locked at me with pleading eyes, is ardent suit he pressed; gentle "No" he would not hear, or let the subject rest.

Re asked me once again and then

still he pleaded urgently, ith mien of one who wins, thed and answered "Yes,"—and bought a book of safety pins. -Eunice Ward, in Puck.

When **Breathitt's Best Shot**

By SNOWDEN KING.

Failed.

"Come out and tell a fellow good-by,

won't you Ken?" Daw Simpleton drew his horse up before the door of a small mountain cabin, one of the many nestling among the foot-hills of the Curberlands There was the glint of brown, blue and pink-Kentucky Garrettson brown bead, blue dress, and pink apron, and she stood in the door-way.

"Howdy, Daw. Come in." The man glanced down at his right band lying on his knee, and shook his

"What's up? Have you and daddy been scrapping?"

She came out and leaned on the mate, evidently undisturbed.

"I am going away, Ken, and I want a good long look at you before I go." You are really and truly going? I never thought you would. Why, Daw, you love the dear old mountains as much as I do I don't see how you can leave them-I couldn't. I wouldn't even try, for I know the home-sickness

to see them again would kil me." Daw Simpleton's whole attitude schanged in a moment. His upright Mgure drooped, and the lips under the black mustache, that were usually slose set and resolute, trembled. His myen gazed wistfully over the wild, rugged scenery for a moment then came quickly back to the girl's face.

"Yes, Ken, they are much to me, but you are dearer than everything whe in the world, except the desire to hit back when I have been hurt. 3 would do anything to injure the man who dared to make you love him eren if the doing spoiled your whole

Ob, Daw, that is why you are going away. You don't want to hurt Doctor Hearst because you know it would break my heart. Why don't non hate me?"

"Ken, don't you know that a mountaineer's hate and love are always too deep to be put aside? My love has made me do many things," he continued in a musing tone. "When your Lather sent you away to school I took an oath that when you came back you woold not find the untaught lout you beft. I guit chewing tobacco, drinking mountain dew, and buying loud neckses in order to get money to buy books. I quit fighting so as to have time to study them. I read everything I could lay my hands on. As fast as I learned how words should be used I dropped the mountain dialect-Thar was the word that clung longest. You cannot know how hard this was, for you never had the mountain tongue. Your mother taught you better. When you came back you seemed to like me better than the other boys that went wild over you, although we had our litthe tiffs occasionally. Ken, do you rethe night your after thrashme because I would not go home Jing after you had told me I couldn't go? That night was the first time I asked you to marry me, and you told me you rever could bear the idea of being called Kentucky Simpleton. I sook another oath that night-I told myself and God that I would one day Mill Ben Garrettson, and all that has saved him from that day to this is begames be is your father. I believe I could have won you in time if that cowardly sneak of a Doctor hadn't-"

"Stop!" The eyes that could fill with tears could also flash with quick programment, "There isn't a man in the state who deserves that less than Docfor Hearst, and you know it. He came re and went practicing his profesalon when the mountain guns were bissing like rattlesnakes, and when the fends are on their threats fall to keep Min from caring for both sides alike. He doesn't back his bravery with whiskey and pistols, either, for everybody in Breathitt county knows that he never even carries a pocket knife. h's the man in him that goes quietly where others have to shoot their way

The good and the bad-the two elements that were forever waging war in Daw Simpleton's heart-suddenly oght to a finish.

"Ken, are you quite sure you are going to marry him? I may not be much of a fortune teller, but I predict that instead of marrying him you will AM him before the sun goes down."

The girl laughed a low, happy laugh. Why not say the mountains will be beveled into valleys in the same length of time, while you are about it? One me quite as likely to happen as the

Well, it all depends on how much of the mountain spirit you've got. It has been Ben Garrettson's boast for years that his daughter is the best shot in the country, and that she stood s ready as a son to defend him-to kill the man who injured her father."

She nodded her head. "It is true. When my mother died, daddy quit the fruds, destroyed his stills, and has

tried to live right ever since. He is old now, and not able to defend himself, but his daughter is both able and willing, and the man who raises his hand against him must answer to her for it.

