

DISTANCE.

A hundred miles between us
Could never part us more
Than that one step you took from me
What time my need was sore.

A hundred years between us
Might hold us less apart
Than that one dragging moment
Wherein I knew your heart.

Now what farewell is needed
To all I held most dear,
So far and far you are from me
I doubt if you could hear.
—Theodosia Garrison, in Ainslee's Magazine.

LOTTIE BRETT'S WINDHAM EXPERIENCE

By Gertrude L. Stone.

When Lottie Brett came down to supper wearing her pink waist, the other girls at Miss Gordon's table knew that the thermometer of Lottie's spirits registered high.

"The Bowdoin glee and mandolin clubs are going to give a concert at Windham a week from next Saturday night," she announced, as soon as there was opportunity. "I saw their pictures in the drug store window this afternoon. I want to go. Don't the rest of you?"

The idea met with instant approval on the part of the other girls.

"Of course I want to go," said Lillian Walker. "Don't I live next door to one of the tenors, and haven't I played with him since he wore dresses?"

"I should like to go because my cousin is leader of the glee club," said Edith Wallace, with obvious pride. No other girl at Windham Heights Seminary could claim that distinction.

"Well, my brother's chum is in the mandolin club," added Lottie Brett. "Which accounts for your musical ability, does it?" asked Lillian Walker teasingly, for the cheerful Lottie was hopelessly unmusical.

"No, for my interest in music, and shows that it is on the same foundation as yours," she retorted so promptly as to crush other remarks. "Will you chaperon us if Doctor Manning will give us permission to go?" she asked of Miss Gordon, the teacher who presided at the table. Miss Gordon was willing to go, and later Doctor Manning's consent was readily obtained.

Just before supper on the night of the concert Miss Gordon went to the principal to tell him she understood that some of the college boys of Windham and their friends had arranged for a little dance to follow the concert. She fancied that the girls had known of it longer than she had, and that it accounted in part for the interest in the concert and the fact that her party numbered eighteen. "They want to know if they may stay," she said.

"No," answered Doctor Manning. "If the concert is over in time for you to take the ten-ten car, I think you had better come home. Since the cars run only once an hour, the next one would keep you out later than seems to be desirable on a Saturday night."

"May we stay to the dance?" the girls asked, eagerly, at the supper-table.

"Not if the concert is through in time for us to take the ten-ten car," reported Miss Gordon.

"It won't be," said Lottie optimistically. "The boys will be called back over and over again—at least, they were when I heard them last year."

Such is the power many persons have of convincing themselves that what they desire to have come to pass must somehow happen, that when the party reached the hall, and Miss Gordon counted her charges, she noticed that almost without exception they were dressed for dancing. It was, indeed, a very attractive group the chaperon saw; and anxious to have the girls enjoy themselves, although not anxious to remain until the last car, she indulged in the hope that the concert would be short, and that the girls might have the fun of a few dances before the ten-ten car.

The concert began promptly; the audience was enthusiastic; the two clubs generous in their encores but prudent as regards their length, for although there was no public announcement of the fact they had agreed to end their program at fifteen minutes before ten. They did not, however, make their final bow to the audience until ten minutes before the hour. Miss Gordon saw the futility of further hope that there might be time for a dance or two, but she heard Lottie Brett give away the first three dances without a shade of doubt in her gay voice. The ushers pushed the seats back and the committee of arrangements seemed to be hurrying preparations in all possible ways, but the orchestra was not even in place when Miss Gordon sent round word to her party that it was time to leave.

Some of the faces, bright and charming a few minutes before, were decidedly unattractive as the group passed down-stairs to take the car. "It's just as mean as it can be!" declared Edith Wallace. "Doctor Manning wouldn't care. He said we might stay if the concert wasn't over."

"She doesn't want to stay herself, and she doesn't care whether we have a good time or not. Horrid old cat!" said June Dennison. "I'm going to stay and take the special car after the dance, and go to Aunt May's to spend the night. Come, too, Edith. Aunt May would love to have you. She'll be on our side."

Lottie Brett bringing up the rear of the party could not help hearing the conversation between the two room-

mates. With her excitable and impulsive temperament there seemed to her at that moment just one desirable thing in the world, and that was to be allowed to stay to the dance. Why should she not, too, wait and take the later car?

There was not much time to think about it. Almost as soon as the sidewalk was reached, the ten-ten car appeared and stopped, and a file of crossed, disappointed girls began to enter it. Miss Gordon, young and inexperienced in chaperoning, stepped in when it was naturally her turn. Half the girls were behind her. Soon the car moved on, and when Miss Gordon looked about her it was to find that three of her party were missing. She did not see that it would be the sensible thing for her to jump off as quickly as possible and go back, since the fifteen on the car had shown they could do without a chaperon much better than the three who stayed behind. To her mind, she was responsible for a party and that party was on the car.

