'Course 'twas dretful disapp'intin' that she couldn't been a boy, An' th' tears we shed—er swallered—wa'n't no sparklin' tears o' jo still, she's small an' mighty dawncey, an' she cuddles up so' swee With 'er fists like velvet rosebuds an' her teenty, wrinkled feet—Clingin' clost, jest like th' tendrils of th' mornin' glory vine. As it clambers up th' porch posts on a piece o' cotton twine. She do'no' but what she's welcome as th' flowers is in May; So we've somehow got th' notion that we'll keep 'er, any way.

Then ag'in I thought o' mother—she was onet a baby girl;
Ain't no tellin' jest which exster is th' one that holds th' pearl.
Who could tell when she was little that she'd grow t' be so great
An' would make my dear old daddy such a suiddy runnin' mate?
Then th' one that lays an' snuggles with that bran' new baby, hyer—
Would my life be worth th' livin' if it hadn't been fer her?
She was jest as pink an' helpless as this new one is, one day;
So it's middlin' easy gussin' that we'll keep 'er, any way.
—Strickland W. Gilhian, in The Reader.

WHEN THE LIGHT CAME

THE PASSING OF A STAINED SOUL.

BY MABEL CROOKS BROWN,

1 O air of Sunday calm brooded | all alive-laughed, and turned to find

the man. He was gone.

A noise of horror-stricken voices in

With the light of murder in his eyes

-the joy of killing-he strode from the

room, and flung himself upon his horse,

as a crowd of men raced toward him.

with no sign of wavering they came

on, and horse and men met, with a

shock that nearly unseated the rider.

Maddened by the spurs, the horse

shook off the clutching hands-the

laughing gayly emptied his revolver

There was a shrick, a groan, a scurry

of boofs, and then silence-for a space.

Beyond the town the desert stretched

away-a level reach of sand and alkali

The man, on a jaded horse, spurred

He looked often over his shoulder as

A mile from the rocks, where com-

his account with the man, too!

dots creeping nearer.

for anyone's kisses now. Again he

to rise, fell forward, and lay still-

kicks the maddened man rained upon

He ceased, finally, from exhaustion,

sun had nearly set, but the heat was

stifling, his breath came in gasps, and

his eyes were blinded by the water

dripping from his forehead; but he

stumbled on, and fell, as the horse had

fallen, under the shadow of the first

great bowlder, at the foot of the rocks,

slowly raised his head and looked

out in that heat and glare, while he

some one say that?

lay "in the shadow of a great rock in

"A weary land!" God knows, it was

that! The few cactus plants shriveled

and grew grayer in the heat, which

had a weight to it-a weight under

which no living thing could stand

drink; a cup of cold water. He had

where safety lay. He turned weakly

It was the warning of a rattler. Be

His brain whirled for a moment, and

Was there nothing which could face

this heat? Here was one thing no

warm!

Arizona sun could shrivel-one thing

Its head was proudly erect, as the

rattler and his human prototype looked

a moment the eyes of the man grew

anake began to glow with a fire which

crept through the man's veins like

Was he exhausted? No, that was his

body. Now, he had no body-he was

For a moment he lay helpless, then

baking under the pitiless sun.

cut against the cloudless sky.

over the little town. A secrebing north wind swept the dust down the dreary the street fell on his ear-of voices and lightning the snake struck! stracts, and seat it swiriing round the of running feet-fell, and grew louder. corners with a gritty swish, and a friction that seemed to generate a thousand electric sparks and prickles.

A group of four loitered on the cor-

ner, talking with unusual interest. "It's too blamed bad that express had to be ten hours late last night of all times," growled one. "They'd 'a' been clear away by this time, but now-" "Oh. pshaw!" struck in a ghr's lighter voice, "Jim ain't 'spected 'til to- man, with the frenzied light still in errow, nohow, and the train'll be in

in an hour. Don't croak!" The others laughed uncertainly, and into the crowd. the uneasiness deepened as the first speaker continued.unmoved.

