

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually, Dispel Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

By whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

Victim of the Truants.

Mrs. Pease—You're putting nearly as much wrapping paper as breakfast on these scales and making me pay meat prices for it.

Marketman—Yes, ma'am, and I'm letting you have all that wrapping paper with a full knowledge of the fact that the price of it, owing to the senseless greed of the wood pulp monopoly, is going up right along. Anything else this morning, ma'am?

Side Light on History.

Israel Putnam had shot the wolf.

"I hadn't practiced on the neighbors' cats for nothing," he said, looking around, from force of habit, for a place where he could bury the animal.

Yet he didn't forget to apply for a bounty on the wolf's scalp.

Physician Called in Escapes in Worst Form—Patient Desperately Cured Her.

—Cuticura Remedies Cured Her.

"About four years ago I was afflicted with black spots all over my face and a few covering my body, which produced a severe itching irritation, and which caused me a great deal of suffering, to such an extent that I was forced to call in two of the leading physicians of ——. After a thorough examination of the dreaded complaint they announced it to be skin eczema in the worst form. Their treatment did me no good. Finally I became despondent and decided to discontinue their services. My husband purchased a single set of the Cuticura Remedies, which entirely stopped the breaking out. I continued the use of the Cuticura Remedies for six months, and after that every spot was entirely gone. I have not felt a symptom of the eczema since, which was three years ago. Mrs. Lizette E. Steghe, 540 Jones Ave., Selma, Ala., Oct. 28, 1906."

The Man Who Is Ahead.

In almost every newspaper you pick up you are pretty sure to find a lot of gush about the man behind the counter and the man behind the gun; the man behind the buzz-saw and the man behind the son; the man behind the times and the man behind his rents; the man behind the plowshare and the man behind the fence; the man behind the whistle and the man behind the cars; the man behind the kodak and the man behind the bars; the man behind his whiskers and the man behind his fists; and everything is entered on the list. But they've skipped another fellow, of whom nothing has been said—the fellow who is even, or a little way ahead—who pays for what he gets, whose hills are always signed. He's a blamed sight more important than the man who is behind. All the editors and merchants, and the whole commercial clan, are indebted for existence to this honest fellow man. He keeps us all in business and his town is never dead, and so we take off our hats to the man who is ahead.—Judge

Triumph of Mind.

Victim of Delusion—Doctor, I'm awfully afraid I'm going to have brain fever.

Doctor—Pooh, pooh, my dear friend! That is all an illusion of the senses. There is no such thing as fever. You have no fever, you have no brain fever—no material substance upon which such a wholly imaginary and superstitious thing as a fever could find any base of operation.

Victim—O, doctor, what a load you have taken from me—from me—I have a mind, haven't I?

"TWO TOPERS."

A Teacher's Experience.

"My friends call me The Postum Frencher," writes a Miss school teacher, "because I preach the gospel of Postum everywhere I go, and have been the means of liberating many 'coffee-pot slaves.'"

"I don't care what they call me so long as I can help others to see what they lose by sticking to coffee, and can show them the way to steady nerves, clear brain and general good health by using Postum."

"While a school girl I drank coffee and had fits of trembling and went through a siege of nervous prostration, which took me three years to rally from."

"Mother coaxed me to use Postum, but I thought coffee would give me strength. So things went, and when I married I found my husband and I were both coffee toppers and I can sympathize with a drunkard who tries to leave off his cups."

"At last in sheer desperation, I bought a package of Postum, followed directions about boiling it, served it with good cream, and asked my husband how he liked the coffee."

"We each drank three cups apiece, and what a satisfied feeling it left. Our conversation has lasted several years and will continue as long as we live, for it has made us new—nerves are steady, appetites good, sleep sound and refreshing."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

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

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER I.

"This is a nice room you've got, Walter."

"Yes, you know I am to stay here for two years, and I might as well be comfortable."

"It's a good deal better than my room—twice as big, to begin with. Then, my carpet looks as if it had come down through several generations. As for a mirror, I've got a seven-by-nine looking glass that I have to look into twice before I can see my whole face. As for the bedstead it creaks so when I jump into it that I expect every night it'll fall to pieces and spill me on the floor. Now your room is splendidly furnished."

"Yes, it is now, but father furnished it at his own expense. He said he was willing to spend a little money to make me comfortable."

"That's more than my father said. He told me it wouldn't do me any harm to rough it."

"Perhaps he's right," said Walter. "Of course, I don't object to the new carpet and furniture, but I shouldn't consider it any great hardship if I had to rough it, as you call it."

