

The Scrap Book

It Made His Wife Laugh.
At breakfast she said:
"Dearie, you know the plumbers are coming this morning and the water will be shut off a couple of days. We'll need some up in the bathroom, and I thought you could carry up a few bucketsful from the cistern and fill the tub."
"All right," he replied. He had found the best way to have peace at home was always to agree with his wife.



"You get the buckets, wifey, and I'll get busy right away," he told her. She found a couple of pails, and he started to work. A dozen or more buckets of water had been poured laboriously into the bathtub when on his next trip he found her waiting at the cistern. She was laughing so hard it was with some difficulty she managed finally to tell the hard-working hubby what the matter was. She was laughing, was. It had just occurred to her that the water pipes had not yet been disconnected and the faucet in the tub might just as well have been turned on.

Hubby never said a word. He only turned red, put on his hat and coat and went downtown. — Kansas City Star.

The Earth and Man.
A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her fame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A Little Love, a Little Trust.
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream,
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.
—Stopford A. Brooks.

A Standing Joke.
Trains were always slow and far between on the branch road. Nobody knew this better than the people at the junction, except perhaps those on the branch itself. It was an old story to them, and the jokes about the situation were many and good. One day the newsdealer at the junction station came home to lunch grinning broadly to himself.

"What's the joke?" asked his wife. "You look pretty well pleased with yourself."
"Oh, nothing particular," he replied, "excepting an odd fellow from the end of the line said a funny thing."
"He'd missed his train, and there wasn't another for two hours. He came to the counter to buy some reading matter. He asked for a joke book, and I said I didn't keep them. Then he pawed over the stock and finally said, 'Well, I guess I'll take a time-table instead.'"

A Stomach on a Holiday.
A Chicago wine merchant went on a yachting trip with a judge from the same city. They were out together for two weeks and had a good time. When they returned the agent was much upset to find himself summoned on a jury, but cheered up when he discovered the judge on the bench was his late yachting companion. He hurried to the court and pleaded business pressure as a reason for an excuse for him.

"What is your business?" the judge inquired of him coldly.
"I represent a wine in Chicago."
"Selling it or drinking it?"
"Well, drinking it largely."
"Step into the box, sir. A ten days' rest will do you good."
The wine agent served.—Saturday Evening Post.

Just a Little Dubious.
Uncle Solon Winslow had secured a succession of four admirable wives, all of whom had been removed from the scene of their earthly activities by one cause or another within a period of twenty years.

Uncle Solon's weddings had grown to be so much a matter of course that when, after a year of widowhood, he announced his approaching fifth marriage one of his neighbors said, "Well, Solon, I s'pose they seem pretty natural to you by this time—weddings, I mean."
"This one won't," said the prospective bridegroom, "for old Parson Frost's off on his three months' leave, you know, and he's never failed to tie the knot for me."

"I said to Susan that I didn't know as 'twould hardly seem like a wedding to me without him, and she said to me that 'twas her turn to choose this time, and she intended to start out with young Parson Corner over to the Center, and if he did well she guessed she'd stick to him."
"She didn't explain what she meant," added Uncle Solon thoughtfully, "but it sounded kind of ominous to me."

FARM AND GARDEN

TWO VARIETIES OF CORN.

Golden Honey and Golden Bantam Keep Longer Than the White Sorts.

The golden yellow and extra sweet varieties of corn for the abie have amazed the public by storm. Golden Bantam was among the first of these delightful variations upon a favorite delicacy. It is very early, very sweet—by some considered the sweetest corn that grows. As may be inferred from the name, it is



GOLDEN HONEY SWEET CORN.
Grows tall, growing not more than three feet high, and makes a small, compact ear. In their early stages the grains are cream white, maturing to a beautiful golden yellow.
At the head of these tempting golden sweet varieties some connoisseurs in corn place Golden Honey sweet corn. It is medium early, quite prolific and has ears of good size.
It is claimed that both these yellow corns keep in good eating condition longer than the white sorts. The distinctive points of the golden sweets are their color and a certain "rich delicacy" of flavor, in which those who fancy them most say they excel any other kinds. They are pretty certain to become favorites where introduced into a community.

Potash for Muck Soil.
Muck soil that has been under cultivation for some time usually needs a copious supply of potash to replenish the original quantity of that soil essential which has been taken up by the first few crops, or has disappeared, through the leaching process, to depths beyond the reach of the roots of farm plants.

If one has access to plenty of wood ashes and cinders a very cheap and simple method for improving the fertility of swamp land is found by scattering these ashes broadcast and in general quantities over the surface of the reclaimed land. In the regions of large manufacturing plants or coal mines coal ashes and cinders can be gotten merely for the asking and removal. The low potash contents of these ashes necessitates adding a large amount per acre. From three to four tons of coal ash per acre ought to supply enough potash for about two crops of corn or potatoes.

