

A Pittsburg man claims that he can make his hens lay by the use of electricity. Shocking!

Chicago housewives want a fourteen-hour day, this being a reduction of about ten hours from the time many of them are on duty.

Old man Giddles wants to know what's the use of wondering whether there are people on Mars, when we can't sell them anything.

How we love to talk of the wonderful things we have not done. The reason for this is that nothing is wonderful after it has been done.

A biologist prescribes a pound of candy or a dose of cooking soda for "that tired feeling." The young American will know which prescription to take.

It is to be hoped that the news that an American cornet player is receiving \$1500 a week in Paris won't start the man next door to practicing here after double time.

Mr. Carnegie says that millionaires who laugh are rare. It is quite possible that Mr. Rockefeller knew this and, wanting to laugh, not only became rare but disappeared altogether.

Lots of people are poor to-day because they didn't know what was going to happen in 1905. Lots more will become poor because they think they know what will happen in 1906.

The announcement that the Pennsylvania Railway Company is preparing to do away with steam engines and to use electric motors exclusively, throughout its extensive system, presages the end of the age of steam and the coming triumph of electricity. The statement may seem startling at first, but as a matter of fact the railroads have been experimenting with electric engines for some time and their eventual use was a foregone conclusion. Not only in the matter of speed but in every other respect electricity has the advantage over steam as a motive power.

It is surprising how many people there are in this world who want to increase the discomforts of life. There is always bobbing up some professor or propagandist who informs us that everything we have ever done is wrong and that the only road to physical salvation is to follow his own schedule. And now comes a man from Chicago and tells us that we must not eat soup, pie, pancakes, puddings and cold meats, except ham, and apparently make our principal diet spinach, asparagus, lettuce and onions. Probably most persons eat more than is good for them and it is certain that, generally speaking, food is not well cooked. But to lay down a law for the human race is absurd.

The idea that has prevailed up to a very recent date that organic life does not exist at great depths in the ocean, has been exploded by late scientific investigation. As a matter of fact, the pressure of water is so great that ordinary articles of wood are compressed to half their original size if lowered to a depth of three thousand feet. If a human being were suddenly exposed to the pressure of water at that depth he would be compressed to the thinness of paper. A diver at the depth of ten thousand feet would have weight upon him equal to several hundred of the greater and heaviest locomotives. There are depressions very much deeper, however, and soundings have been made establishing depths of more than twenty-two thousand feet near the Island of St. Thomas in the Atlantic, and of almost twenty-seven thousand feet near the Japanese coast.

Dr. Stenson Hooker, who has applied the Blondlot ray discovered to problems of food, explains in the London Express how the colored rays that surround every human being are affected by a "refined diet," meaning a diet without meat. There are some visible changes, such as "shrinkage of the features." The face becomes "smaller but more beautiful," a fact which might incline persons with large and unbecoming faces to vegetarianism. The eye becomes brighter, the step more elastic, the brain quicker. But perhaps the most remarkable discovery of Dr. Hooker is that the man who is "living a gross life"—i. e., eating meat—emits and is surrounded by dark rays from deep red to chocolate, while the "refined diet" man will generate cheerful rays of lighter red, or, if he is very refined, of yellow. If Dr. Hooker's view becomes general, suggests the New York World, the man who now complains of that dark-brown taste in his mouth next day will gloomily announce instead that he is surrounded by dark-brown rays.

IF HE SHOULD PASS THIS WAY.

You, on the heavy load,
Plying your cruel oar,
Are you a pagan? "No."
Bitterly you reply,
"I am a Christian!" Why,
Then, does your stinging blow
Fall on the poor, old, blind slave that has
served you long?
Why is your look unkind?
Why do you curse because
You have been forced to pause,
Leaving a little space for the feet of the
passing throng?

A Christian, you are, you say—
What if He passed this way?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"

You are a "Christian," too,
You with the greedy clutch;
Children must toil for you,
Making your profit much.
Your heart is a nest for greed,
You covet your neighbor's gains, you are
blind to your servants' need,
You sit in your pew and dream
Of the clink of gold and its gleam,
And a Christian's glory you claim,
And the heathen you deem unclean and
the pagan immersed in shame.

What if He passed this way—
What if He came today?
Would you dare to call to Him,
"See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"

You in your silks arrayed,
You in your costly ease,
You who have e'en betrayed
Love for your luxuries,
You who in riches loiter,
With never a word of hope or pity for
those who fall,
You are a "Christian," too,
Your prayer book is kept in view;
With jewels around your throat,
You bear of your neighbor's shame, and
deep in your heart you gloat!