"That's all right! But she ain't here yet, and I'd bate like cold pizen to be the man who'd married Jim Tyler's girl-I'd hate it like cold pizen I tell you-of there wuz any chance o' my desperately toward the line of jagged havin' to stay on the same side o' this rocks at the northern side, that rose yere ball as Jim, afterward-that's like a pallsade built by hands, clear-

"Oh, Jim won't do nuthin'! She could always wrap him 'round her little fin- he went, and cursed, under his breath, ger, anyhow. Say, wasn't it mighty the gasping animal on which he rode, slick uv her, to hev two strings to her The last of murder was gone, and only bow all the time, and never let on, the instinct of the hunted remained. till the other fellow turned up last night? Though what she kin see in parative safety lay, the horse stumbled that little dood drummer after a six- and fell. Mechanically the man swung foot scorcher like Jim, beats me." himself free as the animal went down, drawled the girl.

Well, look a-here, young woman, don't let us hev eny o' that slickness fore. Suddenly a woman's face came round hereabouts," began her companion, threatingly, "or-" his voice face, with the great gash on the temple broke as a man on horseback clattered and the awful fear in the eyes. Curse around the corner and swept toward her! If he had only had time to square

'By the Lord Harry," he breathed. "It's Jim-Jim Tyler. The Lord help disfigured face that was not an object her-now!

The four stood motionless as the

Two block down the street he threw his horse back on its haunches before a battered little cottage, and flinging membered that the strap had given levels in those cellars and passagehimself from the saddle, threw open the front door without the formality of a knock, then stopped on the thresh- in her stiffening fingers-she held his old, as if struck by a thunderbolt.

A man, of the flashy drummer type, revolver he had emptied into the crowd York Tribune. sat in a chair facing him, and perched as he fled. his knee was a girl-her hands in With the eyes of a trapped animal, his, as she laughingly balanced her he looked about him. A mile away self, with her lips just beyond his were the sheltering rocks-a mile in

For a tense moment the silence held. ing sand. Behind were the relentless yellow-white with fear, and following clenched his hands, and then gave the waist, and inquired: his eyes, the laughter froze on her lips, horse a savage kick. With a faint and a deadly terror blanched her mean of pain the dying brute struggled get out of that?" pretty silly face.

The man in the door stood motion-

"Get up!" he said.

She tried a laugh of bravado, which choked in her throat, but the drummer and after a moment's breath started put her from him, and advanced a forward over the yielding sand. The goods. step, holding out shaking, expostulating hands. The man measured him with a cold

contempt that cut like a kuife. "Fil settle with you, later." he said,

and turned to the girl. "Who is this fellow?"

She thought with frenzied rapidity for a second, weighing and balancing chances. He blocked the only door, back with an evil chuckle. They were Time was what she wanted-time for help to come.

"Jim," she walled-"Jim-I loved you a weary land"-when had he heard -you know I loved you-but they threatened-they said-

"Who is this fellow?" he repeated. with the same deadly quiet. "Jim-listen-I couldn't help it-he

has more money, you know, and they made me-oh, Jim-dear-"Who is this fellow?" he asked. "He-oh, Jim-forgive me-he's my

The man plunged forward, revolver go on, higher up among the rocks,

in hand, toward his successful rival, who squealed with terror, but the girl on his elbow, but stopped half way threw herself between them, and as a sharp, ominous sound pierced the clutched his arm in a frenzied grasp. heat-a sound that somehow seemed "Listen, Jim-listen! Oh, God, don't the intensification of cold-a cold that

hurt him! Listen-I couldn't help it- finshed through his fevered brow and I couldn't! You know I love you," she | froze him into a statue as he lay. lied: "I've always loved you-" she threw both arms about him with a side him, coiled, ready to strike, with structions were minute and perhaps sudden strength that checked and held its head on a level with his eyes, lay him. He struggled with her, his cold a snake as thick as his wrist. rage rising to a mad, unreasoning fury, with the lies, her touch, the baffled then sudienly grew strangely clear. desire of the man. Freeing one arm, he brought down the heavy revolver full in her upturned face.

