

COWS TRAINED FOR THE TEST

Jerseys at the World's Fair Are Expected to Show That They Are Superior to All Other Breeds.

The herd of Jersey cows assembled at the World's Fair at St. Louis to represent the Jersey breed in the universal dairy test has been inspected and has been pronounced in perfect condition and ready to start upon their six months' trial on a day's notice.

W. R. Spann of the Burr Oak Jersey farm, Dallas, Tex., was the inspector, and he was thorough in his work. He passed a week on the Exposition grounds, and much of the time was spent in and around the Jersey cattle barn, and the attention of the individual of the herd of forty cows was definitely ascertained.

Never was more intelligent and careful treatment lavished on animals. No athlete was ever better trained for a contest requiring the development of speed, skill and endurance than has been this herd of Jersey. When it is known that this herd is to compete with selected herds of Holsteins, Short-horns, Brown Swiss and Devons, and the herd making the best score for the production of butter, milk and cheese is to establish the standard of the various breeds, the importance of the cows being in perfect condition may be understood.

For a solid year the Jerseys have been in constant training. Twenty-five cows will participate in the contest. Cows were selected from the best herds in the United States.

Dr. J. J. Richardson, president of the American Jersey Cattle Club, under whose auspices this entry is made, toured Europe and visited the famed Isle of Jersey, where the breed originated. He was seeking the best cows, but returned satisfied that Europe could show no cows that were better than those bred in America.

Though only twenty-five cows will participate in the test, forty cows were selected. They were assembled at Jerseyville, Ill., a year ago. This is near St. Louis, and the cattle have become acclimated. Last December they were removed to St. Louis. The cows are the property of individual members of the club and are loaned for the term of the test. C. T. Graves, a breeder at Mettland, Mo., was selected as the superintendent in charge of the cattle, and he has been highly complimented by Dr. Richardson and Inspector Spann for the wonderfully fine condition in which he has placed the herd.

A series of model dairy barns have been built for the breeds competing in the test. The barns are of modern form, and are so arranged that the cows are in the center and a wide promenade permits visitors to pass around and view the cows as they stand in their stalls.

The milking and feeding are to be done in plain view of the public, and representatives of the various herds will at all times have access to all the barns to see that no sharp practices are indulged in.

The test not only consists in showing the amount of butter, milk and cheese produced, but the best of production is taken into consideration. Every ounce of food given each cow is weighed and carefully recorded. When the cows are milked, the milk is conveyed to a model creamery in the Agricultural building, where it is tested and made into butter and cheese and where all records are carefully kept.

The Jersey cattle participated in a similar test at Chicago during the Columbian Exposition and carried off first honors.

Superintendent Graves is sanguine over the result of the present test. He says that the Jerseys have always demonstrated their superiority over all other breeds when placed in competition, and this time they will show to better advantage than ever. Not only is the Jersey milk richer in butter fat than the milk of any other breed, says Mr. Graves, but it can be produced at a less cost. The Jersey cows are the smallest of the standard breeds, and he asserts that they consume less feed. They assimilate their food, and it is converted into milk and butter and is not used in building up and sustaining a large carcass.

"We are going to make all other breeds take to the woods after this test," said Mr. Graves. "A few days ago I was testing some of our Jersey milk, and my hands were all sticky and greasy from the enormous amount of butter fat that the milk contained. Mr. Von Heyne, who is in charge of the Holsteins, sent over a quantity of his milk for me to test. Of course, from a commercial standpoint, there was no comparison between the milk, but it was a pleasure to test his milk, and when I got through there was no grease on my hands. After this I will have a bucket of Holstein milk after testing our own rich Jersey milk."

The test begins May 16 and continues 120 days.

Unique California Map.
A unique exhibit at the World's Fair was prepared by the agricultural department of the University of California. It is a large map, so colored as to show the character of the various soils of the state. It gives a clear idea of the situation and the extent of the arable and unutilized sections. In the localities that cannot be cultivated are shown the Sierras, the lava beds and the desert. The map indicates the location of the cultivable portions of the mountains and Mohave plateau and shows the nature of the foothills and valleys of that wonderful state.

