

NEW SHORT STORIES

Told by Justice Brewer.

Many are the incidents of Justice Brewer's life now being related. His fondness for upholding the virtues of the people of the west was illustrated by many of these. One of the stories Justice Brewer was so fond of telling was used by him to show high regard for the law in Kansas.

Justice Brewer related that a justice of the peace owned a farm in Kansas that bordered on Missouri. One day the justice was sitting on a fence, built directly on the state line, superintending some work his son and a farm hand were doing. The son and his



"Gentlemen, I command you to desist," companion engaged in a dispute which ended in a fist fight. The justice of the peace, Justice Brewer would explain, watched the encounter for a few minutes and then shouted in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, in the name of the law of the state of Kansas and by virtue of my authority I command you to desist."

"Just then the rail broke," continued Justice Brewer, "and the justice of the peace landed in Missouri. Arising to his feet, he exclaimed:

"Give him fits, son. I have lost my jurisdiction!"—Kansas City Journal.

Rather Previous.

Mayor Lyons of Mobile said in a recent interview:

"No; I cannot pronounce judgment on this question yet. Do you take me for Judge Tallafiero?"

"Judge Tallafiero," the mayor explained with a smile, "was holding court back before the war in the little courthouse of Citronelle. It was a cloudy spring afternoon, and a very difficult and puzzling case was on. The lawyers wrangled, quoted from great lawbooks and broke into grand flights of eloquence, while Judge Tallafiero listened solemnly or gazed out of the window at the approaching storm.

"It grew darker. The judge snatched a sheet of paper, scribbled a line or two upon it and, placing it beneath a paperweight, took up his hat.

"Colonel," he said briskly to the lawyer who had the floor, "excuse me for interruptin' yuh, sah, an' I want that yuh should go right on with yuh argument, fo' it's a good one, but it's suah goin' to rain this evenin', colonel, an' I just natcherly got to set out my sweet potatoes right away. But yuh go right on, colonel, an' majah, yuh follow him up, an' when yuh two gentlemen get through yuh'll find my decision under this heah weight!"

"And the judge disappeared through the door before the lawyers had time to exchange one astonished glance."—Washington Star.

A Polite Englishman.

"Doc" Linn tells of an Englishman whom he knew in the early Kansas days who had come over from the British isles and had brought with him all of the mannerisms, like "doncher know," "beg pardon," etc. The Englishman was cured of his "doncher know" by a cowboy whom he thus addressed, "I ave the finest 'orse in the world, doncher know?"

"No, blankety blank," replied the cowboy, "I don't know it, and I don't want you to set up a claim again that I do."

Some time later "Doc" was driving with the Englishman behind an ox team. John Bull was having a strenuous time with the oxen, but he worked hard.

"Gee, now, Jerry," he sang out. But quickly he added: "Beg pardon, beg pardon, I mean 'haw.'"

"Doc" tells that when that story got around it helped to cut down the number of times that the Englishman used "beg pardon."—Kansas City Journal.

Champ and Joe.

Congressman Champ Clark met Speaker Cannon in their hotel the other night.

"Joe," he said, "let's let bygones be bygones and go to the theater together."

"I'll go you," said Joe. "What'll we see?"

"There is a play here that would suit you to a dot."

"What is it?" the speaker innocently inquired.

"You'll like it sure," said Clark. "It is called 'His House in Order.'"

FRONT YARD DRAINAGE.

How a Little Work May Do Away With Going to Law.

Thought spent on the drainage of the front yard reaps many returns. If you are on the same grade as your neighbors you are entitled, according to law, to allow all water that naturally flows that way to run over on your neighbors, but in actual practice it does not pay, as there are always disputes as to whether it naturally runs over on them. On this account it is advisable that you build into the yard your own inlets in order to take away all your own surface water. It is to be presumed that your house water pipes from the roof all lead into the sewer and that the sewer runs out to the street through your own yard. This being the case, set small copper inlets in the walks at thirty foot distances leading to terra cotta pipes which empty into the sewer.

At intervals over the yard about thirty foot centers set inlets of galvanized iron, square in shape, at a height that will be flush with your sod when the yard is settled. Allow two inches for this, although in three or four years there generally has to be a shortening of the terra cotta pipes to fit the shrinkage—an easy job. These inlets should be so set that they will catch the storm water from extra heavy rains. There can be no rule given about it. An engineer can give you the exact spot for each, but an intelligent gardener can also do it. Study the lay of the land and decide how the water will run, and at the point, such as a corner, where it will meet with some obstacle to dam it back set an inlet.

