#### Tom Grogan's Easter

EE, Tom's in luck!" said Larry
Finn as he watched two of
the prettiest girls in the ward sail by the engine house and give Tom Brennan, the handsom-est fireman of hook and ladder com-pany No. —, a perfect fusillade of eye adoration.

"To the divil wid Tom!" said Dooley Bryan, shrugging his brawny shoulders in downright disgust. "He don't be human. What ails him Oi dunno all the gurris in the parish crazy over his black eyes an' he not noticin' thim!" "Was he always so?" inquired Larry. "He was," returned Dooley, "iver

since Maggie Harrigan tuk the veil.'

"Oho!" said Larry.
"They were engaged," said Dooley, enraptured with himself as a gossip, "when Maggie got the vocation. It was near killin' Tom, but av course he could do nothin'.

"He couldn't?" said Larry. "Why

didn't be carry her off?"
"Murder, ye divil, phwat ye be sayin'?
'Tis the bride of heaven she is. It's

Tis the bride of heaven she is. It's ashamed av you Oi am, ye baste. No; poor Tom had to submit, but he's niver been the same. Oi suppose now," concluded Mr. Bryan meditatively, "if wan av thim mimbers av the mimbers av the Four Hunderred were to come by and give Tom the glad eye he'd thot the nuts al-

lus fall to the oothless divils." "TO THE DIVIL WID With which TOM!" SAID DOOLEY age observation BRYAN.

Mr. Bryan betook himself to the bur

Mr. Bryan betook himself to the burnishing of the hose cart as a relief to his overcharged emotions.

All was true. Since the day Tom Brennan tore his manly heart out in bidding an eternal farewell to the heautiful girl who renounced him for her vocation the big fellow had never heen the same. been the same.

All women were like shadows to him! He had loved one truly, devotedly, and he had been forced to give her up to heaven. He could never love another. Tom never noticed women. He sim-ply went about his business of saving

property and lives as if there were nothing else in the universe for a big, handsome, athletic fellow. Often as he lay in his bunk at the

engine house, as he rode tempestuously through the crowded streets, as he fought the flames, he repeated to himself the last words he had said to his beloved: "I love you, Maggie, darlin'. I would live for you or I would die for you, and since you bid me tear out my heart I must do it?

The Easter morning dawned—the very Easter on which Tom Irâd hoped to lead his sweetheart to the altar. He thought of her as he roused from his dreams of her sweet face. Life was over for him, he said. He saw again the crowded church, the white robed novices. He smelled the incense, he heard the roil of the organ, the solemn voice of the priest. He shivered and, turning, buried his face in his pillow.

Suddenly the alarm roused him. He listened. He sprang from his bunk and a moment later was down the pole and in his place on the truck. His face was like the face of the dead. As in a dream he heard the cry, "Where is it?" and the answer from a dozen lusty throats, "The convent!"

The convent and the orphans' home adjoining were ablaze. It was evident at a glance that the buildings were doomed. The main business was to

save the sisters and the children.

The bravery of the nuns and their proteges was only second to that of the magnificent fellows who fought for the lives of these helpless people. Every one recalls the amazing fortitude courage displayed at this fright-

ful hour.

The children had been well drilled for just such a moment of peril, and nobly did they now obey their instructors. Such deeds of heroism as were done that bitter morning are never lost. Their memory remains as an element of the structure of the struc ed for just such a moment of peril, and nobly did they now obey their ineternal inspiration. Tom Brennan thrust a ladder up to a face and hands in the slush, my rifle

window of the dormitory just beneath the huge gilded cross that surmounted the roof of the convent.

In this window, serene, calm, her lips moving in prayer, stood a sweet faced sister.

holding in her killed in having elapsed, I got up again arms a tiny pled boy. symbolic was the attitude of this holy wom-an that not one Irish heart in

> "It is Sister Mary Beatrice! moaned mother si She knelt

respond.

crossed herself. When Tom Brennan, his face blackened with smoke and

HELD HER ON HIS his eyes blazing citement, reached the window Mary Beatrice looked steadfastly at him with her old sweet smile, the smile he had loved.

FOR ONE INSTANT HE

4. He held out his arms.

Fearing that the Pacific fleet would be kept away from their city by fear of the plague, a few cases of which "The child first, Tom," she said as she laid the little boy on the broad have appeared in San Francisco, the residents of that city have raised a fund of \$500,000 to hunt out the rats breast of the fireman. fund of \$500,000 to hunt out the rats that are supposed to spread the plague

A mighty shout went up from the crowd below. All had seen that sub-lime act. All realized what it meant. crowd below. All had seen that sub-lime act. All realized what it meant.

