

ALTOGETHER TOO SHY.

Queer Excuse Given by a Pretty Girl for Whom the Bridegroom Waited Long in Vain.

Mary Pliska, shy as a chamois, donned her wedding dress at her home in New Britain, Conn., the other evening and made all preparations to accompany her parents to the cozy little home that Michael Neidholer had prepared for her and there to be married to him.

Michael and his friends were waiting. It was to be an eventful marriage, for Mary was pretty and Michael was popular. When the bride and her parents were not on hand at the appointed moment, the prospective bridegroom was made the object of jests. He laughed with the jesters.



AND THERE HE FOUND MARY. (Connecticut Girl Who Was Too Shy to Be Married.)

When five minutes had passed the jests became more pointed and the shafts of witticism sank deeper, but still Michael laughed. When ten minutes had passed, and then 15 minutes, and then half an hour, Michael was decidedly uneasy.

Then a messenger handed a note to Michael. He suddenly left, without giving an excuse, and went directly to the home of Papa and Mama Pliska. They were in a state of great excitement.

They could not find Mary! She had robed herself in her wedding gown with her mother's assistance, and then, when her mother left to put on her hat, Mary mysteriously disappeared.

Michael thought deeply. At last he asked the parents if they had gone to the home of a chum of Mary. They had not. But they were sure she had not gone there. Nevertheless, Michael got into a carriage and drove rapidly to the home of Mary's chum.

And there he found Mary—all dressed in her bridal robes, with a bunch of real orange blossoms in her hair, crying her pretty eyes out.

Michael asked her why she had not come to the house. She cried in answer. He asked her again; and then amid her sobs, she told him she had feared to face the crowd that would witness the ceremony.

Michael left without a word. He drove back to his cottage, told the guests what had happened and that the wedding was off. Some of them suggested that he take the priest to the home of Mary's chum and be married there. But Michael told them he did not care to marry a girl who had insulted him before his friends.

And the marriage ceremony has never been performed.

FAITH IN BALDWIN.

Millionaire Siegler, Who Will Spend a Fortune on Expedition, Confident He Will Reach Pole.

William Ziegler, the New York baking powder manufacturer, who is willing to spend \$1,000,000 on the Baldwin expedition to the north pole, which will start next year, says he is sure Baldwin will not return without having reached the pole. "I am a business man," he said, in an interview in



WILLIAM ZIEGLER. (Baking Powder Magnate Back of the Baldwin Expedition.)

New York, "and accustomed to look at things only from a business standpoint. If I did not feel absolutely sure that this expedition will be successful I would not waste my money and Mr. Baldwin would not waste his time. The race to get to the north pole first is not a race between two or three men; it is a race between nations. I do not want to see an Italian or a Norwegian reach the north pole first. I think this country is great enough and progressive enough to have that honor. It is simply a matter of national pride with me. I have every confidence in Mr. Baldwin. He is a man of determination and will get to the pole if it is within human power to do so. He will not turn back and come home."

Two Horticultural Freaks. White blackberries and green roses have been propagated in Louisiana.

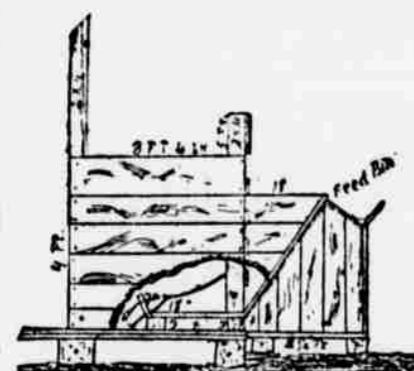


PERFECT COW STALL.

After a Test of Seven Years Its Designer Considers It the Best Thing of Its Kind.

There is nothing about the dairy barn that requires so much care and ingenuity as the construction of cow stalls. Contemplating the wisdom of an invention that would give not only perfect comfort to dairy animals, but insure perfect cleanliness, I constructed one that has proved to be a grand success, after a test of seven years. Since my stall appeared thousands of dairymen have placed them in their dairy barns and where constructed according to the plans shown in the illustrations they have always given perfect satisfaction.

The construction is simple and the plans easily followed. If a carpenter is employed see that he makes no



SIDE VIEW OF STALL.

changes, as any deviation will result in ruining the whole plan. The platform is made of inch oak doubled with broken joints and a two-inch fall at ditch. This platform may be made of cement instead of plank or boards. The ditch should be made watertight. I have found that where a considerable quantity of absorbents are used a ditch 16 inches wide, 9 inches deep, at platform and 7 inches at walk has given us the greatest satisfaction.

We find that a platform 6 feet 8 inches from ditch to the piece across the front of the stall is just right for a cow weighing 1,000 pounds. For shorter cows decrease the length, the idea being to fence the cow neck to the ditch so that all her voidings will fall into the latter, which insures a clean animal. For the mangers I use two, three by three stalling, and lay them full length of stalls, so that the feed trough will be 18 inches wide and four inches above platform after placing a tight bottom of either an 18-inch board or matched flooring. The flange board next to cow is seven inches wide, being just ten inches from top to floor.