The application to each acre of swamp land, of from 400 to 500 pounds of kainit, a mineral obtainable from almost any reliable dealer in fertilizers, will also supply a sufficient amount of potash for several crops.
If muriate of potash is used, (and it is most commonly available) from 200 to 400 pounds per acre applied to the well prepared ground, just before planting or seeding, will prove very satisfactory.

Supplies of potash may also be applied in the same quantity per acre as the muriate. Application of these different fertilizers of high potash content may be made either by hand broadcasting or when conditions permit, by drill. Large quantities of tobacco stems scattered on the muck soil and plowed under will also supply potash.
The liquid manure flowing from the compost heap in the barnyard may be profitably applied to muck soils, as this liquid is well charged with soluble potash generally in the carbonate form.—H. C. S. in Indiana Farmer.

First Aid to Farmers.
A farmer in Ohio wrote to the Department of Agriculture that he had struggled for twenty years on an eighty acre farm heavily mortgaged but had been unable to reduce his debt or rise above a poverty that made the bringing up of his family a humiliation.

He asked if there was any hope for him on the farm or if he might as well give up the fight. The Department requested that he make a detailed report of his farm and its soils and upon this it based a plan of farming which he was recommended to follow to the letter. According to a writer in The World To-day there was a profit the first year of \$2,000, and the Department believed that ultimately the despised 80 acres can be made to yield \$5,000 a year.

A FASTIDIOUS GUEST.

The Dish He Preferred in Place of Penmanship.

The little club of "dined in the wood" bohemians, with all their traditional eccentricities, was giving a "north pole" supper. After the guest had been shown the imitation polar bears and the napkins formed in the shape of ice igloos he was asked to sample a cake of pemmican.

"It's something fine," elucidated one of the members with much enthusiasm. "I had a friend on a polar expedition, and he furnished us with the original recipe."

The guest nibbled a small section of the pemmican cake and hesitated.

"How is it made?" he queried warily.
"Well, I'll tell you. First we hung the toughest piece of beef we could find out in the open air two weeks."
The guest took a deep breath.

"Then we ground it up and mixed in the raisins and sugar."
There was another deep breath.

"And then we covered it over with tallow. Tallow is something like



THE GUEST LOOKED AROUND THE ROOM.

cheese, and my exploring friend said the mustier it was the spicier the flavor—gives it a sort of pique taste, you know. But, man, you'll never be a good explorer if you don't like pemmican. Why, explorers even eat old boots."

There was a silent pause, and the guest looked around the room as if in search of something.

"What is it, old man?" asked the host. "Why don't you eat your pemmican?"

"I was just thinking," responded the guest quietly.
"Thinking of what?"

"Why, that I might find a pair of old boots to eat in place of the—er—pemmican."—New York Herald.

No Use For It.
A Washington man took his little boy to church one Sunday morning. A missionary preached, telling about the nude heathen in the tropics, and after the sermon a missionary collection was taken up.

The little boy noticed that his father put in a suspender button.

He said to his father on the way home:
"Didn't I understand the preacher to say that those savages went naked, father?"

"Yes, my son," was the reply. "I'm glad to find you were so attentive."
"Then, father," said the boy, "why did you put a button in the plate?"

Aim to Rise.
Every man ought to aim at eminence not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

He Liked Life Term Best.
He was one of the judge's "regular" prisoners. His ready tongue had generally contrived to get him off with a reprimand, but at last the magistrate decided to take severer measures.
"You'll take the pledge or go to the house of correction," he told the apparently penitent prisoner. "Which?"
"Pledge for life."
"Well," said the magistrate leniently, "better make it for a year first. Then you can renew it."
"Oh, that's all right!" the prisoner remarked cheerfully. "I always take it for life."

Senator Frye's Fishing Luck.
Senator Frye is an enthusiastic fisherman. He was once the guest of a family that arranged for him and other visitors in Eastport, Me., a picnic at a lake a few miles distant. The head of the family, noticing that his brother, who had charge of the vehicles, had placed a supply of fishing paraphernalia in one of the wagons, asked why he had done so.
"They're for Frye," was the reply.
"But, man alive, there are no fish in that lake," the elder exclaimed.
"Well, Frye doesn't know it."
Frye didn't. On arriving at the lake he took the fishing tackle and trudged off, to return some hours later very warm and very much bitten by mosquitoes.

"Get any bites, Frye?" he was asked.
"Get any bites?" was the half indignant reply. "Look at my face!"