Ordinarily there need be no outlet to the drainage in the beds and borders, but in a yard more than two feet higher on one side than the other in a fifty foot lot the trench at the lower side should have an inlet set in the front (lower) end, connected with the sewer, or there will be trouble to grow fine plants there. Plants will stand all kinds of neglect, but none but aquatics will stand "wet feet."—Delicatore For May.

PRESERVING FLOWERS.

How to Keep Them Crisp and in Good Color With Little Trouble.

Long stemmed and fresh, the flowers are laid upon waxed paper that will prevent evaporation of the vital essence, or sap, which is the life, and enclosed in a box with a close cover. Thus conveyed to a friend, lover or invalid they hold color and crispness.

If you would keep them yet longer that they may grace some special "occasion" fit on the cover without disturbing the contents of the box and put the flowers away in a dark, cool place to await the moment of display. Before arranging them in a vase or bowl of water clip the ends of the stems to encourage capillary attraction. Water is not sap, but it will lengthen plant life. A bit of charcoal in the bottom of the vase is a sanitary measure; also the admixture of a teaspoonful of ammonia in a pint of water. Clip the stems daily while the flowers last.

How to Wash Corsets.

To wash corsets first rip the front seam on both sides and take out the steels. Then dissolve some soap jelly, made by shredding half a pound of the best yellow soap in a quart of boiling water and simmering until dissolved in warm water. Two tablespoonfuls of jelly to half a gallon of water are usually sufficient, but hard water may require more. Put the corsets into the suds and allow them to soak for five minutes. Then spread them on a board and brush thoroughly with a well soaped nailbrush, dipping them occasionally into the suds to remove the loosened dirt. When clean, rinse through two lots of warm water and hang up to drip dry. When almost dry iron on the inside with a warm flatiron and after thorough airing replace the front steels and sew them firmly in. If this is carefully done the corsets will emerge from the wash tub as good as new.

How to Wash Irish Crochet.

Irish crochet collars and neckwear may be the most durable a girl can use or the most unsatisfactory. It depends upon the laundering. Wash in thick, hot suds made from pure white soap. Rinse through several waters and put through a thin starch water. Squeeze out excessive moisture between cloths. Pin the crochet piece to a cushion or heavily padded board. Pull out all the points and edges, fastening each one with a pin to the cushion. Allow it to remain until dry, when it will look like new. If the lace is much yellowed the cushion can be stood in the sun during the drying process.

How to Wash Eiderdown.

Make a lather of hot water and soap jelly, a heaped teaspoonful to the gallon, and add a little liquid ammonia. Steep the quilt in this for a few minutes. Then rinse well up and down and use a second or third lot of suds if necessary. Rinse in two lots of clean water to which a little ammonia has been added and run through a wringer. If you have no wringer hang in a windy situation and squeeze the bottom occasionally, as the water drains down. Shake frequently while drying and do not dry it in too cold air.

How to Clean Ebonized Wood.

To clean and restore ebonized wood use a mixture of equal parts of powdered pumice stone and linseed oil. Rub carefully the way of the grain and polish with a dry, soft cloth.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Worms in Horses.

We here give what a leading veterinarian, Professor C. B. Michener, says on this subject: "Among the best worm medicines may be mentioned santonine, turpentine, tartar emetic, infusion of tobacco and bitter tonics. To destroy tapeworms aricanut, male fern and pumpkin seed are the best. If a horse is passing the long, round worms, for instance, the plan of treatment is to give twice daily for three or four days a drench composed of turpentine, one ounce, and linseed oil two or three ounces, to be followed on the fourth day by Barbadoes aloes, one ounce. If the pinworms are present—the ones that infest the larger bowels—injections into the rectum of infusions of tobacco, infusion of quassia chips, one-half pound to a gallon of water, once or twice daily for a few days and followed by a physic, are most beneficial.

"It should be remembered that intestinal worms are mostly in animals that are in poor condition, and an essential part of all good treatment is to improve the appetite and powers of digestion. This is best done by giving the vegetable tonics. One-half ounce of Peruvian bark, gentian, ginger, quassia, etc., is to be given twice a day in the feed or as a drench. Unless some such medicines and good food and pure water are given to tone up the digestive organs the worms will rapidly accumulate again, even though they may have been expelled by the worm medicines proper."—Home and Farm.

