grains from irrigated districts, while Idaho, her next door neighbor, won twenty gold medals on her agricultural showing.

The tokay grapes from Lewiston are only one of 62 varieties now successfully grown at that far northern point where the climate is a most as mild as Italy, for the tokay cannot flourish where the winters are cold. Along with the tokay is a fine sweet grape from Syria, in which every grape and fruit grower will be interested. name is Hunisa, or Antab late, from Antab. It is large, very dark, and a fine keeper, the last being its most important quality. After traveling over 1,500 miles to the World's Fair it opened up in as fine condition as the tokay, and made a good show. These grapes are from the first vine of this variety fruited in America.

Another fact not well known is that

grains grown by irrigation in the dry atmosphere of the western slope of the Rocky mountains are much heavier than those grown in the east, and the yield is far greater. In the Idaho exhibit of the Palace of Agriculture at the World's Fair are many examples of irrigation results. A sack of oats was received at the exhibit a few days ago which was graded by one of the machines in the building and tested as to weight. It was found that the third, or poorest grade, weighed 38 pounds to the bushel, while the standard of weight for oats is only 32 pounds to the bushel. The yield 100 to 110 bushels to the acre, and Idaho oats ordinarily weigh 42 to 46 pounds to the bushel. An acre of irrigated land yields about three times much as an acre in a humid climate. Wheat in southern Idaho is 62 to 64 pounds to the bushel, the standerd being 60 pounds, and the yield 50 to 70 bushels to the acre. A bundle of alfalfa hay, second crop of 1904, brought from southern Idaho, is as tall as a man, a six-footer. Five to seven tons to the acre are grown each season, it being cut usually three times

All over southern Idaho, which for the most part is a vast desert, are cases that have been made fruitful by irrigation. The liberal provisions of the Cary Act of Congress have made possible the reclamation of lands, the state taking over the lands and disposing of them to settlers at 50 cents an acre. The water right is an extra cost, in some cases as low \$25 an acre for a perpetual right, the first one or two crops often paying the entire cost of a fine property. few days ago the state land board of Idaho threw open to settlement 100,000 acres of land under one canal at Twin Falls, on the south side of Snake river. It is in Cassia county, one of the counties that touch the Nevada border. In this instance the total cost per acre is \$25.50, and uncer the literal terms of the Cary Act entry may be made through another person. The payment is in easy installments.

Many of the exhibits in the Idaho display are from along the Snake river. which is so named because of its sinuous course, and not because of any snakes. The water for the Twin Falls tract, which embraces 270,000 acres, is from the Snake, and the cost of the 2,000 foot dam and the 100 miles of main canals is about \$2,500,000. A railroad is being constructed from Minidoka southward to cross the tract, which is expected to repeat the history of the Wood River Country, the Boise and Payette Valleys, and become populous part of the state.

Idaho has the honor of showing in her agricultural display something that very few farmers have ever seen, namely, white flax seed. This variety This variety of flax originated in Idaho, and is said to possess great commercial possibilities, because it is richer in oil and produces a grade of very light colored oil that is far more desirable for white paint than the darker

Idaho is trying to do what other mountain states are attempting, that is, to supply the home market with fruits, vegetables, meats, grains and dairy products. The mountains con-tain hundreds of mining camps, and settlements where everything now produced finds ready market, while the demand increases with each new mining district opened.

Corn s about the only thing that does not grow well in the irrigated deserts of southern Idaho, because the summer nights are cool, but a kind of grain is raised called corn wheat that takes the place of corn, and produces over 100 bushels to the acre. It is worth any farmer's time to take a good look at the odd things in the Idaho display, where there are 47 varieties of wheat, 41 varieties of oats, 22 varieties of barley, and 34 varieties of grasses, to say nothing of vegetables, beans, peas, honey and other things worth having.

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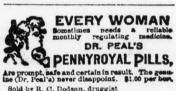
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