Oh, what if He passed this way,
Meek and lowly, to-day?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
Dear Lord! how I follow Thee?"

You with your millions, you
Who are bribing men to do
Foul wrongs that your gains may swell,
You are a Christian; there
Is your bishop's card, and well
Have you given, O millionaire,
That steeples may tower high
And that people in passing by
May turn and regard with awe
You who have power to sway and who
prostitute the law;
To all who will give you heed
You boast with self-righteousness that
yours is the Christian creed!

"A Christian am I," you say,
But what if He passed this way?
Would you dare to call to Him, "See,
O Christ! how I follow Thee?"
—S. E. Riser.

A Matrimonial Advertisement.

"SAY, old girl," exclaimed the schoolboy, bursting into the room, "here's something for your birthday! Hadn't got any tin before. It's a sort of a jar for flowers. It only cost nine-pence three-farthings, but it looks quite fine, don't you think? How old are you to-day, Jen?" Jenny Bruce shuddered artistically. "Don't!" she exclaimed. "The mater was saying you are getting on," continued the frank brother; "she said Clare was married years before your age, and couldn't make out why you are not. She says you're too particular, and that it don't pay now young men are so scarce. Don't stay on the shelf, old girl. Why not make up to some duffer? You aren't so bad looking, you know."

"Because they are all fools!" retorted the prettiest Miss Bruce, in disgust. "Thanks for the jar; it is very pretty," she added listlessly.

"And you don't look so old," went on Bobbie.

"I suppose people will next be remarking how young I look—for my age," she said with a shrug. "Perhaps mother would like me to put a matrimonial advertisement into the paper."

"I say, what a jolly lark," exclaimed the boy. Then he was silent, thinking deeply.

His sister did not notice his unusual thoughtfulness. As a rule when Bobbie looked thoughtful people expected the worst.

She was busy wondering if, after all, she had not been a little hasty in refusing nearly ten years ago her first lover, because he was under six feet, and had gray eyes instead of black; her ideal being at that time a cross between a brigand and a poet. She had changed her ideals since, also her lovers. Among the men that had proposed to her there was not one she could tolerate now except Robert Tomlyn. He had been rather nice, after all, but she had lost sight of him shortly after his dismissal, and beyond the fact that he had gone to London, she knew nothing.

She wondered what made her think of him again. Was it because her dearest friend had just got engaged to the man who once had had no eyes for any one but her? A young man who was making his way in the world, too. Her mother and married sisters had spoken rather tartly about it. She was reminded that marriage or a government-ship would be all that she had to look forward to if anything happened to her father.

For a moment she was a little sorry she had let Bella carry off Dick Weatherby. A few days later Bobbie burst again into the room where she was reading. He waved a paper and letter triumphantly. "Cheer up, old girl," he said encouragingly, "there's a chance yet! Got an answer straight away, and he's coming to the end of the street by 5 this afternoon."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Jenny.

"The matrimonial advertisement, of course. I put it in for you, and I've got a chap as easy as wink. You'll be able to fix it up to-day, and then, when the mater starts ragging you, can just tell her you've collared a chap and that she can keep her hair on."

"Good heavens!" gasped Jenny, turning white.

"There's nothing to funk—" he was beginning.

"Let me see the paper and letter," she cried distractedly.

"It's a ripping ad.," he said proudly, pointing it out. "Cost a shilling, too, but I guessed you'd pay that back gladly enough when you were fixed up—or he would."

"A young lady with blue eyes and golden hair, answering to the name of Jenny, wants to meet a young gentleman with a view to matrimony; strictly private."

"Of course I gave your full name, stupid; here's his letter; says he'll be charmed to meet you as appointed, and I call it jolly decent of him!"

Her fingers shook as she read the fatal confirmation of the letter; then her eyes fell on the signature, and she turned crimson and gasped again. It was signed "Robert Tomlyn." "He'll be waiting," went on Bobbie, "and if you don't turn up he'll come to the house, and everybody will know. Put your hat on and cut!" "I must go and explain; oh, this is dreadful," murmured Miss Bruce frantically, as she ran upstairs and put on her hat—her most becoming hat.

"He can't think I've gone off, at any rate," was her secret thought, as she met her reflection in the glass.

"Shall I go with you?" demanded her brother eagerly.

"No, you horrid, wicked little brute; I never want to speak to you again. How am I to explain to Mr. Tomlyn—"

"Well, if he's on the marrying job as well," was the coarse reply, "you won't need much explainin'. Tell him it's O. K., and get hitched up together, and mind you don't act the stungy over the cake."