Feeding the Chicks.

For the first few days the chicks are fed on dry bread or oatmeal, with some grit and charcoal, writes an Iowa poultryman in the Western Poultry Journal. After that we begin to feed the prepared chick feed. This is fed in the morning and is thrown into the chaff. After the middle of the forenoon we feed chop made from ground oats and corn mixed with bran, equal parts. This is moistened with milk or water, but very, very slightly. At noon comes the chick feed, in the middle of the afternoon the chop and in the evening the chick feed again. Grit or sand and charcoal are always accessible. Some kind of animal food is also provided. We find milk is good or Dutch cheese. Fresh beef or beef scraps are also used mixed with the chop. Of course hard boiled eggs are always very good feed for chicks of all ages. Then there must also be fed some green stuff, and before things grow in the spring cabbage is the best and most available.

Horse Notes.

During the first days of plowing the collars should be raised often to cool the shoulders.

Bathing the shoulders with plenty of cold water after the day's work will help to harden them.

Go slow the first days of plowing. It will make a gain in the end.

A soft, fat horse will shrink during the first days of hard work, so look well to the fit of the collar.

A collar ill fitting and a little too large may cause sweeny, and your valuable horse may be ruined.

Always remove the harness at the noon hour and dry the collars.

Clean the team after work and before bedtime.

They will do a bigger day's work on the morrow with less loss of condition. Don't let the work team run down. It is money lost.—Farm Journal.

Cause of Stringy Milk.

Stringy or sticky milk is due to an infection of the udder and is quite difficult to overcome. Keep the cow in the barn where it will be convenient to milk her often. Bathe the udder two or three times a day with water that is as warm as the cow can stand and milk the udder dry. In fact, she should be milked dry six or eight times a day in order to free the udder from the infection.

Udder troubles are very difficult to treat, and probably the very best treatment is to rub the udder with hot water and keep all accumulations of infected milk removed often and completely.—Hugh G. Van Pelt in Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Tonic for Sheep.

A mixture of copperas, sulphur and salt makes a good tonic for sheep, one which many no doubt will need at this season of the year, says the Kansas Farmer. It tends to purify the blood and help the animal in its fight against worms and other troublesome parasites. About six parts of salt to one each of copperas or sulphur make the right proportion. If this is kept constantly before the sheep inside the barn, where the moisture cannot reach it, they will eat freely of it and will undoubtedly be greatly benefited by it.

Old Way Not Profitable.

It does not seem necessary at this late day to urge the necessity of a silo on the dairy farm, yet there are many farms without a silo, their owners preferring to go along in the old way, feeding their cows timothy hay and western grain feeds. It is not strange that dairying is unprofitable even at this time of high prices for both butter and cheese.

Gray Horse Longest Lived.

A good authority on horses says the gray will live the longest and the roans come next in order. Blacks seldom live to be over twenty, and creams rarely live more than ten or fifteen years.—Farm Progress.

Why the Vases Were Valuable.

There's a china expert in one of the large department stores here who has an amusing little trade of his own on the side. It is nothing more or less than deciding the value of rare china or glass ware broken by careless servants or packing houses.

"It requires a lot of diplomacy, too," he said, with a laugh. "Not so very long ago I was called in to arbitrate between an irate householder and one of the big moving firms. She said with sobs that the movers had broken a pair of vases which she valued at \$100. The movers, although willing to make restitution, considered the sum exorbitant. Well, I looked at the pieces and found the value about \$25. I told the woman so quietly. 'I know that,' she sobbed, 'but they belonged to my mother-in-law, and my husband will think I made the men do it purposely unless I get a lot for them.'

"And it was not until the men had promised to prove they had done it accidentally that the lady was content to accept the \$25."—Philadelphia Times.

Too Much For Her.

"The newest laws of hygiene," said a medical man, "can't be inculcated save among those who thoroughly understand them. Take the case of Dash.

"Dash, a rich country scientist, decided to encourage cremation among the villagers. So when the old ash man died Dash urged his widow to have the corpse cremated.

"No, sir," said the old woman, "I'll not cremate him. I'll put him under the sod."

"But the cremation won't cost you a cent," said Dash. "I'll pay all the expenses if you'll let me have him cremated."