The opening of the manger at top ought to be 18 inches wide. At this point all feed, grain, silage, hay or fodder is fed. The last slat at bottom should be only six or seven inches wide from the slanting back of manger, so that nothing but grain or cut feed will pass into the 18-inch trough. The cows are tied with the common swivel tie chain. The partitions for the stalls are three feet six inches long and four feet high; width of stall, three feet two inches from center to center. The partitions do not follow through past the five-foot post to the slanting back of the manger higher than one foot above the feed trough. This is done so that green corn or corn stovers can be fed more easily, which to many farmers is an item. The feed bin is an adjunct which many have attached and run the full length of the feed alley with door to door, as shown. This feature saves many steps in a whole winter's feeding and holds a large quantity of feed.—George E. Scott, in Orange Judd Farmer.

BRIEF DAIRY NOTES.

It is the neglected cow that never fills the milking pail.

Be merciful to your cows if you expect to make money in the dairy business.

The cool nights of fall should admonish dairymen to house their cows at night.

Rowen freshly cut from the meadows form a valuable adjunct to the fall feed of dairy cows.

To allow the cows to lie in open pastures until the nights are freezing cold is to invite a steady decrease in milk yield.

Unless the nights are warm and pleasant at this season, it is wise after the evening's milking to give the cows a feeding of fodder corn or freshly cut rowen, and let them lie on dry bedding in the stable all night. The fodder can be fed to them in their mangers, and will result in a much more bountiful yield of milk in the morning than if the cows lay out through a frosty night.—National Rural.

Essentials in Poultry Care.

There are a few rules absolutely necessary in the care of all varieties of poultry. Feed regularly at stated times, and give no more than will be eaten up clean. A change of food will be relished and will give a good return. Nests and roosting places must be kept clean and free from offensive odor. Fresh, clean water should be supplied every day. Quietude and freedom from alarm of any kind are necessary to command their confidence, which is a very important consideration; keep them familiar with your presence and voice, and do not disappoint their confidence. Ground plaster is one of the best disinfectants to ally the offensive odors of the henyard, and costs but little.

BATTLING FOR LIFE.

Widow of Stonewall Jackson, Famous Southern Hero.

Has Recently Undergone an Operation from Whose Results She May Not Recover—Her Home Life at Charlotte, N. C.

Some weeks ago the widow of Gen. Stonewall Jackson had a critical operation performed in a Baltimore hospital, and her friends are afraid that she will not recover from its effects. Although now over 70 years old her face, according to a Charlotte (N. C.) correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle, retains much of the beauty which enthralled the then awkward, diffident young military cadet from Lexington when he first met her as Anna Morrison at the home of Gen. David Hill. Her black, luxuriant hair has few traces of gray and her black eyes are piercing and lustrous still.

Since the death of Mrs. Jackson's only child, Mrs. Christian, several years ago, she has devoted her life to her grandchildren, who reside with her. Her home is a plain two-story building on Trade street, Charlotte, N. C. To the unpretentious dwelling, however, a picturesque charm is given by ivy and Madeira vines climbing at will about the veranda, violet bordered walks leading to the hospitable doorway and stately magnolias casting their luxuriant foliage over the whole. Within is the refined atmosphere of a typical southern home. In the drawing-room the most conspicuous object is a large oil painting of Gen. Jackson. Portraits of other heroes whose memories are still sacred in the hearts of old confederates are also hung everywhere upon the walls, interspersed with tattered flags and other trophies of the lost cause.

Here the widow of one of the great military geniuses of the world has passed her peaceful days, busied with her household duties or superintending the education of her grandchildren.

In her "Life of Jackson" she said: "The home of my girlhood was a large, old-fashioned house, surrounded by an extensive grove of pine forest trees, on a plantation in Lincoln county, N. C. My father was Rev. Dr. Robert Hall Morrison, the first



MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON. (Widow of Famous Southern Hero Now at Death's Door.)

president of Davidson college. He was a graduate of the university of the state, and of the same class as President James K. Polk, Bishop Green and others of note in church and state."

Mrs. Jackson's mother was Mary Graham, daughter of Gen. Joseph Graham, of revolutionary fame, and sister of Gen. W. A. Graham, who was once secretary of the navy.

