

CHARACTER TOLD BY EYES

Truthfully Have They Been Designated by the Wise as the "Windows of the Soul?"

Eyes are the most certain revealers of the criminal nature. Many an expert detective tells a criminal by just one glance—not at him, but from him. The criminal eye varies greatly in setting, but not so much in color.

Sometimes it is deeply placed in the head, as if it tries to hide, fearing the result of its own involuntary revelations. Sometimes it is bulgy, protruding like a frog's and heavy-lidded. Such eyes, in connection with some other signs, denote treachery, mendacity, and general cruelty.

Of the criminal eye there are many remarkable anecdotes. The murderer Francesconi had little about him to indicate the criminal. To most people he rendered himself companionable by facetiousness and easiness of manners.

Years before his crime a young girl—afterwards the Countess dell Rocca—who had never left home, and lacked experience of life, recoiled from him violently when introduced, and refused to endure his presence. When questioned why she behaved thus, she answered: "If that man has not already murdered people, he will soon come true, and when the scientist Lombroso inquired by what sign she had foretold his character, she replied: "The eyes; I saw him in his eyes."

BRING MEMORY OF THE PAST

Humanity Inspired by Songs of Birds and Noises of the Cricket and the Katydid.

Country Life in America says a carefully trained ear and mind are indispensable to enable one to detect and to discriminate readily from the general insect medley any particular species of musician.

As with birds and their songs, much of the charm and pleasure to be gotten from insect music depends on the emotional coloring associated with it. We are enraptured with the notes of the peewee in spring, or the earliest piping of the frogs, not because these sounds in themselves possess any intrinsic sweetness, but because they recall endearing memories of many happy, hopeful springtimes. They are always the harbingers of another verdant season. Their plaintive notes add to our minds an emotional warmth and sunshine. They awaken for us an inner, subjective springtime.

In a similar way the crickets and katydids gladden and inspire us with their music in proportion as their notes have become associated in our minds with the emotional coloring of past memories.

Life's Turning Points.

It is impossible to make a distinction between the course of our lives and the course of our thoughts. But both are subject to change, sudden and unexpected. There are turning points in our characters no less than in our career, and often the two are so closely related that they cannot be considered apart. It is worth while sometimes to trace back to their source our ideas and impressions, our new lines of thought. So much we owe to training, so much to elected study and chosen companionship, so much to the lessons and experiences of the life we are leading. But if you glance back you may see that what has most deeply moved you, what has most sharply deflected your way of regarding life, was something entirely unlooked for.—Anna Woodward.

Knew His Name.

Pat, who was being summoned for beating his wife, tried hard to put all the blame upon his mother-in-law, and was chided by the bench for his lack of gallantry.

"Why should it always be the fashion for a man to malign his mother-in-law?" the magistrate remarked. "Is chivalry quite dead among us? I knew a man once who never spoke an unkind word to his mother-in-law, never blamed her in the least for his quarrels with his wife, and never had the bad taste to complain about her to other people."

Pat stared open-mouthed as he listened to the recital of the domestic paragon's virtues. Then he said: "Oh, yes, I've heard of that fellow before. His name was Adam."

Thoughts to Live Up To.

No trouble dies so soon as one that is patiently borne.—Secker.

Love should be absolute love, faith in fullness or naught!—Browning.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its powers of endurance.—Carlyle.

A word is dead When it is said, Some say.

I say it just Begins to live That day.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion.—Ruskin.

Thought He Had Qualified.

Merchant—"Aren't you the boy who was in here a week ago?" Applicant—"Yes, sir." Merchant—"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?" Applicant—"Yes, sir; that's why I'm here now."—Boston Transcript.

HOW THREE WOMEN ENJOYED THE MUSIC

Three plump women, ranging in weight from 160 to 200 pounds, file in and, after much creaking of silk gowns and groaning of chairs, are seated as the concert is about to begin.)

First Plump Woman (breathlessly)—"This is going to be a perfectly grand concert. I'm so glad we decided to come this afternoon, though I was awfully afraid Mrs. Deming wouldn't send my gown home. It did come, though, just in time for me to dress. How do you like it?"

Second Plump Woman—"It's perfectly lovely. But then you always look exactly right. So well groomed, don't you know, and all that. Doesn't she, Mrs. Tilden?"

Mrs. Tilden—"It's the dearest thing I ever saw. You certainly have the best taste in dress, Mrs. Snowdon. Every time I see Mrs. Snowdon, Mrs. Thompkins, I say to myself: 'If I only had such taste as she has!'"

Mrs. Snowdon—"How nice you two are! Of course, I know you're just saying it to make me happy, but then it's just as dear to you as if you meant it. Now, I think you two are the trimmest two women I know."

(Orchestra plays first number. At its close the three women give three sighs of appreciation or relief.)

