

PRETTY MISS KATE.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Everybody called her "pretty Miss Kate." It was an odd title, and she had come by it in an odd way. A sort of half-witted nurse, whose one supreme merit was her faithfulness, had tended Squire Osgood's baby daughter all through her early years; and she it was who had first called the girl "pretty Miss Kate."

It was a small neighborhood, where everybody knew everybody else; and, by dint of much hearing this title, all the neighbors grew to use it. And, indeed, at fifteen Kate Osgood deserved it. She was a tall, slight girl, with a very graceful figure, and what a rather horsey young man called a stylish action.

She had blue eyes—not the meaningless blue of a French doll, but deep and lustrous, like the tender hue of the summer sky. She had hair like some Northland princess. It had not a tint of yellow in it, but it was fine and fair, and so light as to be noticeable anywhere. Her skin was exquisite, too, as skin must be to match such hair. When any color came to the cheeks it was never crimson, but just the faintest tint of the blush rose; her lips alone were of rich, vivid bloom. A prettier creature, truly, seldom crosses this planet; and the few such girls who have lived among us, and grown to womanhood, have made wild work generally, using hearts for playthings; and, like other children breaking their toys now and then. But pretty Miss Kate was not at the age yet for that sort of pastime, and her most ardent worshipper was little Sally Green.

There was a curious friendship between these two, if one may call that friendship which is made up of blind worship on one side, and gentle pity and kindness on the other. Squire Osgood owned the poor little house where Widow Green lived, and whenever there was an unusual press of work at the great house above, the family washing used to be sent down to Mrs. Green, at the foot of the hill. Many an hour the widow worked busily, fluting the delicate ruffles and smoothing the soft muslins, out of which pretty Miss Kate used to bloom as a flower does out of its calyx. And on these occasions Sally used to carry the dainty washing home, and she nearly always contrived to be permitted to take it up to Miss Kate's room herself.

Nobody thought much about little Sally Green anyway—least of all did any one suspect her of any romantic, heroic, or poetical qualities. And yet she had them all; and if you came to a question of soul and mind, there was something in Sally which entitled her to rank with the best. She was a plain, dark little thing, with a short, solid, squarely built figure; with great black eyes, which nobody thought anything about in her, but which would have been enough for the whole stock in trade of a fashionable belle; with masses of black hair that she did not know what to do with; and with a skin somewhat sallow, but smooth. No one ever thought how she looked, except, perhaps, pretty Miss Kate.

One day, when the child brought home the washing, Kate had been reading aloud to a friend, and Sally had shown an evident inclination to linger. At that time Kate was not more than fourteen, and the interest or the admiration in Sally's face struck her, and moved by a girl's quick impulse, she had said: "Do you want to hear all of it, Sally?" "Wait, then, and I will read it to you."

The poem was Mrs. Browning's "Romance of the Swan's Nest," and it was the first glimpse for Sally Green into the enchanted land of poetry and fiction. Before that she had admired pretty Miss Kate, but now the feeling grew to worship.

Kate was not slow to perceive it, with that feminine instinct which somehow scents out and delights in the honest admiration of high or low, rich or poor. She grew very kind to little Sally. Many a book and magazine she lent the child; and now and then she gave her a flower, a bit of bright ribbon, or some little picture. To poor Sally Green these trifles were as the gifts of a goddess, and no monk ever treasured relics from the shrine of his patron saint more tenderly than she cherished any, even the slightest, token which was associated with the beautiful young lady, whom she adored with all her faithful, reverent, imaginative heart.

One June evening Sally had been working hard all day. She had washed dishes, run her mother's errands, got supper, and now her reward was to come. "You may make yourself tidy," her mother said, "and carry home that basket of Miss Kate's things to Squire Osgood's."

Sally flew upstairs, and brushed back her black locks, and tied them with a red ribbon Miss Kate had given to her. She put on a clean dress, and a little straw hat that, last year, had been Miss Kate's own; and really, for such a short, dark little thing, she looked very nice. She was thirteen—two years younger than her idol—and while Miss Kate was tall, and looked older than her years, Sally looked even younger than she was. Her heart beat as she hurried up the hill. She thought of the fable of the mouse and the lion, which she had read in one of the books Miss Kate had lent her. It made her think of herself and her idol. Not that Miss Kate was like a lion at all—no she was like a beautiful princess—but Sally was such a poor, humble, helpless little mouse; and yet there might be a time, if she only watched and waited,

when she, even she could do pretty Miss Kate some good. And if the time ever came, wouldn't she do it just, at no matter what cost to herself?

