The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — they not only give relief — they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

WILLING HE SHOULD GO FAR

One Man to Have Kid Transferred, but He May Have Had a Grouch.

"What do you think of this scheme of having the countries exchange children?" asked the Sewickley man.

"I don't think anything about it," said the Wilkinsburg man. "What is the idea?"

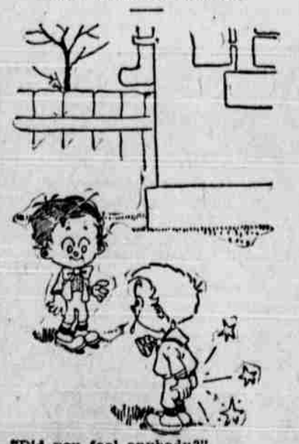
"An English family, for instance, exchanges children for a couple of years with a German family. References are first exchanged and all that sort of thing."

"I see."

"Thus both sets of children get a chance to learn another language and get acquainted with another country. It's quite a scheme."

"It's an elegant scheme," declared the Wilkinsburg man. "My neighbors have a kid that I would like to see exchanged with some family in Siberia."

BUT HE WAS WRONG.



"Did you fool anybody?"

"Yep. I fooled myself into thinkin' I could fool pa!"

Births in the Air.

The International Congress on Aerial Legislation, sitting at Geneva, Switzerland, is evoking a very detailed code of laws. One of its suggested paragraphs reads: "In the event of a birth occurring in an air craft the pilot is to enter the event in his log book and must notify the fact to the authorities at the first place at which he descends."

Autocratic Assertions.

"Are you a servant of the people?" asked the constituent.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "Only it should be observed that a really first-class servant may come pretty nearly being a boss."

Accounted For.

"How is it so many people seem able to get the money to buy automobiles with?"

"If you only notice, they are the easiest things in the world with which to raise the dust."

Ideals.

"What is your idea of a perfect husband?"

"One with about a million, who would lose no time in making me a merry widow."

Fitting Crime.

He—I know who egged you on to this.

She—Who egged me on?

He—That old hen.

When a couple is engaged they look at each other's virtues with magnifying glasses, which are thrown aside on their wedding day.

Even a homely man is apt to boast of how the women run after him.

WELL PEOPLE TOO

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee." (It's a well-known fact that tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale.

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes.

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results.

"When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice.

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," 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 human interest.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

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SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Bess Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once.

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

Whatever the promptings that inspired this warning, they plainly had nothing to do with either liking or sympathy. Her dominating emotion seemed to be a sullen sort of resentment which lit up her glance with a dull fire; yet her feelings were so clearly and so keenly personal that Betty understood the motive that had brought her there. The explanation, she found, left her wondering just where and how her own fate was linked with that of this poor white.

"You have been waiting some time to see me?" she asked.

"Ever since along about noon."

"You were afraid to come to the house?"

"I didn't want to be seen there."

"And yet you knew I was alone."

"Alone—but how do you know who's watching the place?"

"Do you think there was reason to be afraid of that?" asked Betty.

Again the girl stamped her foot with angry impatience.

"You're just wastin' time—just foolin' it away—and you ain't got none to spare!"

"You must tell me what I have to fear—I must know more or I shall stay just where I am!"

"Well, then, stay!" The girl turned away, and then as quickly turned back and faced Betty once more. "I reckon he'd kill me if he knew—I reckon I've earned that already—"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"He'll have you away from here tonight!"

"He? . . . who . . . and what if I refuse to go?"

"Did they ask Charley Norton whether he wanted to live or die?" came the sinister question.

A shiver passed through Betty. She was seeing it all again—Charley as he groped among the graves with the hand of death heavy upon him.

A moment later she was alone. The girl had disappeared.

"Come—come quick, Hannibal!" she gasped out, and seized his hand.

"What is it, Miss Betty? What's the matter?" asked Hannibal as they fled panting up the terraces.

"I don't know—only we must get away from here just as soon as we can!" Then, seeing the look of alarm on the child's face, she added more quietly, "Don't be frightened, dear, only we must go away from Belle Plain at once." But where they were to go, she had not considered.

Reaching the house, they stole to Betty's room. Her well-filled purse was the important thing; that together with some necessary clothing, went into a small hand-bag.

"You must carry this, Hannibal; if any one sees us leave the house they'll think it something you are taking away," she explained. Hannibal nodded understandingly.

"Don't you trust your niggers, Miss Betty?" he whispered as they went from the room.

"I only trust you, dear!"

"What makes you go? Was it something that woman told you? Are they coming after us, Miss Betty? Is it Captain Murrell?"