"Wouldn't you? Then I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's change rooms. You can go round and board at Mrs. Glenn's, and I'll come here."

"I am not sure what my father would think of that arrangement," said Walter, smiling.

"I thought you'd find some way to crawl out," said Lemuel. "For my part, I don't believe you'd enjoy roughing it any better than I."

"I don't know," said Walter; "I've sometimes thought I shouldn't be very sorry to be a poor boy, and have to work my own way."

"That's very well to say when you're the son of a rich man."

"So are you."

"Yes, but I don't get the benefit of it, and you do. What would you do now if you were a poor boy?"

"I could say, of course, now, but I won't go to work at something. I am sure I could earn my own living."

"I suppose I could, too, but I shouldn't want to. Some people are born lazy, don't they?"

"Perhaps you are right," answered Walter, with a smile. "Now suppose we open our Casar."

Lemuel Warner was a pleasant looking boy of fourteen, the son of a prosperous merchant in New York. Walter Conrad was from a small country town, where his father was the wealthiest and most prominent and influential citizen, having a handsome mansion house, surrounded by extensive grounds.

Nobody knew just how rich he was; but he was generally supposed to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Conrad had been dead for five years, so that Walter, who was an only child, had no immediate relation except his father. It was for this reason, perhaps, that he had been sent to the Essex Classical Institute. Being a boy of talent, and well-grounded in Latin, he was easily able to take a high rank in his class. Lemuel Warner had become his intimate friend, being in the same class, but inferior to him in scholarship. They usually studied their Latin lessons together, and it was owing to this circumstance that Lemuel made a better figure in his recitations than before Walter came to the school.

"There, that job's done," said Lemuel, closing his book with an air of satisfaction. "Now we can rest."

"You forget the Latin exercise. You know the doctor expects each boy to write a letter in Latin, addressed to his father, not less than twelve lines in length."

The boys started on their new task, and finished by nine o'clock. Lemuel's letter was written with a brilliant disregard of grammatical rules, but it was considerably revised in accordance with suggestions from Walter.

"I've a great mind to send my letter home, Walter," said Lemuel. "Father expects me to write home every week, and this would save me some trouble. Besides, he'd think I was getting on famously, to write home in Latin."

"Yes, if he didn't find out the mistakes."

"That's the rub. He'd show it to the minister the first time he called, and then my blunders would be detected. I guess I'd better wait till it comes back from the doctor corrected."

"I expect to hear from home to-morrow," said Walter. "It is my birthday."

"Let me be the first to congratulate you. How venerable will you be?"

"As venerable as most boys of fifteen, Lem."

"You're three months older than I am, then. Do you expect a present?"

"Father promised to give me a gold watch chain some time. You know I have a gold watch already."

"Yes, and a regular little beauty."

"So it wouldn't surprise me much to get a chain for a present."

"You're a lucky boy. My watch is silver, and only cost twenty dollars."

"I'd say I should be just as happy with a silver watch, Lem."

"I suppose you wouldn't like to buy, would you? If so, I'll give you the chance. A fair exchange is no robbery."

"No, I suppose not; but it wouldn't do to exchange a gift."

"Perhaps, if my watch were gold and yours silver, you wouldn't have any objections."

"I don't think that would alter the case with me. A gift is a gift, no matter about its value."

"It's the hard study, I suppose, that's done it. I must be getting back to Ma'am Glenn's. Good-night."

"Good-night, Lem."

Lemuel Warner gathered up his books, and left the room. Walter looked at the fire, putting some ashes on, so that it would keep till the next morning, and commenced undressing. He was interrupted by a heavy step on the stairs, and directly afterward a knock resounded upon his door.

Wondering who his late visitor could be, Walter stepped to the door and opened it. He was still more surprised to recognize in the visitor Dr. Porter, the principal of the institute.

"Good-evening, Conrad," said the doctor. "I am rather a late visitor. I was not sure but you might be in bed. Have you heard from home lately, Conrad?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir, I received a letter a few days since."

"Did your father speak of being unwell?"

"No, sir," said Walter, taking nothing alarm. "Have—have you heard anything?"

"Yes, my boy; and that is my reason for calling upon you at this unusual hour."

I received this telegram twenty minutes since.

Walter took the telegram, with trembling fingers, and read the following message:

"Dr. Porter—Please send Walter Conrad home by the first train. His father is very sick. NANCY FORBES."