Lottie Brett came to herself before the car had gone far. Then she waved her hand frantically and called, but no one appeared to notice her. She started to run up the middle of the street, to the great amusement of June Dennison and Edith Wallace, who had yielded to their temptation the moment Miss Gordon had stepped on board. They had slipped away from the others and gone round back of the car.

"Come back!" they called once, but Lottie did not heed them. She stumbled along the car track for almost a block while the car was in sight; then realizing that she would attract attention, she hurried along the sidewalk.

No thought of the dance entered her mind her one all-controlling idea was that she ought to go home. There was no car for an hour, and there was nothing for her to do but walk as fast as she was able. To be openly disobedient was a new experience for Lottie, and the immediate effect was to make her feel sick at heart. It was five miles home, it was after ten o'clock, it was dark and she was decidedly timid, but after the wave of unavailing regret broke over her, it would have taken physical force to keep her from the journey home.

She was on the outskirts of the city in twenty minutes. Then there were four miles of country road. There were frequent houses, but at half past ten most of them were dark. There were several long intervals without a house. Lottie was thoroughly frightened and thoroughly miserable, but it never occurred to her to turn back. With the determination that was her endearing quality she kept on; she ran, she walked, part of the time she travelled along the car-track; then again she tried the road. Once a carriage came along, but she hid behind a tree until it had passed.

When she was half way home it seemed to her that she could not hold out for the remaining distance, but she stopped running so often, and found she could keep on. The last half-mile, in fact, was the easiest in some respects. Most of the time she was covering that distance she could hear the last car approaching. It overtook and passed her. She made no effort to hail it for she did not wish to see any one who might help, but the lights were company and comfort. When the car had reached the end of the line Lottie nudged herself for one more burst of speed, and not more than ten minutes after a passenger from the car should have reached the seminary, Lottie stumbled the steps.

Miss Winthrop, the preceptress, and Miss Gordon had met the car, and falling to find any of the missing ones, had returned to the seminary. Doctor Manning was away. Just what to do at midnight to find the two lost girls was the serious question confronting the teachers when the bell rang, and Miss Winthrop gladly admitted Lottie.

"Where are the others?" demanded poor, overwrought Miss Gordon.

"Gone to June's Aunt May's!" Lottie gasped, and burst into a tearful apology to Miss Gordon.

With intense relief, but unconcealed disgust in her expression, Miss Gordon, when she had heard the incoherent apology, turned sharply and went to her room to have her cry there. Miss Winthrop, left with the sobbing girl, took her to her own room, and with the practise of years soon had her calm enough to explain matters.

"I want to see Doctor Manning," was Lottie's one desire.

"He is away, and moreover, you could not see him at this time of night if he were at home. What you must do is to take a hot bath and an alcohol rub, and get into bed at once. You are not accustomed to running five miles, you know."

On Monday morning Lottie fairly welcomed the sight of Doctor Manning's automobile. "Will it be right for me to go now?" she asked, eagerly, as soon as the principal alighted; and when the desired assent was given, she flew across the campus quite as fast as he had travelled in her Saturday night journey.

"I am sorrier than I can tell," said she, when she had given an account of the matter in her usual honest and graphic way, "but I don't see that there are any extenuating circumstances. I simply did not mind until it was too late to make minding of any value."

"No," said Doctor Manning, representing a smile, "there seem to be no extenuating circumstances, but you really seem to have punished yourself pretty thoroughly already. I should never have dared use so drastic a punishment as a five-mile walk at midnight along a country road, but as it

seems to have cleared your moral vision, we will call the matter settled, and record a new use for violent physical exercise. On the whole,—and the doctor's eye twinkled—"I really think for so unmusical a person, you paid pretty high for concert privileges, don't you?"

So the Windham experience came to an end, as far as Lottie Brett's punishment was concerned, although Miss Gordon was incensed when she heard of the outcome.

"You don't mean that Lottie Brett is not to have any punishment," she asked Miss Winthrop.

"I mean that Doctor Manning thinks she has punished herself enough," answered the older teacher.

"Then of course I've nothing more to say," replied Miss Gordon, frigidly, "though I cannot understand it."

"No," thought Miss Winthrop, "you can't, and it is of no use to try to explain to you. You never acted on impulse in all your short but well-ordered life, and you don't know what it is to be sorry, because you have always been perfectly sure you were right."—Youth's Companion.

