

**IN A LUTHER BURBANK GARDEN.**

White are the coreless apple buds,  
As your hand in mine I clasp,  
And we wander through the egress spuds  
And the raspberries, sans rasp.  
  
You plucked a blackberry, dawning white,  
As we chanted a tuneless rime,  
And I took a luscious, soulful bite  
Of a pitless, skinless prune.  
  
The cactus plant ne'er cackles now,  
As its teeth have all been drawn,  
And calm there falls upon your brow  
The light of a sunless dawn.  
  
In this dear place I would live for aye,  
Discussing the whys and hows,  
And spending the minutes hours by,  
From the path of the pathless now.  
—Denver Republican.



Ly REELEN MATTERS

I could see nothing, hear nothing, as I waited in the appalling stillness for them to come—for come this way they must.  
Before me stretched the long, white road, a perfectly straight line ruled between strips of green, and empty of living creature or obstacle of any kind. What a road for racing; how impossible to come up with anything that had got the start! Suddenly came a low droning like that of a bumble bee close at hand, a tiny speck appeared over the edge of the world, and in the same instant (as it seemed to me) a Napier car went roaring by in a whirl of dust, and I caught a lightning glimpse of its two crouching occupants, their white overalls grotesque and distended by the tearing wind.  
Like an apparition, it had come, it had gone. I could almost have doubted if it had ever been there had it not left on my mind an impression at once amazing and intoxicating—intoxicating, as illustrates human possibilities applied to locomotion; amazing, that a man should have the nerve and skill to control so enormous a projectile.  
But Major Collingwood had nerve enough for anything, even to running away with my sweetheart, for it was Tarry who sat beside him, and whose attitude, as she flashed past, gave me the impression of fear.  
Yet they were guests in the same house. What was there out of the way in their having a trip before breakfast in the new car, of which the man was so proud, and that had only just arrived? Well enough I knew how women with diseased nerves, living only for excitement, found a fierce joy in these mad rides, courting danger as a flip to their faded senses; but Tarry was not one of that sort, or she had not been so dear to me and—others. That Major Collingwood had abducted her, I was morally certain, yet there stood I like a clod and a fool by the dusty hedge, not knowing what I should do next, and knowing well enough that whatever I did I could not come up with a motor car that was going at the rate of eighty miles an hour.  
Across the fields showed the gables of the house at which I was staying, and to which, at 8 o'clock that morning, had come a wire which had planted me here in the high road, to see what I should see—and I had seen it.  
"No breakfast!" cried a voice from the other side of the hedge, "and all to see your beloved flash by with Dolf Collingwood! Fastest pace I ever saw—but the roads about here are heaven-born for motors."  
"How could you possibly tell who the woman was?" I inquired, jealous for her honor.  
"Because Tarry is so pretty you'd know her in the dark," said my host, equally, as he lit a cigar. "She is almost the last survival of the old delightful type of woman that has not lost its femininity by over-indulgence in outdoor pursuits and masculine vices. Lord, you may walk the London streets for days and see tons of well grown, aggressive women, and not one really pretty girl like Tarry among 'em all! But what's the trouble? They are merely out for a morning scamper."  
"Look here," I said, and gave him the wire I had received that morning. He muttered over its contents half aloud.  
"Collingwood taking Miss Wellborn out on racing car to-morrow between 8 and 9. Means mischief. Look out for them. London road.—Toby."  
"Up to his tricks again," said Bob, frowning. "He forgot you were staying here; also reckoned without Toby. But Tarry's as straight as a die, and it's broad daylight, man. He can't drag her by her bonny brown locks to his lair without somebody seeing him."  
"Tarry is rich," I said briefly. "Collingwood is poor and—desperate. Toby is no fool. Depend upon it, he did not warn me without reason. Will you lend me a horse?"  
"With which to catch a Napier doing its eighty miles an hour?"  
"Accidents happen—they must slow down at the villages. Tarry may be able to attract attention to her plight—fifty things may happen. Now will you tell me to saddle a horse, and I'll get Elsa to give me some breakfast?"  
Bob went off to the stables, and Elsa poured out my tea, and blamed me for leaving Tarry alone in a house where Major Collingwood also was a guest.  
"Didn't you and Bob beg me to come over for a couple of days?" I began, indignantly, "and ain't I as sure of Tarry as she is of me?"  
She looked cynical at that, and told me never to be sure of a woman, and thought it was awfully smart of Toby to wire me, and wondered how he got the tip.  
"Collingwood let out something in