A dozen hands received the child, and Tom Brennan turned back up the ladder.

He lifted Sister Mary Beatrice from the window. A dozen hands received the child, and Tom Brennan turned back up the

For one instant he held her on his heart.

Then as the frenzled spectators; groaned and cursed and prayed the convent walls swaved in.

And at the root of the cross Tom Brennan died for his "Maggie darlin." —Edith Sessions Tupper in New York Herald.

## Cupid's Bad Aim

THROUGH days of Lent,
On sport intent,
Dan Cupid fashioned arrows, And every day
His aim, they say,
He practiced on the sparrows

Now, days of Lent Myrtilla spent In projects for adorning A costly hat Of splendor that She'd wear on Easter morning.

Thus Cupid and Myrtilla planned toiled through Lent-en weather Till Easter day, en weather Till Easter day, When, on the they came together. And Cupid

And aimed a skill and CUPID AIMED A swiftness SHAFT.

laden;
But, lo, the dart
Found not the heart,
But the headgear of the maiden! "Ho, ho!" she cried With saucy pride "You did it very neatly! My hat was bare.

Your arrow there Becomes it most completely." But, filled with shame At wretched aim
And practice unavailing, The pretty boy, Bereft of joy, Before her stood bewailing.

Then to his side



EASTER HAT, SIR!

Africa:

rate of speed.

Is in my Easter hat, sir!"

fortunately my kresh, who relied on the effectiveness of my weapon, fired

at the same moment with his match-

blood turned perfectly cold when I could feel the hoarse blowing trunk of the elephant only a few rods behind

me, and I expected every minute to be

mud, and I was precipitated with my

This was the supreme moment of ap

prehension. I said goodby to the world and imagined myself dead. No one

and imagined myself dead. No one could have been more surprised than I was when, a reasonable time to be

and perceived the elephant a few yards off, cantering away in the opposite di-

rection.

His back view was a great relief to

me. He had come to within two or three yards of where I had fallen and, having himself sunk in the soft mud.

had turned around and struggled away,

leaving big circular footmarks, regular holes four or five feet deep in the mud.

Spotting Smokeless Powder. German military authorities are ex-rimenting with a device by which

the location of troops using smokeless

me location of troops using smokeless powder may be easily discovered. By this device it is proposed to survey the landscape through pale red glasses. The flash of smokeless powder appears strong in red light, while ordinary ob-

strong in red light, while ordinary ob-jects are dimmed. By furnishing field-glasses with the device in question, which is provided with screens of the

proper tint, the position of concealed marksmen can be detected.

San Francisco's Rat Hunt.

"Cheer up, y silly Cupid! That Love is That Love is on-"Your skillful

Tis true, but what of that, sir? If you were smart "MY HEART IS IN MY You'd know my

The mystery of Kemp's student dec-ades is no longer a mystery. There is hardly a boy who has been at the university for two years who has not heard it told and told it in turn. It is to the effect that Kemp when a youth displayed an antipathy to the regular course of study and that he would not SAVED BY THE MUD. be ready on any examination day or gather enough of book learning to make even a fair show along with the Exciting Elephant Adventure In the Exciting Elephant Adventure in the Heart of Africa.

During a hunting trip in Africa A. Henry Savage Landor had a narrow escape from two elephants which he was stalking. He had got to within ten yards of the male elephant and, taking careful aim, pulled the trigger. The story of what followed is told in Mr. Landor's book "Across Widest Africa:" most diffident of students.

boning away for exams.

To remedy this Kemp, the boy, was provided for in the will of a wealthy relative who was wise in his day and generation and given to the under-standing of human nature. This rela-tive provided an income for Kemp of \$2,500 a year, the same to be paid him as long as he remained at Columbia university and to cease when he left. Kemp was in no danger of brain The cartridge never went off, but un-

Kemp Collegian For Life.

**HOLDER OF SEVERAL DEGREES** 

Columbia Man Who Has Been at the

Annuity Will Stop-Is Still One of

William Cullen Bryant Kemp, LL.

in with his accustomed fauntiness of

spirit to take the degree of Ph. D. at

his old stamping ground, Columbia

university. In taking this degree more

time than for any other degree is allowed by the university. He may have

the "Boys."

fever from overwork at the time this arrangement was first made, but it is said that he managed thereafter to relock. We were such a short distance from the animal that he actually hit him in the head. I shall never forget main on the college register as a student and draw the first year's money coming to him. He could have been graduated many, many years ago, of my surprise when the elephant lifted his trunk skyward and in his fury roared like thunder.

