

A Kansas man has named his baby girl Philippina Manila Schleyetta Dawetia Grimes.

The police force of the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil, is henceforth to consist of 5150 men. This is quite an army, in view of the fact that the total population of the state is under 1,500,000.

Perhaps it is merely a coincidence, but Spain sued for peace just one day after Miss Lizzie Leadener of Oklahoma announced that she had organized a company of female rough riders to go to war.

The inventive facilities of the American girl seem practically unlimited. The Atchison (Kan.) Globe says: "By tying sandpaper about her ankles an Atchison girl produces the same effect as by buying an expensive silk skirt. The pieces of sandpaper rub together and sound just like a \$12 skirt." Pretty rough on the dressmakers, though.

Travelers over the line of railway from the City of Mexico to the city of Vera Cruz are said to be greatly impressed with some of the engines they see in use on that route—double-headed as they are termed. The Mexican railway company has already as many as a dozen, adding them from time to time to its stock as business has demanded. Each of these mammoth constructions weighs 100 tons, and is capable of hauling 100 tons up a four and one-half per cent. grade. They are of Scotch manufacture, and have now been in the service of the road about ten years. The fact is mentioned as somewhat singular that these double-headed are used by no other road in North America.

Many of the United States senators from Southern states come from small towns, the policy in many parts of the South being to recognize country rather than city statesmen. Neither of the representatives of Texas is from Galveston; neither of the representatives from Georgia is from Atlanta; neither of the senators from North Carolina is from Raleigh; neither of the senators from South Carolina is from Charleston; neither of the senators from Kentucky is from Louisville; neither of the senators from West Virginia is from Wheeling, and neither of the senators from Missouri is from St. Louis. Some of the towns represented are Marietta, Ga.; Bennettsville, S. C.; Tyler, Tex.; Scottsville, Va.; Marshall, N. C.; and Marion, Ky. Tennessee is the only Southern state whose two senators represent the two chief cities.

There is a volume of instruction on the elements that go to make up our volunteer army in the published report of the previous occupations of those soldiers of the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment who were killed in the first land battle near Manila. One was a farmer, one was a country storekeeper, two were coal-miners, one was the son of a school-teacher, one was a college student who had enlisted on the day before the graduating exercises of his class. This is not an exceptional list. It is merely a fair type and sample of the young men who in every state of the Union came forward promptly and cheerfully to answer their country's call, comments the New York Herald. They represent all classes and conditions of citizenship, dying on a common level of military heroism as they had lived on a common level of civic patriotism.

As pretty an illustration as we have yet seen of the new spirit which marks the interchange of comment between England and America appears in the last Spectator to arrive by mail, says the New York Times. Discussing the statement of the English captain at Manila, when asked by the German admiral what he would do in case the Germans interfered with the bombardment of the city—the statement being that only the English captain and American admiral had or could get any information on that delicate topic—The Spectator says: "There is something very naive in the German admiral imagining that we should allow him to bully Admiral Dewey—though, as far as that goes, there is no reason to think that the American sailors would want anyone's help if it came to fighting the Germans." The first part of this sentence is entirely friendly, and only a few months ago the possibility that it might be a little irritating to American nerves would not have worried the Spectator a bit. But now an afterthought comes, and it gets instant expression. The words as they stand are not exactly a lesson in tact, to be sure, but aren't they delightful? They make the Atlantic ocean seem narrow indeed.

MY GRANDFATHER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

It was a day when on the pane
The wild wind dashed the tireless rain,
And howling grew the brook,
That, in the attic, on a quest
Of my grandpa's old best,
I found within an ancient chest
My grandfather's scrap-book.

A gabled window dimly hung
A soft light where the cobwebs hung,
Within a corner nook,
And there within the shadows gray,
Beneath the eaves of my grandpa's
I lived, in thought, the vanished day
Of grandfather's scrap-book.