Poor little Sally! The time was on its way, and nearer than she thought. She found Miss Kate in her own pretty room—a room all blue, and white, and silver, as befitting such a fair-haired beauty. The bedstead and wardrobe were of polished chestnut, lightly and gracefully carved. The carpet was pale gray, with impossible blue roses, the blue chintz curtains were looped back with silver cords; there were silver frames, with narrow blue edges, to the few graceful pictures; and on the mantel were a clock and vases with silver ornaments.

Pretty Miss Kate looked as if she had been dressed on purpose to stay in that room. She wore a blue dress, and around her neck was a silver necklace which her father had brought to her last year from far off Genoa. Silver ornaments were in her little ears, and a silver clasp fastened the belt at her waist. She welcomed Sally with a sweet graciousness, a little conscious, perhaps, of the fact that she was Miss Osgood, and Sally was Sally Green; but to the child, her manner, like everything else about her, seemed perfection.

"Sit down and stay a while, Sally," she said; "I have something to tell you. Do you remember what you heard me read that first time, when your eyes got so big with listening, and I made you stay and hear it all?"

"Yes, indeed," Sally cried, eagerly. "I never forgot anything I ever heard you read. That first time it was 'The Romance of the Swan's Nest.'"

"Yes, you are right, and I know I was surprised to find how much you cared about it. I began to be interested in you then, for you know I am interested in you, don't you, Sally?"

Sally blushed with pleasure till her face glowed like the June roses in Miss Kate's silver vases; but she did not know what to say, and so, very wisely, she did not say anything. Miss Kate went on:

"Well, that very same poem I am going to read, next Wednesday night, at the evening exercises in the academy. The academy hall won't hold everybody, and so they are going to be admitted by tickets. Each of us girls has a certain number to give away, and I have got one for you. I thought you would like to go and see me there among the rest in my white gown and hear me read the old verses again."

You would not have thought so small a thing could so have moved anybody; but Sally's face turned from red to white, and from white to red again, and her big black eyes were as full of tears as an April cloud is of raindrops.

"Do you mean it, truly?" she asked. "Yes, truly, child. Here is your ticket. Why, don't cry, foolish girl. It's nothing. I wanted to be sure of one person there who would think I read well, whether any one else did or not. And I've got a gown for you, too—that pink muslin, don't you know, that wore last year? I've shot up right out of it, and it's of no use to me, now, and mamma said I might give it to you. This is Saturday; can you get it ready by Wednesday, can't you?"

What a happy girl went home that night, just as the rosy June sunset was fading away, and ran, bright and glad, and full of joyful expectation, into the Widow Green's humble little house. Widow Green wasn't much of a woman, in the neighbor's estimation. She was honest, and civil, and she washed well; but that was all they saw in her. Sally saw much more. She saw a mother who always tried to make her happy—who shared her enthusiasms, or at least sympathized in them; who was never cross, or jealous, or anything but motherly. She was as pleased, now, at the prospect of Sally's pleasure as Sally herself was; and just as proud of this attention from pretty Miss Kate. Together they made over the pink muslin dress; and when Wednesday night came the widow felt sure that her daughter was as well worth having, and as much to be proud of, as any other mother's daughter that would be at the academy.

"You must go very early," she said. "To get a good seat; and you need not be afraid to go right up to the front. You've just as good right to get close up there as anybody."

"Here, dear," she said, "just take the shawl. Do it to please me, for there's no knowing how cold it might be when you get out."

"The shawl" was an immense Rob Roy plaid—a ridiculous wrap, truly, for a June night; but summer shawls they had none, and Sally was too dutiful, as well as too happy, not to want to please her mother even in such a trifle. How differently two lives would have come out if she had not taken it! She was the very first one to enter the academy. Darts she got and sit in the front row so as to be close to pretty Miss Kate? Ordinarily she would have shrunk into some far corner, for she was almost painfully shy; but now something outside herself seemed to urge her on. She would not take up much room—this something whispered—and nobody, no, nobody at all, could love Miss Kate better than she did. So she went into the very front row, close up to the little stage on which the young performers were to appear—a veritable stage, with real footlights.

Soon the people began to come in, and after a while the lights were turned up and the exercises commenced. There were dialogues, and music, and at last the master of ceremonies announced the reading of "The Romance

of the Swan's Nest," by Miss Kate Osgood.