At the thud of the steel on flesh, the the fires of the hereafter could not drummer, uttering a shrick of wild. animal terror, fled past them into the street, and on-on-still shricking, in a voice that held no human sound, until into each other's eyes. The eyes of he stumbled and fell, dazed and the snake were cold and still, and in stunned, in the dust.

In the other man, the lust of killing dreamy, and theu-then the eyes of the woke, and he struck, deliberately, egain and again, until the shricks were stilled, the last frantic grasp gave wine. way somehow, and he stood looking Wa down at the silent heap on the floor,

He laughed - the instinct of slaughter | the sand. A soul from out whose eyes | the taliest man in the army.

looked a knowledge of sin of which even he had never dreamed! Hewhose name was a terror for miles about! What did they know of sin back there in the town? Here was the fountain-head of all evil, at which he could drink forever and never be filled! Of sin-of sin-

The head of the snake began to sway slowly back and forward, and to thrust itself out toward him. The head of the man followed its movements as though drawn by a magnet. The two heads had each the same narrow temples, the same sinister jaw, the same cruel mouth, but the eyesthe eyes of the man had much to learn.

A shout came over the desert-came slowly-for even sound shrank back from the heat-and pierced its way into his brain. They had found the

But they did not know of the empty revolver. They would think twice before they ventured into those rocks in the dark. They would wait-would wait until the light came. He must go higher up-he started slightly, but froze again before the warning whirr.

When the light came they would come, and he would die like a rat in a trap. There was no escape. Yes, here was one way-just one. With a sigh of despair he stretched out his arms to the snake as a lover to his

Again the warning. For one instant he looked into those marvelous eyes. Then he deliberately cuffed the evil head lightly with one hand. Swift as

When the light came, the pursuing men moved cautiously forward, hoping to reach a sheltering rock before his bullets found them, but their leader started back from a motionless figure Straight at their midst he dashed, but lying in the shadow,

As they stared, the man's shirt heaved slowly, as though he had breathed, and from out its folds a head with narrow temples and sinister mouth lifted itself, and with languid insolence, the huge rattler passed like his eyes, turned in his saddle, and a glimpse of heil, down the man's side, and vanished into a cleft in the rock. The men stood rooted to the spot,

As the crawling horror disappeared, their leader wrenched himself free. "Merciful powers, I believe it was his soul," he said.-San Francisco Ar-

gonaut.

REVEALS CHINESE DENS. Burrows a Hundred Feet Deep Laid Bare

by Fire. "Strange is the scene where San Francisco's Chinatown stood," says W. W. Overton. "No heap of smoking ruins marks the site of the wooden warrens where the Orientals dwelt in thousands. Only a cavern remains pitted with deep holes and lined with dark passageways, from whose depths come smoke wreaths.

"White men never knew the depth and stood a moment watching it. It lay of Chinatown's underground city. still, with a stillness he had seen be Many had gone beneath the street level two and three stories, but now between him and the dying beast-her that Chinatown has been unmasked, men may see where its inner secrets lay. In places one can see passages one hundred feet deep. The fire swept this Mongolian quarter clean. laughed grimly at the memory of the

"From this place I saw hundreds of crazed yellow men flee. In their arms they bore oplum pipes, moneybags, looked behind him, and stood rigid as silks and children. Beside them ran man dashed by, with a gay wave of he saw, far in the distance, a line of the trousered women, and some hobbled painfully.

"The posse!" His hand went to his "These were the men and women of belt-it was gone! In a flash he re- the surface. Far beneath the street away in their last desperate struggle, ways were other lives. Women, who and she held it now, no doubt, clenched never saw the day from their darkened prisons, and their blinking jailers were life in her hands until the end! His caught and eaten by the flames."-New

Nothing in It.

A certain young wife helps out her husband's somewhat slender income by this heat! A mile through the blister- doing dressmaking for her friends. Upon coming home one evening, he found Then the face of the husband turned men. There was no choice. He her cutting up a piece of goods for a

> "Well, dear, what do you expect to "Oh, two dollars, I guess," was the

quite still-even under the blows and reply. Later on, the parents observed their little five-year-old daughter engaged, with a pair of seissors, in cutting into small fragments a scrap of the same

> "What are you doing-making your dolly a dress?" the father asked. The little girl sighed.