"This is—quite a delightful surprise," said a young man—a very good-looking young man, Jenny decided; she had forgotten he was so attractive—raising his hat, as he got to the end of the street.

"What must you think?" she began incoherently, blushing vividly. "But it wasn't me at all; it was Bobbie; he did it all for a trick, and I knew nothing about it till he brought the paper and letter in just now, and I came to ask you to go away at once."

"Well, it's just a coincidence; there's no harm in having a little chat for the sake of old times," he returned eagerly.

"If you are the sort of man that—that answers matrimonial advertisements, it's a pity to waste your time," she replied rather spitefully. "No doubt another girl is waiting for you elsewhere."

"It caught my eye and it amused me," he explained quickly, "and just for curiosity I answered it. When a reply came signed Janet Bruce, I wondered if it could possibly be you, and I came on spec. Please don't be angry. Let's take it as it was meant—merely as a joke. I thought you were married; I'm sure I saw an announcement."

"No, I am not," she replied a little grimly. "It would be one of my sisters. How strange you should remember me!" she added.

"I never forgot you," he returned, by no means truthfully, for he had quite forgotten his old love, in new ones, till her name recalled her to his remembrance. Then he decided that he had never really loved any girl but her, and was quite sure of it when her eyes looked up into his.

Then Bobbie dashed into them. "Here's the mater," he said excitedly; "you'd better hook it, you chap, and Jen can look the other way." "I wish you would go away!" said his sister very savagely. Bobby winked.

"Oh, spoiling sport, am I! Well, here's the mater anyway."

"Mother," said Miss Bruce composedly. "I think you remember Mr. Tomlyn; I met him unexpectedly a minute ago."

"Very unexpectedly!" murmured Bobbie. "My, you're a cool 'un, Jen!"

"How do you do?" said Jenny's mother very graciously. "What a pleasant surprise! You will come and have some tea?"

"I shall be charmed," said Mr. Tomlyn.

"I hope you mean business all right?" said Jenny's brother to Mr. Tomlyn in the hall, as the young man at last departed. Jenny flushed a fine scarlet, and Mr. Tomlyn grew suddenly deaf.

"Good-by, Miss Bruce, so pleased to have come across you again," he murmured, and ran down the steps.

"I think," said Mr. Tomlyn slowly, "that it may—possibly—be worth it. Do you ever take your sister out for a walk or anything?" he inquired, when the boy turned to go.

"No fear!" was the vigorous reply. "I think I would if I were you. It might be worth it. I should suggest your escorting her to the park to-morrow by five. If I happen to be standing by the Marble Arch I will relieve you of your duties. If you have to go away suddenly you need not mind us."

"I twig!" winked the boy. "I've seen spooners before!"

"It's nothing of that sort," said Mr. Tomlyn haughtily.

"It never is," said Bobbie, "but you needn't look foolish; it's the sort of thing one expects from a matrimonial advertisement."

He beguiled his sister out next day; it was seldom he honored her with his company, and though she could not quite understand it, she went in the end.

They came across Mr. Tomlyn at the Marble Arch. He seemed amazed at meeting them. "Who would have thought it!" he said.

Jenny glanced sharply at Bobbie, whose face betrayed him, but she made no remark. She permitted the change of escort without a word. There was something decidedly attractive about Robert Tomlyn.

This accidental meeting was the first of many, and one day Robert, having made up his mind that Jenny was not only his first but absolutely his last love, mentioned the little matter to her. "Our duty is very plain," he said. "Bobbie has taken a lot of trouble. Is it all to be in vain?"

"But—it would be so dreadful, and—and through the paper, and answering to the name of Jenny," she faltered.

"You might answer to the name of—darling?" he suggested.

"You are quite sure you—"

"I have loved you always! Jenny, won't you—"

"There was never anybody else," she breathed happily, her eyes expressive; "there was something wrong with all the others."

And so it was settled, and no one was more delighted than Jenny's mother. Miss Bruce was making an excellent match after all. And, of course, everybody else said "at last!" But they did not know how it had come to pass.

—Madame.

Indian Proverbs.
The coward shoots with shut eyes.
No Indian ever sold his daughter for a name.

Before the paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.
Small things talk loud to the Indian's eye.

The paleface's arm is longer than his jumps.
A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

There is nothing so eloquent as a rattlesnake's tail.
The Indian scalps his enemy, the paleface skins his friends.

There will be hungry palefaces so long as there is any Indian land to swallow.
When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and the evil one laughs.

There are three things it takes a strong man to hold: A young warrior, a wild horse and a handsome squaw.—From Sturm's Statehood Magazine.