A Straight Tip.
Two Irishmen stopping at a hotel in Dublin shared the same bed as well as the same bottle of whisky. Pat waited till he saw Mike was asleep, when he rose quietly and emptied the bottle. Soon afterward Mike, waking, stole out of bed and began groping about in the dark.
"Phwat are you lookin' for, Mike?" asked Pat.
"Oh, nothin'," said Mike.
"Well, Mike," said Pat, "go over to the corner there, and you'll find it in the bottle."

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme: "THE SPIRIT IN MAN."

BY THOMAS REED BRIDGES, D. D.

Text.—There is a spirit in man.—Job, xxii., 8.

Man was created like the other animals, from the dust of the earth, but there was a difference. God breathed into him a living divine spirit. The body became possessed with an immortal soul.

It is this spirit in man that directs him and drives him on. It will not suffer him to rest contented. It demands always more struggles, greater sacrifices, completer victories. Each step gained becomes the basis for a new advance.

In the Hudson-Fulton celebration we saw something of what the spirit in man has accomplished. Three centuries are a little time in which to create New York and the splendid material civilization which it typifies. A hundred years seem not enough in which to produce the marvellous developments and mighty conquests of steam.

The insatiable spirit in man allows him but a moment for retrospect. There are greater things yet to be done. After the conquest of the earth comes the conquest of the air. Beyond the world are the stars, and beyond the stars there is infinite space. The body of man has reached its limit. We can, by taking thought, scarcely add a cubit to our stature or a decade to our span of life. But the spirit in man knows no limitation. It has life that is eternal and possibilities that are infinite.

The living spirit travels in the direction of greater power. It multiplies itself by laying hold upon the forces of nature. It drags energy from its secret places, and sets it to work. It seeks also to understand psychic and moral forces and bend them to its imperious will. The spirit in man travels in the direction of completer knowledge. It must know all things. It sets man to searching out facts of every kind. It honors the explorer, the inventor and the thinker. Nothing is unimportant, if it is real and true.

The spirit in man travels in the direction of a more perfect righteousness. It strives ceaselessly for a better government, a juster social system, the abolition of poverty and war, a life of happiness for all. The profound unrest which is everywhere apparent springs from the conflict of the spirit in man with the cruel and unjust conditions which have survived from less enlightened ages.

Progress is the law of life. We can neither go backward nor stand still. The quest of the spirit does not end until the dissolution of the body, until the dawning of an eternal day, when we awake in His likeness.

Short Meter Sermons.
Time is short; whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might.—Rev. J. M. Weaver, Baptist, Louisville.
No matter how low a man may fall, if the rebound is toward God the man is blessed.—Rev. B. F. Riley, Baptist, Houston, Texas.

All authority is from God, and human rulers are only stewards of the Great Masters.—Rev. J. L. Belford, Roman Catholic, Brooklyn.
A good deed for the sake of getting your name in the paper is not Christian charity.—Rev. W. H. Day, Congregationalist, Los Angeles.

A large part of enlightened Christendom has outgrown its formal orthodoxy and is consumed with spiritual hunger.—Rev. C. Fleisher, Hebrew, Boston.
The almost universal acceptance of the double standard of morals is perpetuating a great crime against posterity.—Rev. Z. H. Copp, Methodist, Washington.

Spiritual Life.
It is not always the giver who gives, it is not always the receiver who receives.—Malay Proverbs.
Men of intellectual and moral and religious culture who are not active forces for good in society are not worth what it costs to produce and keep them.—Henry Van Dyke.
Man is free in proportion to his power of moral choice. The fixed star, not the blazing comet or the fishing meteor, is the symbol of the truest freedom.—Celia Parker Woolley.

Only to find our duty certainly, and somewhere, somehow, to do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy, and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.—Phillips Brooks.

The Good Man.
The real wealth of the world is the good man, not the able man or the successful man. A public benefactor is already beautified by the people and by heaven. The happiness of an educated life is in doing good and in giving out again the knowledge received.—Rev. Julian E. Johnstone, Roman Catholic, Boston.

Not a Saint from Sleep.
No man can become a saint in his sleep; and to fulfill the conditions required demands a certain amount of prayer and meditation and time, just as improvement in any direction, bodily or mental, requires preparation and care.—Henry Drummond.

The Light of the Stars.

Various endeavors have been made to estimate the light of the stars. In the northern hemisphere Argelander has registered 324,000 stars down to the nine and a half magnitude, and with the aid of the best photometric data Agnes M. Clerk's "System of the Stars" gives the sum of the light of these northern stars as equivalent to 1-440 of full moonlight, while the total light of all stars similarly enumerated in both hemispheres, to the number of about 900,000, is roughly placed at 1-180 of the lunar brightness. The scattered light of still fainter celestial bodies is difficult to compute. By a photographic method Sir William Abney rated the total starlight of both hemispheres at 1-100 of full moonlight, and Professor Newcomb from visual observations of all stars at just 728 times that of Capella, or 1-89 of the light of the full moon.