Other people had been interested in what went before, no doubt; but to Sally Green the whole evening had been but a prelude to this one triumphant moment for which she waited.

Pretty Miss Kate came forward like a little queen—tall and slight, with her coronet of fair, braided hair, in which a shy, sweet rosebud nestled. She wore a dress of white muslin, as light and fleecy as a summer cloud, with a sash that might, as far as its hue went, have been cut from the deep blue sky over which that summer cloud floated. A little bunch of flowers was on her bosom, and other ornaments she had none. She looked like one of the pretty creatures, half angel and half woman of fashion, which some of the modern French artists paint.

As she stepped forward she was greeted with a burst of irrepressible applause, and then the house was very still as she began to read. Her soft eyes glowed, and the blushes burned on her dainty cheeks, when she came to the lines:

"Little Ellie in her snail
Chooseth: 'I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile,
And to him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death."

She had the whole audience for her lovers before she was through with the poem, and the last verse was followed with a perfect storm of applause. Was she not young and beautiful, with a voice as sweet as her smile? And then she was Squire Osgood's daughter, and he was the great man of the village. She stepped off the stage; and then the applause recalled her, and she came back, pink with pleasure. A bow, a smile, and then a step too near the poorly protected footlights, and the fleecy white muslin dress was a sheet of flame.

How Sally Green sprang over those footlights she never knew; but there she was, on the stage, and "the Shawl" was wrapped around pretty Miss Kate before any one else had done anything but scream. Close, close, close, Sally hugged its heavy woolen folds. She burned her own fingers to the bone; but what cared she? The time of the poor little mouse had come at last.

And so pretty Miss Kate was saved, and not so much as a scar marred the pink and white of her fair girl's face. Her arms were burned rather badly, but they would heal, and no permanent harm had come to her.

Sally was burned much more severely, but she hardly felt the pain of it in her joy that she had saved her idol, for whom she would have been so willing even to die. They took her home very tenderly, and the first words she said, as they led her inside her mother's door were:

"Now, mother, I know what I took the shawl for!"

I said how differently two lives would have ended if she had not taken that shawl. Pretty Miss Kate's would have burned out then and there, no doubt; for if any one else were there with presence of mind enough to have saved her, certainly there was no other wrap like "the shawl." And then Sally might have grown up to the humblest kind of toil, instead of being what she is today; for Squire Osgood's gratitude for his daughter's saved life did not exhaust itself in words. From that moment he charged himself with Sally Green's education, and gave her every advantage which his own daughter received. And, truth to tell, Sally, with her wonderful temperament, the wealth of poetry, and devotion, and hero-worship that was in her, soon outstripped pretty Miss Kate in her progress.

But no rivalry or jealousy ever came between them. As Sally had adored Kate's loveliness, so, in time, Kate came to do homage to Sally's genius; and the two were friends in the most complete sense of the word.

Kate has realized her dream of a noble lover; but Sally, as yet, loves only Kate.—New York Weekly.

The Language Used by Cats.

A French savant—we believe that's what they call 'em—goes Prof. Garner one better, and claims that he can understand cat dialect. That is evidently a harder job than Garner's, for if the doctrine of evolution be true, we are only a few removes from our monkey ancestors, and it shouldn't be wholly impossible to understand their dialect. There are some savages whose language, to the ordinary uncultivated ear, is very little in advance of the monkey's gibberish, and if we can learn to understand and translate the jabbering of these savages, we might go further and tell what Mr. Monk is saying.

With the cats it is different, for they are not supposed to be in direct line of descent like the monkeys. We are not sufficiently versed in Darwin's theory to tell just where the cat butts in among our ancestry, but it must have been a long ways back of the monkeys, which makes it that much harder to understand their conversation. This Frenchman, however, pretends that he can listen at a cat's voice and understand what the animal is asking for every time. That is getting the art of linguistics down pretty fine.—Montgomery Advertiser.

The Second National Bank of Boston, Mass., which lately absorbed the Suffolk National of the same city, has now a capital of \$20,000,000, ranking as the third largest bank in New England.

SHOOTING CANVASBACKS

HEAVIEST OF ALL DUCKS, AND MOST DELICATE IN FLAVOR.

An Uncrowned King and His Dainty Habits—Swiftest Flyers in Their Tribe, Being Both Hard to Hit and Hard to Kill.