"Captain Murrell?" There was less of mystery now, but more of terror, and her hand stole up to her heart, and, white and slim, rested against the black fabric of her dress.

"Don't you be scared, Miss Betty!" said Hannibal.

They went silently from the house and again crossed the lawn to the terrace. Under the leafy arch which canopied them there was already the deep purple of twilight.

"Do you reckon it were Captain Murrell shot Mr. Norton, Miss Betty?" asked Hannibal in a shuddering whisper.

"Hush—Oh, hush, Hannibal! It is too awful to even speak of—" and, sobbing and half hysterical, she covered her face with her hands.

"But where are we going, Miss Betty?" asked the boy.

"I don't know, dear!" She had an agonizing sense of the night's approach and of her own utter helplessness.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Betty, let's go to the judge and Mr. Mahaffy!" said Hannibal.

"Judge Price?" She had not thought of him as a possible protector.

"Why, Miss Betty, ain't I told you he ain't afraid of nothing? We could walk to Raleigh easy if you don't want your niggers to hook up a team for you."

Betty suddenly remembered the carriage which had taken the judge into town; she was sure it had not yet returned.

"We will go to the judge, Hannibal! George, who drove him into Raleigh, has not come back; if we hurry we may meet him on the road."

Screened by the thick shadows, they passed up the path that edged the bayou; at the head of the inlet they entered a clearing, and crossing this they came to the corn-field which lay between the house and the high-road. Following one of the shock rows they hurried to the mouth of the lane.

"Hannibal, I don't want to tell the judge why I am leaving Belle Plain—about the woman, I mean," said Betty.

"You reckon they'd kill her, don't you, Miss Betty, if they knew what she'd done?" speculated the boy. It occurred to him that an adequate explanation of their flight would require preparation, since the judge was at all times singularly alive to the slightest discrepancy of statement. They had issued from the corn-field and went along the road toward Raleigh. Suddenly Betty paused.

"Hark!" she whispered.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said Hannibal reassuringly, and they hurried forward again. In the utter stillness through which they moved Betty heard the beating of her own heart, and the soft and all but inaudible patter of the boy's bare feet on the warm dust of the road. Vague forms that resolved themselves into trees and bushes seemed to creep toward them out of the night's black uncertainty.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said Hannibal as before, and he returned to his consideration of the judge. He sensed something of that intellectual nimbleness which his patron's physical make-up in nowise suggested, since his face was a mask that usually left one in doubt as to just how much of what he heard succeeded in making its impression on him; but the boy knew that Slocum Price's blind side was a shelterless exposure.

"You don't think the carriage could have passed us while we were crossing the corn-field?" said Betty.

"No, I reckon we couldn't a-missed hearing it," answered Hannibal. He had scarcely spoken when they caught the rattle of wheels and the beat of hoofs. These sounds swept nearer and nearer, and the darkness disgorged the Belle Plain team and carriage.

"George!" cried Betty, a world of relief in her tones.

"Whoa, you!" and George reined in his horses with a jerk. "Who's dar?" he asked, bending forward on the box as he sought to pierce the darkness with his glance.

"George—"

"Oh, it you, Missy?"

"Yes, I wish you to drive me into Raleigh," said Betty, and she and Hannibal entered the carriage.

"All right, Missy. Yo'-all ready fo' me to go along out o' here?"

"Yes—drive fast, George!" urged Betty.

"It's right dark fo' fas' driving', Missy, with the road jes' almin' fo' to bus' yo' springs with chuckholes!" He had turned his horses' heads in the direction of Raleigh while he was speaking. "It's scandalous black in these heah woods, Missy—I 'clar' I never seen it no blacker!"

The carriage swung forward for perhaps a hundred years, then suddenly the horses came to a dead stop.

"Go along on, dar!" cried George, and struck them with his whip, but the horses only reared and plunged.

"Hold on, nigger!" said a rough voice out of the darkness.

"What yo' doin'?" the coachman gasped. "Don' yo' know dis de Belle Plain carriage? Take yo' han's offen dem hosses' bits!"

Two men stepped to the side of the carriage.

"Show your light, Bunker," said the same rough voice that had spoken before. Instantly a hooded lantern was uncovered, and Hannibal uttered a cry of terror. He was looking into the face of Slosson, the tavern-keeper.

He Was Looking Into the Face of Slosson, the Tavern-keeper.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prisoners.

In the face of Betty's indignant protest Slosson and the man named Bunker climbed into the carriage.

"Don't you be scared, ma'am," said the tavern-keeper, who smelt strongly of whisky. "I wouldn't lift my hand ag'in no good-looking female except in kindness."