"Well, I agree," said the old woman in a hesitating voice. "I'm too poor not to agree, sir." Then she gave Dash a puzzled look, half of pity, half of contempt.

"But why do you do it, sir?" she said. "Is it a hobby like golf or stamp collecting?"—Washington Star.

The Author's Grievance.

The magazine editor looked up. "I want to protest, sir," said the caller, "against the way in which one of your reckless proofreaders mangled my copy. See here. The judge in the story looks down at the detective. 'Are you Pendleton King?' he asks, and the detective, removing his beard, replies, 'I am.' Now, just see what your proofreader made him say."

The editor glanced at the line and read it aloud.

"The detective, removing his beard, replies, 'I a. m.'"

The unhappy author groaned.

"Where does that leave the readers?" he demanded.

The editor slowly smiled.

"At 1 a. m. they are naturally left in the dark," he replied. "Take an extra chapter and get them out of it."

The author suddenly laughed.

"Happy thought!" he cried. "I will."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why They Smiled.

It was the Sabbath day, and the elder was shaving himself prior to church time when he made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Calling his wife, he asked her if she had any court plaster.

"You will find some in my sewing basket," she said.

The elder soon had the cut covered. At church in assisting with the collection he noticed every one smile as he passed the plate. Very much annoyed, he asked one of his assistants if there was anything wrong with his appearance.

"I should say there was," answered the assistant. "What is that upon your nose?"

"Court plaster."

"No," said his friend; "it is the label from a roll of cotton. It says, 'Warranted 200 yards.'"—Pearson's.

Circus in Paris Streets.

Writing of street life in Paris, Wilhelm Feldmann says in the Welt Spiegel that the unique features are the gymnastic and acrobatic performances which one sees there. Wherever traffic will permit one may expect to find the street acrobats, men, women and children, spread their carpet, erect their apparatus and, to the accompaniment of a few instruments, sometimes only a drum, give their performances. Feats of strength, balancing and pyramid building are performed, and then one of the youngsters in tight collects the coppers from the crowd which usually congregates. This done, the performers throw long cloaks over their thighs and move on with their wagon to the next halting place.

Maidens Sold by Auction.

A singular custom obtains to this day in some of the towns on the lower Rhine—namely, that of "selling" maidens at public auction. For nearly four centuries on Easter Monday—auction day—the town crier or clerk of St. Goar has called all the young people together and to the highest bidder sold the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl and her only during the entire year. The fees are put into the public poor box.

A Fire Alarm.

First Boy—Where yer goin' in such a rush? Second Boy—(on the run)—Fire alarm! First Boy—Where? Second Boy—Boss said he'd fire me if I wasn't back from his errand in ten minutes.—Boston Transcript.

His Objection.

Artist—Why do you object to this miniature? Nurich—It looks like me, I'll admit, but it's too stingy. Better make one life size.—Lippincott's.

The Plain Brother

There was wistfulness in Frank Roberts' face as he watched the two approaching. The tall, stalwart fellow was his younger brother James, and his pretty companion was Eva Littlefield.

"We're going beech nutting," called out Eva, gayly. "Don't you want to join us?"

"Yes, come along, Frank," said his brother.

But Frank declined, forcing himself to add, with a smile, that he expected to be very busy all day.

They went away happily, it seemed to him, and he watched them until the bend of the road hid them from view. Then he threw himself down under the tree, and for a few moments dry sobs shook his frame. Neither of the two who had just left him dreamed that there was a grief in his heart which was growing deeper day by day, he told himself with relief. And he would always keep it from them.

Frank had known Eva Littlefield all his life. They had been playmates as children and had always gone to the same school. There had never been a time that he had not worshipped charming little Eva. They had been such good comrades until James had returned from college. Then everything began to be different. But it was no great wonder, he would often tell himself. James was a splendid looking chap, while he was well aware that he was plain and awkward. His brother had been graduated from college with high honors, while he had only finished the grammar school. He had never been clever like James. All he had been able to do all his life, he reflected somewhat bitterly, had been to look after the farm. But his mother could have told just how much that had meant to them the last few years.

When things had looked the darkest and it seemed as if the brother at college would not be able to finish, Frank had taken extra work upon his shoulders, hardly allowing himself any rest until their bridge of difficulty had been crossed. Now, everything was going along smoothly, he mused. The balance of the mortgage on the old place had been paid. James was soon to start in practicing medicine in a neighboring village, and without doubt, he and Eva would be married inside of a year. He was not really needed any longer. It would be a good idea to go to the city, for, of course, he would be able to find work there. His mother could live with James and Eva when they were married. Yes, he would go at once, and he would tell her first what he intended to do.