how I thought of Elsa; in some things women are very much alike.  
"His new racing car only came last night," she said, "and he begged me to have breakfast early and go out for a trial spin in it. I tried to get out of it, but my hostess backed him up, so at last I gave in. But we had barely started when he told me coolly that, as I didn't seem to know my own mind he had made it up for me, and he was taking me straight to town—he had the special marriage license in his pocket! But he couldn't make me, you know. And I was praying that you might see us from the gables, when we passed you in the road, and I did everything I could to delay him so that you might come up with us, but it was no good. In the villages I tried again and again to get out, and begged the people to help me, but he only laughed, and said his wife was nervous! His wife! So nobody dared to help me!"  
"Cowards!" I said.  
"Think of it, Frank, that the worst brutality used by a man to a woman is not interfered with because she is his wife!"  
"Much motoring hath made him mad," I said. "Even if he got you safely to town, what could he do? And he must have known there would be a hue and cry raised after you."  
"He reckoned on the scandal—on my not facing it, I mean," said Tarry. "You are a very proud person, Frank—supposing you had refused to take me back."  
The tears had made two clean runnels down her cheeks. It was almost impossible to recognize in her one of the daintiest little girls that ever lived, and, inwardly, I vowed that if I ever bought an automobile, her looks should not be sacrificed to either reckless conceit or the manufacturer's advantage.  
"Frank," she said, "I've heard women say it's heaven going at that terrific speed—but it's just hell, and the wind tears the breath out of your throat. It's mad, it's brutal, it's wicked for men to build, and men to drive, such things—just to cut one another out."  
"In other things than speed," I said. "Well, it was boldly planned, and but for Toby might have succeeded."  
"Toby?" cried the girl, startled.  
I took the wire out of my pocket and gave it to her. She gasped as she read it.  
"Oh! the scoundrel!" she cried, and clenched her fists.  
"Tarry," I said, "prepare for a shock. Major Collingwood abducted you, not because he loved you so much as because he loved your money more. I am rich myself, so your fortune is no serious drawback to you in my eyes. But Collingwood spends all his money on automobiles—and wants more."  
Tarry turned an indignant shoulder on me, and I put my arm around it, and said in her ear:  
"So it was not wise of you to put such a temptation in his way—"  
"Temptation?"  
"—or good form to be racing about the country with one man while engaged to another."  
"But all the women do it—"  
"Yes—but then you see you are the woman."  
"I was angry with you for going away," she whispered, "and though I'm not a motor-maniac—I'm afraid to be—for once that mad fever got into my veins, I'd never settle down or make any home for you worth having. In moderation, I like it—the incredible ease of movement, the swallow-like sensation, the exhilaration; so you shall buy me a car, sir, but not a racing one, when—when—"  
"—and she impudently pinched my chin instead of completing her sentence.  
"Tarry," I said, "don't you think you look far nicer with all your frills on, sewing under a tree in your garden, than as you do now?"  
"It is all you men care for—frills," she said. "Do you—do you think he is dead? I—I'm afraid to look!"  
I started, the sheer inhumanity of the thing, leaving him undressed yonder while we laughed and talked together, struck me with sudden force, and I turned hurriedly back, Tarry following at a distance.  
At the bend of the road I drew a deep breath of relief. Collingwood was sitting in the hedge, his attitude one of deepest dejection as he gazed at the mass of wreckage before him.  
"All's fair in love and war," he said, airily, as I came up; "you've won, and he banded to you. There," and he pointed to the smashed car, "goes \$1200—and there," he pointed to Tarry, "goes the only woman I ever wanted to marry."  
"And there is the horse that brought me," I said. "If I give you a leg up can you ride to the nearest doctor?" for I saw by the way his left arm hung at his side that it was broken.  
He nodded and got up. Shaken and grimed as he was—beaten, too, in his mad enterprise—the old reckless light still showed in his eyes as, having mounted, he turned in the saddle and looked at the motor.  
"I'll send you these pieces," he said, then looked at Tarry. "Of all the little devils to run away with—"  
he said, then was gone, while I shouted after him to return the horse to Bob Fanshawe, to which he yelled back that he would.  
For a moment we listened to those galloping, retreating hoofs, then I said:  
"Tarry, there must be no more of these accidents. When will you marry me?"  
"When you like!"  
"To-morrow?"  
"Oh yes—yes—only take me where I can get some tea."—The Eye-stander.