I gazed on many a gay vignette
And faces out in silhouette,
With quaint, old-fashioned look—
On pictured ladies, fair and slim,
And dainty verses faded dim,
With sentiments so sweet and trim
In grandfather's scrap-book.

Amid the relics oft I peeped,
Souvenirs of family pride,
That of the past partook—
Some a son honored by his land
Remembered here, or in his hand
The autograph of some one grand,
In grandfather's scrap-book.

The hours, beguiling, grew apace,
And I forgot the time and place,
And seemed to hear, odd-look!
A peeping through the dusk, oft soon,
A merry, stately, old dance tune,
And clack and tread of high-heeled shoes,
Near grandfather's scrap-book.

So dreamed I, till, all hushed the rain—
Till through a tiny, dusty pane
A trembling star-ray shook,
And misty shadows, gathering, rose
Around my visioned belles and beaux,
And told me it was time to close
My grandfather's scrap-book.

—Ellen Brainerd Peck, in N. Y. Home Journal.

WAR'S SUDDEN CALL.

A Love Story of the Present.

In the navy, with its constant and rapid changes, its almost limitless possibilities from day to day, the fates themselves seem to sit alert spinning on one's very doorstep. One unconsciously treads lightly and whispers in hopes of being forgotten, if only for a passing hour. Many a hasty word dies on the lips because of the aching memory of a cruise just passed, the haunting fear of one's fast approaching.

Of course there had been misunderstandings between them before, in the usual rise and fall in the tide of all human relations, but never before anything like this.

Ensign Phelps had just returned from a long wearing cruise to find a condition of things political that suddenly dwarfs the proportions of things feminine. Also his sense of humor, never rampant, happened to be further attenuated by studying late into the night for his approaching examination for promotion.

Mrs. Phelps had tried to face it all, but the two dreary years of separation had left her with nerves that shivered at a breath. Then, too, she had instantly recognized and resented that feeling in him that comes to all men at such times—the sense that the deep purposes and ends of his life had brushed her aside, that he wanted both arms free for once. The brute that fights to win and has been trained 15 years for just that was awake and on fire within him. Nothing of this had been spoken between them, and yet it was at the root of their quarrel that spring morning, when words were said back and forth that seemed to sweep up the love, devotion, patience of two lives like ashes on the hearth where a fire has died.

He strode along the gray, chill streets on his way to his ship at the navy yard, and she stood still, wide-eyed and white, and for them both the past and future were wiped out, and the present only lived in one of those flaming agonies of disillusion of which one somehow survives such a surprising number in the course of a lifetime.

The baby at her feet plucked at her dress, and the mother did not even feel it, wrapped in that overwhelming sense of finality that belongs to passionate youth.

She was conscious of no particular animosity just then, only a sort of wonder and awe that this should be the end of it all. The end of a happy girlhood, when his words of love had made a woman of her in a day, and happy years of wifehood, when they were lovers still, and even happier motherhood, that had set her apart sanctified forever in his eyes—so he had stooped and whispered to her that night when the light burned low near by, and she had fallen asleep with her hand in his.

She looked about in dull amazement at the familiar things about her that made up their simple little home. There under the lamp were his books and a pad and pencil where he had sat studying last night and near it her work where she had been beside him sewing in unwilling silence after her long isolation. The indent of her head was still on the pillow on the lounge where she had at length thrown herself and lay watching him until she fell asleep toward midnight.

She glanced about half dazed; and then Ruth, her old colored maid, the only servant she had ever had, came in from the kitchen and spoke to her in that low, sweet, compelling voice of hers that went back to Mrs. Phelps' babyhood down in Maryland. She obeyed the voice from habit and went mechanically about her morning duties, in the performance of which a certain warmth and pliability returned to her frozen mood. A sense of anger and outrage began to burn again at his last stinging words, whose probe went deep with the sure cruelty of long association.

She took her little girl and went out on her homely round of marketing, largely trumped up by keen-witted old Ruth.