"No; I was trying to get a penny out of it, but I haven't found it yet," was the disconsolate reply.-American Spectator.

Worse Than a Matinee Crowd.

Charwomen at the Washington (D. C.) Theatre, where the Daughters of the American Revolution held their congress recently, have rather a poor opinion of the organization named. As they were gathering up the immense litter of torn-up resolutions and discarded amendments one of them said: "I surely hope they won't come here any more. This is worse than any erect. Even the coming of twilight matinee crowd I ever see." At one of brought no relief. Oh, if he had a the sessions a long discussion arose the sessions a long discussion arose over a certain resolution, and later the -my husband-we were married last heard some one say something about delegates divided themselves into connight-Jim-listen--" her voice rose that, too-somewhere. What was it? versational groups. The gavel fell versational groups. The gavel fell Who was it? His mother? He must with unforseen promptness, and amid go on, higher up among the rocks, the ensuing quiet a shrift voice was heard to say: "I know it had three gores in the back."

Garibaldi left directions in his will for the cremation of his body, his wishes were overruled by the Italian Government. The soldier's ina bit self-conscious. "Facing the sea, you shall erect a pyre two metres high, built of acacla wood, myrtle and other aromatic trees and plants grow-Ing at Caprera. On this lay a sheet of iron, on which shall be placed my hody, dressed in the red shirt. A handful of the ashes place near the coffins of my daughters Rosa and Anita." The rest were to be blown away by the wind as seeds of liberty for other parts of the world.

Tallest Man in the Army. William Finley, late of the Life Guards, London, England, was admitted to the Hackney Infirmary suffer ing from consumption. A special bed has had to be made up for his accommodation, as his height is six feet and struggling with an insane desire a soul—the preachers said he had a nine and a half inches, he for twelve to kick it and trample on it.

Soul—this must be it, before him on years holding the distinction of being the laughter.

THE FUTURE OF COAL

And the Impending Exhaustion of World's Iron Supply.

vey, in pursuance of a resoluliament, prepared a report showing the \$6.50 per ton. The wholesale price extent of the known deposits of iron in charged by importers to local dealers the world and the rate at which such for bituminous coal is at present deposits are being consumed. While slightly more than \$10 per ton. there has been some dissension as to there not, in the margin of \$3.50 and the exactness of certain details con- \$3.64 between these figures an opportained in the report, it may be accepted tunity for American coal, provided the as a substantially accurate investigation of a subject of vital importance to the world. Most disquieting in this re- transshipment at seaports, is so orport is the conclusion that we are like-

ly to run short of iron within a single

century if the present rate of consumption is maintained. The world has only 10,000,000,000 tons of iron ore available. Of these Germany has twice as many tons as the United States. Russia and France each have 400,000,000 tons more than this country. Our annual consumption of iron is placed at 35,000,000 tons, which is more than a third of the world's total consumption. Commenting on the known and generally accepted facts of the situation, the Iron and Coal Trades Review in one of its recent issues stated: "We would seem to be within a little more than half a century of an absolute iron famine. This fact raises problems of serious coase quence to the world's iron industry and to the outlook of civilization itself."

The efficient Consul-General of the United States at Paris, Mr. F. Mason, has analyzed with considerable astute ness the problems involved in this threatened industrial catastrophe. From an elaborate report of his we abstract the following facts:

It is well known that the high-class ores of the lake district in America will, at the present rate of consumption, be exhausted within less than fifty years, The Mesaba deposits, with the present annual output of 12,000,-000 tons or thereabouts, will not outlast twenty-five years, and it requires only a simple calculation to demonstrate that a continued yearly consumption of 35,000,000 tons of ore by the iron and steel industries of the United States will within the lifetime of many persons now living eat away entirely the 1,100,000,000 tons which. according to the Swedish report cited, constitute our country's entire workable supply as at present known. Inasmuch, therfore, as the United States possess but about one-ninth of the world's ore deposit and yet consumes more than one-third of the total annual output from all countries, the conclusion is direct and unavoidable that the future economic policy of American iron masters should be se-