MOLASSES IN THE TOBACCO.

That is Why the Smoker's Tongue is Burned Occasionally.

"Say, I'll have to drop this brand of smoking. It nearly burns the tongue off me. What's the matter with it?" said the smoker.

"It's been made up with a little bit too much molasses," said the tobaccoist. "The tobacco intended for winter sale always has a little more molasses in it than summer tobacco."

"They've several reasons for adding molasses to tobacco," he continued, coming back to the end of the counter. "In the first place, if the leaf wasn't made just the least bit sticky it would be apt to crumble to a very fine powder that would choke up your pipe, especially in winter, when tobacco gets extremely dry."

"So when they add a little molasses to the cut leaf they make a thin, sticky film over it. This keeps the tobacco in good shape and the molasses locks the nicotine in the body of the leaf."

"Nicotine, you know, will evaporate and be lost if the tobacco is exposed long enough. Then when the nicotine is gone you might as well smoke the cabbage leaf the comic papers talk so much about for all the satisfaction you get."

"Plug tobacco is simply leaf glued together with molasses and then pressed into a block. If you'll take a plug of smoking and put it in a damp place outside somewhere and then come back after a week or two to look at it you'll see a pile of square cut leaves, perhaps five or six inches high. This is because the tobacco will have lost its molasses glue, not from the molasses having been washed off the leaf, but from its having fermented into vinegar."

"The film of molasses keeps the leaf moist and pliable. This is because of the sugar crystals in it. If you've ever noticed salt in wet weather you'll often have seen how it gathered the wet. The sugar crystals acts exactly like the crystals of salt, but to a less degree."

"When you fellows that smoke pipes say that tobacco burns your tongue you're away off. The tobacco hasn't a thing to do with it, and your tongue isn't being burnt, it's being scalded."

"From the moisture in the tobacco?" asked the customer.

"Partly," said the tobaccoist, "but mostly from moisture you'd not think was in the tobacco. There's a great deal of water in the little sugar crystals over and above what you'd expect they might collect from the air."

When you melt this sugar in your pipe each crystal dissolves first in a little pool of water, and makes material for steam, in addition to the free water in the tobacco that you can't feel with your fingers."

"This hot steam makes a regular steam heating system between the bowl of your pipe and your tongue, and while you think your tongue is being 'burnt' you're actually getting it parboiled."

"Has all tobacco molasses in it?" the customer asked.

"No," said the tobaccoist. "The very cheap tobacco smoked by the natives of Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and those countries, in the form of cigarettes, hasn't any molasses in it. Molasses isn't needed once the manufacturers have their leaf made up in the form of cigarettes, because they use a very heavy paper wrapper, with the ends tucked in. This keeps the leaf from falling out, even if it's crushed a little through the thick paper."

"You'll get 25 of those cigarettes for about two cents. The working-men smoke them all the time because they're too lazy even to roll their own cigarettes. The coolest pipe smoke you ever had will be yours if you'll only go to the other of buying a few bunches of those cigarettes and emptying the tobacco into a jar."—New York Sun.

A Sense of Security.

"Aren't you afraid the comet will hit the earth?" asked the timid man.

"No," replied Mr. Sirius Barker. "After experimenting with a golf ball I've come to the conclusion that a little spherical object like the earth is pretty safe. Even if the comet tried to hit it it would probably fizzle."—Washington Star.

Educational Note.

Our observation of the average college student leads us to conclude that smoking a pipe is about the only thing he can learn without the services of a coach.—Topeka Capital.



Supply of Hickory.

No wood will be more difficult to replace when the approaching shortage, in the supply of hard woods overtakes us than the hickory, one of the foresters in the employ of the government recently said. The truth of this statement is not realized by any one more than the practical men of the various trades whose future prosperity is measured by the available supply.

Feeding Too Much Corn.

A Reader at Muncie says: "I have a flock of Leghorn hens which are seemingly very healthy; they eat heartily; have red combs, and mostly lay well. But sometimes we find them lying on their sides and unable to get up. We lift them up and they can walk perhaps for a little while, but finally seem to lose all use of their legs. These same chickens will eat heartily and do not look sick. They have clean quarters and plenty of food and fresh water. We feed mostly corn and table scraps, and they have a wide range so get all the green stuff they need."

Our Mr. Clipp replies: The fowls are evidently suffering with excessive fat, leave off the corn and feed more wheat bran, in shallow box slatted over top so that they cannot soil it with their feet. Give a few drops of turpentine in drinking water twice a week until the fowls are fully restored to normal condition. Leghorns require but very little grain, especially corn, during the summer months.—Indiana Farmer.