Mrs. Snowdon—"Pretty, wasn't it? I do just love Wagner. And while I think of it, Mrs. Tilden, I want to ask you where you got that perfect dream of a fichu you had on yesterday at the tea. I'm crazy about it!"

Mrs. Tilden—"Oh, do you really like it? How sweet of you to say so! I got the lace in Paris and I had my little seamstress make it when I got home. I think it's rather fetching."

Mrs. Thompkins—"It's the dearest thing! Oh, they're going to play again. I wish they'd wait a little longer between the numbers."

(The first violinist plays a solo.) Mrs. Thompkins—"Isn't that violinist the dearest thing you ever saw? I simply adore him."

Mrs. Snowdon—"Yes, he's perfectly sweet, but he has the funniest looking wife. Did you ever see her?"

Mrs. Tilden—"I should think I did. I have very good reasons to remember her. I saw her at the tea Mrs. Dupont gave for her, and one of the maids spilled punch all over my best gown. It was never fit to wear afterward."

(Chorus of lamentations from the other two.)

Mrs. Tilden—"And such a dowdy thing as she is, too. Really, her gown was nothing but the plainest kind of silk. It looked as if she had bought it ready made. Really, the most ordinary looking thing."

Mrs. Snowdon—"Funny, isn't it, how queer these artistic people are about their clothes? The only one I ever knew who wasn't the wife of that artist who visited Mrs. Tolman last winter. Do you remember what perfect dreams her gowns were?"

Mrs. Thompkins (with intense interest)—"Weren't they! I never saw anything more beautiful than the one she had at the reception Mrs. Tolman gave for her."

(The orchestra rudely interrupts them.)

Mrs. Tilden—"Isn't that young fustian absolutely the most attractive creature you ever saw? Now, do tell me about the gown you were speaking of, Mrs. Thompkins. You know, I was ill last winter and didn't go to the reception."

Mrs. Thompkins—"Well, it was gorgeous, my dear. Simply too wonderful for words. It was the most delicate shade of bluish lavender—a perfectly indescribable color. Marquise over messaline, draped in the most wonderful way, and caught up with little bunches of chiffon, with a violet fastened in the center of each. What a catastrophe that you missed it!"

Mrs. Tilden—"I almost cried when I heard about it. I was the most disappointed person you ever saw. And usually Mrs. Tolman's affairs are so dowdy. By the way, there's Mrs. Parks down there. Speaking of dowdy people made me think of her. She has less idea of dressing than an other woman I ever knew. Actually she went to Mrs. Tuttle's garden party last Thursday in a perfectly plain linen frock. Not even a suit, my dear—just a little linen dress, with some sprays of embroidery on the front panel. Can you imagine any one doing such an unheard of thing? I'm sure Mrs. Tuttle felt it very keenly."

Mrs. Snowdon—"Poor Mrs. Tuttle! By the way, I suppose you're both going to the Trenton's Friday evening?"

The Other Two—"Yes, indeed!"

Mrs. Tilden—"I wouldn't miss it for worlds. What are you going to wear?"

Mrs. Snowdon—"Oh, I'm having Mrs. Deming freshen up my white voile with some new laces—just cheap little lace, only \$3.50 a yard, but I've worn the gown three times already and I didn't feel like putting much money into fixing it up."

Mrs. Thompkins—"I'm having a little gray chiffon made, and I really think it's going to be a very dainty little frock. Simple, of course, and inexpensive. I've made up my mind that I simply won't spend more than \$50 on it. But then I adore simplicity. I simply will not fuss over my clothes."

Mrs. Tilden—"Nor I."

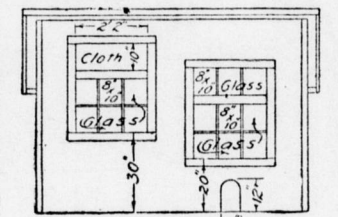
Mrs. Snowdon—"I feel just the way you do. That's why I adore living in Forest View. I simply couldn't live in a place where people judged you by the clothes you wear. In Forest View, you know, you really don't have to give your clothes a single thought."



COCK PLAN FOR HEN HOUSE

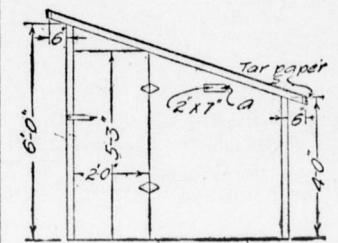
Convenient and Satisfactory Building to Accommodate Flock of Fifteen Chickens in City.