On returning she toiled wearily up the three flights of the apartment house—the elevator so seldom ran after the men had gone for the day. She sank exhausted on the lounge in the tiny dining room and let the child pull off her gloves, one obstinate finger at a time. Her eyes shut, and a nervous reaction had set in, when she heard a young step bounding up the stairs and a sharp ring at her bell. She was half conscious that Ruth opened the door and that a boy's high voice was saying:

"Can't I see the lady herself?" She sat up as he approached. "Holding telephone—corner drug store, lady—you'll never be late," he panted and was gone again in a flash. Mrs. Phelps sprang after him and called down the stairs:

"What number? Where from? Did you hear?"

"Sixty-one," he shouted, from two stories below.

"The navy yard!" she exclaimed, a thrill of premonition sending her heart into her throat.

A moment later she stood alone in the telephone closet at the corner, and through the transmitter a soft "Hello!" sped on its way. Then she listened.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Phelps. Who are you?" She had not recognized the voice that had answered.

"Oh, Gny!" she cried, softly, in sudden, illogical, overwhelming relief, as she clung tightly to the receiver.

"Yes, yes—I'll listen carefully," she said next, and then silence.

"What? What? Say it again, very slowly. I can't understand. Surely I haven't understood?" her voice was sharp, with a sudden dread. Again silence, and then her answer:

"Not today? At once? The ship ordered to Puerto Rico? Have I got it right? Oh, Gny, have I got it right?"

She listened, and a low moan of pain escaped her.

"But—but surely you'll come home for a minute? I'll see you again?"

The answer sent a shiver through her from head to foot, and she said, fiercely:

"I cannot stand it, Gny. I cannot! To have you go at once like this—after this morning. Could I see you—just see you, Gny—if I went straight to the yard now?" And a few seconds later:

"It's too terrible, too cruel." Suddenly she started violently as a thought flashed through her head, and she asked, rapidly:

"Gny, be honest with me. Does this sudden order mean—does it mean—war? Is there any news? Something I don't know?" and after an interval:

"Yes, yes, I'll try. No one knows yet, of course. But, Gny, speak to me—your voice is still cold and hard and strange. Say something to me—some word I can cling to, to help me!"

"What?" A pause.

"You are in the paymaster's office? Clerks all about? Is that it? Please whisper it, and I'll try and catch it."

She listened painfully—only a burr, a woman's laugh, a word in an unknown voice, a tantalizing, incessant vibration from the endless feverish crisscross of life going on forever, in which she had no part.

"I can't hear—Oh, Gny, I can't hear a word," she panted. "Don't go yet. When can I hear from you? Just one minute; I want to say something, Gny!" The telephone bell sounded with sharp impatience even as she spoke. She rung again and again, and there was no answer.

"Come back; I must say one word. Central, give me 61, please, give me 61. Gny, dear, won't you come for one single second? I'm—I'm so sorry for this morning. It was all my fault, every bit of it." She pleaded sobbing into the senseless thing in her hand that no longer responded. She rung again and once again, frantically.

Then she sprang rigidly erect and whispered:

"It's too late—he's gone—perhaps forever." Her head fell forward, she swayed toward the closet door, fumbled at the handle, opened it and cried in a voice faint and pitiful:

"Will some one—help me?" Her failing sight saw Ruth hurrying toward her through the street door; her failing hearing was pierced by the shrill young voice of a newsboy dashing round the corner:

"Ex-tra, ex-tra! President's message read in Congress! War sure to—"

His voice was lost in the roar of the streets, and Mrs. Phelps sank unconscious into Ruth's arms.

Twenty-four hours passed. Half through the night and all day long the cries of the newsboys reached the shrinking hearing of the young wife. Her sweet face was stiff and ashy with suffering; her hands so cold that her child shrank from her touch and whimpered. Ruth hovered about, in and out, on a hundred foolish loving errands. She played and laughed boisterously with the baby to drown all other sounds when she caught the first far cry that wrung her mistress' heart again and again, coming nearer and nearer down the street.