Mrs. Jackson was one of ten children, six daughters and four sons. She spent much of her early life in Washington with her uncle, Gen. Graham. While on a visit to Lexington, Va., she met her future husband then Prof. T. J. Jackson, whom she married in July, 1837. Gen. Jackson died in 1863, May 10, and left his widow and one child, a girl, Julia, who was but a few months old. The two and the skillful old nurse Betty returned to the Morrison home in Lincoln county, where they lived a quiet life until Julia was ready to enter college, when the mother and child moved to Charlotte. After finishing school Julia married W. E. Christian, a talented newspaper man, now in the service of the Seaboard Air line railroad at Portsmouth, Va. Mrs. Jackson lived with the young couple in St. Paul, Minn., Minneapolis and other western towns up to 1889, when Mrs. Christian died, after which she returned to her home in Charlotte and brought with her Julia and Jackson Christian, her grandchildren. Miss Christian, sister of Mrs. Jackson's son-in-law, came to live with her. Mrs. Jackson's Charlotte home is very near the Southern railway station, where an aged Mexican war veteran who served under Jackson has stood for years as guard. He took great pride in guarding Mrs. Jackson and lost no opportunity to point out the house to strangers. The house is a plain two-story frame building and the yard is adorned by several beautiful evergreen trees. When at home Mrs. Jackson lived a simple but pleasant life, surrounded by her bright grandchildren, who are now off at school.

Mrs. Jackson spent part of every year at Lexington, Va., her health permitting. It was there that she spent her married life and where her husband and daughter are buried.

Mrs. Jackson is an ideal southern lady of the old school. She is president of the Daughters of the Confederacy and regent of the Daughters of the Revolution.

The Trail of the Serpent. Mrs. Backlots—I've just been reading the account in the Weekly Cordwood about Jed Tucker's accident. It says "the excited horses, while at a high rate of speed, attempted to turn at a very acute angle, which resulted in several abrasions to the conveyance and the precipitation of its occupants to the ground." Now, everybody knows that Jed simply tipped over in his buggy while he was turnin' old Gipes' corners.

Backlots—Yes, it's gittin' so one can't rely on anything in these here yaller journals any more.—Brooklyn Life.

The Gallant Leonidas. "This article says that a woman's brain is, as a rule, smaller than that of a man's," remarked Mrs. Meekton, rather resentfully.

"Of course," answered Leonidas. "Everybody knows that."

"Sir!" "It's one of nature's magnificent economies," he continued, hastily. "It is a method of making up in quantity for a lack of quality, my dear. We males ought to have some little show in the struggle for existence, you know."—Washington Star.

What's a Man to Do? "Confidentially," said the undertaker's wife, "Mr. Smith hasn't paid the bill for his wife's funeral yet."

"Isn't that scandalous?" exclaimed Mrs. Gabble. "I should think he'd be ashamed to let people see how little he thought of his wife."

"Yes, and his brother John, when his wife was buried, paid the very next day."

"Huh! Looked as if he was glad to get rid of her, didn't it?"—N. Y. World.

Retort Courteous. "Really—er—" stammered the gossip, who had been caught red-handed. "I'm afraid you overheard what I said about you. Perhaps—I was a bit too severe."

"Oh, no," replied the other woman. "You weren't nearly as severe as you would have been if you knew what I think of you."—Philadelphia Press.

Feminine Economy. "Why do you carry your purse in your hand?"

"Principles of economy. If a thief made a snatch at my pocket, thinking to find it there, he would probably tear my skirt. If he snatched it out of my hand, he would find exactly five cents, a thimble and a receipted bill."—Town Topics.

Frankly Expressed. "I am a man of few words," said the busy citizen.

"I am glad to hear it," answered the caller, with superabundance of assurance. "I've got a whole lot to say to you, and the fewer times you interrupt me the better I'll be pleased."—Washington Star.

Only Practices. Chappie—Fd just like to know what you mean by being engaged to both Cholley and me at once.

Miss Pinkie—Why, bless you, there is no harm done; you can't either of you afford to marry me, you know.—Stray Stories.

They Usually Do. Whenever I meet a maid Who's seeking an affinity I always feel afraid She'll wed an assinity. —Harlem Life.

A GIRL'S BEANNESS.



Miss Saucy—Mr. Softhead, you do not seem to have any sense of the ridiculous!

Mr. Softhead—What makes you think so?

Miss Saucy—A little while ago you looked at your reflection in the mirror for ten minutes without even a smile!—Heiters Welt.

Human Ambition. We'll never want an emperor— Yet if one had to be Each one of us if truth were told Would wish it might be he. —Washington Star.

Broad, Not Shallow. "You can't deny that he is a broad-minded man."

"Possibly he is, but if his mind has breadth it certainly has no depth."—Chicago Post.

Chiefly Ornamental. De Jones—Is there a clock in your church? Sleepleigh—Yes; but it isn't of much use; it hasn't any alarm.—Smart Set.

In Sunday School. Teacher—Now, Ernest, who is it that hears everything you say and sees everything you do? Ernest—The lady next door, sir.—Brooklyn Life.

Not Henpecked. Mrs. Fullerton—Will you be home early to-night? Fullerton—Well, in case I'm not, I'll see you later.—Chicago Daily News.

An Unjust Accusation. "Tom, you are terribly lazy." "No, I'm not lazy at all; I simply don't like to work."—Chicago Record.

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