"No one, looking into the earnest young face, could have doubted the genuine grit that backed her assertion.

"He doesn't li'te Hearst?" "No; that is my one sorrow. I have often seen Harry's face go white at the jeering things daddy sometimes says to him, but he has promised me he will never quarrel with my father." Daw Simpleton's supreme hour had

Your idol can break his promise the same as other men, for he shot Ben Garrettson dead not more than twenty minutes ago."

A sharp pain made its way through the depths of the man's degradation as he saw the small brown hands grasp a snowy whiteness steal over the pretty face.

Charlie Garrettson, a delicate blueeyed boy who had crept into the embrace of his sister's arm, looked up icto her face with quick apprehension. He petted the hand on the gate for a moment with his own wee ones, than went back to the house with a hop, skip and a jump that spells boy the

Kentucky's voice was quite steady when she aded: "Where and what

It was characteristic of the man that she no more doubted his word than she would have doubted the evidence of her own eyes. His faults were many, but it had always been said of Daw Simpleton that nothing would induce him to lie.

"At Contier's saw-mill-he called Hearst a coward."

"Good by Daw, You must go now, I've got a man to kill, and my father to bury-quite enough work for one small woman in one day, is it not?" All the soft gentleness seemed to have fallen from her. Her step was firm and her head thrown proudly erect as she walked back to the house.

Charlie watched her with anxious eyes as she picked up a pistol lying on the table and examined it.

"Why, Charlie, my pistol is not leaded. I didn't think you ever falled to

keep it in trim." "Must I load it now, sis?" There was a note of agony in the boy's voice, "No, my Winchester will do as well,

maybe better-it's sure." Charlie took as tender care of his sister's gun as many people do of their children. Doctor Hearst often took him for a hunt, but could not

persuade him to shoot at the game. "I just can't," Charlie once said, "I love the feel of the gun-to squint my eye down the barrel, and hear the noise it makes, but I just can't kill any-

The next time Doctor Hearst came he put a box of cartridges in the lads hands and sair: "They only make a noise, Charlie."

Gontier's saw-mill was only a mile from the Garrettson cabin, and Kentucky was not long in reaching it. The mill was quiet and a number of men were standing near a stretcher on which Ben Garrettson was lying. Doctor Hearst knelt beside him, putting the last touch to some bandages. The men started when they saw Kentucky, and one of them ejaculated, "Fine thing fur him he lit out fore she got here!" But the girl neither saw nor heard them. She saw nothing but the helpless object on the ground, and the man who rose to

"I am so sorry, Kentucky," and Docvoice was deen with ten derness, "I was just coming to you. He will-

"Not another word. Stand still if you please. You haven't a chance, it's a life for a life."

Doctor Hearst had never heard the voice of the woman he loved sound like that. The Winchester that was never known to miss its mark covered his beart.

It took the group of men that one tense moment to realize the situation and in that moment Kentucky Garrettson fired.

But when the smoke cleared away Doctor Hearst was still standing with that unafraid look on his face that only a very few men can face death with. The figure on the stretcher raised a grizzled head and chuckled:

"Didn't I allers say she'd do it? and by gum, she has. But yer had the wrong target this time, little gal. Daw Simpleton has bin goin round payin his debts 'fore he left the country, and, touching his wounded breast, 'this is one of them, but I aint dead yit by a long sight, and Hearst says I'll pull through-guess I'll be more perlite to him after this. Just think, Kentuck, what yer might hev' done ef it hadn't bin fur Charlie's blanks."-Farm and Ranch.

Ad Infinitum.

D. B. Rundle of Rock Port, Atchison county, tells of the success his brother had several years ago fishing in the Missouri river near their father's farm. He set a trot line one night baited with minnows. On examining the line next morning, they found the catch included a 140-pound catfish, which had swallowed the hook. When the hook was pulled from its mouth it brought with it a white perch weighing five or six pounds, which had previously swallowed the hook, and, in removing the hook from the perch, was found a chub weighing one or two pounds that had swallowed the minnow.-Kansas City Star.