The Ocock chicken house is a convenient and satisfactory house for city lots. It will accommodate 15 individuals if good care is given the flock. A dirt floor is shown at the left in C. At the right in C is a board floor on which the straw litter is placed in



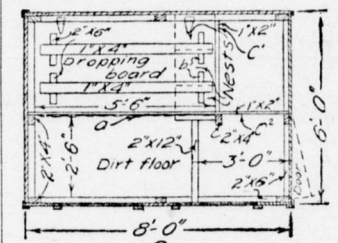
Showing Cloth Screen.

winter months. A piece of 2 by 12 inch material is used as a partition, to prevent the straw from getting over on to the dirt, and is shown in D. The perches, c, on the dropping board are movable to make cleaning easier. The dropping board is hinged and



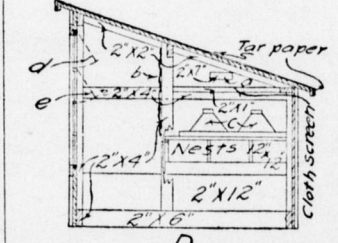
Opening Above Screen.

should be swung up as high as the cloth screen during the day, especially during the winter and early spring. The nests are open under the dropping board and have small doors on the side next to the flooring for removing the eggs. The nests are so construct-



Showing Dirt Floor.

ed as to be removed any time for cleaning. A cloth screen extends the full length over the dropping boards, roosts, and floored portion. The frame work being shown at e1, e2, in C. A drop curtain of canvas is in front to be used on cold nights; this is shown at a in C and at b in D. An opening is made in each end of the house above the screen and is shown at a in B, also at a in D. A cloth screen is hinged above the window in A and is shown open at d in D. The small



Keeps Straw in Place.

three-light glass sash above the six-light sash is also hinged and is shown open at e in D. The roof, side wall and ends are covered with tar paper inside in the half which is devoted to the roosts, nests and part of the floored space. The boarding of this house is nailed up and down.

ECONOMY IN THE BEST FEED

Nothing Gained by Purchasing Supplies for the Poultry Because They Are Called Cheap.

(By A. G. SYMONDS.) No matter what food is given the fowls be sure it is the very best that can be procured. It does not pay to buy poor grain or poultry food of any kind. Some people think it is economical to buy poultry supplies because they are cheap.

The best is none too good, is a rule as applicable here as anywhere else. Only the very best grains should be sanctioned. Only the choicest brand of beef scraps, fine cut clover, alfalfa, and other foods of this sort should be used. There is nothing that will repay one better for good care and food given them than a flock of hens. See to it then that in the matter of foods given them only the best be procured and only the best be fed.

Value of Charcoal. For all kinds of digestive troubles, charcoal is one of the best remedies.

Long Courtships.

Young ladies in Russia are not at all averse to long engagements, and use all sorts of artifices to stave off the wedding day as long as possible; but in no country in the world are courtships so abnormally long as in Bohemia, where engagements commonly last from 15 to 20 years. In fact, there recently died there, at the age of ninety-nine, an old man who had been courting for 75 years, and who was married on his death-bed.

Geese His Favorite.

Gerrald, the five-year-old son of a hotel proprietor, was permitted to go with his nurse to a large farm in the country, the home of the nurse's parents. After returning home his father said: "Now, Gerrald, tell us who of all the folks on the farm you liked best?" "The geese," promptly answered the boy, "because they eat a little and talk a little and bow to you."

Two Weak Spots.

"Well," said the old man, after the college commencement, "I've made a lawyer out of John, a electric science feller out of Bill, a professor out of Thomas, while James is a preacher an' Dick's a politician; but I'm thinkin' it'll take about all that John, Bill, Dick an' myself kin make to keep the professor an' the preacher above high water."—Atlanta Constitution.

Original Panamans.

The Chocos Indians, who live on the southwestern coast of Panama, are believed to be descendants of the tribes which inhabited that part of the world when Columbus discovered Santo Domingo.

They are tall and stalwart, with kindly natures, a free hospitality and an innate honesty. Few white men have ever been among them. Tribes of a somewhat similar nature are also found on the southeast coast, many of them having never seen a white face in their lives. While the republic of Panama nominally rules this section, the truth is that these Indians govern themselves entirely, and have absolutely no intercourse with the white. They do not allow a white man to visit their lands and still fly the Colombian flag.

Their houses are grass huts, their clothing is almost nothing, but they seem to enjoy life in spite of the fact that they are unacquainted with the benefits of religion, fashion, society and government.

Careful Milkman.

The other day when the milkman, who is a new man on the route, called at Mrs. Green's apartment, to collect the bill, she said to him severely: "Do you know that several mornings lately I have not heard you whistle when you left the milk on the dumbwaiter?" "Sure that's good, ma'am," returned the milkman, complacently, oblivious of the note of severity in Mrs. Green's voice. "And I hope I'll soon git it down so fine ye'll not hear me at all. Ye see, ma'am 'tis impossible for me to be leavin' the milk any later than I do, but since the day ye told me I came too airy and woke ye from your sleep in the mornin' I've been careful to blow the dumbwaiter whistle as softly as I can so as not to disturb ye. But sometimes I do put more breath into the toob than I intend to, and thim's the times ye hear me whistle."

