

TO AN OLD CLOCK.

BY JAMES JEFFERY ROBERTS.

Old clock, if you've come here for adv- About Time's flight. And think to scare us with your wheels— think 'twas time to go to-night.

A FIRING LINE MYSTERY

Life Secret of Young Bond, Whose Lips a Bullet Sealed.

THE Kansas man had served with Funston in the Philippines, had returned safely, had been a town hero for a month or so, and then went on the stump in the campaign.

As I was saying, we found men out there who had been wild, and whose parents were glad to see them enter the army; we found men who had been crossed in love; we found men who had been a failure in life, even if they were mere youths; we found many daredevils, and, curiously enough, most of them were cautious on the firing line.

But of all the curious characters I came across the strangest was a man named Bond. He was silent as to his past; he made few friends; there was a glitter in his eye if we were in danger which was positively magnetic, and we came gradually to respect his reserve and to be proud of him.

They agreed that the bank must be robbed; that was their only salvation. They agreed also that it would be best for one of them to appear to be defending the bank's treasure. It was finally decided that it would be best for the son to wound the father slightly in the side, take enough money to suit their purposes and leave his father there to be discovered in the morning.

Maxwell paused and, just as his ears were becoming uneasy, he said this was the story Peters had related: "Boys, we've got a murderer among us, not only a murderer, but the worst kind of a one, a man who killed his father, and who, if it were proved against him, would, up to this time, have pretended that it was an accident."

"Bond says he went home and to bed and acted his part thoroughly when they roused him to tell him of the dreadful accident to his father. It turned out really to be a dreadful affair, for both the father and the watchman were found dead and the bank robbed."

"Bond's conscience could stand it no longer, he says, and he went to Kansas and enlisted and came out here, hoping secretly that he would be killed, for he had not the courage to commit suicide. He wanted me to write to his relatives clearing up the entire mystery, and telling them that he had explained his crime. The one thing I can't understand," said Peters in telling the story, "is why he wants me to write all this before he dies. He must have a dreadful conscience. He said to me: 'I am wounded exactly in the place in which my father was wounded when I shot him. I know I can't live. I shall tell the truth about me, and make sure that the boys will not do me any harm, and by the way, I break down and weep, I'll admit, and I'm prepared to say there's no living soul but has some good in them. And then there's the duty of deciding what's to be done if Bond recovers. Ought we to give him away? I say no.'"

"According to Maxwell the bugles just then blew for a forward movement, and soon all were lying on the firing line shooting at the Filipinos. Maxwell made another awkward pause, and one of his auditors said: "Well, I suppose Bond really died and you fellows did the right thing by him even in death."

PROGRESS OF THE HEN

DEVELOPMENT OF THE POULTRY BUSINESS IN THIS COUNTRY

As a Wealth Producer the American Hen is a Marvel — The Standard of Perfection — The Green Duck Business is Prosperous — The Pigeon Fancier's.

Official census figures will show that as a wealth-producer the American hen is a marvel, says the Chicago Record. As an illustration of the earning power of this avian asset of the barnyard it will be well to quote from Missouri, the foremost State in the industry. The report of the Bureau of Statistics for the last fiscal year shows that the total number of pounds of poultry, live and dressed, shipped from the 114 counties of that State were 106,988,710 pounds, an increase of 35,207,443 pounds over the preceding year.

The American Standard of Perfection, as drafted and copyrighted by the American Poultry Association, contains the names of 115 various fowls, 114 of which are due to the development of man. Nature made one — a comely, wild thing which made its home in the jungle along with the rest of primal creation. It is a long call from this ancient fowl of ungainly proportions to the lordly Lanshan or the massive Cochin of the present day, but the ancestry is certain. The relation can be traced back further than the time of Christian era.

Europe, Asia and America have all contributed to the development of the poultry and the many and varied strains that now exist are the result of centuries of improvement. England and America have been foremost in the work, however, and the results accomplished by the fanciers of these two countries in recent years have been nothing short of remarkable. By intelligent breeding these fanciers have produced fowls of all sizes from the diminutive bantam to the mammoth bronze turkey; one a tiny bit of feathered vanity weighing only a few ounces — so small, in fact, that it can be entirely covered by a pint cup and the other a bulky fowl weighing from forty to sixty pounds — as much as a half-grown boy.