"How dare you stop my carriage?" cried Betty, with a very genuine anger which for the moment dominated all her other emotions. She struggled to her feet, but Slosson put out a heavy hand and thrust her back.

"There now," he urged soothingly. "Why make a fuss? We ain't going to harm you; we wouldn't for no sum of money. Drive on, Jim—drive like hell!" This last was addressed to the man who had taken George's place on the box, where a fourth member of Slosson's band had forced the coachman down into the narrow space between the seat and dashboard, and was holding a pistol to his head while he sternly enjoined silence.

With a word to the horses Jim swung about and the carriage rolled off through the night at a breakneck pace. Betty's shaking hands drew Hannibal closer to her side as she felt the surge of her terrors rise within her. Who were these men—where could they be taking her—and for what purpose? The events of the past week linked themselves in tragic sequence in her mind.

They swept past the entrance at Belle Plain, past a break in the wall of the forest where the pale light of stars showed Betty the cornfield she and Hannibal had but lately crossed, and then on into pitchy darkness again. She clung to the desperate hope that they might meet some one on the road, when she could cry out and give the alarm. She held herself in readiness for this, but there was only the steady pounding of the big bays as Jim with voice and whip urged them forward. At last he abruptly checked them, and Bunker and Slosson sprang from their seats.

"Get down, ma'am!" said the latter.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Betty, in a voice that shook in spite of her efforts to control it.

"You must hurry, ma'am," urged Slosson impatiently.

"I won't move until I know where you intend taking me!" said Betty. "If I am to die—"

Mr. Slosson laughed loudly and indulgently.

"You ain't. If you don't want to walk, I'm man enough fo' to tote you. We ain't far to go, and I've tackled jobs I'd a heap less heart fo' in my time," he concluded gallantly. From the opposite side of the carriage Bunker swore nervously. He desired to know if they were to stand there talking all night. "Shut your filthy mouth, Bunker, and see you keep tight hold of that young rip-staver," said Slosson. "He's a perfect eel—I've had dealings with him afore!"

"You tried to kill my Uncle Bob—at the tavern, you and Captain Murrell. I heard you, and I seen you drag him to the river!" cried Hannibal.

Slosson gave a start of astonishment at this.

"Why, ain't he hateful?" he exclaimed aghast. "See here, young feller, that's no kind of a way fo' you to talk to a man who has riz his ten children!"

Again Bunker swore, while Jim told Slosson to make haste. This popular clamor served to recall the tavern-keeper to a sense of duty.

"Ma'am, like I should tote you, or will you walk?" he inquired, and reaching out his hand took hold of Betty.

"I'll walk," said the girl quickly, shrinking from the contact.

"Keep close at my heels, Bunker, you tuck along after her with the boy."

"What about this nigger?" asked the fourth man.

"Fetch him along with us," said Slosson. They turned from the road while he was speaking and entered a narrow path that led off through the woods, apparently in the direction of the river. A moment later Betty heard the carriage drive away. They went onward in silence for a little time, then Slosson spoke over his shoulder.

"Yes, ma'am, I've riz ten children, but none of 'em was like him—I trained 'em up to the minute!" Mr. Slosson seemed to have passed completely under the spell of his domestic recollections, for he continued with just a touch of reminiscent sadness in his tone. "There was all told four Mrs. Slossons; two of 'em was South Carolinians, one was from Georgia, and the last was a widow lady out of east Tennessee. She'd buried three husbands, and I figured we could start perfectly even." The intrinsic fairness of this start made its strong appeal. Mr. Slosson dwelt upon it with satisfaction. "She had three to her credit, I had three to mine; neither could crow none over the other."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOME TOWN HELPS

PUT THE SCHOOL YARD FIRST

Some Truth in Writer's Criticism of Communities' Methods in America.

If it were not pathetic one could well laugh to see how foolishly the average small town and rural community expends its time and money upon outdoor ornamentation. Frequently the only well-cared-for spot is the cemetery, the abode of the dead—past all earthly help. The school yard, where character is formed and lasting impressions are made, is as bare as a paved street. From no standpoint may any tenable argument be made that the dead are entitled to greater consideration or better surroundings than our children, who are but clay in the hands of the parent potter. He who cares properly for the living is never lacking in respect for those who have passed away.

Another fact has often puzzled the writer; to see a community making efforts to raise a fund to purchase and ornament a public square when their district school yard, of equal dimensions, was entirely bare of trees or plants. Is it not strange that the only plat in a district in which all have common ownership should be the barest and most unsightly yard in the community? No plausible excuse can be given for such a condition—it costs but little to get started right. Almost every one in the district can spare a plant or easily-grown cuttings of the hardier plants. Get started on the right plan and do not leave too much to the teacher, who is apt to be changed every year; the work must be carried out under the supervision of permanent residents. Have plenty of room in the school yards and put it to a beneficial use. We deplore the fact that the United States is absolutely behind every other civilized country in the embellishment of school grounds.—Los Angeles Times.