plished? The problem is largely one of transportation, in which the item of marine freight rates plays a dominant part. An economic long-distance ocean rate for heavy, low-class merchandise involves necessarily two conditions, viz.: vessels especially adapted to the trade, and return freights that will bear an equal or higher charge for transportation. The ship that brings ore from Spain, Sweden and other European countries to the United States must have each trip an eastwardbound cargo that will be more than ballast and yield a regular and definite profit. There is but one material which will meet the requirements of

sure by all practical means the largest

possible ore supply from the mines of

other countries. How can this be more

economically and effectively accom-

It is in respect of quantity and quality of coal supply that the advantage of North America over European countries is decisive and overwhelm ing. Whatever may be the facts concerning ores, the known coal measures of the United States render their fuel supply secure, abundant and of excellent quality for centuries to come There are hundreds of thousands of neres of gas and coking coals of high quality in the Appalachian region-to say nothing of other regions-which have as yet been hardly scratched by the pick and drill of the miner. New conl deposits of great or less extent and value are being discovered from year to year. With what is now known the present enormous annual output of 280,000,000 tens of bituminous coal can be maintained for hundreds of years without exhausting the available supply.

In Europe, on the contrary, the years of adequate coal provision are definite ly numbered. In England experts estimate the duration of the workable coal measures to be from sixty to one hundred years. Germany has a some what longer lense of industrial life dependent on coal supply, but already the subject is so acute that a heavy contract for the delivery of German coal to France for iron and steel works is understood to have been cancelled recently at heavy loss to the sellers. because, it is definitely understood the imperial Government objected to the depletion of the National coal supply for the benefit of neighboring coun tries. France has native coal for a generation or more, but the mines are deepening, the cost of production is gradually increasing, and economists are looking with growing apprehension to the future. Twenty-five, or at most thirty years hence, the question of an adequate fuel supply will be a serious problem for France.

In 1903 France consumed 42,694,100 tons of coal, of which 34,217,661 tons were the product of French mines while the remaining 8,476,439 'ton were imported. Cardiff and Belgium coals are delivered at Havre at prices \$4.63 to \$5.21 per ton. This is the port of debarkation, common to all Holmes. imported coals, the costs of duty and freightage to the interior would be the

The railway freight rate on coal from this the import duty of twenty-six case.

EVERAL months ago the chief | cents, and it will be seen that the of the Swedish geological sur- Belgian and Welsh coals can be landed in ordinary times at the docks ouside tion adopted by the Swedish Par- the walls of Paris for about \$6.66 to

> whole transaction, including mining rallway and ocean transportation, and ganized and managed as to develop a large trade and reduce expenses per ton to a minimum? In other words, can American bituminous coals of the grades adapted to gas manufacture, domestic use and general industrial purposes, be delievered in large quantitles at Havre for a cost not exceeding

> 85 per ton? It remains to consider the corelation between these conditions and the future ore supply of the United States and certain European countries, as described in the first section of the present report. Coal imported into France pays a duty of twenty-six cents per metric ton. In respect to duty, freight up the Seine to Paris, and other barges American coal would be on the same basis as Belgian and British coals, which come into France principally by that route.

The demand for foreign coal will increase with the gradual exhaustion of the French mines and the consumption will be augmented in proportion to whatever reduction can in future be made in the present high cost of There are millions of tons of fuel. good coking and gas coals in the Alleghany and Cumberland districts of the United States which can be produced with great profit at the mouth of the mine for an average price of \$1 to \$1.25 per ton. When the railroads now projected or under construction are finished and in operation it should be possible to carry such coals to tidewater for a freight rate not much, if anything, in excess of \$1 per ton.