The would-be passenger pulled his silk hat down tight and again ordered a halt as he stepped. The tails of his dress coat fluttered from beneath the short box garment on the outside, and several sporting experts commented upon his wonderful knee action as he made a wide curve on to the asphalt and gamely continued to chase, yelling at every jump for the car to stop. Even after it was evident he was going out of his class he knuckled down and did his level best, at the same time saying things that are barred from a family newspaper. At last he was so winded that he sat down on the window sill of a grocery store to gasp and shake his fist at the vanishing car.

"Don't you know that he's one of the officers of the road?" asked a passenger. "Of course, I do. I wouldn't care if it was old man Wilson himself. There are no exceptions to the rules. I've run by my own mother under like circumstances and I'd have given that duffer a race to the end of the road if his wind had held."—Detroit Free Press.

Curiously enough the great mass of Englishmen knew little or nothing of the sovereign as their ruler. They had only the vaguest idea of the part she took in the government of her realm and her people; they knew practically nothing of the controlling and dominant force she exercised in international and domestic politics. But about this they cared nothing. It was sufficient for them to know that she was a good woman, a woman whose heart always went out to her people, who shared with them their joys as well as their sorrows, who was keenly interested in everything that could make them better and happier. And perhaps more than anything else was the knowledge that she was a woman who had suffered much, whose heart had been sorely wounded, and whose spirit often tired, and yet through it all she had remained serene, hopeful, always an example for right living, always an inspiration to the weary and the afflicted. Perhaps that was the real secret of the devotion which she inspired in Englishmen the world over.—A. Maurice Low, in Harper's Weekly.

Letters from India beyond the Indian Territory from parties seeking Indian brides continue to be received by the officials at Muskege, Ind. Ter. The latest was received by Postmaster H. T. Estes, from Oaks, N. D., and was accompanied by a photograph. It said: "The enclosed photograph is one of a locomotive engine man, bachelor, thirty-four years, weight 190 pounds. Physical condition perfect. Will go before any board of medical examiners. At present employed on one of the largest systems in the Northwest. Have been through the country some years ago. Can you put me in communication with some good Indian girl? One with some education preferred."—Dallas (Tex.) News.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" a Reporter. A Washington special to the New York Times says the original "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is now a Congressional newspaper reporter. He is Lionel, the oldest son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. As a member of the staff of a Washington paper he made his appearance in the press gallery of the Senate, seeking items. He looks plain and businesslike, and not at all like the boy whom we have seen in the picture. I have done my duty by them, and by the flag, says he. I broke down and wept, I'll admit, and I'm prepared to say there's no living soul but has some good in them. And then there's the duty of deciding what's to be done if Bond recovers. Ought we to give him away? I say no.

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"Die?" said Maxwell. "Great Scott, no! At least, not then. Less than two hours after Peters had told that story Bond came stealing up to the firing line, and there he lay next to me all day working like a demon. 'I thought you were dying,' I said to him. 'Thunder, no,' he replied. 'It was only a little wound. Scarcely bled at all. When Peters wasn't around the doctor told me it amounted to nothing, but urged me to stay in the rear for the night. This morning he put a little plaster on the broken skin, and here I am again. Did Peters tell you a long story about my mysterious past? Did he? I thought so. I told him about it to tell him off and make him a laughing stock. Pretty good story, wasn't it? Any truth in it? Thunder, no. I know I was not hurt. Ever if Bond shouldn't happen to be my real uncle, there's no occasion for getting up such a yarn as that. What's that? Am I hurt? Yes, old man, I guess I am."

THE PRINTED WORD.

Dr. Talmage Says Sacred Singidity and Laziness is Rebuked by Christ.

A Call for a Warm Friendship Between Those Who Preach the Gospel and Those Who Make Newspapers.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls for a warm friendship between those who preach the gospel and those who make newspapers, the spoken word and the printed word to go side by side; text, Luke vi, 8. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

The pigeon fanciers have kept pace with the poultrymen, and the results they have met with are wonderful. They have given us the gorgeous fantail, a little bird with a tail big enough to almost tilt its little body out of kilter. In the case of the fantail the fanciers have simply bred to a deformity. The improved strain is simply a line-bred monstrosity. Some fellow found a pigeon in his flock with a tall feather turned the wrong way. He got the idea that a bird with all its tail feathers turned the wrong way would be a good thing, so he sought a mate for his freak, paired them, and the fantail was soon with us.