A moment later the elephant, with course; but, the students say, the real ization of the practical uses to which \$2,500 a year could be put brought him to a sense of veneration for the his trunk extended, dashed after us, I. too, with my useless rifle in my hand, having by that time acquired a high pursuit of knowledge, and he began to nurse the curriculum for all it was Had I been running a race for the

world's record I am sure I should have won the prize. It was amazing to me how fast I could run, as I confess my how fast I could run, as I confess my large the cold when I seem to the cold when I s during the following year made a spurt and picked up the A. M. and the LL. M. But this was exhausting too rapid-ly the degrees that might be attained

during a goodly space of years on a comfortable inheritance paid yearly. The seven years until now have been leaner than any of the other stretches, and Kemp is boning away on the long-est of all the stretches, the five years allowed for the acquiring of the Ph. D. allowed for the acquiring of the Ph. D.
Learning has become a profession with
Student Kemp now. Just how old he
is his fellow students profess not to
know. Some say that he has finished
with the forties and is trudging along
toward sixty in his khaki knickerbockers, with his books under his arm and

or have been profession with
Superintendent Frisbee of the Prudential Life Insurance company related an incident which greatly stirred
those present, embodying as it does a
striking exemplification of loyalty. A
few weeks ago Agent E. E. Searling of
the Navark (N. J.) staff, while in pur-

his chrysanthenum in his jacket laper.

With the Ph. D. the endowed student will have used up the last of the scholarly degrees offered by Columbia, but may go back for postgraduate courses and get a bachelor of science degree in two classes. Moreover, when but may go courses and get a bachelor of science degree in two classes. Moreover, when these resources in the battle against the tread of time have been used up the more practical and materal and materal and the more practical and materal and mat Kemp may cast about and select degrees in the more practical and material lines of mental accomplishment.

There will be mining, electrical engineering, architecture, applications of the grand old man. He will either leave college without an income or be removed at the head of a

procession of carriages.
Should the faculty body take no action for the relief of Student Kemp about twenty years from now, when the last degree is tacked to his name, they will behold him cast adrift without a cent-William Cullen Bryant Kegip, M. D., A. B., A. M., LL. M., LL. B., Ph. D., C. E., E. E., Mech. E., E. M., Phar. Chem., B. S., B. S., B. S.

A Couple of Bulls, In the report of a Dublin charity or-ganization the following paragraph ap-

peared: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid by the society for medical attendance and medicine very few deaths occurred during the year.

Which calls to mind the story of the two countrymen who were passing an eye hospital famous for its skillful op-

pressively. "In there they'll take your eyes out and put them on the table in front of you and let you look at them."

"Come down; c wanted!"—Judge.

# AN ENDOWED STUDENT LUDLOW'S GOOD LUCK

Will Makes William Cullen B. Millions In Store For a Massachusetts Town.

#### DAZZLING FUTURE BEFORE IT

Magnificent Windfalls Planned by University Many Years Must Keep on Chasing Knowledge, Else His \$2,500 Charles D. Rood For His Native Village—The Worthy Poor to Be Aided. Money For Absteminous Young Men.

The little town of Ludlow, not far from Springfield, Mass., has a dazzling B., LL. M., A. B., A. M., has started future before it. After awhile \$10,000 is going to be distributed to certain of its citizens.

After another while \$317,268 will be passed around, and finally, after a third chance to get its breath, \$10,-193,195 will be bestowed on the Ludlow folks.

five years in which to grasp political economy and the kindred subjects that equip one for rank as a doctor of phitrouble. It's going to be an uncommonly long time between chances to The Kemp who was named after the

poet who, as a mere boy, wrote "Than-atopsis" is an older element in the contemporaneous history of the institution than many of the great buildings which cluster around the dome of the library building, says the New York Times, Generations have flowed into the dormitories and class rooms and flowed out fitted for endeavor in world and proceeded to make gobs of money. He decided to give four gobs to Ludlow. the world, but Kemp has stuck, and the years have seen him still the college boy, working for a degree, with

The first one, amounting to \$1,000, his hair growing sparser and his form taking on gradually that rotundity of the well fed man of the forties. In the registrar's office the other day will be placed at interest until the next centennial of Ludlow's settlement and then be distributed among the worthy poor of the town, especially in the cen-ter district. Certain sums to be given to every young man who has abstained the clerk smiled and said that of course he knew Kemp. Kemp was there when the clerk was in linen pinfrom the use of intoxicating liquors afores at home and before he got in and tobacco until his twenty-first birth-

touch with the registration books. As day are excepted, far back as his means of research allowed he found the name of William terest and used in the second centen-

Another \$1,000 will be placed at increase and used in the second centernial in the same manner.