Says Rabbit Ate Chicken.
Dr. H. Cavani, a medical expert, who is credited with being a moving spirit behind the dressed poultry bill, appeared yesterday before thirty members of the poultry trade of this city in the library of the New York Mercantile Exchange and tried to make converts for the bill. A statement he made to the effect that a storage-kept chicken in an undrawn state, when fed to a rabbit, caused the death of the rabbit, created some merriment among the poultry dealers.

Chicken-fed rabbits heretofore have been unknown, so members of the trade said, and the medical expert was embarrassed, when informed that he had made a "discovery" of considerable importance, since up to the present time rabbits were supposed to adhere strictly to a vegetable diet.—New York Commercial.

Nothing Doing.
An author who makes a specialty of stories of "our great Middle West," with a heart throb in each, tells of an odd character he met in that region. This odd chap, who afterward served the author as the main figure of a book that was largely successful, lived alone in a cabin. Woman's care being, of course, unknown, the cabin presented the spectacle of the triumphant reign of dirt and disorder.

Somehow the two chanced to talk of cooking and cooking utensils. "I had one of them cook books wunst," observed the old fellow, "but I couldn't do nawthing with it."

"What was the trouble?" asked the author.

"Why, everything in the book began with 'First take a clean dish.'—Harper's Weekly.

What For, Where?
The wily Sultan called his Vizier to his presence.

"We are not sufficiently numerous to meet the infidel Franks in open conflict," he said.

"It is so, writer, O Heaven-born," the Vizier replied.

"Therefore must they be undone by craft," the Commander of the Faithful continued. "I myself have devised the means. See to it, dog, that these are immediately put upon the market!" and he handed to the Vizier a package of Turkish cigarettes.—Puck.



THE ROOT CROP.

The amount of dry matter in sugar beets or turnips depends upon the soil and other conditions of growth, even the kind of manure having something to do with the quality. The value of a root crop does not depend upon the proportion of dry matter contained, as it may be desirable to have the water when succulency is desired. Roots are valuable foods in winter, which is the season when the hay and grain materials contain more dry matter than is required, the roots serving as a succulent addition to the ordinary rations.

COWS' APPETITE HER GUIDE.

When a cow is fed upon a variety of food she has an opportunity of selecting those portions most suitable for her purpose. Her natural appetite is her guide. If she is yielding milk she will give the preference to certain foods which she might reject if she should happen to be dried off. This selection of food is one of the valuable characteristics of an animal, as it increases her power of production. To keep a cow on an unchangeable diet, therefore, is to lessen her usefulness.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

When saving eggs for hatching purposes, or until enough have accumulated to fill the incubator or to place under the broody hens, keep them at a temperature of about sixty degrees. They will stand quite some variation from this, but taking everything into consideration this is about the proper degree of heat. Turn them a little every day. If such little things as these are paid attention to you will find that you will have a much greater percentage of fertile eggs and consequently a greater number of chicks that have a great deal better chance of being more robust than would otherwise be the case.

EARLY SEEDING OF LAWNS.

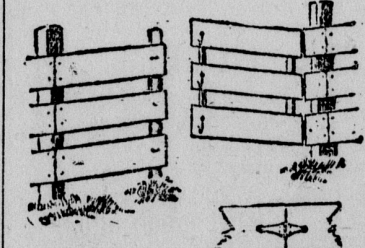
For a lawn sow blue grass seed at the rate of three bushels per acre. It may cost more in the spring per bushel for good seed, according to the supply and demand, as it is high in price during some seasons. It is light, weighing about fourteen pounds per bushel. If it is the best grass for a lawn, and plenty of seed should be used. No lawn will prove satisfactory if new unless the ground has been well prepared. Plow the land and level it fine with a rake. Wood ashes will always give excellent results. The kinds of grass depend upon the nature of the soil, but the best lawns are secured when the land is first thoroughly prepared. Do not mow the grass too often or too close to the ground the first season. Give it an opportunity to grow and become well established.

EARLY POTATO FARMING.

Seed potatoes should not be cut for any considerable time before planting. If it becomes necessary to delay planting for some time after potatoes are cut, the cut pieces should be dusted with plaster and spread out in a moderately moist cool place. At least they should not be allowed to become dry. If planting is done very early in the spring the ridges may be permitted to remain for ten days to two weeks before harrowing down. If planting is done somewhat late the ridges should be harrowed within one week after planting. In case of the early planting there is usually enough moisture present so that the ridging may temporarily prove a benefit by enabling the soil to become warm. In case of the late planting all the moisture should be conserved, and this is best done by leveling the ridges. Where the soil is naturally too wet the ridges may be beneficial in that they hasten evaporation and the consequent drying of the soil.—Frank H. Sweet, in The Epitomist.