Canine Intelligence.
A striking instance of canine intelligence is reported from Paris. A male schoolteacher named Dillaz was waylaid one evening near Clarenton bridge by two roustabouts, who set upon him and, after rifling his pockets, flung him into the Seine. A collic dog that happened to be near, without being encouraged to do so by any person, sprang to the rescue and saved the schoolmaster. The dog was then caught by one of the roustabouts, and once plunged into the water and, catching the man by the coat, asked him to keep aloof until the river police, attracted by his cries, arrived to his assistance. Mr. Dillaz was subsequently able to reach the police with a description which led to the arrest of his assailants.

An Anecdote of Ben Wade.
In the early winter of 1851, Ben Wade, the Ohio senator, is credited with saying, "When Chief Justice Taney was ill I used to pray daily and earnestly that his life might be preserved until the inauguration of President Lincoln, who would appoint a Republican chief justice, but when I saw how complete his recovery was and how his life was prolonged I began to fear that I had overdone the business."—L. E. Chittenden's "Personal Reminiscences."

WOMAN AND FASHION

Lady Curzon Introduced It.
It was Lady Curzon who introduced the hat flounce. She will wear it at Newport this summer. This beautiful hat is in the mangle colors, black and white. The top is trimmed with little white flowers, and there are loops of lace on the middle of the crown. Bunches of white flowers are set underneath the brim. The feature of this



THE NEW HAT FLOUNCE.
It is the lace flounce, which is sewed around the back part of the hat. This flounce, which is just deep enough to cover the neck, is lightly worked in spots with white silk. The way to shir such a flounce is to gather it upon a shir string. The whole is then fastened to the back of the hat in such a manner as to form a veil around its three sides. The technical name is the hat flounce. This same idea is carried out in white lace upon a white hat. And it is seen in tan lace upon a hat of burned straw. All the latest hats are used upon hats of the same color.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Lingerie Hats.
The fashionable maid will have one or two of those fascinating lingerie hats in her summer trousseau, and the batiste, mull, fine swiss embroideries and valenciennes lace creations are lovelier than ever this season, as innumerable changes are rung upon combinations of lace and flowers. Nets, plain or dotted, with large chemise wafers, are shirred and plaited into airy ruffled shapes and trimmed with flowers and soft silken scarfs. Quaint effects are obtained by using embroidered and painted mousseline over broad trimmed, low crowned shapes covered with plain taffeta. One model in palest blue taffeta has a trim lined with tiny frills of valenciennes. The outside of the hat is entirely covered in white mousseline over broad trimmed, low crowned shapes covered with plain taffeta. One model in palest lilac taffeta has its brim lined with tiny frills of valenciennes. The outside of the hat is entirely covered in white mousseline, painted in floral designs and inset with lace, and a broad scarf of lilac taffeta folds round the crown and falls in loops and ends under the brim at the back.

Skirts of the Season.
The European modistes tell us that there is no shadow of doubt about the advent of full skirts for the coming season. There may be variations in detail, in trimming, in length, but the summer skirt will be full, and the sheer materials, the soft supple summer silks and wools, will lend themselves charmingly to the mode. For the walking skirt and the skirt which, for want of a better term, one must call dressy, the summer dress are approximately fixed. The morning street costumes will not break into billowing folds, but will keep a tailored severity and, whether plaited or plain, will fit snugly around the hips and ripple discreetly at the ankles.

A New Yoke.
Tucked blouse of cloth or silk with plain yoke of new shape bordered with bands of embroidery. Bands of embroidery trim the blouse and cross on the deep tucked cuffs. The full sleeves are plaited at the top. The collar is of gipure or embroidery.

A Bit of Curran's Wit.
An Irishman loves a joke so well that he keeps the memory of a good one always ready. One day he was lecturing by an old member of the Irish parliament in an amusing illustration of Curran's ready wit. A certain judge, Lord Norbury, was famous for the alacrity with which he condemned prisoners to death when he might have pronounced a more merciful sentence. On one occasion when he was dining in public with the foremost members of the Dublin bar he helped himself to some meat, at the same time asking: "Is this hunk beef?" "Not yet," said Curran quickly. "Your lordship has not tried it."

