

THE FOUNT OF YOUTH.

The fount of youth has oft been sought Since days of long ago...

But men grow old, and women, too, As in the days of yore...

Merely an Episode.

It would be hard to find a more ideally happy couple than the Charterises...

"Hang it all," remarked Dick Charteris, going to the window...

"Show him in here, of course," Dick Charteris was, perhaps, growing a trifle tired of his own company...

"No—thanks," the other recovered himself with an effort...

"Indeed," he said, with scarcely repressed anxiety...

"I should be sorry to miss seeing Sir Geoffrey," remarked his visitor...

"Yes, Constance." He blew a ring of smoke into the air and watched it lazily...

"Do you know Sir Geoffrey's daughters?" he asked, curiously...

"Next week, the twentieth, I wanted it sooner, but Constance said she wouldn't be married until after the sixteenth..."

He stopped abruptly, vexed with himself. What on earth could his affairs, and Constance's, matter to this man?

There was a silence, broken only by the snow beating against the windows...

"Does she—Constance, Miss Merton—care any more? I mean, of course, she has forgotten the other man?"

"The other man made no answer. He looked the young man up and down, his eyes resting curiously on Dick Charteris's fair, boyish face..."

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"Indeed," he said, with scarcely repressed anxiety...

"I should be sorry to miss seeing Sir Geoffrey," remarked his visitor...

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The Young Man and Problems of the Future

THE problems of the future are to be solved by the young men of to-day, and those questions are of such great and vital importance...

Be slow to decide, but when you have once pointed your course to that which you believe to be right let nothing turn you aside...

The Value of a Crust of Bread

IT is gratifying to know that some of the world's greatest men have been the sworn foes of waste, and have looked sharply after their own expenditures...

Paying Too Much For Success

IF a vigorous young business man, anxious to push his business and make money, were offered \$1,000,000 to shorten his life ten years...

Suppose that a bright, hopeful college graduate were asked to sell, offhand, the result of his four years' work, to give up his grasp of human nature...

Southern Farmers Prosperous

STUDY of the census will make it very clear that the Southern States are developing rapidly in agricultural lines. From 1890 to 1900 Tennessee increased her farms from 174,000 to 224,000...

Character the Noblest Gift

THE strength, the industry and civilization of a nation all depend upon individual character. This character, which lies with each one of us to develop, is law and order, that is, moral law and order...

ORTICULTURAL HINTS

Wintering Plants. Plants wintered in the cellar should be kept quite dry—not dust dry, however, but a very little moisture...

Strawberry Runners. The pistillate varieties of strawberries produce more runners and a greater amount of fruit than the varieties with perfect flowers...

An Orchard a Necessity. An orchard is a necessity on the farm. It is well known that a farm containing an orchard will sell at a fair price, when farms with no orchards are sacrificed...

The Peach Borer. The peach borer must be dug out of the tree with a knife. Its presence may always be known by the chips which it leaves while boring into the trees...

A Good Orchard Crop. One of the best crops to grow in a young orchard is the bush bean. It takes no nitrogen from the soil, but rather adds to it, and a good crop of beans will pay for manuring...

A Whiting of Vivid Hue. To low, moist meadows in Pennsylvania, or the pine swamps in New Jersey, we must in the autumn search for that richest of nature's whittings, the Cardinal Flower...



temptation to pluck every bunch within sight; so it is becoming rarer every year in certain localities. The Cardinal Flower is a Lobelia, and like all its family, has an irregular, monopetalous corolla, split down upon the upper side...

The Funny Side of Life.

The Fair Sex. We bring them bonbons every night, and when we win their hearts to boot, the darling girls turn round and say, 'To make him love you, feed the brute!'

His Physician's Estimate. Cholly—"Doctor, I want something for my head." Dr. Gruffy—"My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it for a gift."—Judge.

Be Served. Lady—"You say you served through the Spanish war. Was it in Cuba?" Tramp—"No, num, in Joliet Prison. Me sentence happened to be going on at dat time."—Chicago News.

The Real Boy. "What does Freddy like to play?" asked the caller. "Freddy," replied papa, "likes to play whatever games his mother and I decide are too rough for him."—Detroit Free Press.

No Better Off. "Poor Robinson! He couldn't make a living, and married a woman with money." "But isn't he all right now?" "Hardly. She is so close with it that he has to work harder than ever."—Life.

The Pace That Dazzles. Mrs. Newrich—"Mercy! Samuel, is it necessary that we go thirty miles an hour?" Mr. Newrich—"But, Henrietta, if we go slower people will say our automobile cost only a thousand or so!"—Puck.

Gloomy Forebodings. First Horse—"And you really think we're going to become extinct?" Second Horse—"I think so. I'm afraid the day will come when the schoolboy's first composition will not begin, 'The horse is a very useful animal.'"—Puck.

A Practical Test. "Do you mean to say you would not trust anybody who is not polite?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "a person to be trusted is one who does not lose his head in an emergency. And politeness is merely presence of mind."—Washington Star.

Oratory. Park Orator—"Aving said all I am going to say on this point, I will return to what I was just coming to when I was interrupted, and repeat what I was prevented from saying."—Punch.

Foolish Man. Postal Clerk—"You'll have to put an other stamp on that letter!" Miss Pert—"Why?" Postal Clerk—"Because it's over-weight." Miss Pert—"But, gracious! Another stamp would make it still heavier."—Philadelphia Press.

An Insinuation. Doris—"Yes, she was furious about the way in which that paper reported her marriage." Helen—"Did it allude to her age?" Doris—"Indirectly. It stated that 'Miss Oide and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well-known collector of antiques.'"—Chicago News.

Strange, if True. Jones—"This is a remarkable sort of burglary." Smith—"What is it?" Jones—"A thief ransacks a bureau drawer and steals a purse with two dollars in it and fails to overlook a roll containing two hundred dollars that was lying right on the dresser!"—Puck.

His Many Thoughts. "Don't you sometimes have thoughts?" asked the Soulful Young Thing, "that are absolutely unprintable?" "I do, miss," answered the old poet, "and sometimes, when I am digging for a rhyme that won't come, I have thoughts that are absolutely unprintable."—Chicago Tribune.

The Way of a Woman. "I hate to be contradicted," she said. "Then I won't contradict you," he returned. "You don't love me," she asserted. "I don't," he admitted. "You are a hateful thing," she cried. "I am," he replied. "I believe you're trying to tease me," she said. "I am," he conceded. "And that you do love me." "I do."

For a moment she was silent. "Well," she said, at last, "I do hate a man who is weak enough to be led by a woman. He ought to have a mind of his own—and strength!" He sighed. What else could he do?—Chicago Post.

Mosquitoes in India, when they cannot get blood, enjoy the pollen or the sap of plants and preserved fruits and other sweets about the houses.