Poorest among his kind, the swiftest flier, the hardest to find, heaviest of ducks, the canvasback is the uncrowned king of all water fowl, unrivaled in the minds of sportsmen by any other duck, with the possible exception of the mallard, says an expert in the Los Angeles Times. Game as the greenhead may be, delicate as is his flesh when a fall of good living has larded his ribs with fat, he is a lumbering, ungainly fowl in comparison with the regal red-headed aristocrat of the deep wild celerity, and is never capable of testing the ability of marksmen and the hard-shooting powder of a duck gun as does his wedged-billed relative.

On the south coast the canvasback is enough of a rarity to make the capture of three or four brace of him in a day's hunt the subject for many an evening chat in the club house. The handsome markings and proportions of the drake, or "bull can," as he is familiarly known by hunters, are enough to make the bird a much-desired member of the bag were his flesh not proverbially fine in flavor. The canvasback of this vicinity lacks the typical and delicate wild celerity taste, but the large body and unfailing sweetness of the meat fully maintain all canvasback traditions.

It may seem incredible that there was a time in the east, as late as civil war days, when the "cans" predominated in the middle Atlantic states, but it is a fact that gunners of that time actually changed their blinds and went after widgeon, bluebills, and other ducks for a change. There is a well-authenticated instance of a Virginia planter who just after the war, had trouble with his emancipated colored laborers who inaugurated the first "strike" on record, because of an exclusive diet of canvasback duck! They refused to come back to work until their demands for corn pone and scow at least once a day had been granted!

There are several places in the United States, and even in California, where from 20 to 50 canvasbacks may be bagged in a day's shooting. All the gun clubs get a few of them in a season, but the Guadalupe club in Santa Barbara county does more execution among the "cans" than all others. Bear Valley lake in some years yields good bags, but the stronghold of the edge bills on the coast is San Francisco bay and the various sloughs adjacent to it.

Of all the duck tribe only two other members, the teal and the mallard, are as particular in their diet as is the canvasback. This feather gourdman will fly a hundred miles if need be to find the regular aquatic vegetables upon which he feeds. From five to 10 feet below the surface, upon a sandy mud bottom in lakes which are full the year around, grows a small plant called by scientists "valisneria," and by the hunters "duck celery," or "canvasback weed." It sprouts, matures and germinates under water, and makes its presence known by a glutinous scum on the surface of the water. When the canvasback finds a bed of it he begins diving for the soft and pulpy weed, bringing it to the surface and gorging on it. Other ducks, the widgeon in particular, have been accused of robbing the "cans" of their hard-earned food by grabbing the weed from their bills as they come up half-blinded by the water, but it is doubtful if they ever do anything more than eat the leavings of the bigger birds.

The canvasbacks are the swiftest ducks in the air, the handiest in the water, and the most ungainly on land. Their flight usually lies in the shortest line between two points, and once under way they often display a disregard for blinds that would turn other ducks. They will often stand for any amount of shooting without forsaking a favorite resort, but when in places with which they are not familiar, no bird is more wary. Often they pay no attention to decoys, and will not respond to the most perfect imitation of their call, which is a sort of half grunt, half quack. To knock them over as they come whizzing in to light with wings tense and set is a knack not picked up in a day, presenting an entirely different problem from that given by birds of slower motion. One must lead well and shoot true to stop them, for their muscular, densely feathered bodies will protect their vitals from shots that would paralyze other ducks. No. 4 chilled shot is a general favorite for "cans."

Canvasbacks when winged often make their escape by a succession of dives and long swims under water with just the bill exposed. They have been known to lay hold of weeds at the bottom, when mortally wounded, and die there, practically committing suicide—a trick not unknown to other varieties of ducks.

The shooting of canvasbacks involves a blind upon a long point, or a sunken box in the middle of a pond, as the birds do not like to approach the shore line. Decoys are a convenience, though not a necessity if the line of flight can be ascertained.

The canvasback retains his individuality to a greater extent than does any other duck. "Cans" are seldom found outside of flocks of their own kind. Occasionally they mingle with the redheads, which are very similar in appearance, though not in habits. The difference in shape of body, bill and coloring between the canvasback and redhead is such that no one should ever mistake the birds. The canvas-

back is a heavier, squarer-billed bird, with a short bill neck, no crest, a red eye and a long, wedge-shaped black bill. The male has a dark red head. He has more white on the belly and back than his smaller relative, the red-head, which has a bright chestnut crest, a yellow eye and a broad blue bill with a black nail.

TALKING THROUGH 'PHONE.

Suggestions Offered on Proper Method of Transmission.