Turbine propellers are steadily growing in favor, both in the British navy and the merchant nuripe.

Dorman month mmmy meson All Disease Can be Cured

> Nothing but Old Age and Accident to Cause Death.

By Dr. H. Burton Stevenson, President of the Baltimore Co. Medical Association. るとうとうとうから Ough war



S a result of the great discovery of antitoxins man's allotted three score years and ten will soon be a myth. The twentieth century medicine will make disease a harmless indisposition and death by accident and old age only the order of the day. Surgery, electro-therapy and the Roentgen rays are daily demonstrating the fact that hitherto unconquerable diseases are yielding to treatment, and serumtherapy, the glittering gleam of generations gone, is becoming a reality.

The use of animals to produce antitoxins is not ample or able to meet

the demand; science must have human beings. This great obstacle, however, can be overcome by using the criminals in our penitentiaries for the production of the anti-serums. A law making the punishment for certain crimes optional with the convicted-imprisonment on the one hand, inocculation with certain disease germs on the other-would solve the problem for all time. With the work in the hands of experienced men, chosen for their medical acumen and not by political influence, humanproduced antitoxin could be furnished which would supply the medical profession for all, or nearly all, the known diseases due to germs. And it would not be dangerous to the subjects, either,

The antitoxin as now produced by corporations are placed at so high a figure that they are beyond the reach of the poor, and are such a drain upon the rich that a disinclination to their use is produced.

This obstacle to the rapid development of the twentieth century medicine could be overcome by generous state and municipal aid.

The state now gives many thousands to the Agricultural college and exrimental station in Prince George's county, in order that methods for forcing spring onions may be found or means to kill a plant louse discovered. Why not give as many thousands to an antitoxin institution to protect the lives of its children?

\$200,000 a Year FOR PERSONAL ATTIRE NOT EXTRAU. AGANT. By Julia Morosini, (New York Society Woman.)

WOMAN can't have too many gowns. A thousand dollars that cost more, some of them as high as \$6000.

- Carone

On the other hand, it would be sheer nonsense to spend \$1000 for every dress one wears. The best reason is that that many women make a practice of never wearing the same gown twice de three or four times. same gown twice during a season, and never more than

Today the well-dressed woman must have absolute harmony in everything she wears. Her shoes, stockings, hats, gloves, everything must match the gown. Each gown must have its own pair of shoes,

My shoes cost \$50 a pair. I can't see why \$2000 is too much for one's shoe bill a year. That only allows for forty pairs. Gloves must match the costume, of course. A thousand dollars a year for

gloves and another \$1000 for handkerchiefs are often spent. I never wear a pair of gloves a second time.

I try to spend as much as I can upon my clothes. Every year I try to spend more than I spent the year before. This year I am planning to spend \$200,000 on my clothes, and I don't think for a moment that I am a bit extrav-

Fifteen thousand dollars is not too much for a woman to spend for a year's supply of lingerie. She must spend from \$6000 to \$10,000 a year on

The Most -DO---Dangerous of All Insluen: ces that Threaten Our National Life

By President Roosevelt.



•••••• F there is one tendency of the day which more than any other is unhealthy and undesirable it is the tendency to deify mere "smartness," unaccompanied by a sense moral accountability. We shall never make our republic what it should be until as a people we thoroughly understand and put in practice the doctrine that success is abhorrent if obtained by the sacrifice of the fundamental principles of morality. The successful man, whether in business or in politics, who has risen by conscienceless swind-

ling of his neighbors by deceit and chicanery, by unscrupulous boldness and unscrupulous cunning, stands toward society as a dangerous wild beast. The mean and cringing admiration which such a career commands among those who think crookedly or not at all makes this kind of success perhaps the most dangerous of all the influences that threaten our national life. Our standard of public and private conduct will never be raised to the proper level until we make the scoundrel who succeeds feel the weight of a hostile public opinion even more strongly than the scoundrel who fails.





