

The Week-End.
(By Carlyle Smith.)
When old Jonesey for the week-end visits me!
How brilliant happy! He's usually as can be.
From Friday until Monday he will sit around the place
In that one set expression on his melancholy face.
His tongue so fast you'd think somehow he'd got it glued;
And never doth he open his mouth except to swallow food;
And if perchance he stoops to smile to make you think with joy
Of melancholy little Blinks, the under-teacher's boy.
He never learned the game of bridge. He doesn't care for cards.
He seldom reads, so little knows about the nation's birds.
The game of golf he does not play. I rather guess he thinks
The foolish chasing rubber balls about a silly links.
At billiards he's a duffer, and he always tears the cloth
As though he were descended from the Vandal and the Goth.
He doesn't care for children, and degrades photographs,
And elevates his eyebrows if some other fellow laughs.
For gardening he has no taste. He seems a rake a bore;
If ever he wants flowers he can buy 'em at the store.
And when the thrush his early song at Jonesey's window sings
He's apt to say he thinks that birds are really noisy things.
And if the cricket starts to chirp his little evening twit
Old Jonesey rises from his chair and tries to step on it.
And if the kiddies try charades, with merciful air
He yawns and goes to sleep slumped in a rocking-chair!
If Jonesey he is much afraid—no home-back stunts for Jones!
He doesn't care to risk his limbs or break his inner bones:
And as for motors, goodness me! the things he's never tried.
Because he really thinks they're tantamount to suicide.
We couldn't get him in a car for all the cash in sight!
And as for riding round the land, as some folks do, at night,
He thinks it is a crime to run at any time of day
A locomotive without tracks along the public way!
If he doesn't care for supper late. He seldom touches meat.
For fish he has no liking, and "he doesn't live to eat."
A little bit of spinach he allows is sometimes nice,
But on the whole he much prefers braided hominy or rice.
And yet despite his funny ways I love to have him come
And spend a weekend with me down at my rural home
I don't enjoy him while he's there, but how my spirit glows
When Monday comes and Jonesey sneaks his suitcase up—and goes!
—Harper's Weekly.

A
Coward
BY ANN PORTER
Sophia Norris, spinster, stood before the door of her brother's house looking very warm and very much out of temper. "I do not believe there is a soul at home," she said scornfully, giving the bell a last fierce push with her strong forefinger. The door suddenly opened and a maid appeared very red and quite out of breath, as if she had been running.
"How many times do you expect to hear the bell before you see fit to answer?" Miss Sophia demanded.
The girl looked frightened. "Excuse me, mum," she said, "but I didn't hear the bell. I was out in the yard hanging out Miss Helen's white dress and—"
"Never mind," interrupted the spinster lady as she entered the hall. "Are any of the family at home?"
"Yes, mum; Miss Helen is shampooing her hair on the back porch."
Miss Sophia frowned. "I will go to her," she said.
As she approached the back porch a laughing voice called out, "Sally, was it a book agent? I saw an old lady's bonnet as I peeped around the corner and I knew it was either a book agent or an old lady with a bun." The girl turned her head to smile at Sally, but her expression quickly changed when she beheld her aunt gazing grimly at her. "Why Aunt Sophia," she said, as she rose with outstretched hand. "This is a surprise."
The old lady glared at her. "Helen Norris, you must have heard that bell. Why didn't you answer it?"
"Dear Aunt Sophia, I couldn't go to the door. Can't you see my streaming hair? The fact is while you were ringing the bell I was wringing out my hair. Sally was wringing out my white dress; in fact, we were all wringing." She smiled mischievously into her aunt's face.
"Where is your father?" inquired her aunt.