To be a good telephone talker is something of an art, but in these days it should, by all means, be cultivated as much as any of the methods of polite conversation. The first requisite is the proper pose.

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

But, more than all, care should be taken to talk slowly and to articulate with the greatest distinctness; to be deliberate on what one says and to make ample pause at the end of each sentence.

The telephone is such a time saver that one, even over a toll line, need not be unduly worried in being in too much of a hurry to finish. On the contrary, time and annoyance for one's self and one's correspondent will be saved by talking slowly and allowing a little time for the mental reception of the ideas that one wishes to transmit.

Nothing can be more erroneous in the use of a solid back than to stand at a distance from the instrument and endeavor to affect it by shouting at the top of one's lungs.—American Telephone Journal.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The onion is a delicacy of the monkey.

A whistling eel has been discovered in the Fiji islands. It whistles only when it is excited.

The patients at the Middlesex hospital in London, England are enabled to hear the service in several churches by telephone.

A Paris paper says that "M. McClellan, the newly elected mayor of New York, is the son of the famous confederate general of that name."

When it is considered desirable to extort confessions from prisoners in Russia, there is secretly administered in their food a drug which makes them delirious.

The curfew bell is still rung from October 11 to March 21 at Burgh and Swineshead, in Lincolnshire, England, the day of the month being indicated by the number of strokes on the bell.

Exploration of the Yensel and Old rivers of Siberia, which empty into the Arctic ocean near Nova Zembla, has shown them to be navigable to ocean steamers a distance of nearly 1000 miles.

The average peasant of Macedonia has a net yearly income of only about \$50, of which about \$17 goes on taxes. It is a common incident for villagers to cut down their fruit trees to avoid the tax on them.

A strange bequest, noticeable even among the eccentricities of English wills, has been made by the late Joseph Gillott, the pen man of Birmingham. He gave \$250 to his gas man of the \$300,000 and more he left.

A dog's tailor does a booming business in Paris. The tailor is a lady, and in her reception rooms are fashion books containing designs for dog jackets in various colors and materials, from cloth to chamolis and sealskin.

Sixty-two years ago a man named Jones moved from Kentucky to Dade county, Mo., taking with him his family of 10 children. At a reunion recently held at Everton 1019 of his descendants were present and there are a few who were unable to attend. Almost all his descendants have married and settled in the same neighborhood in southwestern Missouri.

A broad general classification of the graduates of the military academy up to date show that West Point has given us one president and two candidates for president, eight presidential electors and four members of the cabinet, 29 diplomatic representatives, 21 members of congress, 122 other federal officers, 18 governors and lieutenant-governors, 85 members of state legislatures, 124 civil and 178 military officers of states.

How the Popular Novel Destroys Forests.

It has been estimated that nine novels had a total sale of 1,500,000 copies. This means 2,000,000 pounds of paper. We are assured by a manufacturer of paper that the average spruce tree yields a little less than half a cord of wood, which is equivalent to 500 pounds of paper. In other words, these nine novels swept away 4000 trees. Is it any wonder that those interested in forestry look with anxiety upon the paper mill?—Scientific American's Special Number on "Modern Aids to Printing."

LIFE IN THE LITTLE FLAT.

A life in the little flat. A home on the seventh floor where a man who is fairly fat must be careful to weigh no more. Like an eagle caged, up there serene contentment's mine; the parlor holds but one chair. And the dining room's five by nine.

When I in the bedroom stand I can reach from wall to wall; I have to breathe gently and squeeze sideways through the hall. There is room for my brush and comb And space for my wife when she consents to remain at home— O, life in the flat for me.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Monument Man—What shall I put on your husband's tombstone, madam? Dejected Widow—Oh, say that he was my husband, and that he is happy now.

—Life.

The Daughter—Jack promised that if I accepted him he would mend his ways. The Mother—Humph! I haven't much faith in this repairing done while you wait.—Brooklyn Life.

Hasst—It's strange you're so hard up, old man. I thought you owned half of Swampthrift, and had lots to sell. Haddit—I have; but what I want is lots to eat.—Town and Country.

Passenger—This train is nearly one hour behind time, is it not? Guard—Yes; but that's all right. We'll get in in the usual time. Passenger—What time is that? Guard—Two hours late.

Dremer—If I could only acquire a nice pile of money, I wouldn't do a thing but travel. Skemer—Of course, but maybe the police wouldn't do a thing to stop you.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I can't imagine how you can dislike work; to me it's real enjoyment," said the father to his lazy son. "Yes, father," was the guileless response; "but I don't want to give myself up wholly to pleasure."