When, in 1902, the project of exporting American coal to Europe was actively discussed, it was the consensus of expert opinion that the successful development of such a trade would require the construction of a special class of vessels which would do for the ocean going coal traffic what they had done for the ore and coal trade of the Great Lakes, namely, steel barges of 10,000 tons burden, stanchly built, with quarters for a crew of ten to fifteen men, and engine power sufficient for a speed of eight or ten knots per hour, which would give steerageway sufficient for safe handling in all weathers. Given a fleet of vessels, with loading docks for coal along the Chesapeake Bay or Atlantic Coast, and a reliable return freight, and the problem of a large and expanding coal export to Europe, which depends primarlly on an ocean freight rate not exceeding \$1.25 to \$1.50 per ton, would be practically solved.

As return freights, the potash minerals of Germany have been suggested. but they are limited in quantity and restricted by various conditions, so that there remains but one available resource, and that is iron ores of Spain, Finland and the Scandinavian Peninsula, three countries which, together, now mine about 14,000,000 tons per annum, but which, for want of cheap and abundant fuel, smelt not more than -third or one-fourth of that amount. The time will doubtless come when most, if not all, European countries will prohibit the export of native coal, except to their own colonies. The imported fuel supplies of France, Italy, Spain and Scandinavia will then have to come mainly from beyond the Atlantle. It will be strange indeed if American foresight shall fail to recognize the opportunity which time will ripen and the laws of demand and supply will offer to American enterprise .-

Scientific American. "The car conductors in Quebec," said the traveling man, "don't have much of a show to beat the company. Every passenger deposits his fare in a box fitted with a slot arrangement. The conductor carries it by a strap in his hand, and the only money he touches is that necessary to make change. Of ourse, there is a sort of cash register attachment to the box, so that the conductor has no chance to 'knock down' in making change. He holds the box in front of the passenger until the latter drops his fare in the slot. I wondered, when I first went to Quebec why the hands of the conductors were so much cleaner and their clothes so much neater than those of conductors in United States cities. It finally dawned on me that those boxes explained it. The Ouebec conductors don't have to handle thousands of coins every day, and don't have to carry hundreds of dimes and nickels in their coat pockets."

What are the great faults of conver-sation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoils more good talk than anything else: long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain ultimata of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace varying, in ordinary seasons, from the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their competition which American coal source,-From "The Addocrat of the would have to meet, since from that Brenkfast Table," by Oliver Wendell

Street car conductors in New York City are required to serve their trans-Prayre to Paris is seventy frances per fer tickets dry. That is, they must carload of ten tons, or \$1.35 per ton not moisten with their mouths the finfor a haul of 143 miles. The rate by gers which tear off a ticket from a the River Seine, which is open to navi- packet, just before giving it to a gation practically the entire year is passenger. It is asserted that transfrom \$1.05 to \$1.10 per ton. Add to fer tickets thus moistened spread dis-



Speech of a Wise Man. OOD roads was the keynote of one of the ablest speeches made

in Congress this session. It delivered in the House of Representatives by Representative Lee, of Georgia, who, with telling force, brought out fact, after fact about the deplorable condition of American roads generally. It is a significant fact that his speech was listened to with the closest attention by members of the House Representative Lee began by saying

that all civilized governments build roads, and that all save our own have some established system for building and maintaining public highways, un-der the direction of skilled and competent officials. Early in this century some work of this kind was done by the Federal Government. The dawn of rallway building and steam transportation, he said, seems to have largely drawn public attention and enterprise from our common highways, as a natural consequence, for more than fifty years - years that have been full of throbbing life and vigor for us as a nation; years that have no parallel in the history of our race for triumphs of man over nature; years that have been filled with a succession of wonders and triumphs in every field of human thought and endeavor. But the greatest wonder of all these wondrous years is that as a nation we have utterly ignored our country roads, and we seem surprised when we look about us and find them no better than they were half

a century ago. Continuing, Mr. Lee said: "The able Secretary of Agriculture estimates that the cost, the extra burdens imposed upon this country by bad roads, is not less than \$600,000,000 annually. These figures almost stagger credulity, but who can gainsay them? And yet, when bill was recently introduced in this House to appropriate \$25,000,000 annually for abating this great and continuing loss, it was ridiculed in some quarters as a fake-visionary and impracticable-as if it were wild and unreasonable to stop a leak of hundreds of millions of dollars with this comparnively small appropriation. But those who reviled it have not seized upon the

opportunity to propose a better plan. "Forty millions of dollars were promptly handed out from the public treasury to pay for the privilege of spending \$200,000,000 more to dig a ditch in foreign lands more than 1000 miles from home. Not one-hundredth of one per cent. of our people will ever see It; not one in 1000 of our people will ever feel his burden lightened or his for and comforts of life increased when it is finished. One-half the sum it will cost, if intelligently expended upon our public highways during the next ten years, would give 100 times as many comforts and pleasures to 1000 times as many of our people. The canal will be a great public utility, no doubt, but better roads are a crying public need. now-every day.