"Father is in Boston on business and will not return tonight. Mildred is at a picnic down river and will be home at 5."
"Your father gone for the night?" gasped Aunt Sophia. She darted forward and whispered in Helen's ear. "Helen, dear, I have \$2000 in cash with me—it came too late to bank—and my diamond necklace. I was going to Boston tomorrow to have it mended. What shall we do? Not a man in the house!" Miss Norris groaned.
Helen turned a little pale. "Do not fear, Aunt Sophia," she said; "nothing ever happens in Cliffville and no one here ever burgles."
"Why didn't you go to the picnic?" demanded her aunt a little later as they sat together in the guest chamber.
"I did not want to. It was down river, you know, and I am afraid of boats."
Aunt Sophia snorted. "You always were a coward, Helen," she said. "Afraid of boats, afraid of mice, afraid of the dark—I wonder what makes you so timid?"
"I can't help it," returned Helen. "I am a coward; I know it, but it seems to be rooted too deeply to be overcome now, although I confess I am rather ashamed sometimes. Now, dear, I must make myself presentable and will leave you to take a little nap, as you must be pretty tired from your journey," and she slipped out of the room.
That night while the two girls sat talking together in their room Aunt Sophia entered in her nightgown. She was carrying a small, red leather case, which she carefully deposited on the dressing table. "Girls," she said, "I wish I could sleep here tonight. I can't seem to get out of a draft in that room and I hate to sleep without the windows wide open."
Helen offered her bed to her aunt. "It will be conferring a favor on me," she said, "for I want to finish reading the most absorbing love story I have read for a long time, and Mildred hates to have the light burning after she is in bed."
An hour later Helen laid down the book she had been reading with a sigh of satisfaction. "Good story," she yawned. As she seated herself before the dressing table she was horrified to see reflected in the mirror a man's hand grasping the dark drapery which hung at the side of the east window. For a moment she thought she was going to faint, but by a heroic effort she controlled herself sufficiently to hum a little tune. She knew the man was covertly watching her, and she divined that he had come to rob and perhaps murder her aunt. In some way he must have discovered that her aunt had a large amount of money and jewels with her.
What should she do? She tried to think; but her brain seemed in a whirl. Slowly she began to take the pins from her hair. The moments dragged like hours, and still her brain refused to work. Just as she had taken the last pin out and had begun to braid her hair, she became possessed of sudden courage. The man did not know she had seen him and probably was only waiting until the room was quiet before he would act. She swiftly braided her hair and stepping over to the tall chiffoniere (which also had a mirror) she stood thoughtfully gazing at her reflection.
Then she lifted the small pitcher which stood on a small table near the bed and poured some of the water into a glass. After tasting its contents she said aloud:
"How nasty! It's as warm as milk and I'm dying of thirst." She seized the pitcher and slipped out of the room. If she only dared to lock the door! Once in the hall she tiptoed quietly to the door of her room, opened it softly, and removing the key very gently locked it on the outside, then she sped down the wide staircase and darted into the library. Carefully she closed and locked the door, and after turning up one of the electric lights sped to the telephone. "Give me the police station," she breathed. "This is Mr. Norris' house 52 Chestnut street. There is a thief in the house. Hurry!"
After she had hung up the receiver another feeling of faintness seized her. "I must not faint," she said hastily bathing her face with the cool water from the glass which she had placed on the table. She slipped into the embrasure of one of the windows and watched the street. After a few moments of anguished waiting she saw three policemen running swiftly up the street. Stumbling to the library door she managed to unlock it noiselessly. In a trice she was at the front door fumbling with the lock. Just then a pistol shot rang out from the top of the stairs and with a last violent effort she wrenched open the door and admitted the policemen. She then darted behind the door and pressed the electric button and there standing revealed by the brilliant light was the form of a rough looking man with a smoking revolver in his hand. A sound as of rushing water filled her ears and she sank fainting to the floor.
As Helen slowly regained consciousness half an hour later, she heard the voice of her aunt as from a great distance. "And to think I called her a coward. The darling, brave girl! I am ashamed of myself. I would have been robbed and murdered in my bed had it not been for her pluck. I always thought she was more like the Norrises than the Baileys. As soon as I get that neck-