As a close second to the fantail in the way of a wonder comes the tumbler. There are two kinds, indoor and outdoor. The indoor tumbler is a bird in the most artistic manner possible. The outdoor species will sail up in the air several hundred feet and then fall suddenly downward, turning over and over as they come down. They right themselves before they reach the ground, soar skyward again and perform the same astonishing gyrations until you tire of the performance. The explanation of the tumbler is simple. The breeder found a crazy bird, a little fowl with an insane desire to turn over continuously. He bred the freak and brought forth the clever tumbler.

A sign of politeness in Thibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hand and stick out the tongue. Rosewood and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that some of the copper mines there are timbered with rosewood, while mahogany is used as fuel for the engines. Professor Young estimates that a train running from the earth to the sun at forty miles an hour would take about 205 years for the trip, and the fare would be over \$1,000,000.

A large and brilliant meteorite fell in an English field the other day, and shortly afterward a man who had been passing by the field at the time was found unconscious on the roadside. The Indiana State prison has three electric buttons, by pressing one of which the gallows-trap is sprung. At the signal these buttons will simultaneously press the three wretches, but not one of them will know who actually contributed to the hanging.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice so as to keep dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumble-bees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover that has been introduced into that colony.

Harvey Lynn, a former United States cavalryman, of Pittston, Penn., has undergone an operation for the removal of a piece of ox bone from his skull and the insertion of a silver plate. While serving in Cuba over a year ago Lynn was shot in the head. At the hospital a piece of ox bone was grafted into his skull, but the operation was not entirely successful, and Lynn was given a disability discharge. He has since been afflicted with paralysis, resulting from the bone pressing the brain, and went to a hospital to have the ox bone removed.

"Teeth Come Out First." "I think I must have made a mistake," said the man who stood in the door of the dental parlors and looked about him. "Perhaps so," replied the dentist, who was sharpening up a gum-cutting lancet. "My wife, you know, has been teasing me for the last five years to get my photograph taken, and this morning I finally set out to have it done."

"I see this is no photograph gallery." "No." "But a dental parlor?" "Yes." "Well, I've made a mistake, but I'm glad of it. Here, let me sit down and have three teeth yanked out, and I'll put the old photo off for another five years."—Chicago News.

A Canadian Iron Field. A new iron ore field has just been opened at Michipicoten, Ontario, which it is thought may flood the lake market next year. The ore is described as a brown hematite, more like the Southern ores than the Lake Superior hematite.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

King Charles of Portugal weighs 300 pounds. Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, of France, has recovered his health.

Earl Roberts is the first name in King Edward's new visitor's book. Andrew Carnegie is a Presbyterian and he is supposed to be the playhouse Senator "Billy" Mason was a schoolmate of Senator W. A. Clark at Bentonport, Iowa.

The young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has passed his examination as military engineer. Scantlers Talliferro, of Florida; Lindsay, of Kentucky; and Harris, of Kansas, were born in Virginia.

Joseph Miller, first farmer, is the way the San Francisco district court lists the famous list of the Shakers. Governor Diebold, of Nebraska, a bachelor, has raised a stir by proposing the sale of the Executive Mansion. Congressman Catchings has been given a silver cup in recognition of his efforts to secure Mississippi River improvements.

Men of the pencil and pen, amid your unappreciated work you receive encouragement, and you have it. Printers of all Christendom, editors, reporters, composers, pressmen, publishers and readers of that which is printed, I have a word to say to you. You will not write, set, edit, issue or read anything that debases body, mind or soul. In the name of God, by the laying on of the hands of faith and prayer, ordain the printing press for righteousness and liberty and salvation. All of us with some influence that will help in the right direction, let us put our hands to the work, imploring God to hasten the consummation.

In a ship with hundreds of passengers approaching the South American coast the man on the lookout noted a black vessel, and in a few minutes the ship would have been dashed to ruin on the rocks. But a cricket on board the vessel that had made no sound all the voyage saw a small red call at the smell of land, and the captain, knowing that habit of the insect, stopped the vessel in time to avoid an awful wreck. And so insignificant a man may make our wonders, and the scratch of a pen may save the shipwreck of a soul.

Are you all ready for the signing of the contract between journalism and evangelism? Let it be a Christian marriage of the public and the printing press. The ordination of the former on the part of the pen of the latter in my hand, it is appropriate that I publish the bands of such a marriage. Let them from this day be one in the magnificent work of the world's redemption.

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