"Do you think there is any danger, Dr. Porter?" asked Walter, with a pale face.

"I cannot tell, my boy; this telegram furnishes all the information I possess. Who is Nancy Forbes?"

"She is the housekeeper. I can't realize that father is so sick. He did not say anything about it when he wrote."

"Let us hope it is only a brief sickness. I think you had better go home by the first train to-morrow morning."

The principal shook hands with Walter and withdrew. When his tall form had vanished, Walter sat down and tried to realize the fact of his father's sickness; but this he found difficult. It was a long time before he got to sleep, but at length he did sleep, waking in time only for a hasty preparation for the homeward journey.

He was so occupied with thoughts of his father that it was not till he was well on the way home that it occurred to him that this was his fifteenth birthday, to which he had been looking forward for some time.

The seat in front of Walter was for some time vacant; but at the Woodville station two gentlemen got in and entered upon an animated conversation. Walter did not at first pay any attention to it. He was looking out of the window listlessly, unable to fix his mind upon anything except his father's sickness. But at length his attention was caught by some remarks made by one of the gentlemen in front, and from this point he listened intently.

"I suspected him to be a swindler when he first came to me," said the gentleman sitting next the window. "He hadn't an honest look, and I was determined not to have anything to do with his scheme. Mining companies are risky things always. I once got taken in to the tune of five thousand dollars, but it taught me a lesson. So I was not particularly impressed with the brilliant prospectus of the Great Metropolitan Mining Company, in spite of its high-sounding name, and its promised dividend of thirty per cent. Depend upon it, James Wall and his confederates will pocket all the dividends that are made."

"Very likely you are right. But it may be that Wall really believed there was a good chance of making money."

"Of course he did, but he was determined to make the money for himself, and not for the stockholders."

"I might have been tempted to invest, but all my money was locked up at the time, and I could not have done so without borrowing the money, and that I was resolved not to do."

"It was fortunate for you that you didn't, for the bubble has already burst. There will be many losers. By the way, I hear that Mr. Conrad of Willoughby was largely interested. He is a rich man, but for all that he may have gone in beyond his means."

"I am sorry for him, but that was reckless."

"Yes, he was completely taken in by Wall. He's a smooth fellow."

When the gentlemen left the cars Walter saw one of them had left a morning paper lying in the seat. He picked it up and examined the columns until his eyes fell upon the following paragraph:

"The failure of the Great Metropolitan Mining Company proves to be a disastrous one. The assets will not be sufficient to pay more than five per cent of the amount of the sums invested by the stockholders, possibly not that. There must have been gross mismanagement somewhere, or such a result could hardly have been reached. We understand that the affairs of the company are in the hands of assignees who are empowered to wind them up. The stockholders in this vicinity will await the result with anxiety."

"That looks rather discouraging, to be sure," thought Walter. "I suppose father will lose a good deal. But I'll tell him he needn't worry about me. I shan't mind being poor, even if it comes to that. As long as he is left to me, I won't complain."

The time passed until the cars stopped at Willoughby station. Walter jumped over a fence and took his way across the fields to his father's house. By the road it would have been a mile, but it was scarcely more than half a mile by the foot path.

He went up the pathway to the front door and rang the bell. The door was opened by Nancy Forbes, the housekeeper, whose name was appended to the telegram.

"So it's you, Master Walter," she said. "I am glad you are home, but it's a sad home you're come to."

"Is father very sick, then?" asked Walter, turning pale.

"My dear child, your father died at eight o'clock this morning."

CHAPTER II.

This sudden announcement of his father's death was a great shock to Walter. The news stunned him, and he stood, pale and motionless, looking into the housekeeper's face.

"Come in, Master Walter, come in and have a cup of hot tea. It'll make you feel better."

"Tell me about it, Nancy; I—I can't think it's true. It's so sudden. When was he first taken sick?"

"I didn't notice nothing till last night just after supper. Richard went to the postoffice and got your father's letters. When they came he took 'em into his library, and began to read 'em. There was three, I remember. It was about an hour before I went into the room to tell him the carpenter had called about repairing the carriage house. When I came in, there was your poor father lying on the carpet, senseless. He held a letter tight in his hand. I screamed for help. Mr. Brice, the carpenter, and Richard came in and helped me to lift up your poor father, and we sent right off for the doctor."

"What did the doctor say?"

"He said it was a paralytic stroke—a very bad one—and ordered him to be put to bed directly. But it was of no use. He never recovered, but breathed his last this morning at eight o'clock."