Don't for Incubators.

Don't shake your incubator or the incubating eggs, as it ruptures the embryos and causes the chickens to die in the shell.

Don't have dirty, oily lamps or short wicks that smell up the incubator room.

Don't put the thermometer where the first chick that comes out of the shell will knock it down.

Don't worry about the hatch on the last day. See that the temperature is O. K. and forget it.

Don't use the incubator for a wash bench.

Don't set the machine in the henhouse where vermin will get into it.

Don't lend your machine. Let the other fellow invest in one also; it will do him good.

Don't forget that the brooder must be ready for the chicks, so don't wait until the last moment before getting it cleaned and warmed up.

When you take the eggs out of the machine to air, it does not mean to cool them; although they do cool in the airing. When the eggs are airing, the incubator door should be closed in order to keep the egg chamber warm. It often takes an hour for eggs to re-heat after being aired.—Poultry Standard.

The Herd Boar.

F. B. Coburn, excellent authority on swine, in his book on swine says that whenever possible the breeder ought to inspect personally the animal he selects as a herd boar, but when unable to do this and he has no competent representative, he should endeavor to make the best selection possible by mail by detailing his needs, and the deficiencies of his sows. Ordering by mail should be considered a last resort, to be done only when the purchaser cannot buy near home, or for other good reasons is unable to give his personal attention to the selection. When that is the case the purchase should be made from a breeder known to be reputable and the price he figures on paying should be definitely stated in the letter as the attitude of one who expects the best possible for his outlay. All men who have had much to do with the sowing of pure-bred boars are familiar with the buyer who insists that "you must get him down as low as you can—he must be cheap, as I have written to a number of other breeders." A man of this stamp is likely to want a boar of almost impossible make-up for a very small sum. He is less likely to do well in his purchase than the man who will frankly state the type of boar he needs and the amount of money he can afford or intends to invest. The chances are, too, that the latter procedure will bring much the better treatment.

Cement Tile For Draining.

While in the southern part of Illinois I was strongly impressed with their tile drainage, especially the cement tiling.

Some of the fields were fairly productive, but contained a few wet acres that delayed plowing and cultivating. These fields had been drained and the yield increased to a great extent. Then there were low lands that had been thoroughly tiled, and in several cases the owners of these farms told me that they had made their own tile, and that the first year's crop had more than paid for their machine and the expense of tiling.

One fact that was particularly brought to my sight was that cement tile are the coming tile. This cannot help but be realized when one considers their draining qualities and great durability. Cement tile are porous throughout their entire length while the clay product is impervious ex-

cept at the joints. As an experiment of my own, I have found that freezing has no effect on cement tile. As a farmer should consider all these points it goes to show he must have the best tile.

I recently read in a daily newspaper that the United States government put in, between March 25th and April 1st, one week, 750,000 cubic yards of cement construction on the Panama canal. This will have to stand the action of the salt water and all abnormal conditions.

If the government will use cement to such an extent I see no reason why cement tile should not give entire satisfaction. I would be glad to hear the views other readers may have on this subject through the columns of your paper.—A Reader in the Indiana Farmer.

Facts About Producing Milk.

Prof. H. H. Wing of the Cornell University experiment station has been making some investigations relative to the cost of producing milk. He has also made numerous experiments with large cows against small ones and the relative producing capacity of cows that consume a large amount of feed as compared with those that consume a small amount. Under New York conditions he finds that with a fairly good herd carefully fed and kept, milk can be produced for sixty-five cents per cwt. and butter fat for sixteen cents per pound. This estimate is for food alone, and does not include the expense of labor, nor interest on the investment. These figures are much higher than those given out by several other experiment stations and we believe come nearer the actual facts as they concern the average farmer.

He emphasizes the statements that we have so frequently made that there is more difference in cows than in breeds. He finds from his experiments that individuals of the same breed vary more widely in milk and butter production than do the breeds themselves. In his experiments the large animals consume less pounds of dry material per 1,000 pounds live weight, per day, than do the smaller animals.

The cows that give the richest milk do not according to the results of his investigations always give the greatest quantity of butterfat. He finds that in general the best yields of fat were obtained from cows that gave at least a fairly large flow of milk. In general the cows consuming the most food produce both milk and fat at the lowest cost, and for the production of milk and fat there is no food so cheap as good pasture grass. Sweet, succulent, pasture grass is of itself a balanced ration; it seems to contain the necessary elements in about the right proportion for the most economical production of milk. In its succulent condition it is an ideal form for assimilation and its laxative properties contribute to her healthfulness. It is seldom that we find a cow out of condition while running on a good pasture. We can learn from this that we should make her winter feed conform as nearly as possible to that of pasture grass. In short, silage, roots, or some other succulent food of this character, should always be a part of her winter ration.