lace mended I shall give it to her. She has earned it."—Boston Post.
WHY WOOD DECAYS.
Government Seeks Methods for Prolonging Life of Timber.
Piles driven by the hut dwellers of the Baltic centuries ago are as sound today as when first placed. The wooden coffins in which the Egyptians buried their dead are still preserved in perfect condition after thousands of years of service.
The longevity of timber under these two extremes of climate and moisture conditions has naturally made people ask—what causes wood decay? The answer is, fungi and bacteria, low forms of plant life which live in the wood and draw their nourishment from it. The little organisms are so little that a microscope is required to see them, yet their work results in the destruction of billions of feet of timber each year and the railroad corporation with its cross-tie bill running up into seven figures and the farmer who spends a hundred or so dollars a year for fence posts are alike drawing upon the knowledge of experts in all parts of the world in efforts to learn the most economical and most satisfactory method of preserving wood against the inroads of decay.
The small organisms can grow either in light or in total darkness; but all of them require air, food, moisture and heat. If one or more of these essential requirements is lacking they can not live, and the decay of timber will not take place. Wood constantly submerged in water never rots, simply because there is an insufficient supply of air. This condition accounts for the soundness of the old Baltic piles. On the other hand, if wood can be kept air dry it will not decay, because there will then be too little moisture. The timber used by the Egyptians will last indefinitely so long as it is bone-dry.
There are a great many cases, however, where it is impossible to keep wood submerged in water, or in an absolutely air-dry condition. Decay may be prevented by two general methods—by treating the wood with antiseptics, thus poisoning the food supply of the organisms which cause decay, and by treating it with oils which render it waterproof. A combination of these two methods is most commonly used, as when wood is treated with creosote, which fills up the pores in the timber and keeps out water, and is also a powerful antiseptic.
The United States Government considers the investigations of the preservative treatment of timber of such importance that the business of one branch of a bureau in the Department of Agriculture—the office of wood preservation in the forest service at Washington—is given over entirely to the work of experiments in co-operation with railroad companies and individuals, in prolonging the life of railroad ties, mine props, bridge timbers, fence posts and transmission poles.—United States Forester.
NEVADA'S IRRIGATION PLAN
More Wealth Will Come From the Soil Than From the Mines, It is Planned.
Nevada has two main sources of wealth—its soil and its mines—and the former will probably outstrip the latter when fully developed by irrigation. The old Comstock mines are practically dead unless good ore is found below the present working level, but in Tonopah and Goldfield mines are now being put in working shape which will pay good dividends for years. The new camps around Tonopah and Goldfield have been hurt by wildcat manipulators, but the new district is too rich to be injured permanently. The financial stringency seriously hurt the development of the mines, but this year promises great progress.
The Truckee-Carson irrigation project, on which the Government will spend \$9,000,000, promises to do more for Nevada than its mines. The soil is very rich and when water is brought upon it any crop may be grown profitably. More than 200,000 acres are brought under irrigation by canals from the Truckee River. Filings are now being made on this land. In addition to irrigation the canals, which drop 1,000 feet from the Truckee source, will furnish enormous electric power. Reno is the commercial center of Nevada and has more than doubled in population in two years. The Southern Pacific Railroad shops at Sparks employ 600 men all the time. The Western Pacific Railroad crosses the Nevada and the roadbed is being rapidly built.
Pulled Out on Potatoes.
"Irish potatoes have been the happy agency of keeping many of our truck growers from 'going broke' this year," said Mr. E. W. Brown, a business man of Suffolk, Va., at the Rennet. "They were the only paying crop our farmers have connected with this season. In the Norfolk district thousands upon thousands of tons of cabbages have been plowed up because they were at too low a price to send to market. Lettuce, kale, spinach, tomatoes—everything in the vegetable line—has been a failure owing to bad weather conditions. Only in potatoes have the landowners obtained a decent return for all their toil and expense. A fair crop of the 'Murphys' was made and tolerably good prices were secured."

The Power of Tolerance.

By George Harvey.
O-DAY, despite the partial elimination of distances through the amazing discoveries and inventions of recent years, it is still an influence of magnitude to be reckoned with and regarded with considerable thought. Because a member of a financial community places commercial stability above other considerations, it does not follow that he is an enemy of his country. Because a resident of the seaboard, unduly apprehensive of foreign invasion, deplores immigration and incites aggressive resistance to it, we have no right to assume that his motives are unworthy. Because, as many of us believe, manufacturers demand excessive protection; or because tillers of the soil, regarding themselves, wrongly to some minds, as consumers rather than as producers, would abolish custom-houses; because poverty insists that wealth should bear the main cost of maintaining government; because consequently would and, as many of us believe, does, place an unequal and consequently unfair burden of taxation upon poverty, the actuating motives need not necessarily be condemned as wholly base. The true cause often lies, not in lack of patriotic impulse, but in that instinct for ascendancy whose manifestations, however distasteful in concrete instances, make, as a rule, for individual achievement.