"Nancy, have you got that letter which my father was reading?"

"Yes, Master Walter, I put it in my pocket without reading. I think there must have been bad news in it."

She drew from her pocket a letter, which she placed in Walter's hands. He

read it hastily, and it confirmed his suspicions. It was from a lawyer Mr. Conrad had asked to make inquiries respecting the Great Metropolitan Mining Company, and was as follows:

"William Conrad, Esq.:

"Dear Sir—I have, at your request, taken pains to inform myself of the present management and condition of the Great Metropolitan Mining Company. The task has been less difficult than I anticipated, since the failure of the company has just been made public. The management has been in the hands of dishonest and unscrupulous men, and it is doubtful whether the stockholders will be able to recover anything."

"ANDREW HOLMES."

Walter folded up the letter, and put it into his pocket. He felt that this letter had cost his father his life, and in the midst of his grief he had very bitter thoughts about the unscrupulous man who had led his father to ruin. Had it been merely the loss of property, he could have forgiven him, but he had been deprived of the kindest and most indulgent of fathers.

"I should like to see my father," he said.

An hour later he came out of the death chamber, pale but composed. He seemed older and more thoughtful than when he entered. A great and sudden sorrow often has this effect upon the young.

"Nancy," he said, "have any arrangements been made about the funeral?"

"No, Walter, we waited till you came."

"My father had no near relatives. There is a cousin, Jacob Drummond, who lives in Stapleton. It will be necessary to let him know. It will be best to telegraph."

Jacob Drummond kept a dry goods store in the village of Stapleton. He had the reputation of being a very mean man. He carried his meanness not only into his business, but into his household, and there was not a poor mechanic in Stapleton who did not live better than Mr. Drummond, who was the rich man of the place.

(To be continued.)

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER

No Satisfactory Substitute Has Yet Been Discovered.

One of the most promising fields for the experiments of the inventive genius, whether he be chemist, mechanic, agriculturist or naturalist, is the search for a substitute for leather, says the Boston Transcript. In this day when the supply of leather seems to have reached its topmost record, and its many uses are steadily increasing, the balance of the law of demand and supply must be preserved by the production of some substance which combines attributes of leather. The old expression, "There's nothing like leather," has never been contradicted, but now research must be made till something like leather is found suitable to take the wear-and-tear of the feet of millions, and endure as leather has.

The Japanese present their mitsunata tree, the bark of which has some of the qualities of leather, but the Japanese are buying leather for America, so that their bark is not likely to be produced in sufficient quantities to be practicable. The most natural substitute is some textile fabric of such a material, or so chemically treated, as to be impervious to water, and able to withstand severe strain and wear. Already the cotton canvas has become a popular substitute for leather summer shoes. But so far it is not water-tight, nor durable beyond a certain short limit. Its use is confined to the yamps and uppers of the shoe, the old-fashioned leather being depended upon for the sole. The heel of leather has been crowded out in many instances by the rubber heel. The wooden heel figures prominently in Cuban, Louis, common sense or military styles for women's shoes. But the artificial leather is still unperfected.

Some Kansas genius proposed to press a substance from corn stalks which he avers would serve the purpose. Another wizard of the Middle West desired a stone sole of a substance composed of marble dust, sand and glue. The ingenious Japanese have pressed a seaweed into a substance which is passable as an inner sole, and still the secret is unsolved. Building on the cotton canvas has produced substances made of canvas treated with rubber, but the porosity of leather is not provided for and rubber is becoming itself a scarce substance.

A Yankee genius has proposed the shredding of old leather, then mixing it with some binding substance and so procuring a built-up leather, but the life of the original has been destroyed. Numerous paths have been blazed out, it will be seen, but the field is still to be traversed in the right direction, and the use of cotton, treated and woven in some way, seems the most promising. The patent leather of to-day, which is leather varnished and baked till the varnish becomes a hard surface and the leather but a fibrous substance devoid of life and elasticity, has been imitated by treating heavy cotton cloth in the same way with quite similar results. In that direction the problem is partially solved. There is yet to be devised a material which will make the shoes of the schoolboy, of the farmer, the trench-digger and the business man.

Ultra-Fashionable.

"Whatever became of that plain family called the Dewberys who used to live in the little house at the end of the lane?" queried the man who had just returned to the village after a five years' absence.

"They struck out, stranger," replied the old postmaster. "They own a big mansion on the hill, three automobiles and their daughter is engaged to a real duke."