Popular Highland Remedies.
A peculiar highland remedy for both consumption and general debility was what is known as such an omelette (the name of the dish) was made. These were gathered in the hills when the animals were killed in the springtime. They were boiled for some hours and the juice thus obtained bottled after being strained. Candy sugar and whisky are usually added to it nowadays. Crabs' shells pulverized and eaten on bread and butter were used for consumption, asthma and whooping cough in the Hebrides.—Caledonian Medical Journal.

Not to His Line.
Employer: You don't seem to be able to do anything. New Clerk: Well, I always had a political job until I struck this one.—Judge.

Must Go Abroad.
"What makes you think you are rich Americans?" "Because they know so much more about other countries than their own."—Town Topics.

There have undoubtedly been bad great men, but undoubtedly they were bad they were not great.—Hunt.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE

[Original.]
"Jim," said the keeper, "I wish you to promise me that you'll never do anything to make it necessary for me to hurt you. I'd rather put a bullet into myself than into you."

"I'll try, Bill, to be satisfied to do my time, but sometimes I feel that if I don't get out of 'ere I'll go crazy."

"Be patient, you've only got a year and a half more, counting time off for good behavior, and that'll soon pass." The convict turned away with a dissatisfied exclamation; the keeper locked him in his cell and returned to his office.

Just three months from that time Jim Burt, after a visit from his wife, who smuggled him a steel saw, cut two bars out of his window, let himself self down by means of his bedclothes, dodged the guard and got away. When the escape was reported to the keeper he heaved a sigh and, arming himself, started in pursuit.

"I must get Jim or kill him," he said. "Everybody knows that he and I were schoolmates, and everybody will believe that I connived at his escape." There was more than this in Bill Connolly's determination to capture or shoot his old friend—a cast iron conviction that if he failed he would be kept in prison, and if any one of them escaped to get him, dead or alive. He could make no exception, and in the case of his former friend he must make a greater effort. He divided the pursuing force into sections, and he himself, in different directions, keeping one route for himself, a route he felt sure Jim Burt would take. Tom Hathaway, who had been one of a trio of friends when they were boys, Bill Connolly and Jim Burt being the others, lived in a retired spot between two mountains, a convenient place for a hideout. Bill knew that Tom would hide his old friend Burt.

One with a less sturdy conscience would have looked elsewhere for the fugitive except in the place where he felt sure he was to be found, but Connolly could not more lie to himself than he could to his pursuers. He kept one route for himself, a route he felt sure Jim Burt would take. Tom Hathaway, who had been one of a trio of friends when they were boys, Bill Connolly and Jim Burt being the others, lived in a retired spot between two mountains, a convenient place for a hideout. Bill knew that Tom would hide his old friend Burt.

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It was a cold winter day when the keeper approached Hathaway's place. Connolly shivered at the thought of Burt's being obliged to lie in concealment in the cold.

At Hathaway's he was told by Mrs. Hathaway (Hathaway was not at home) that Burt had not been there. But he had, and she had given him her husband's overcoat.

Connolly knew of a cleft in the rocks a short distance up the road and felt sure he would find his man there. He walked till he came to an opening in the bushes through which a path led to the little cove, then took the path and advanced. When he came within a few hundred yards of the hiding place a voice called: "Halt!" "Come out, Jim."

"Never alive, Billy."

"No, I don't, Billy. I suppose you do."

"Yes, I do, Billy, and you know how it would give me to shoot my old friend. You see, I've got a position here behind these rocks to do all the shooting, or rather you can't see, for I'm too well covered."

"And you'll kill me while I'm doing only my duty, a duty that I can't fail to perform without dishonor."

"I don't exactly see it in that light. You have your old friend's word that he is of the quality of the crime for which he is punished. The master you serve, the state, has made a mistake. What you want to do is to make a big effort to satisfy the public without really trying to do anything."

"That's not my way of doing a thing. I'm bound to do it. I'm not to decide on your guilt or innocence. A jury has done that. If they hit your case wrong, that's your misfortune."

"And if you are my jailer trying to take me and I kill you in self defense that's your misfortune."

There was a long silence, at the end of which Connolly said, in a tone he might have used to a stranger: "Prisoner, come out and surrender or I'll open fire on you."

To which, after a short silence, Burt replied: "Keeper, I'll not take advantage of a man who regards it his duty to kill me. If I must fight you, I'll fight you in the open."