NUMBER of brilliant books about America have been written of late by the ablest men now alive, for instance, Mr. Henry James and Mr. H. G. Wells. On the principle that fools rush in where sociologists fear to tread, I will venture to suggest that the basis of the whole American character is simply its extreme solemnity; a solemnity which is characteristic of all barbarians; a solemnity which is expressed in the austere and beardless faces of Americans and of American Indians,

This is the origin of the thing called American humor. In Europe humor is a surprise, but in America it is a ritual. We in Europe like a story to be short, not so much because it is therefore any more witty, but because something in us rebels against the prolongation of a merely frivolous thing. Thus, for instance, an American aristocrat of the smart set gives a long and dull freak dinner, while the English aristocrat is content with suddenly jumping on your back. We in the deeply civilized countries have reached to a levity that rebels against levity; we are too ironical to accept irony except suddenly and for a moment. But American humor arises from the fact that the Americans are so serious that they take even humor seriously.-London Daily

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Method will teach you to win time .-

Method will teach you to win time,-Goethe.

Good material is half the work .-German

The ignorant are courageous .- Modern Greek.

There is a critical minute for all things.—Horace.

Aspiring minds must sometimes sustain loss.-Plato.

Where might is master, justice servant,-German

No ill befalls us but what may be for our good.-Italian. A single day grants what a whole

year denies.—Dutch. He who relies on another's table is

apt to dine late,-Italian. The time is never lost that is de-

voted to work.--Emerson, Mischiefs come by the pound and go away by the ounce.-French.

What reason could not avoid has often been cured by delay.—Seneca.

To be of use in the world is the only way to be happy.—Hans Andersen. Labor rids us of three great evils-

tediousness, vice and poverty.—French, It is not possible for men to be perfectly blessed and happy, except a few. -Plato.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy .-

Emerson. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.-Franklin.

The worship most acceptable to God comes from a cheerful and thankful heart.—Plutarch.

There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance.-Terence.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.-Plutarch.

THE CHILD MIND.

Results of an Investigaaion Into Infant Mental Processes. Of 48 children, says Stanley Hall

20 believed the sun, moon and stars to live, 16 thought flowers could feel, and 15 that dolls would feel pain if burnt. The sky was found the chief field in which the children exercised their philosophic minds. About threequarters of them thought the world a plain with the sky like a bowl turned over it, sometimes believing that it was of such thin texture that one could easily break through, though so large that much floor sweeping was necessary in heaven. The sun may enter the ground when it sets, but half the children thought that at night it rolls or flies away, or is blown, or walks, or God pulls it higher up out of sight, taking it up into heaven, according to some, putting it to bed, and even taking off its clothes and putting them on again in the morning. or again, it is believed to lie under the trees at night and the angels mind it. God, of whom children always hear so much, plays a very large part in these conceptions, and is made directly responsible for all cosmic phenomena. Thus thunder to these Amerlean children was God grouning or kicking or rolling barrels about, or turning a big handle, or grinding snow, or breaking something, or rattling a big hammer, while the light-ning was due to God putting his finger out, or turning the gas on quick, or striking matches, or setting paper According to Boston children God is a big, perhaps a blue man, to be seen in the streets. They declare that God comes to see them sometimes and they have seen him enter the gate He makes lamps, bables, dogs, trees money, etc., and the angels work for him. He looks like a priest or a teacher or papa, and the children like to look at him; a few would themselves like to be God. His house in the sky may be made of stone or brick; birds, children and Santa Claus live with God.

Birds and beasts, their food and their furniture, as Burnham points out, all talk to children; when the dew is on the grass "the grass is crying." the stars are candles or lamps, perhaps cinders from God's stove, butterflies are flying pansies, icicles are Christmas candy. Children have imaginary play-brothers and sisters and friends with whom they talk. Sometimes God talks with them. Even the proslest things are vivified; the tracks of dirty feet on the floor are flowers; a creaking chair talks; the shoemaker's nails are children whom he is driving to school.-Nineteenth Century

Mother Earth's Youngest Baby.

Off the coast of Burma a small island was thrown up on December 15 last by the eruption of a mud voicano. Its birth was strikingly similar to that of the Island in the North Pacific which made its appearance suddenly at the time of the San Francisco earthquake.