**Spread of the Tip Graft.**

**Millions Paid Yearly to Porters and Waiters.**  
One Custom We've Borrowed From Europe to Our Own Disadvantage—  
**Pullman Employs Alone Get \$2,000,000 a Year—Easy Money Made in Hotels**

The manner in which the people of the United States are borrowing the tipping habit from Europe is a matter for grave concern. Take the case of your smiling friend the Pullman porter. Do you know that the dimes and quarters and half dollars given him by our traveling public every year amount to more than \$2,000,000 and that we present him with \$6000 every morning before breakfast? Let's figure it out. There are about 8000 porters in the employ of the Pullman company. If the total amount received by each of them was a dollar a day, that would be \$8000. But in order to make allowance for time off and for stingy or frugal travelers who give little or nothing suppose we knock off a couple of thousand dollars every morning. That would make \$6000 a day, or \$2,190,000 for the year.  
This generosity on the part of the traveling public would be all right if the porters got the benefit of it. But they do not. Under present conditions the tips are merely another source of profit for the Pullman company. One would suppose that all the time of a grown up man, in most instances with a family to support, would at least be worth \$10 a week, or \$40 a month, to a concern earning millions of dividends. But the porter gets only \$25 a month, and is left to get the remainder from the public. Therefore the Pullman company, on account of tips given to its employees, makes a saving of \$15 per month on each of them, amounting to \$120,000, or \$1,440,000 a year.  
After the thousands of passengers arriving at their destination in this country every morning turn over \$6000 to the Pullman porters, they give away another thousand to station boys who carry their bags out from the trains. Before they get comfortably settled down to the breakfast table another donation of \$2000 or so is made to hack drivers. Then the waiters proceed to "get theirs." After the porters no other class of servants depends so much upon tips as the waiters.  
In many of the large establishments in the cities the attendants have a perfectly organized system for securing and sharing the proceeds they get from the public. One way of working it is this: When you enter the dining room for a first meal at a hotel the head waiter places you at a table and then watches carefully when you leave to see if you fee the waiter. If you leave some change the head waiter claims part of it. If the one who attended you should refuse to divide, the next time you enter the dining room you will be put at some other table, presided over by a "square man."  
Sometimes the only way a waiter can get prompt service in the kitchen for a favored guest is to "see" the server. Thus, when you leave a quarter under the edge of your plate it does not always go into the pocket of the man who attended you, as you might suppose, but is distributed among a number of employes with whom you do not come in contact. If you fall to leave any change under your plate and remain at that hotel for any length of time you will be likely to receive scant consideration, for the servants will be busy looking after those people who are not absentminded when they finish their meal.  
One hotel proprietor tells this experience he had with a new waiter who came to his place. The new man came on at the breakfast hour, and in the course of time was set to wait upon the manager without knowing who he was. Instead of serving a small cup of cream for the coffee he brought milk with it. The manager said to him: "Here, take this milk back and bring me some cream."  
"We have no cream," said the newcomer. The surprised manager looked up at him quickly and said: "Like thunder you haven't. I am the manager of this place, and I just

**The Badge of Honesty**

Is an every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone ad Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherry bark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia, as well as all bilious or liver complaints and in all wasting diseases where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.  
"The Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing by applying to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invaluable Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post.  
You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

**"UNWRITTEN LAW" EFFECTIVE.**  
Slayer of Man Who Had Relations With Killer's Wife Acquitted by Texas Jury.  
Lee Randol, charged with the murder of J. P. Stacey, has been acquitted by a jury at Fort Worth, Tex., after a trial of a few days. The case was similar to that of Harry K. Thaw, but the defense relied entirely on the "unwritten law."  
Randol killed Stacey September 23, 1906, and, according to all witnesses it was a cold-blooded affair. The dead man was unarmed.  
The defense did not attempt to prove self-defense or insanity. Instead, it introduced a letter written by the dead man to Randol's wife just before the killing.  
When the prisoner was asked, "Did you kill Stacey because of his relations with your wife?" Randol answered, "I did."  
The verdict of the jury was unanimous.