As the day drew to its close Mrs. Phelps lay once again silent and spent on the old lounge, and again she heard a quick step spring up the stairs, a ring at her bell, the low words at the door. It seemed like the confused memory of a dream. She did not even open her eyes until Ruth said close beside her:

"One these yer mess'ger boys, Miss Nannie, jes' broughten this yer passel fo' you. It do smell like it might be some sorter bo'quet," she added, smiling.

"Put it down, mammy; I'll arrange them later," said Mrs. Phelps. Probably some friend at the yard, who knew of the ship's sudden sailing, had remembered her and sent a silent message of sympathy in this sweet way. It was often done from one sad-hearted wife to another, just to help a little in the endless pathos of their common lives.

"Land sakes, Miss Nannie, ain't you put them posies in the water yet?" complained Ruth, again appearing at the door, watching for some spark of interest in that set, white face before her yearning eyes.

"Dat's no way to act, Miss Nannie, an' you know dat right well. When folks takes de trouble an' de 'spense to buy you some flowers, you'd order spunk up 'nough shorely to say 'howdy' to 'em."

"All right, mammy dear; please don't scold," said Mrs. Phelps, a smile breaking for an instant through the rigidity of her face.

She arose and began to untie the string about the pasteboard box. She raised the lid and lifted out a great pile of pink and yellow roses. The baby ran toward her with a soft coo of delight. Then Mrs. Phelps gave a loud cry, and the roses fell all about her. She stood staring wildly at an envelope that had slipped to the bottom of the box, addressed to her in her husband's handwriting. It was as if it came from a grave, that awful silence of the sea. For a second she was afraid to touch it and stood with her hands pressed over her heart. Then she seized the envelope, and with one swift motion of her trembling forefinger ripped it open and read with eyes half-blinded with tears:

"The pilot leaves us at Scotland lightship in a few moments. He will take this back to the city. Also an order for a few flowers, which I can only hope will go straight. You should get this tomorrow or next day. I am on my knees to you, my wife, for this morning. I beg your pardon—it was all a lie, every ugly word of it. Try and forget it if you can. Stamp it out of your memory, for it has no real existence against all the rest—all the happy years. Just try and remember those, and love me a little, dear."

"Do not believe the papers—do not read them. Peace may come out of it all yet, and if not—try and be brave. A sailor has need of a plucky wife, one drilled into the tough spirit of a 'regular' by long service. And remember:

"Ours not to reason why
Ours but to do—"

He had shied at the word with no time to rewrite. "Good bye, my love. Ah! if I could have held you just for one second and heard you whisper 'It's all right, Gny.' But take our little one in your arms and look into her eyes—my eyes you've always said—and read there my endless love and honor. Kiss her and hold her close, and forgive me, forgive me."

Mrs. Phelps fell on her knees and throwing her arms about her baby began to sob like a tired child. And the little girl patted her cheek and crooned to her, the spark of motherhood already alive in her, and Ruth brooded over them both.

At that moment once again the shout came piercingly up from the street below:

"Ex-tra! Congress will declare war!"

The young wife sprang to her feet and shook her fist in the direction of the voice, and half laughing, half sobbing, she cried:

"It is not war—it is peace, thank God!"—Chicago Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Greece has a 110-year-old woman. The egg is currency in South Africa's interior.

Siam's king has a body guard of 400 female warriors.

Crosses, of ancient times, possessed about \$20,000,000.

Tobacco seeds are so minute that a thimbleful will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground.

Dentists in Germany are using false teeth made of paper instead of porcelain or mineral composition.

Rug weaving is an art older than the Pharaohs, and the history of the first loom lies shrouded in oblivion.

Spurious coins are legally made in China. They are used to put in the coffins of the dead, and the superstition prevails that they make the dead happy.

The British soldier has not always worn a red uniform. White was the prevailing color under Henry VIII, and dark green or russet in the time of Elizabeth.

The first double-decked ship built in England was the Great Harry, constructed in 1509 by order of Henry VIII. It was 1000 tons burden and cost \$60,000.