Another \$1,000 will be placed at increase and used in the second centernial in the same manner.

A third \$1,000 will be placed at increase and used in the same manner.

A third \$1,000 will be placed at increase and used in the third coming of record had him down as out for the

of record had him down as out for the Ph. D.

Of the fourth \$1,000 the interest is to be used perpetually and annually for prizes for the best pupils in the difference as tudent for twenty-seven years — he appears ever and anon in khald knickerbockers and with a chrysanthemum in the lapel of his well fitted jacket. In Livingston hall, where his snug rooms are, he shares in the bright, cheerful dormitory life of the scores of youngsters when he is not boning away for exams. pounded semiannually, as is the custom with savings banks, will amount to \$9,875 on the next centennial day. As Ludlow has but 3,881 inhabitants,

according to the census of 1905, and the total number of registered voters last year was less than 500, this sum will provide adequately for the ab-stemious young men and the worthy poor unless the town grows more rap-fely than it has grown in the last 134 poor unless the town grows more rapidly than it has grown in the last 134

The second \$1,000, invested under similar conditions, will yield \$317.268 at the following centennial, 166 years from now. With the knowledge of this fund, which doubtless will be widespread at that time, the number of nondrinking and nonsmoking young men in town ought to be large enough to give Ludiow a worldwide reputa-tion for the conduct of its youth.

But the grand prize is still a century off. The third \$1,000, invested at 3½ per cent, will, in June of the year 2174, when the time comes for its distribution, amount to the stupendous sum of \$10,193,195, increasing more than ten thousandfold from the original sum. The number of virtuous young men and worthy poor that can be provided for with this great fund would be enough to make a respectably sized

More than this, the town's bene annual prizes for the best pupils in the public schools, annual relief for the poor of the town, independently of the distributions of the large funds, annual assistance in the support, main-tenance and repair of the First Con-gregational church of Ludlow and the payment of the pastor's salary

There will be also annual distribu-tions of Bibles to baptized children who have reached the age of seven years and money prizes for Sunday school pupils who have had a perfect record of attendance for a year.

New Danger For Nurses.

know. Some say that the forties and is trudging along with the forties and is trudging along toward sixty in his khaki knickerbockers, with his books under his arm and his chrysanthemum in his jacket lapel.

With the Ph. D. the endowed student with the Newark (N. J.) staff, while in pursuit of his daily work, was struck by a trolley car and seriously injured. One of his legs was broken in two places, and his head was severely lacer-manile.

Artistic Visiting Cards. A pretty idea in visiting cards is to be revived in Vienna by the Austrian Ex Libris library. It is proposed to have the cards decorated with a tiny etching as well as the name, each design being distinctive of its owner. The artistic visiting card, which was customary in the eighteenth century, would not only be a characteristic expression of one's taste and tendencies but it would provide another object for "collecting."

Wanted Himself.

Wanted Himself.

One afternoon the proprietor of an animal store said to his young clerk:
"Tom, I'm going upstairs to work on the books. If any one comes in both the books. If any one comes in the books is any long will you give me 5. for a live animal, let me know. You can attend to selling the stuffed ani-

About half an hour later in came a gentleman with his son and asked Tom if he could show him a live mon-key. To the customer's amazement rations.

"Jack," explained one of them imthe clerk ran to the foot of the stairs

"Come down; come down, sir; you're

## Kaster In Captivity

ASTER Sunday in a prison is welcomed as one of the great days of the year, when there is a little extra indugence in the way of eating and amusement and some relaxation in the usual discipline The prison officials endeavor as far as possible to make the day a little different from the usual Sunday, though, with the best intentions, they cannot do much.

Easter Sunday begins for the prisoners at about half past 7, when the great prison bell rings and the guards unlock the cell doors, Away down the corridor you hear a stamp, stamp, as of an advancing giant. Line after line of black and gray striped figures march out on their way to breakfast.

ow folks.

It is stupendous. There is only one trouble. It's going to be an uncommonly long time between chances to quaff this golden flood. Ludlow, in fact, is keeping quite calm.