"If the army needs a road it gets it. Even our possessions in the Far East, the Philippine Islands, have been the objects of our solicitous care to the extent of expending \$5,000,000 in building roads for them. Porto Rico, though not much larger than some of our counties, has had over \$3,000,060 expended upon its roads since it came into our possession. During our brief occupancy of Cuba our Government expended \$2,500,000 upon its public roads. Even know he was going away." Mr. Wil-those little dots in the Pacific, the Ha-kyns—"The bank directors didn't, wallan Islands, have come in for a share and have a contemplated expenditure of \$2,500,000 upon their roads These various sums aggregate \$13,000, 000 that have been expended during the past few years in building roads, not a foot of which lies within the United States. What have we against our own people that we should deny to them blessings that are freely extended to the idle islanders of the seas?

"But other interests and forces are coming to the ald of the solitary and unorganized farmer. His friends in the cities, having grown rich and equipped themselves liberally with selfpropelled vehicles, want better roads to roll them over, and they are interested in the problem of the roads. The manufacturer, learning from expertence that bad roads interfere materinlly with his obtaining steady and continuous supplies of raw material, wants the roads improved. The millions of operatives in the mines, factories and shops are learning that bad roads increase the cost and disturb the regular supply of food products from the farms which they must have, and they want better roads. The merchant has learned that bad roads retard and repress trade, and he wants them mend-Our Postoffice Department is greatly hindered and hampered in its efforts to supply to the country regular and reliable mail service for lack of better roads. In fact, it would be hard o name an interest, an industry, or an individual who would not be benefited by better roads." Representative Lee said that if he

had the privilege of writing upon the statute books a law that had more of the promise and potency for immediate and lasting good to all the people than nny law that has been proposed or discussed in the House, it would be a law creating a Department of Public Highways, to act through and in conjunc tion with State, county and municipal authorities in redeeming the country from the throes and thralldom of its miserable roads, and he would give that department not less than \$50,000,-600 a year until the work had reached a satisfactory stage of advancement.

"So here we are," said he, "right in the middle of the road, and the sorriest kind of a road at that. 'A condition confronts us, not a theory.' Are not 100 years of observation long enough to convince us that the roads will not reform themselves?"-The Automobile.

Have a Cured Cold.

"I've got a fresh cold," Representative John Wesley Gaines, of Tennes see, complained

'Why have a fresh one?' asked Rep resentative Stanley, of Kentucky "Why not have it cured?"

THE TACTLESS HOSTESS.

The meat pies made by Jarley's wife Are famed throughout the town; They'd raise a mortal to the skies, Or draw an angel down.

But Jarley's spouse, though skillful cook, Fails woefully in tact; And I, who pose as reconteur, Have learned that painful fact.

How oft a climax I have reached. In story choice and new. When, fork up-poised, she has implored, "Another helping? Do!"

Or when the guests, with eager ears, Some jest's keen point await. She'll pout, "A wee bit? I insist! My dear, just pass his plate!" Now, I'm a law-abiding man; And Jarley's of my kin; But I confess it fires my bload When Jarley's wife butta ins-

And if, some day, this artist-cook
In weltering gore's described.
The verdict must be "Self Defense"
Or "Murder Justified!"
-Ella A. Fanning, in the New York



"Hello, Bilkins, who are you working "Same people-a wife and five children." - Montgomery Adver-

Lady Customer (in baker's shop, to shop girli-"Are these buns to-day's, because what I bought yesterday weren't,"-Punch.