On account of superstitions regarding the plague the natives of Bombay still occasionally throw stones at foreigners moving about alone, and not long ago a physician's life was saved only by his helmet, at which a blow was aimed.

A Great Discovery.

A modest chemist, living in Los Angeles, Cal., has discovered a salts which may kill all existing methods of supplying ice. A thimbleful in hermetically sealed in a nickel-silver receptacle about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and two inches long, which the soldier may carry by the dozen in his haversack. It weighs about as much as a cartridge. Dropped into a canteen of water it converts the contents into ice in an incredibly short time. A larger one will freeze a bucket of Santiago (or any other) water, and a still larger tub. As the salts do not come in contact with the water the latter remains unpolluted.—New York Press.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

The Use of Fodder Shredders.

Fodder shredders have been found equal to cutters in preparing ensilage for the silo. According to the experience of those who have used shredders for the purpose mentioned the ensilage is finer and a larger quantity can be packed in the silo. It also keeps well and is more highly relished by stock.

Late Fall Pigs.

The only pig that will attain size enough to safely pass the winter is one that is born six or seven months before cold weather is expected. We have raised pigs in the fall and that too when we had the advantage of a basement barn to provide warm quarters for the pig. Yet the growth during the winter, notwithstanding good feed, was never satisfactory. There is too little sunlight during the winter months, and if the pig is kept warm without sunlight it is usually at the expense of poor ventilation. Without good air no animal can maintain good digestion or remain healthy.

What Chaff is Good For.

All kinds of grain have chaff surrounding the kernels. In its wild state this chaff serves a very important use, as it absorbs the moisture that would otherwise swell the grain and cause its premature germination. After long cultivation this use seems less necessary and there is less profusion of chaff and husk. It is quite possible that all our Indian corn originally came from that curious wild variety in which each grain on the ear had its separate husk. Wherever there are severe droughts during the time the grain is forming there will be less development of chaff and husk. With our self-binding grain harvesters, grain is now often put into stack or mow before it has dried out as it should do. The husk in such case serves an important use, as the straw will often rot under the band where it is tightly compressed, while the head with still damper grain is preserved from injury by the loose chaff with which it is surrounded, and which very rapidly dries not only itself but the grain in contact with it. Barley, which is most apt to be injured by rains, has a better supply of chaff and awns to keep its head open to air than has any other grain.

Sewage as Affecting Food.

Investigations, it is declared, show that animals fed on sewage farms are, under certain conditions, liable to have their flesh and secretions changed by the herbs and grasses, produced by the sewage, upon which they feed. Thus, if the sewage on a given farm is so managed that no more of it be put into the soil than any given crop can adequately deal with, it is asserted that the crop will, under these conditions, be sweet and natural, and that the cattle or other animals fed on it will also be of that character. On the other hand, if the soil be gorged to repletion with sewage, then the crops will be surcharged with sewage elements, and unfit for food—the meat and milk of animals derived from such crops will also be like the crops, alike unpleasant to the taste and dangerous to the health. These hospital statements are proved by well-known facts; that is, if a cow is fed on turnips, her milk will within twenty-four hours taste like them, the intensity of the flavor being according to the quantity of turnips taken; in the case of hens and their eggs, a like result follows, for, if fed on decaying matter, which they always eat greedily, both their eggs and flesh will be disagreeable and unwholesome eating. Ducks, too, are still more objectionable in these respects.—New York Tribune.

Soil Exhaustion.

In Bulletin 94 of the New York state agricultural experiment station attention is called to the dangers of a continued free use of farmyard manures. Referring especially to cereal crops, the bulletin shows that such manures are deficient in potash and phosphoric acid, and that when used continuously for a considerable period they will hasten soil exhaustion.

It is undoubtedly true that all soils receive more or less accessions of ammonia from the atmosphere, through rainfall and the action of leguminous plants of various kinds, but potash and phosphoric acid cannot possibly be obtained by such means. Consequently, while the supply of ammonia may be obtained within reasonable limits the mineral fertilizers suffer a rapid depletion and crops begin to fall off.