"Are you sure," asked the captain of industry, "that you love my daughter?" "Come, I say," replied the duke, "you're not going to be sentimental at your time of life, are you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Georgie, did you know that I was going to marry your sister?" "Well, I heard her say so, but she's had that idea about so many other fellows that I didn't feel sure about it till you told me."—Brooklyn Life.

"The musical critic is kicking because he has two big concerts in addition to the grand opera." "But I didn't expect him to do the opera—the fashion editor will cover that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Binks—My stars! I heard that you had died of heart failure while drunk. Winks—That's a mean, miserable, malicious slander. "Then you were not drunk?" "I didn't die of heart failure."—New York Weekly.

"So this is to be a farewell tour?" "It is," answered the prima donna. "You mean to cease singing in public?" "Not at all. Merely that people are to have another opportunity to say farewell to their money."—Washington Star.

Husband (reading)—Old Mr. Hoppson was buried yesterday. Wife—Why, is he really dead? Husband (sarcastically)—The paper doesn't really say whether he is dead or not. It simply states he was buried.—Chicago Daily News.

Mr. Goodsole—I hear Mr. Stoutley paid \$25,000 for a seat in the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Goodsole—Land sakes! He certainly is fat, but I never s'posed he'd have to pay that much jest to get a chair made to order."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Wait a second," she said, as she stepped into the store. "Certainly," he replied, and when he had been up-town, looked through his mail, spent two hours on 'Change, and taken luncheon at the club, he returned and found her just emerging from the door.

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"If the question of population is a matter of such importance as it seems to be from the discussions I hear," he remarked, "I should think the government would take a census every year." "Oh, dear, no," he replied. "Why, that would deprive us of the fun of speculating as to our growth."—Chicago Post.

"My boy tells me you discharged him," said the late office boy's mother. "You advertised for a strong boy, and I certainly thought he was strong enough." "Madam," replied the merchant, "he was too strong. He broke all the rules of the office and some of the furniture in the two days he was with us!"—Philadelphia Press.

He Should Have Known Nero. In the days when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was a leading figure in Victorian politics there sat in the Melbourne parliament a wealthy but not well-informed butcher. The chief secretary of the day was deprecating the attitude of the leader of the opposition, whose conduct was, he declared, worse than Nero's.

"Who was Nero?" interjected the knight of the cleaver, with equal scorn and sincerity. "Who was Nero?" replied the delighted chief secretary. "The honorable gentleman ought to know. Nero was a celebrated Roman butcher."—M. A. P.

The All Powerful Hat. "Now, my dear," said the indulgent husband, "I have managed to save up enough money to justify us in building a new home. But, first, I am going to give you a choice between that and the new hat you so much desire." "Well," said the beautiful wife, "you know I can't wear the house on my head."—Millinery Trade Review.

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A Notice of Little Value.

Attorney General Knox was visiting his new farm at Valley Forge, Pa. An old resident of the quaint old village was showing him the sights—the ruined mills, the Washington headquarters, the old cannon balls, the secret passage.

Finally the villager led Mr. Knox down to the old ford. He pointed out a large stone and said:

"This stone, sir, marks the old ford. In the old days the people judged the river's height by it. They did not venture to cross when it was submerged. We have a story about a blacksmith of the past to the effect that he once painted on the stone a warning to strangers. His warning read like this, sir:

"Take notice: When this stone is out of sight it is unsafe to ford the river."—New York Tribune.

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture announces that Salzer's best endorsed, Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1903 from 150 to 300 bu. per acre in 30 different States, and you, Mr. Farmer, can beat this in 1904, if you will. Salzer's oats are pedigreed seeds, bred up through careful selection to big yields.

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A man robs himself if he does not make the best of his time.

Section Hand to Cattle King.

A conspicuous example of success in the corn belt is that of Mr. David Gelvin, Maitland, Missouri, who was working as a section hand in Pennsylvania in 1869, went to northwest Missouri in 1870, and began working by the month as a farm hand, and later started farming and dealing in cattle, says The World's Work. He now owns several thousand acres of land, worth \$100 per acre, which is farmed under his own supervision, the entire crop being devoted to the feeding of cattle. Here again a large element in his success is his superior ability in buying and selling cattle. He is probably as good a judge of a bunch of steers as any man in the west.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Col., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. Doan's Kidney Pills absolutely stopped my backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since." Feeter-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.