According to the Village, Charles D. Rood is the man who has planned finds before him a tin plate containing Rood is the man who has planned finds before him a tin plate containing these magnificent windfalls for his breakfast, a pint of coffee, a slice native village. He was born in Lud-low sixty-six years ago and still has a summer home there. But at an early age he left the place, went out into the the table passes it to him. By holding



DUETS ARE HEARD.

up his plate or cup he can get more

by this plate or cup he can get more coffee or whatever there may be for breakfast. Waste is avoided, but no man need go away from the table unisatisfied. After a busy quarter of an hour the keeper in charge of the first company knocks on the table, and the men in his charge, some fifty or skry, rise at once and form into line, each carrying his knife and fork in his hand. The keeper takes his station at the door, and as each man passes out he must deposit his knife and fork in his hand. The keeper takes his station at the box, and as each man passes out he must deposit his knife and fork in hour, still keeping their formation, find a strange slight it is to see the long into his strange slight it is to see the long into his box of the chaplain and his friends, is decorated with flowers and plants, disposed so as to hide as much as possible the telltale bars and other suggestive Items. Each man as ice enters receives a printed programme of the services, containing also the hymns to be sung by the congregation. For weeks previously the prison choir is quite competent to give as good a choral service as those of a great many city churches, there being no lack of well trailegd voices, even a male soprano voice being far from unusual. The programme is a great deal more varied and extensive than you would hear in a church strailing that the correct of the chaple in a lack of the neck and sucked by voices, even a male soprano voice being far from unusual. The programme is a great deal more varied and extensive than you would hear in a church strail the correct of the correct of the chaple in a straing the cross of the chaple in the correct of the is a great deal more varied and extensive than you would hear in a church and partakes more of the character of a sacred concert. Solos, duets, trios, quartets and even quintets are heard, varied by selections by a capital orchestra and in some prisons a full brass band. Often some of the pieces are by some talented prisoner.

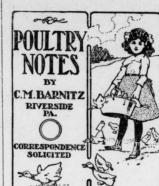
The religious services are brief, most of the time being taken up by the choir. The whole is over in about an hour and a half. Then comes the march back to the cells, each man receiving as he passes the mess room a tin containing his afternoon meal, which consists of three hard boiled bread as he cares to take. Taking his place at the lever which locks every door on that gallery, the keeper waits until each man is in his place. signal each door is closed with a bang, snap goes the lever, and fifty doors are securely locked. Then comes the count. Each man stands behind his door, which, being formed of iron bars, per-mits him to be plainly seen, and as the keeper knocks with his key in passing answers "Here." A second keeper re-peats the count, and then for the pres-ent each man is left to the enjoyment of his own company.

At 12 o'clock the prison wakes up again a little as the mess room waiters pass from door to door with great cans of boiling coffee. Soon all is quiet again, and little can be heard as the afternoon drags along except the soft footfall of the felt shod patrol or an impatient sigh from a wakeful prisoner. At 5 o'clock fresh water is served out to each man, and his lamp is lighted. Slowly the time drags along until 9 o'clock, when at the striking of the prison gong all lights are put out, the great prison is soon as quiet as a city of the dead, and Easter Sunday has passed.-New York Evening Post.

you come home, will you give me 5 cents a week that I can have to spend?

"Yes, Catherine," her father replied. feeling that such an arrangement would teach her a few principles of regularity and thoughtfulness.

"Well, then, papa, I thought of this a long time ago, so I think you owe me about 15 cents by this time."—New York Times.



THE POULTRY SNEAK THIEF. The weasel as a sneak thief and softly stealing assassin is beyond description.

Silently gliding like a serpent, he sliently gliding like a serpent, he slips through an inch opening, bounds on his harmless victim, sucks its blood and wantonly cuts the throat of every fowl. The beautiful thrush, nestling its young or on leafy branch caroling to its Maker, is suddenly seized and its trilling throat pierced by the fangs of the murderer

His technical name, putorius, from putor," "bad smell," is appropriate, "putor," "bad smell," is appropriate, for, like the polecat, he throws off a vile odor. Diminutive in size, he is a consolidated devil—a cross of deep dyed villain, skunk and silent striking copperhead.— Behold that long, lithe, wiry, restless, quickly moving, muscular body! That flat head, projected from all the openings in his retreat seemingly at once, sways from side to side, like the cobra ready to strike.



THE MURDERER UNMASKED.