That evening he sought out his mother and unfolded to her his new plan, trying to force some enthusiasm into his voice, but it was well nigh useless. When he had finished she threw herself into his arms and burst into tears. Frank was surprised and pained at his mother's sorrow. He had not imagined that she would care like this.

"D-don't go, Frank," she sobbed. "I can't get along without you."

"But you would have James, mother," he said soothingly.

"I know I should have him, and I think the world of him, of course, but somehow he isn't you, Frank. You and I have been through so much together. What should I do without you, my boy?"

It did Frank worlds of good to hear this. His mother cared for him if no one else did.

"When James and Eva are married, mother, you can live with them."

For an instant she looked at him, astonished. "I see how it is, Frank," she said. She smiled through tears.

"But you have been blind. It is not James at all. It is some one else Eva cares for. If I were you, Frank, I should find out who it is."

Frank's face was radiant with joy. He patted his mother's cheek lovingly. "I'll go over this very evening and find out, little mother," he said.

The young man lost no time in setting out for the Littlefields' home. At first his courage was at its highest point, but after he had reached his destination and rung the bell he found that he was weakening.

"What if mother is mistaken and she doesn't care for me," he said to himself. A moment later Eva answered his summons. There was a visible embarrassment in her manner. It could only mean one thing, he decided. She had probably promised to marry James, and was wondering now how to break the news to him. He suddenly resolved not to tell her of his love. He would instead inform her of his new plan.

"I'm going away, Eva," he began without any preliminaries whatever.

The girl turned as white as the gown she wore and she tried to speak, but in vain.

A great hope came to Frank as he saw her agitation, and he chided himself for wounding her.

"When—are you going, Frank?" she asked brokenly. "We shall all miss you so."

"But you will have James and—"

"As if James could take your place, Frank—"

She stopped abruptly, a deep crimson dyeing her cheeks. Then Frank knew that his mother had been right after all.

"I've always loved you, Eva," he said, "and I was going away confident that you didn't care. But if you'll only love me, dear, why I won't go."

The girl lifted an ecstatic face to his.

"Then don't go, Frank," she murmured shyly.—MRS. ANSTRUP A. NICHOLS.

APPENDICITIS.

The most dreaded disease of civilization is the condition known as appendicitis. Once fully established, nothing will remedy but the cold knife. The theory that the inflammation was caused by seeds or foreign bodies entering the appendix is long exploded. The true cause of appendicitis is sluggishness of the bowels, constipation; and the gases which are formed in consequence produce germs known to the scientific physician as the Bacilli Colli Comensalis. Now to avoid this formation of gas germs, constipation and the resulting inflammation, take Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, which have been tested in all the various diseases of the stomach, bowels and liver, and found to be the greatest and best preventative remedy known. These wonderful little vegetable pills cleanse the blood, and make it rich and red. They stimulate the liver to healthy action and invigorate the whole system. You may be very sick at night; Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills make you well in the morning. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use



SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys BUCHU LITHIA KIDNEY PILLS

M. LEE BRAMAN

EVERYTHING IN LIVERY

Buss for Every Train and Town Calls.

Horses always for sale

Boarding and Accommodations for Farmers

Prompt and polite attention at all times.

ALLEN HOUSE BARN

For New Late Novelties

JEWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES

Try SPENCER, The Jeweler

"Guaranteed articles only sold."

NOTICE OF UNIFORM PRIMARIES—In compliance with Section 3, of the Uniform Primary Act, page 37, P. L., 1906, notice is hereby given to the electors of Wayne county of the number of delegates to the State conventions each party is entitled to elect, names of party offices to be filled and for what offices nominations are to be made at the spring primaries to be held on

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1910.

REPUBLICAN.

1 person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.

2 persons for delegates to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Committeeman in each election district.

DEMOCRATIC.

1 person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

1 person for Representative in General Assembly.

1 person for Delegate to the State Convention.

1 person to be elected Party Committeeman in each election district.

PROHIBITION.

1 person for Representative in Congress.

1 person for Senator in General Assembly.

3 persons for Delegates to the State Convention.

1 person for Party Chairman.

1 person for Party Treasurer.

Petition forms may be obtained at the Commissioners' office.