Farm Notes.

Better sell half the stock and give all of the feed to what remains than to stint the whole herd.

Deep, rich soil, of an alluvial nature, soil which contains plenty of humus, is excellent for planting small fruits.

A small blemish in a riding or driving horse will not only lower the value of horse but will very often prevent the sale entirely.

A farmer who takes pride in driving a draft team will make horse breeding successful, and good draft teams will make successful farmers.

It should always be remembered when purchasing if the horse has anything faulty it will not grow less but probably will grow worse.

Animals kept in cold quarters have to consume more grain in order to maintain the warmth of their bodies, and in severely cold weather, if exposed, will not fatten at all.

Don't let any weeds go to seed in the garden, for you are making yourself unnecessary work another year by allowing the pests to multiply. Clean up the beds and walks and burn all trash that might harbor insects.

The healthy or unhealthy condition of the skin of a horse is very readily shown by the appearance of the hair, otherwise called the coat. If the skin is unhealthy the coat is dry and harsh. If the skin is not properly cleaned, dirt remains not only in the coat but in the system.

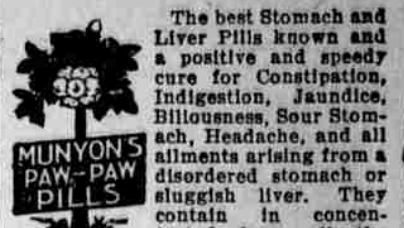
The Head of the House.

The census enumerator was confronted at the door by a meek and apologetic little man. "Who's the head of the house?" asked the census man. "From a strictly legal standpoint," replied the little man. "I suppose I am, but when you get right down to brass tacks, I ain't."—The Argonaut.

It is estimated that the coal mines already developed contain enough coal to supply the world for a thousand years.

A Package Mailed Free on Request of

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS



The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal or letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same of charge. MUNYON'S HOMO-PATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 50 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

At the Lecture.

"Bread," said the lecturer, "is the cornerstone of health."
"By Jove, Polly," said Jinks, on the way home, "that fellow must have heard of your biscuits."—Harper Weekly.

A PRACTICING PHYSICIAN

Gives Valuable Advice to Kidney Sufferers.

Dr. R. Frasher, M. D., of Fort Gay, W. Va., has used Doan's Kidney Pills personally and prescribes them in his practice. Says he:

"I consider Doan's Kidney Pills the finest remedy on earth for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. I have prescribed this medicine in many cases, and at the present time several of my patients are using it with excellent results. I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills personally with entire satisfaction."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Cradles Unfashionable.

Cradles are going out; children are not wearing them any more. People tell us that rocking is unhygienic; babies, according to modern idea, should go to sleep naturally in a stationary germ-proof bed, with antiseptic pillow and a sanitized rattle. Sentiment may save the cradle for a little while, but sooner or later it will go to the dusty little attic along with the hand-cloth sofa. Maybe the infant of tomorrow will hear up somehow under these accumulated misfortunes, will struggle along somehow to maturity, but what about the artists, the poets, the song writers? What a world of sentiment and melody has been woven around the theme of the mother and the gently rocking cradle! What kind of song will the poor poet of the future be able to make about an anaemized iron crib with brass trimmings!—Success Magazine.

Not Mad.

Many "mad dogs" scares and frights come where a dog has eaten too much meat, or fowl food, has become overheated, or suffers from lack of water. Again, mild strychnine poisoning may be mistaken for rabies. Many say there is no such thing as hydrophobia. Suppose there is not. Anyhow, dog bites seem dangerous, if their fright kills strong men. Friends of dogs and owners of valuable ones, by aiding to keep homeless dogs off the streets, will lend a helping hand against the prevalent and spreading dog prejudice which has grown up hereabout in the last year or two.—New York Press.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE

Medicine Not Needed in This Case

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury. They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

But the doctor knows. His wide experience has proven to him that, to some systems, coffee is an insidious poison that undermines the health.

Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous troubles.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old and have taken sick two years ago with prostration, the doctor said my nervous system was broken and that I would have to stay in bed."

"I got so weak and nervous that I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum, I asked my grocer to buy some for me. He had any of it. He said, 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family and it was all it claimed to be."

"So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh. In about two months I began to gain flesh. I weighed only 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age."

"I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drunk any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of interest.