He sprang over a rock and advanced, firing and receiving his antagonist's fire as he advanced. He had emptied three chambers of his revolver and Connolly had emptied five. His hands both fell some thirty feet apart and lay without motion.

Late that night Hathaway returned to his home and learned that both his old friends had been there. Burt had told Mrs. Hathaway where he was going and asked her to tell her husband to come and consult upon some plan for further action. Hathaway hurried away. The moonlight lay on the white snow as he left the road and struck into the path that led to the rocks. He walked rapidly till he came to the bodies of Burt and Connolly lying side by side. He placed his hand first on Burt's then on Connolly's head. Burt was still; Connolly's was beating feebly. The overcoat that Mrs. Hathaway had loaned Burt had been thrown over Connolly. Burt, knowing that he had received his death wound, had crawled to his friend and carefully covered him.

THOMAS KENT WATERMAN.

DEATH WEEK.

A Singular Ceremonial Which Takes Place In Rural Russia.
"Death week," the "Smartni Nodel" of the Slavonic people, marks the end of the winter in rural Russia. It is kept during the last seven days of March and is a survival pure and simple of early paganism.

In Russia, and in the minds of the mass of untaught Russians nowadays, the idea of death and winter is closely associated, and the ceremonies proper to the "death week," from the sacrifice to the "Vodyanol," or water spirit, with which it begins, to the ordinary arched position of conversation, in which the lips should be held about an inch away from the fanned and directly opposite the center. The speaker should talk in a tone slightly above the ordinary conversational pitch, about in the same way as if he were speaking to a person across the room.

But, more than all, care should be taken to talk slowly and to articulate with the greatest distinctness, to be deliberate in what one says and to make ample pause at the end of each sentence. The telephone is such a time saver that it may be used to great advantage in the use of a solid back than to stand at a distance from the instrument and endeavor to affect it by shouting at the top of one's lungs.

How to Cure Foot Sprains.
Slide the fingers under the foot and, having greased both thumbs, press them successively with increasing force over the painful parts for about a quarter of an hour. The application should be repeated several times, or until the patient is able to walk. This is a simple remedy for a very frequent accident and can be performed by the most inexperienced.

How to Make a White Gown Smart.
A white gown may be made very smart with a trimming of orchids, which is expensive to buy, but easy to make if one can embroider. These flowers and leaves are applied. They look especially beautiful on gold and silver cloth.

General of Lithography.
About a hundred years ago a struggling Bavarian printer, Alois Senefelder by name, having no stock at hand with which to imitate his washing bill, used for the purpose a flat slab of peculiarly soft stone which he had in his workshop. Each resident receives one piece, which he straightway buries under the doorstep at the entrance to his place.

In some parts, it is said, the country folk bury a few eggs beneath the threshold of the dwelling to propitiate the "Domovoi."—London Spectator.

There is a pretty story in connection with the late Italian ambassador, Baron de Bontade, who, on March 25, on arriving at Windsor to present his credentials, asked one of the gentlemen in waiting if he should kiss Queen Victoria's hand on presentation. Unable to give a reply, he referred him to another official, who, in turn, asked the late Marquis of Salisbury to decide the point. But he, somewhat, applied direct to her majesty, who graciously answered that it was not the custom, but she would be very pleased if his excellency would do so.—London Outlook.

EAGLE AND STURGEON.
The King of Birds and King of Fish in a Death Clash.
We had been camped for a few days at a point on the upper reaches of the Big River, waiting for a few of the party who were running a side line. A source of amusement was watching the descent of a large baldheaded eagle in the eddy back of the point.

He would strike the water with great force, coming down from a great height, and he would dive under the surface to reappear a moment or two later generally with a fish clutched in his claws, when he would fly (treighted with his fish) to a very high mountain, on the overhanging crest of which the nest with its eggs were quite visible to us with our field glass.

I had noticed his success and journey to the nest for two mornings. On the third morning a shadow coming across the sun's rays caused me to look up at the eagle. He was sitting at his usual haunt to supply the young eagles with breakfast. With his keen eye piercing the river depths he poised over a particular spot for a few moments and then shot down with the velocity of a cannon ball.

The waters parted and waited to see him emerge with his prey, but moments lengthened into minutes, and minutes into a quarter of an hour, but the surface of the water remained undisturbed.