Stella - "Are you going to marry him?" Bella-"Yes, he has been investigated by three magazines, so I shall know all about him."-Brooklyn Life.

Said a broken down fox, "I have spent
Every dollar I had," and he went
To a wealthy old skunk
For the loan of a plank
But the skunk wouldn't give him a scent.

—New York Times.

"Is our new cook clean, dear?" "I'm

afraid not. When I asked her what kind of soap she used to wash the vegetables she said she didn't use any."-Detroit Free Press.

Politician-"Your brother-in-law, big Mike Callahan, has applied for a political job. Can you safely recommend him?" Costigan-"Well, Ol couldn't safely do anything else."-Judge.

Miss Debutte -- "Now that you're graduated from college, don't you miss the outdoor exercise?" Mr. Greenwun -"Not especially. You see, I'm serving subpoents for a law firm now."-Puck Mother-"Oh, you bad boy! Dirty

hands again! I'm afraid you're a hope-

less case." Tommy (eagerly)-"Oh, ma, does 'hopeless' mean you're going to give up talking about it?"-Philadelphia Ledger. Mrs. Hunnimune-"You nasty tramp! How dare you eat that lemon pie I set out to cool?" Tired Timothy-"Well, it did take nerve, ma'am, but a starvin'

man can't be very particular about what he eats."—Cleveland Leader. There are no birds in last year's nests,

No wheels in last year's ruts; But buy pecans and you will find Some worms in last year's nuts. "Some er you sinners is ol' en grayheaded. So ol', in fact, dat w'en you finally fetches up at whar you gwine, Satan'll say, we'n he open de gate: 'Come right in, chillun; but, my, my! how late you is?"-Atlanta Constitu-

Miss Skreecher-"What sort of songs do you like best, Mr. Suphrer?" Suphrer - "The songs of the seventeenth century." Miss S .- "How odd! Why do you prefer them?" Mr. S .-'Because nobody ever sings 'em nowadays."-Cleveland Leader. Miss Watkyns-"Where is Mr. Cash-

leigh now?" Mr. Wilkyns-"I don't know exactly. Somewhere up in Canada." Miss Watkyns-"Why, I didn't either."-Somerville Journal.

"That office holder never makes a move that is not dictated by his political boss." "No," answered Senator Sorghum, "he has been given to understand that he can hold his situation only during bad behavior."-Washing-

Lost Bees and Trousers.

A German beekeeper undertook to carry some of his choicest bees to a bee show. He took a train in Hanover with his bees in a basket at his feet. .The bees escaped from the basket and crawled up his trouser's legs. his actions soon aroused suspicious in the hearts of two women who occupied the same compartment with him. They pulled the bell cord and stopped the train. When the bee fancier explained the situation he was placed in an empty compartment to have it out with the bees all by himself. Here he removed his trousers and began shaking them out of the window to free them of the swarm. Unfortunately they caught a telegraph pole and were swept away, bees, money and all. At the next station the frate station master brought forth the reluctant bea fancier in a rug and he pawned his watch to acquire decent valment to walk back along the line in search of his bees and his trousers.

Free Lunch Schemer. An Irishman, who was notoriously impecunious, has discovered a new way to achieve some of the luxuries of life. This is how he explains it: "Whist, man, don't say a word about it, I found everybody wanted to sell an 'auto' for a good price to some innocent, so I just hung around the garage at every hotel I stopped at and pretended to be as green as the Emerald Isle, and gave out that I wanted a secondhand machine, and would not go to a dealer as I did not know anything about a machine, and he might rob me. I have had forty-nine rides, seventeen luncheons, five dinners and about forty cigars, good, bad and indifferent, but divil a machine have I bought

The Profession of Farming "Farming is a profession requiring more shrewdness than law, more tech-

nical training than medicine, more unrightness than theology, more brains and resourcefulness than pedegogy. It is its own reward. God made farmers. The other professions are parasites."-American Farming.

In January Japan's exports were \$13,268,000 and imports \$16,038,000. Exports increased by \$1,000,000 and imports decreased by \$4,000,000, a fa vorable trade balance gain of \$3,000,-