POINTS ABOUT THE FOUNTAIN

Excellent Rules to Be Observed by Those Thinking About Setting Up One of These Ornaments.

A fountain should be a garden ornament; a statement that needs to be kept in mind, for almost every one knows of fountains that are neither garden ornaments nor ornamental in themselves. A very excellent rule is never to set up a fountain unless it is good and beautiful in itself, and fills a definite place in the garden scheme. Do not, in any event, use it simply because it happens to be handy. Falling water is always beautiful, and the function of a fountain is to introduce falling water into the garden—a result that is not the less true because it must first be projected upward before it can come down. Everything in this device should look toward beauty. The fountain itself should be good to look upon, whether it be a simple vase, a fish, bird or human figure. The more complicated the device the more difficult the artistic problems involved; for the human figure is of all subjects, the most difficult for the artist. If human figures are used, they must be well done, or it would be better to break up the fountain and discard it altogether. The water part must also be well arranged, and adapted in volume and in form to the structure of the fountain. Finally, it must be so placed as to harmonize with the garden scheme.

The Madonna Lily.

Remember to start this August bulbs of the Madonna lily, a beautiful plant which should adorn every garden. It is not generally grown, perhaps, because of the necessity of starting the bulbs in the late summer.

The soil should be fairly good, inclined to dampness, but well drained. The ground should be worked over a foot deep, and if it is poor manure should be worked in below where the bulbs are to be placed. The bulbs should not come in contact with the manure.

The bulbs should be planted at least four inches deep and the bed may then be covered with a light layer of manure. Considerable growth will be made in the fall and the following spring or early summer will produce beautiful fragrant white flowers on stalks three or four feet in height.

After flowering the plant dies to the ground and remains dormant until beginning its new growth late in the summer. An established clump should not be disturbed until the plants begin to show signs of weakness or disease. This condition may not develop for many years, and when it does another clump should be started in a new location.

Weeds in Lawns.

Aside from dandelions, plantain and noxious grasses, the greater number of common weeds may be kept out of lawns by frequent mowings. In new lawns nothing more encourages grass or discourages weeds than close clipping as often as there is sufficient growth for the machine blades to catch. To be sure, there are weeds that thrive splendidly under the treatment outlined, and we must get down on our knees and pull them out by the painful process known as "hand-weeding." But then a good lawn is worth all it costs.

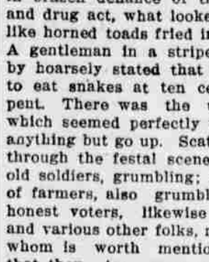
Art of Ventriloquism.

It has been pretty generally accepted as a fact that the ventriloquist is "born, not made." But even those persons who know that the art of throwing one's voice may be cultivated successfully are not fully aware how simple the process is. It is nothing more or less than the old problem of deceiving the sense of hearing. All the ventriloquist has to know is how to speak as loudly as he desires without moving his lips and to be expert in distracting the attention of his hearers.—Harper's Weekly.

HARD FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering all of the time with an aching back has a heavy burden to carry. Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered at all. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women suffering in this way. It is the best-recommended special kidney remedy.

A North Dakota Case



Mrs. C. J. Tyler, Cando, N. Dak., says: "My feet and limbs were swollen and I could not sleep on account of the kidney weakness. My back was lame and sore and I felt miserable. Doan's Kidney Pills freed me of the trouble and when I have had occasion to use them since they have never failed me."

Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box

Doan's Kidney Pills

REPORTED BY THE GROUCH

Here the Original Hiram J. Tells of His Attendance at Country "Function."

"Having nothing else to do," remarked the old codger, "I attended a function while I was over at Torpidville the other day. The affair was held in a dispirited grove at the end of a road in which every time a horse popped down his foot the dust shot up in the air like a skyrocket. A band was playing without the slightest remorse. A statesman, with a neck as wrinkled as a pickle, droned forth redundant nonenities without end. A sad and rickety merry-go-wabble wound 'round and 'round to the sound of its own plaintive peedle-deedle. In a tipsy pavilion a hoarse person was endeavoring to sell, in brazen defiance of the pure food and drug act, what looked alarmingly like horned toads fried in axle-grease. A gentleman in a striped tent nearby hoarsely stated that he preferred to eat snakes at ten cents per serpent. There was the usual balloon which seemed perfectly willing to do anything but go up. Scattered around through the festal scene were a few old soldiers, grumbling; a smattering of farmers, also grumbling; sundry honest voters, likewise grumbling; and various other folks, nothing about whom is worth mentioning except that they, too, were grumbling. It may have been a reunion, a fair, a rally, a picnic, or what-not; but whatever they chanced to call it, 'twas an excellent example of one of our most cherished institutions."—Kansas City Star.