Twenty Years.

By Winifred Black.
WOMAN died of joy in Sacramento, California, the other day because her son was coming to visit her.
She had not seen him for twenty years.
He telegraphed her that he was on his way, and when she went down to the station to meet him the excitement was too much for her and she dropped dead in the waiting room.
Twenty years? I wonder if it was worth while waiting all that time? Twenty years—and the boy she knew was a man grown, a man with a family, and she had never seen him since she kissed him goodby when he was a rosy youngster, and let him go out into the world to seek his fortune.
Twenty years!—they were short years to him, full of life and interest and adventure—but oh, how they must have dragged to that lonely mother.
I wonder if you realize in the faintest degree, you men who leave your mother alone for years and years, what the loneliness of those years is to her? You have a thousand interests, a dozen friends, a score of new ideas every year; and she has, if she is like most women who are mothers, nothing on earth that she really cares the weight of a single hair for—but you.
Who is there in the world that is worth while keeping you from your mother?
That friend you care so much for?—why, he'd leave you in a minute for the first pair of laughing eyes that called him.
The woman you are so dead in love with?—she's in love with you, too, you say. Well, maybe she is—has she given the best years of her life to you? Has she sat up with you night after night? Has she defended you against every hint of accusation—fought your fights as if they were her own? If she has, perhaps you ought to give up your mother for her; but if she is the right kind of a woman she won't admire you for doing it.
Don't bring your mother home to live with the woman you love; that isn't fair. It isn't fair to your wife and it isn't fair to your mother—but don't let anybody in the world keep you twenty years away from the truest friend you ever had in the world.
Twenty years!—I wonder how much the things that kept him away so long were worth to that man when he walked into the waiting room and saw his mother dead.
Dead of joy and the long agony of waiting.

The Fear of Death.

By W. H. Wilson.
WILL you allow me to add wholly independent testimony to that given by Dr. Keyes in his article on the fear of death in Harper's Monthly for July by describing an experience of mine which brought me painlessly though violently to the very verge of death?
About three years ago I was living in a small Southern town and on account of my health was urged to take a great deal of exercise in the way of walking, and as the only available roads were sandy I invariably walked either on or beside the main line track of a great railway. Having been in my earlier life a constant traveller by trains I felt confident of safety and no idea of risk ever entered my mind. I was then and am now in full possession of all my five senses. Yet one clear, sunny day at about 12.30 p. m. I was while walking between the rails struck in the back by a passenger train with so much force that I was thrown some ten feet above the baggage car, falling head first on a small patch of grass alongside the track. In explaining the accident the engineer of the train declared that he had whistled when he got near me and put on the brakes, but too late to stop the train before reaching me, and that I had paid not the slightest attention to the whistle nor made any attempt to step off the track.
Now I am not in the least hard of hearing, yet I have absolutely no recollection of hearing train or whistle, nor do I remember anything until three days later seeing two physicians at the foot of my bed in consultation with the relatives with whom I was staying, though I have since learned that I told one of them on the day previous that I felt as if "I had rheumatism all over me."
It was a wonderful thing that not a bone in my body was broken, though since the accident I find great difficulty in raising my left foot clear of the ground in walking.
As you will notice, my unconsciousness of the accident was even more remarkable than Dr. Keyes' when he fell from his horse, for I had the accompaniment of a roaring train and a loud whistle. Everything that I know about the accident has been told me since it occurred, and the whole thing has strengthened my early belief that except in very unusual cases the act of death or dying is not accompanied by pain, and the only thing I fear is, I must confess, what is going to come after—when it is too late.
This tale may seem hard to believe, yet I assure you that it is strictly true in every respect. I have had three other near approaches to the verge and in none of them did I feel the least fear or pain. All that I can recollect was a sort of dreamy indifference.

Great Results May Come From Trifling Events.