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TELEPHONE TIPS.

How to Save Time and Annoyance When Using the Phone.
To be a good telephone talker is something of an art, but in these days it should by all means be cultivated as much as any of the methods of polite conversation, says the American Telephone Journal. The first requisite is the proper pose.

In all cases the transmitter should be as nearly vertical as possible, with the voice funnel so adjusted that it is on a level with the lips when the head is in the ordinary arched position of conversation. The lips should be held about an inch away from the fanned and directly opposite the center. The speaker should talk in a tone slightly above the ordinary conversational pitch, about in the same way as if he were speaking to a person across the room.

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A Memory of His Youth.

Two Rockland men were negotiating to swap horses the other day when suddenly the younger man passed, scratching his head as if to recall something, and said quietly, "Didn't I go to your place once when I was a boy to buy a horse, and didn't you try to lure me to buy one whose knees were so badly sprung that each fore leg almost made a right angle?"

"Believe you did," replied the other. "Yes, I now recall it distinctly," said the younger man. "You told me that the knee springing was caused by feeding the horse from too high a manger, didn't you, and that if I took the horse home and fed him from the floor the knees would spring back?"

"Believe I did," answered the other. "Then I guess I won't swap horses with you."—Giang?—Leviston Journal.

He Got Stomped.
A Scotchman paid a visit to London to inspect the electric apparatus of that city, with a view to its introduction in his native town. On his return his wife exclaimed, "Dear me, Jamie! That trip has done you a power of good. How stout ye have gotten. I hope ye did as I told ye and put on one of the dozen clean shirts that I gived ye every day." "Oh, aye, Elizabeth," was the reply. "I did just as ye said—put on a clean shirt every day, an' I have them a' on noo."

Explained.
"Our air mattresses," said the dealer, "are all filled in the months of April, May and June. That accounts for their remarkably resilient qualities."

"Is the air of those months better than others?"

"They are the spring months, you know."—Life.

Nothing can be more liberal than ever in 1904 to users of Lion Coffee. Not only will the Lion-Heads, cut from the packages, be good, as heretofore, for the valuable premiums we have always given our customers, but

In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums the same Lion-Heads will entitle you to estimates in our \$50,000.00 Grand Prize Contests, which will make some of our patrons rich men and women. You can send in as many estimates as desired. There will be

TWO GREAT CONTESTS The first contest will be on the July 4th attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair; the second relates to Total Vote For President to be cast Nov. 8, 1904. \$20,000.00 will be distributed in each of these contests, making \$40,000.00 on the two, and to make it still more interesting, in addition to this amount, we will give a Grand First Prize of \$5,000.00 to the one who is nearest correct on both contests, and thus your estimates have two opportunities of winning a big cash prize.

Printed blanks to cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2 cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote in either contest:

WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST What will be the total July 4th attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair? At Chicago, July 4, 1903, the attendance was 24,773. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Co.'s office, Toledo, Ohio, on or before June 30th, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., as follows:

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE CONTEST What will be the total Popular Vote cast for President by all candidates combined at the election November 8, 1904? For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Co.'s office, Toledo, Ohio, on or before Nov. 8, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., as follows:

1st Prize	\$2,500.00
2nd Prize	1,000.00
3rd Prize	500.00
4th Prize	200.00
5th Prize	100.00
10 Prizes	50.00
20 Prizes	25.00
50 Prizes	10.00
200 Prizes	5.00
1000 Prizes	2.00
TOTAL	\$20,000.00

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4th Prize	200.00
5th Prize	100.00
10 Prizes	50.00
20 Prizes	25.00
50 Prizes	10.00
200 Prizes	5.00
1000 Prizes	2.00
TOTAL	\$20,000.00

4279 PRIZES—4279 Distributed to the Public—aggregating \$45,000.00—in addition to which we shall give \$5,000 to Grocers' Clerks (see particulars in LION COFFEE cases) making a grand total of \$50,000.00.

COMPLETE DETAILED PARTICULARS IN EVERY PACKAGE OF LION COFFEE

WOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEPT.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

Nothing has ever equalled it. Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all Lung Troubles. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD—BLOOMINGBURG DIVISION
New York, N. Y. A. M