It is not certain, however, that the sky would be totally dark if all stars were blotted out. Certain processes make the upper atmosphere strongly luminous at times, and we cannot be sure that this light would be totally absent.—Harper's Weekly.

With a Grain of Salt.

The earliest record of the saying "with a grain of salt" dates back to the year 63 B. C., when the great Pompey entered the palace of Mithridates and discovered among his private papers the description of an antidote against poisons of all sorts, which was composed of pounded herbs. These, according to the recipe, were to be taken with a grain of salt. Whether this was meant seriously or as a warning sarcasm is not known, but thenceforth it became the custom to say that doubtful preparations should be taken with a grain of salt. From this the meaning got transferred to sayings of doubtful truth. "Attic salt" was a Greek synonym for wit or penetration, and the Latin word "sal" had somewhat of the same meaning. It is thus easy to see how the saying "cum grano salis" could have come to mean the necessity of accepting doubtful or suspicious statements "with a grain of salt."

Molokai and the Lepers.

The general idea of the leper settlement on the island of Molokai is wrong, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. Instead of the entire island being used for the leper colony the settlement comprises only eight square miles out of a total area of 261 square miles. It occupies a tongue of land on the northern side of Molokai. The north, east and west shores of this tiny spit are washed by the Pacific, while on the south side rise precipitous cliffs of from 1,800 to 4,000 feet, which make the isolation seem even more hopeless than the beautiful deep blue waters of the sea ever could. The most difficult and dangerous trail, constantly manned by government guards, foils escape, if it were ever contemplated, by the land side.

WANTED TO BE ON SAFE SIDE.

Woman, Twice Deserted, Didn't Mean to Take Any Chances.

The officers of the thumb print bureau were just wishing for something interesting to turn up when a telephone message offered timely diversion. A woman was speaking.

"Do you make prints of anybody's thumbs except criminals?" she asked. The bureau did.

"Well," said the woman, "if I will come down there right away with a man will you make a print of his thumbs?"

The bureau would. The man and the woman came.
"We want his thumb prints for identification," said the woman. "We are going to be married to-morrow. He is my third husband. The other two ran away and I had the hardest kind of a time to find them because there was no sure way of identifying them. They say thumb prints can never change and that a man can be tracked by them to the ends of the earth. I hope I shall never have to use them, but it is just as well to be on the safe side. Will you make them?"
The bureau did.

Hash.

Some people find fault when eating hash because they don't know what is in it. Such souls are simply trying to dodge happiness. Would anybody ever start upon a journey if they knew the cars were going to leave the track or that the bridge was sure to collapse? No indeed. Would lovers of hash ever order that most toothsome viand were it not for the delightful uncertainty attached to it—the compelling mystery in which it is wrapped?

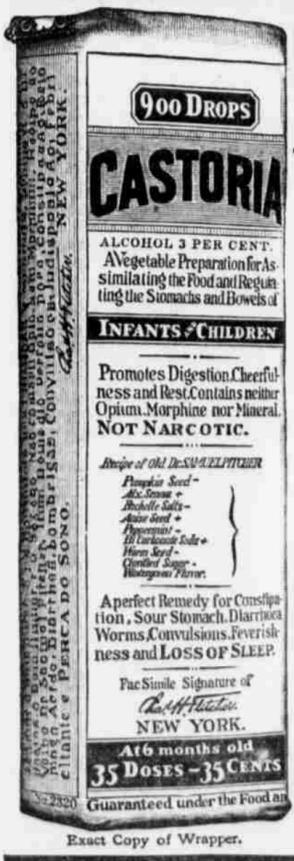
Why be wise when perfect happiness lies in ignorance? Hash has stood the test of time, and, whatever it is made of, history has yet to place a calamity at its door. Wine has caused the head to rise above the church steeples; pie has ruined the digestive apparatus, and hot biscuits have brought the price of nightmares down to a surprisingly low figure; but hash, plain, regular inoffensive hash, has gone on down the ages and left nothing in its wake but a food memory and a sweet taste in the mouth. Why worry?—Boston Herald.

Love Will Find a Way.

The beautiful girl tiptoed into the library, where her father was reading the sporting page and nursing a gouty foot.

"He—he has come, father," she faltered.
"Who has come?" roared the old gentleman.

"Why, George."
"What! Didn't he promise never to cross my threshold again?"
"He—he didn't cross your threshold, pa. He stepped through the trapdoor on the roof. You see, he came in his airship."



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