"Strange! And do they still have 'Dewberry' on the gate as they did when they lived in the little house in the lane?"

"Oh, no. They call themselves Dr. Barry now. Dewberry sounds too plain."

Catching the Wayfarer.

Cogger—The good parson told me I should always be trying to lift up my fellow man.

Mooswood—What did you answer?

Cogger—I told him I would put a scoop on my automobile at the earliest opportunity.

The world's Sunday schools total 2,000,000, with 26,000,000 attendants.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHYS AND WHEREFORES OF SLANG.

AS a matter of fact, a little slang is an excellent thing, but in the present era of slang more than the smallest quantity is a great deal too much. The English language may fairly be said to be the most picturesque and most expressive in the world, and it does not need the verbiage of the street, or even the catch words and catch phrases of the slum, to add to its vigor and variety. As a rule, the use of slang is indicative more of paucity of thought and idea than of a susceptibility to the humorous and the graphic. If we tell our friend to "get onto his job," "to get onto himself," "to get busy," "to get a move on," or any one of a hundred other things, we certainly reveal our tendency to move with the tide of the hour, but at the same time we clearly show that we are more imitative than original. We speak slang frequently through sheer laziness. It was the last word in the mouth of a companion, and it becomes the next word in ours. It is echoed by the speaker, by the teacher, by the lecturer, by the writer, but with rare exceptions it never becomes anything but slang. After all, it is only the best of slang that survives, but even then we need not excuse ourselves for becoming proficient in its use. We should think of the present as well as of the future. Why use slang when we can speak the speech of our heritage equally well? Why become the blind leaders of the blind?—Boston Transcript.

MOVING-PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

WITHIN a comparatively short time an entirely new form of public amusement has arisen and grown to astonishing magnitude. The videscope is doing for the common people, and especially for the children, what only the theater has done heretofore, and is doing it for a tenth of the cost, and in towns too small for the theater to invade.

What are the subjects which call forth such shouts of laughter and such exclamations of delight from the children? The father who does not know would do well to find out by personal investigation. He will discover a man on the railroad track, and see an express train rush by and toss and mangle him. Men and women leap from the windows of burning buildings. Policemen arrest "toughs" after a severe fight. Russian peasants are stripped to the waist and beaten insensibly by cruel Cossacks, while the Tsar's officers applaud. The antics of a drunken man delight a street crowd, and a domestic tragedy involves a double murder and ends in suicide.

Of course the scenes from which these pictures are made are "fakes"—compositions carefully prepared for the purpose—for when such scenes are enacted in real life the photographer is not there to record them. The result, at least upon the mind of receptive childhood, is the same as if the scenes were real. Indeed, they are real in the effect of excitement created and sympathies

A VALLEY OF DEATH.

In his horror more terrible than those of Dante's imagination.

Only thirty-five miles long and about eight miles wide, yet nobody can pass through it and retain both life and reason. Such is Death Valley, on the borders of California and Nevada, says a writer. It is undoubtedly the deadliest place in the whole wide world. I have looked down upon this valley several times from the mountain heights which inclose it—the telescope range on the west, and the Fu-

ploring trip with two soldiers, forced his guide at the point of the rifle to take him into the valley on foot. Within two hours one of the soldiers staggered back into the camp of the main body, demented, and hardly able to walk. The others had become insane and wandered away to die.

If a man is not quickly killed by heat and thirst or by falling into the quicksands, he goes mad and raves of green fields and bubbling streams. In parts of the valley there are innumerable pinnacles of salt earth, as sharp as a needle, and as dangerous

as bayonet points. Many a man has been lamed by them, and fallen down to die of delirium. Even the gloomy imagination of Dante could not have conjured up one-half of the horrors of this real valley of death.

TERRAPIN IS INTELLIGENT.

He Can Walk a Chalk Line at Command and Do Other Things.

Pinkey, so called because of the color of his shell, is one of the most interesting exhibits at the aquarium, but one not often viewed by the public, says the New York Times. Pinkey is an albino terrapin, one so rare that L. B. Spencer, in charge of fresh water fish, always brings him out for those who are "behind the scenes." Those in charge of the exhibit speak of him as a freak.

At present Pinkey is living a contented life in a tin-lined box under a glass tank containing sea anemones in Mr. Spencer's domain. He is exhibited as another argument in support of his custodian's belief that the lowest forms of animal life have a certain amount of reasoning power. Pinkey can walk a chalk line at the command of Mr. Spencer, and he can also wave his head to signify that feeding time has arrived.