Mother's Lingual Attainment.

The mother of a little boy in Kansas City, Kan., recites negro dialect stories charmingly. Her small son is quite proud of her accomplishment and frequently boasts of it. One day recently, when some of his playmates were vaunting the achievements of their several mothers, the little boy braggingly remarked:

"My mother is smarter than any of yours; she can talk two languages."

"What are they?" demanded his companions.

"White and colored."

Case of Mistaken Identity.

President Taft was out for his afternoon walk in Washington one day when a flaxen-haired little girl ran out, in front of him, held up her finger, and exclaimed, in a shrill voice:

"I know who you are!"

The president, thinking it not at all unusual that she should possess this information, but willing to gratify her, asked:

"Well, who am I?"

"Aw," she said teasingly, "you're Humpty Dumpty."—Popular Magazine.

Job Not Satisfactory.

"I'm a self-made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you are all right except as to your head," commented the listener.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is too big for the part you think with."

A woman can't feed a man so much taffy that it will spoil his appetite for it.

"That's Good"

Is often said of

Post Toasties

when eaten with cream or rich milk and a sprinkle of sugar if desired.

That's the cue for housekeepers who want to please the whole family.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the package—

Convenient

Economical

Delicious

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

Compares Girls and Boys

Though Woman Has More Roundabout Way, Her Conclusions Are Conceded to Be About Right.

In the American Magazine, Ida M Tarbell, writing an interesting article on women, has the following to say about young women and young men:

"In the first two or three years after entering college, a young woman will almost invariably appear superior to the men of her age, more grown up, more interested, surer of herself, readier. Later you will find her on the whole less inclined to experiment with her gifts, to feel her wings, to make unexpected dashes into life. It begins to look as if he were the experimenter, she the conservative. And by the time she is a senior, look out! The chances are she will have less interest from now on with man's business and more with her own! In any case she will rarely develop as rapidly in his field from this point as he is doing.

"He becomes assertive, confident, dominating; the male taking a male's place. He discovers that his intellectual processes are more scientific than hers, therefore he concludes they are superior. He finds he can out-argue her, draw logical conclusions as she cannot. He can do anything with her but convince her, for she jumps the process, lands on her conclusion, and there she sits. Things are so because they are so. And the chances are she is right in spite of the irregular way she got there. Something superior to reason enters into her operations—an intuition of truth akin to inspiration. In early ages women unusually endowed with this quality of perception were honored as seers. Today they are recognized as counselors of prophetic wisdom. 'If I had taken my wife's advice!' How often one hears it!"

France has four classes of roads. They are respectively 50, 40, 33 and 25 feet wide.

Stranger to Avarice.

Artists are often very shrewd men of business; it is not every painter who is swindled by the picture dealers. But a charming story in Mr. Frederic Harrison's recent book shows that Millet cared little what was paid him for his pictures, because he did not work for money, but for the joy of creating beauty.

Millet had a standing agreement with a firm of art dealers, who took all his work in exchange for regular payments of $200 a month. Somebody pointed out to Millet that they could sell a single picture of his for as much as $10,000.

"That is their affair," he said, simply. "As long as I have all I need, and can paint what I like, and as I like it, I do not mind what they get for my pictures."—Youth's Companion.

To Open a Sealed Jar.

A safe and sure way to open a sealed glass jar which defies all efforts to release the contents without breaking the receptacle, is to place the jar in a deep saucepan of cold water; bring it gradually to a boil; but before this stage is reached it will usually be found that the jar can be opened with the usual means and effort—that is, by a reverse twist on the metal top, using a damp cloth or a piece of sand paper, if at hand, to prevent the hand from slipping. Then insert a thin knife blade under the rubber, next the jar, and press against it firmly. This will usually let in enough air to release the pressure on the top and unseal the jar.

Remarkable Series of Crimes.

A one-armed native, according to the Pretoria (South Africa) newspapers, has surrendered to the police, after a series of fiendish crimes. Quarreling with his fellows, he set about two dozen huts alight and fled to the hills, pursued by hundreds of men from his own district. They could not capture him, and he returned by stealth to his kraal, seized two children of the man with whom he had first quarreled, and dashed their heads against a rock in the sight of two other children, whom he bade return to their father and relate what they had seen.