The new island is about 400 yards long and 200 yards wide, and is 20 feet above high water at its highest part. Its position is latitude 19 deg. 0 min. 6 sec. N., and longitude 93 deg. 24 min. 20 sec. E.

It is entirely composed of mud, with some small stones and sand, and has some small active craters at work at the northern end. When officers of the Royal Indian Marine Survey landed they found the island still very warm and at a depth of three feet the mud registered 148 degrees Fahrenheit. A flag was hoisted to warn pass ing vessels of the new danger.--Philadelphia Ledger.



To protect hard wood floors from scratches filt corrugated rubber to bottom of tables and chairs, fasten with strong glue. These tips are invisible. Now is the time to strew charcoal about floors and shelves in the cellar; it purifies the damp air.

Table Cover.

For a simple bed-room table is a denim square edged with white fringe. If you have any material in a solid color left over from sewing utilize it by cutting it in conventional leaves and couch them as a border on a linen square. This makes a pretty table

Willow Chairs Bleached.

When willow chairs remain yellow after being washed with sonp and water, wiped well and then dried in the sun they can be bleached by means of sulphur fumes. Light a sulphur candle near the chair and cover both with a large dry goods box. should be done before the chair is perfectly dry.

To Take Out Paint.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry or hard it may Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soapsuds. Ten cents' worth of oxilac acid dissolved in a pint of hot water will remove paint spots from the windows. Pour a little in a cup and apply to the spots with a swab, but be sure not to allow the acid to touch the hands. Brasses may be quickly cleaned with it. Great care must be taken in labelling the bottle and putting it out of the reach of children, as it is a deadly poison.-Washington Star.

A Vegetable Bin.

Purchase at the grocer's five or six canned goods boxes of equal size and knock the bottoms out. Lay the boxes down side by side and across them and several slats two inches wide and one inch thick, leaving a space of about an inch between the slats to afford ventilation. These spaces also will make it possible to sweep up from the floor beneath any accumulation of dirt from the vegetables. To the stonework of the cellar nail a strip of wood for the boxes to rest on. The legs should be nailed fast under the front edge of the boxes and also to the floor. The names of the vegetables can be painted on the fronts of the boxes.

Recipes.

Orange Omelet-Beat four yolks of eggs with four teaspoonfuls of fine sugar; add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat until dry and firm; pour the yolks over the whites, adding the grated rind of one orange and three tablespoons of juice; mix lightly; cook in hot butter until firm; spread with orange pulp, fold, garnish

with sections and serve. Cocoanut Cakes-Prepare a cake mixture with a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, a cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, the whites of six eggs and one cocoanut, grated. Bake three dozen cakes, cool and dip in melted fondant, flavored and tinted. Decorate with blanched almonds and candied fruit.

Chicken and Rice Cups-This is a delicious breakfast or luncheon dish and also is an economical way of using small quantities of leftovers. To prepare it line small buttered cups with soft boiled rice a half inch in thickness. Fill the center with cooked chicken, finely minced, delicately seasoned and slightly made moist with cream sauce or chicken broth. A few chopped oysters added to the chicken improve the flavor. Onion juice and minced celery may be added if desired. Cover the top with a layer of the rice and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. Then invert the cups carefully on a heated platter and serve at once with any preferred

Potato Salad-The potatoes are selected for their uniform size, pared and kept in a bowl of cold water until the pot of bouillon in which they are to cook is boiling hot, then they are transfered to it, and allowed to remain in this broth until so mealy and soft that they can be readily pierced with a fork. Drained from the bouilion, they are sliced while still hot, and covered with a French dressing. This is the secret of success, for the potatoes, which have been deliciously flavored with the meat broth, absorb the dressing more readily while hot. A little chopped parsley is scattered over the top, and the salad bowl and its contents are then relegated to the icebox for a couple of hours.

A Counter Proposition.

He-I told your father I could not live without you

She-And what did he say? He-Oh! he offered to pay my funeral expenses.-Ally Sloper.