By John K. Le Baron.
MANY of the interesting events in history and literature have been the result of what Cervantes would term "A very happy accident."
Important results are often the fruit of trifling incidents.
Gibbon tells us that his visit to Rome in 1764 was with no thought of writing its history, but while musing among its ruins on that October day "the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to my mind."
To that chance visit to the Eternal City literature owes one of its most valued historical possessions.
At one time in his early career Oliver Cromwell, accompanied by John Hampden, set sail for America. By a mere accident the infamous Archbishop Laud heard of the embarkment of these young men, had the vessel overhauled and Cromwell and Hampden brought back to shore.
Little did the Archbishop realize that that trivial act among his 600 proved crimes was to change English history and bring his own despicable head to the block.
Out of that act of injustice came much justice.
Rossini is authority for the statement that while writing one of his greatest compositions, he dipped his pen by mistake into a bottle of medicine, thereby causing a blot, which changed the whole idea. "To this blot," he writes, "is all the effect, if any, due."
The picturesque historic career of the French adventurer, Louis de Fontenac, including his Canadian conquests, would probably not have been a part of American history had it not chanced that his marriage was an unhappy one.
To the incompatibility of a shrew America is indebted for one of its most dramatic heroes.
It is not probable that our literature would have been enriched by that most famous of religious allegories, "The Pilgrim's Progress," had not the intolerant Conventicle Act caused John Bunyan's unjust imprisonment.
"The Pilgrim's Progress" was conceived and cradled in a dungeon.
On the roster of early Philadelphia lawyers the name of Brockden stands conspicuously. That this young man became a noted legal conveyancer was due to a peculiar incident which barely escaped being a tragedy.
Young Brockden was an English student, and unwittingly overheard the conspirators plotting against the life of Charles II. The conspirators becoming aware that Brockden possessed their secret, determined to kill him, but later decided upon banishment to the wilds of America.
A British state secret gave Philadelphia an able barrister.

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To Reform the String Quartet.
Prof. Herman Ritter of Würtzburg is trying to reform the string quartet by substituting the viola or the viola alta, invented by him, for the second violin, and giving the usual viola part to a tenor violin, which is a smaller and higher sort of violoncello. It cannot be denied that chamber music is apt to be monotonous, and an occasional change in coloring will be welcome. Prof. Ritter's object in making the changes referred to is to approach more closely the soprano, alto, tenor and bass voices of the vocal quartet by a combination of instruments built according to the laws of arithmetical progression.—New York Evening Post.

A little bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a medicine chest in itself. It can be applied in a larger number of painful ailments than any other remedy known.

The soil and climate of Southern Manchuria, especially throughout the fertile Liao Valley, are naturally adapted to the abundant production of Indian corn.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

What the "Tipt" Come To.
To illustrate the evils of the "tipping" system in vogue, the following extract from a letter written by a lady who is chaperoning two young friends on a trip to Europe, may prove interesting: "Our tickets for two connecting steamers for three persons on the liner cost \$2,000 for the round trip. Before landing at Liverpool we distributed \$65, as follows: To our steward, \$14; to the stewardess, \$12.50; to the head steward, \$10; to the steward who served at table, \$15; to the porters, \$3.50; head waiter, \$1; 'boots,' \$1, and the balance to bell-boys and miscellaneous calls." On the return trip the "tips" will probably amount to the same, thus aggregating \$130 for service which should be included in the \$2,000 paid for 10 days' transportation. Surely this is the limit of this form of graft!—Springfield Republican.

"V. D. B."
A Missouri Solomon.
A righteous and practical Judge in Missouri, where they take nothing for granted, decides that when the surgeon forgets and sews up the tools of his trade inside an appendicitis patient the party of the second part can charge storage. No delicate person should be asked to make a human junk cart of himself for nothing.—Chicago News.

Dentistry in Greece.
In Athens there are three foreign dentists—two Englishmen and one German—who have modern equipments, charge high prices, and have so many clients that they are obliged to turn some of them away. There are also 60 native dentists. However, outside of Athens dentistry is only a function of the barber, who draws teeth.

PRESSED HARD
Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize injurious effects of coffee and change in health that Postum offering they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.
A superintendent of public schools in North Carolina says:
"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, and had been troubled with heart for a number of years, and complained of that 'weak liver' feeling and sick stomach."
"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavour of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum."
"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."
"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach, that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."
"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."
Read "The Road to Wellville," in pags.
"There's a Reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.