Farmyard Manure.

Farmyard manure tends to exhaust the phosphoric acid and potash of the soil, simply because it contains less mineral fertilizer than ammonia in proportion to the needs of the crop. The effect on the soil is a kind of stimulation, for the supplies of phosphoric acid and potash naturally existing in the soil are drawn upon to make up the balance. While the amount for any one year may not be large, after years of cropping the loss becomes serious.

Even in those cases where no manures were used at all the same result is reached. A very considerable quantity of ammonia reaches the soil every year through the aid of legumes, while every pound of mineral fertilizers taken off in crops is just so much dead loss to the soil. This is shown very clearly by the fact that the simple application of phosphoric acid and potash will very frequently give heavy crops. The large fertilizer manufacturers of the east make up their mixtures from actual farm tests, and it is a striking fact that the ammonia in such goods is very low as compared with the phosphoric acid and potash.

If farmyard manure is used, or if no manure at all is used, dress the fields with phosphoric acid and potash. When these fail it is time to look after a further ammonia supply. It is not wise to run the soil down to the verge of exhaustion by using the most expensive ingredient of fertilizers. For potash, potash salts are all that can be desired, and ordinary bone products will supply the needed phosphoric acid. Cereal farmers will find that the normal fertility of their soils may be maintained for many years yet, by the simple application of the mineral fertilizers.

Bare Self-Possession.

Drowning Man—Help! Help! Rescuer (yelling to amateur photographer on bank)—Wait a second. I've nearly reached him. . . . Now!

Chicago Tribune.

acre. The best results are usually obtained from a mixture of several grasses as put in proper proportions by reliable seedmen.

One of the finest mixtures for a fairly productive soil consists of orchard grass, English rye grass, meadow foxtail, Italian rye grass, sweet-scented vernal, Rhode Island bent and red top. This mixture is sown in the fall at the rate of three bushels per acre, more on poor land, and in the spring a mixture of clover is sown over the field broadcast at the rate of ten pounds to the acre.

The hay crops from this sowing frequently amount to more than three times that from timothy and clover or other two-grass mixtures, leaving after cutting a pasture of value until late in the fall. Another point in favor of a mixture of several grasses is the long life of the meadow. If cared for by occasional fertilizing such a meadow will scarcely need renewing under ten or a dozen years.

Drying Wheat for Seed.

After every damp harvest as the present has been in most localities, the grain goes into the barn with its straw not so thoroughly dry as it should be. There is also considerable dampness in the grain itself, and this will probably cause heating of the grain in the mow. With spring grain this does not matter much for the grain will be pretty sure to dry out when freezing cold weather comes. But whenever winter grain is grown the seed for next harvest has to be selected from the present year's crop, and this often means the premature threshing of the winter grain and using it while still damp as seed.

To this fact is probably to be attributed the common belief among farmers that old wheat and rye are better for seed than new. In the old grain the freezing of winter and the subsequent thawing has made the seed nearly wholly free of moisture. Yet all these experiences are not absolutely necessary. If the grain is thoroughly dried in the fall that it is grown, it is not only as fit but more fit for seed than it is after being dried off by winter freezing wherein its germinating powers are more apt to be injured than they are by being thoroughly dried out the previous fall.

We have heretofore advised the greatest care in drying seed grain for fall sowing. But it is far better, we believe to thoroughly dry the seed even by artificial means. We have over and over again dried seed grain in fruit evaporators such as are used for drying apples, and always with the best results in a large proportion grown of the seed that was sown. We believe that it is best to dry all grain used as seed by the heat of fire. It may be by brading the seed corn and hanging it beside the chimney, so as to secure the heat of the kitchen fire. But however it is dried, the seed that has fire heat to dry it is sure to produce the most vigorous growth and the largest crop of grain.—American Cultivator.

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