Yorkshire's Many Acres.

One often hears it stated that Yorkshire can boast more acres than there are letters in the Bible, and most people, on hearing the statement for the first time, are inclined to doubt its accuracy. It is perfectly true, however. Authorities differ as to the exact acreage of Yorkshire, one giving it as 3,882,848 acres, another as 3,771,843; but as the number of letters in the Bible, according to laborious computation, is only 3,566,480, the acres beat the letters with something to spare.—London Tit-Bits.

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PAYS TRIBUTE TO BRONCO

Writer Glowingly Points Out Usefulness of Little Arizona Animal on the Trail.

When the Arizona bronco wishes to be safe for you and himself, he is the safest thing in the world; and when he wishes to be unsafe, life is a merry chance. I went up and down trails in Arizona which were almost perpendicular, and rough and stone-strewn, too; but there was little danger, for the bronco has, not the "ten pound," but the "thousand pound" look! His nose is to the ground, his eyes fastened on the trail, his footstep the most beautifully careful thing the mind can conceive. One foot, placed before another eases, preserves the balance, adjusts the weight for another; and all this wonderful machinery of equisole, stability and safety you feel working under you like a delicate machine. Yet this sage pioneer of the trail, with his meticulous care of you and himself, was just a wild range-pony, hunted down by a range rider, driven, coaxed or duped into a corral, broken, saddled, bridled and ridden all in one hour; wrenched out of his wildness, having his heart broken, and made into a slave while you would eat your breakfast. He is not a beauty; he is just a mongrel; but his legs and his feet are made of iron and steel, and the work he does over awful trails, in a rough and ragged country, strewn with stones and flints and boulders and lava and scrub, week after week, month after month and year after year, would spoil the legs of a thoroughbred in three days. —Gilbert Parker in Metropolitan Magazine.

KING OF ALL THE TUBERS

Compared With the Yam, Irish Potato Is Called Inspid, Almost Tasteless Bulb.

The golden yam, says the Washington Post, that elaborates the sun and the soil into a sugar which makes saccharine seem sour, was set apart by our first parents as the overlord of all tubers. The history of its Irish rival may be definitely traced to the foster care of Raleigh. It spread into Lancashire, its path through the low countries may be followed as clearly as the march of the army worm. But the genealogy of the yam is lost in the morning mists of antiquity. It is supposed to be identical with the mandrake for which the Orient peoples dug as for hidden treasure. Beyond all peradventure it was the yam to which the Spanish gave what afterward became the generic name "batata," modified into our own collective "potato." Its purple flowers were hailed as the harbingers of nature's richest largesse, while Humboldt was still doubting whether nature originally had anything to do with the creation of the Irish potato. It is the succulent root to which loving allusions are made by the great dramatist, who would have condemned the Mermaid as a tavern if he had been offered the tasteless bulb exploited by Master Raleigh.

Apples and Complexion.

In the near future girls won't have to sail under false colors. The rouge pot is destined to go to the scrap heap. No longer will it be necessary for Jennie to hide her reddened piece of chamois skin in her hat. Listen, girls! Apples are going to save the complexions of all American women! U. Grant Border of Baltimore, addressing the International Shippers' association, at Chicago, said: "If women knew that eating apples will do more to make their complexions beautiful than all the face remedies in the world, they would eat them morning, noon and night. Five years from now, when the countless apple orchards that have come into existence the past few years begin to bear full crops, the apple production in the United States will exceed 100,000,000 barrels. That will give every woman a chance to get a good, steady, reliable, fast-color complexion for little cost."

Danger in Crabs.

Crabs, no matter how fresh they be make some fellows sick nearly every time they eat them. Still they take a chance on it every once in so often just the same. Crabs must be very fine eating and have a lovely taste as they are being munched and put into the panaches of the crab-eaters. Crabs will eat a dead horse, or rats, pigs, cats or dogs decaying in the ocean. Perhaps if the crabs were penned up and fed on the choicest of foods for some days, so as to get a few of the dirty germs out of them, as well as rid them of the filth they eat, then in a somewhat cleaner condition they might not, after being eaten, turn the insides wrong side out and inside outward—both ways at the same time. Some foolish fellows feel highly insulted when told that they take a chance every time they eat crabs. Eat 'em and don't kick at the doctor bill.—Exchange.

Neatly Caught.

An angler once missed his gold cigarette-case, and, being very much upset about it, but not being quite certain whether it had been lost or stolen, resolved not to mention the matter to a soul—not even to his wife. Two years had passed by when, on his happening to meet with a piscatorial acquaintance by the riverside, the man astonished him by remarking: "I say, did you find that cigarette-case you lost some time ago?" "No," replied the angler to the more astonished inquirer; "but you did!"