Above are the fearful jaws and rpent fangs that cut the the eighty chickens in one night. skin is drawn back to unmask the murderous killing weapons and to dis-play the intricate network of muscles that work the powerful jaws, which

most common color is brown. Weasels are dark and light brown, dark and light red, maltese and white. Maltese are rare. The weasel wears white in winter. Of the snow he can hardly



be seen by his victim and enemy His white fur is the ermine of royalt His white fur is the ermine of royalty and august courts, and the dark spots on these robes are the black tips of

weasel tails.

The mink and weasel should not be confused. Minks reach two pounds and have half webbed toes. When a chicken is ripped from the neck down the back, it is neither a weasel, mink, rat nor opossum, but a cooper's hawk did the damage. Wessels are born from April to May, six to two to a litter. The young ones are great poultry flends and are easily caught in steel traps. They are common all over the country, except in Arizona, New Mex-ico, southern California and the gulf

DON'TS. Don't fail to advertise, but fail to tell

Don't use the same trough in all the PRICES THE LOWEST! pens. Epidemic. Don't buy medicated nest eggs for

They are quackery. Don't keep too many breeds. It beats Kilkenny cats and will beat you. Don't think how hard your work is. It brings on grumps and lazy prostra

Don't dust the mother hen with sulphur. Makes sores and blinds chicks.

JOHNNY, GIT YER GUN!

Johnny, git yer gun!
A weasel's in the pen;
Give it to 'im straight;
Don't shoot the speckly hen.

Hit 'im with the ax; Stab 'in# in the collar; The feller what fixes 'im 'Il git a ha'f a dollar.

You're a bully feller! My, but you kin sho Here's yer ha'f a dollar, An' fifty cents to boot

Nail 'im to the barn,

Warnin' to the rest; Skunks an' weasels git, If yer know what's best. Johnny's pulled his gun; This hain't nary lie. Better go a mile aroun' Else yer want to die.

Don't use rotten eggs for nest eggs Your mother-in-law may get an old of for breakfast. Then for a bust-up.

Don't expect a five dollar cockerel for a dollar. Have you any real five dollar birds for a dollar bill? We have never bought any and would like to

try it. Don't forget when chicks, ducklings and poults appear that they should be kept separate from each other and the old stock. The old gander will guard the gosling.

Don't forget heredity. A crooked tail on a hen puts a crooked tail on a cockerel. Hat ditto. A crooked beak on the cock puts a lopsided mouth on the pullets. Where did you get your crook-

edness?

Don't spend your time writing spring poetry, but raise spring poultry. The former will bring you an N. G. check to your aspirations, but the latter will bring a check to pay for your wife's Easter hat.

#### SETTING A HEN.

Test her first with doorknobs and corncobs. If her enthusiasm increases, corneobs. If her enthusiasm increases, arrange a roomy nest, so she may turn and leave and return without breaking the eggs. Underlay the oat straw with tobacco stems and dust the hen with louse powder two days before you give her eggs and redust the fifteenth day.

Hint—A hen will not eat at once after dusting and will soil the eggs if put right back on the nest. Set her in a secluded spot and you will get a good hatch if you have a good hen, good

hatch if you have a good hen, good eggs and you are a good fellow to tend her.

Bill of Fare.—Whole corn, grit, wa-

ter, dust box; no green food, meat scrap nor mash. If you are faithful, it will not be twins nor triplets, but on the twenty-first day she will serve a whole family of chicklets on the half

appear and travel under the snow for appear and travel under the snow for fifty feet. In this way he kills many quall that seek shelter under windfalls, the farmers in the spring reporting them frozen by the hard winter weather.

"Dear reader, if John 1900 and lays peacock gets over your fence and lays particularly for the spring reporting them frozen by the hard winter weather.

"Hear reader, if John 1900 and lays particularly formed in the spring reporting them frozen by the hard winter weather.

"Oh, that's easy! I've got the egg, and possession is nine points of the law."

"Well, I guess,

been laid by a pretty peahen?"

Who ever heard of a goose special? Well, then, Russia is ahead. A special goose train of twenty to forty cars steams over the Russian border into Berlin every day. Each car holds 1,200 cacklers. Imagine 48,000 geese honk ing and hissing while a multitude of our good natured German friends bid for them! Berlin's "goosey gander" bill is \$2,000,000 a year. 'The German

This is not leze majesty.

Don't get your troughs and water vessels mixed. Roup, cholera, chickenpox, canker, are contagious.

firmation. of

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