The terrapin came from Texas some

days of this Pinkey's interest in life revived. Then he began to show a fondness for Mr. Spencer, and persisted in following him about the room. He began to know when it was dinner time. Now Mr. Spencer will stand half-way across the room and call to him. Out of his den will come Pinkey, and with many a thump of his hard shell on the floor crawl to Mr. Spencer's feet. But his greatest stunt is walking the chalk line.

"Pinkey, you have been drinking," says Mr. Spencer. "Show me," he says, and Pinkey starts off down the line.

"That's not so much," said one visitor after such an exhibition. "The beast just kept on going after you put him down."

From the marks about the edge of his shell Mr. Spencer believes that Pinkey is reaching the old-age limit. He is perhaps 70 years old, and rheumatism is getting into his left leg, which is already stiff at the joint.

When you go to the aquarium again ask to see Mr. Spencer's real albino terrapin. His acquaintance is worth making, even if it is only to see him scratch his head and brighten up when Mr. Spencer speaks to him.

We are somewhat fussy, but we do not object to a man yelling when he has a tooth pulled.



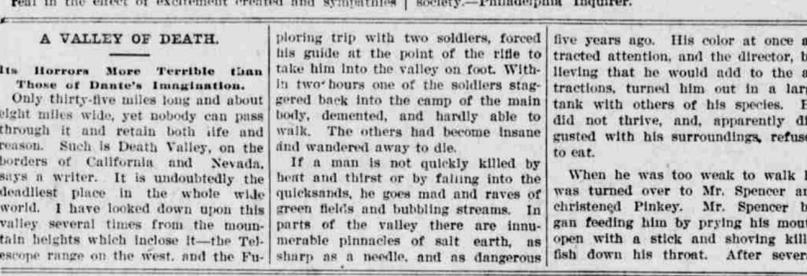
HE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS CONSTITUTE THE STRATEGIC SITUATION COMMANDING THE EASTERN HALF OF THE PACIFIC.

THE Hawaiian Islands constitute the strategic situation commanding the eastern half of the Pacific. Pearl Harbor, which the government is about to fortify as a naval station, has a depth when the entrance is passed of sixty feet upon the average and an area of ten square miles. There is no warrant for viewing the fortification of this outpost as conveying a menace to any Asiatic power. It is a precautionary measure, justified upon the same reasons that have inspired our coastal defenses, fronting along both oceans. Pearl Harbor, from the geographic position which it occupies, is an outlying challenge port, along the great ocean highway leading to our shores. Thought turns to Japan in connection with Hawaii as a defense outpost only because Japan is, besides the United States, the only power maintaining a powerful naval outfit in the Pacific.

But this may not be the situation thirty years from now. China has entered upon the same modernizing transformation which has been in progress in the Japanese empire for more than a quarter of a century. The Mongolian empire has a population which is believed to be three times as large as that of the nationality next greatest in that respect, and, moreover, an undeveloped wealth of mine and field generally estimated as being of an aggregate importance exceeding the latent resources of any other equal area on the globe. Ultimately, there is abundant reason for believing China, and not Japan, is to be the predominant Asiatic power.—Baltimore American.

KILL THE HOUSE FLY.

THE fly transmits typhoid through its feet. It can carry thousands of bacilli on each foot, and if it lights on food and the food is eaten disease is apt to follow. The fly does not wipe his feet, and there is no use in trying to train him to do so. The only resource is to get rid of him entirely. All careful housekeepers have their windows and doors screened, but this is valuable largely as a matter of comfort; it does not go to the root of the trouble. The flies infest butcher shops and grocery stores, and we shall never be immune until we attack the fly as an enemy of society.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



EMIGRANTS IN DEATH VALLEY DOOMED TO PERISH.



DEATH VALLEY IS THE BED OF A VANISHED LAKE, NOW A DESERT OF SAND, SALT AND ALKALI.

There were forty emigrants in the first wagon train that tried to pass through Death Valley in 1849. Two men got through, and both were insane. Many other bands of emigrants going to California perished, and the place was avoided, until gold was found there, and then party after party of reckless men were lured to death. Over fifty Mexicans succumbed in one batch.

Death Valley has been the scene of some of the worst tragedies of torture in human history. Lieutenant of the United States army, on an ex-

ploring trip with two soldiers, forced his guide at the point of the rifle to take him into the valley on foot. Within two hours one of the soldiers staggered back into the camp of the main body, demented, and hardly able to walk. The others had become insane and wandered away to die.

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