**Women in the Postal Service.**  
According to a report made by the United States postoffice department, Uncle Sam has 158 women assistant postmasters and 2,100 women employed as stamp, delivery window or money order clerks. The women clerks receive on an average \$1,130 a year, or about \$79 less than the men clerks. Two women employed in the postoffice department proper at Washington earn \$1,600, sixteen receive \$1,600, forty \$1,400, seventy-one \$1,200, and seventy-four \$1,000 per annum. A majority of these women are either wives or widows. The testimony of the postoffice authorities is that women make highly efficient public servants and that they are equal in honesty to men, if not superior to them.—Weekly Bulletin.

**Deepest of Gold Mines.**  
Australia now possesses the deepest gold mine in the world. The shaft at the New Chum Railway at Bendigo, Victoria, have been sunk to a depth of over 4,300 feet, and the quartz there tapped has been sampled and crushed, with the result that a yield of gold equal to an ounce a ton has been obtained. The operations in the mine have been tested by government officials in view of the fact that never before in the world's history has gold been obtained from so low a depth as three-quarters of a mile.—Chicago Journal.

**DREADED TO EAT**  
A Quaker Couple's Experience.  
How many persons dread to eat their meals, although actually hungry nearly all the time!  
Nature never intended this should be so, for we are given a thing called appetite that should guide us as to what the system needs at any time and can digest.  
But we get in a hurry, swallow our food very much as we shovel coal into the furnace, and our sense of appetite becomes unnatural and perverted. Then we eat the wrong kind of food or eat too much, and there you are—indigestion and its accompanying miseries.  
A Phila. lady said the other day: "My husband and I have been sick and nervous for 15 or 20 years from drinking coffee—feverish, indigestion, totally unfit, a good part of the time, for work or pleasure. We actually dreaded to eat our meals."  
"We tried doctors and patent medicines that counted up into hundreds of dollars, with little if any benefit."  
"Accidentally, a small package of Postum came into my hands. I made some according to directions, with surprising results. We both liked and have not used any coffee since."  
"The dull feeling after meals has left us and we feel better every way. We are so well satisfied with Postum that we recommend it to our friends who have been made sick and nervous and miserably off coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page, "There's a Reason."

**Greenhouses as Inventors.**

In 1827 a carpenter of Sandwich, Mass., wanting a piece of glass of a peculiar size and shape, conceived the idea that the molten metal could be pressed into any form, much the same as lead might be. Up to that time all glassware had been blown, either offhand or in a mold, and considerable skill was required and the process was slow. The glass manufacturers laughed at the carpenter, but he went ahead and built a press, and now the United States is the greatest pressed glassware country in the world.  
In 1890 a novice in the plate glass industry, Henry Fleckner, of Pittsburgh, whose only knowledge of glass had been acquired in a window glass factory, invented an annealing "lehr," the most important single improvement ever introduced in plate glass manufacture. In three hours by the lehr the same work is done which under the old kiln system required three days. In four years the importations of foreign crown and plate glass into the United States fell in value from \$2,000,000 to \$200,000.  
About the same year Philip Argabast, of Pittsburgh, also a novice in glassmaking, invented a process by which bottles and jars may be made entirely by machinery, the costly blow-over process being avoided and the expense of bottlemaking reduced

**Tillman Likes Roses.**

At his home in South Carolina Senator Tillman is famous as a gardener. He produces, among other things, the best asparagus and the finest roses to be found anywhere in the State. Like other South Carolina farmers, Tillman raises corn and cotton. These are staple products of that region. Lately Tillman has made a specialty of cultivating asparagus for the early Northern markets, and his income from this source is considerable. The cultivation of roses amounts to a passion with the pitchfork advocate. In his home garden he has no less than 250 varieties of them.—The Pilgrim.

**Plenty of Grub.**

John Eickhorst, a wealthy peasant of Oerdinghausen, in West Prussia, invited to the wedding of his daughter only guests with good, healthy appetites. For each guest he provided one and one-fourth pounds of beef one pound of pork, three-fourths pound of veal, one-half pound of mutton and half a fowl, with an unlimited supply of vegetables, bread, wine and beer.—Indianapolis News.