A GOOD FENCE GATE.

Where the farm is divided into a number of fields it is often somewhat of a laborious task to pass from one field to another, and especially when animals are to be driven from one section to another of the farm. A gate such as is here described is easily placed in a section of any division fence, whether of wire, rails or boards. Arrange the point of opening so as to have firm corner posts, then make a gate four feet wide; a light post is



set before the ends of the boards are cut if the gate is erected as a part of a board fence. Two strong strips are nailed on the gate portion and three strong strap hinges are fastened on the boards where cut next to the post. Strong hooks and screw-eye serve as fastenings at the other end of the gate. It costs but little to arrange several of the handy gates about the farm and they will be found useful. The illustration shows the idea clearly.—Indiana News.

A LIVING DEATH.

Vividly Described by a Citizen of West Falls, South Dakota.

"Andrew Johnson, 411 West Twelfth St., Sioux Falls, S. D., says: 'Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life. My doctor,

from a careful analysis of the urine and a diagnosis of my case, had told me I could not live six weeks. I was struck down in the street with kidney trouble, and for a whole year could not leave the house. I lost flesh, my eyes failed, my back hurt and I suffered a living death. There seemed no hope until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Then I began to improve. The pain left gradually, the swellings subsided, I gained appetite and weight, and to make a long story short, I got well!'"

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Given Special Significance.

The Railway Age, a journal devoted to the technical and commercial side of railroading, recently published an article in which the charge is plainly made with reference to the operation of railroads, "there are too many wrecks." It would have been worthy of attention coming from a publication covering general subjects but it is given special significance through its appearance in a periodical without the slightest taint of sensationalism; one, indeed, characterized by decided conservatism where its special field is involved.—Atlantic Constitution.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CENESE & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. CENESE for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by their firm.
WERT & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDRING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

RUSH EXPECTED

Government Will Open the Shoshone Reservation to Settlers.

We are promised a rush this summer that will far eclipse that to Klondyke, or any other of recent years, when the Government opens up the Wind River or Shoshone Reservation in Wyoming, June 15, 1906. There is no imagination so vivid and fantastic as the gold hunter's, and for 20 years the Western prospectors have been filling each other with wonderful tales as to the richness of the Shoshone Reservation. The tales have ever reached Australia and Europe, and hungry gold-seekers from there will be in the rush. The reservation lies very nearly in the center of Wyoming, and has an area of 2,283 square miles, and is bounded by the North Fork of Wind River, Big Horn River, Big Wind River and Owl Creek. It is undoubtedly rich in gold and copper, but equally without doubt it has only a small fraction of the wealth that the miners' tales endow it with.

DOG'S MONUMENT MUST GO

Judge Prohibits the Burial of Animals in Cemetery.

In an opinion replete with reasons of a purely sentimental nature, Judge S. S. Swartz of Norristown, denies the right of anyone in Pennsylvania to inter domestic animals in graveyards set apart for human beings, or to allow a monument to be erected in a cemetery. He granted an injunction to St. Peter's Evangelical church of North Wales, empowering the church to have Charles E. Bean remove a monument from his family lot in the church yard.

The subject has been in controversy here for several years. At the request of the church council, Bean removed the dog's body, but erected a stone, with the inscription, "Our Pet," over the spot where it had been buried.

DECAYED STARCH.

A Food Problem.

An Asheville man tells how right food did that which medicines had failed to accomplish:

"For more than 15 years," he says, "I was afflicted with stomach trouble and intestinal indigestion, gas forming in stomach and bowels and giving me great distress. These conditions were undoubtedly due to the starchy food I ate, white bread, potatoes, etc., and didn't digest. I grew worse with time, till, 2 years ago, I had an attack which the doctor diagnosed as appendicitis. When the surgeon operated on me, however, it was found that my trouble was ulcer of the pancreas, instead of appendicitis."

"Since that time I have had several such attacks, suffering death, almost. The last attack was about 3 months ago, and I endured untold agonies. The doctor then said that I would have to eat less starchy stuff, so I began the use of Grape-Nuts food for I knew it to be pre-digested, and have continued same with most gratifying results. It has built me up wonderfully. I gained 10 pounds in the first 8 weeks that I used Grape-Nuts, my general health is better than ever before, my brain is clearer and my nerves stronger."

"For breakfast and dinner, each, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with cream, a small slice of dry toast, an egg soft boiled and a cup of Postum; and I make the evening meal on Grape-Nuts and cream alone—this gives me a good night's rest and I am well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.