The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

COVINGTON, : : : LOUISIANA.

BE PITIFUL.

Be pitiful unto the young; for they have
griefs to bear,
They are so new to pain and loss and
life's strange fret and care;
So many things they have to learn, hard
problems on each hand,
And baffled wills and troubled fears—all
hard to understand.

Be pitiful unto the tired; so many burdens press
On those who in the forefront stand in
noonday's toil and stress;
The aching shoulders, weary heads, and
lagging footsteps plead
For kindly words and loving smiles to
help them in their need.

Be pitiful unto the sick; for in their
shadowed rooms
They brood o'er many shattered plans,
and face foreboding glooms;
So helpless are they and so weak, they
need unfailing cheer
To soothe them in their loneliness and
pain and haunting fear.

Be pitiful unto the old; they sit with
nerveless hands,
Apart from life's activities, and count
fast-waning sands;
Their wrinkled faces, failing powers, and
dimming eyes appeal
For patient kindliness of love their low
estate to feel.

Be pitiful, be pitiful, ye strong and brave
of heart!
For sometime with the sick and old ye
too may wait apart;
But, now, if ye would surely win a blessing that endures,
Let the sweet charm and patient grace
of kindliness be yours!

—Emma A. Lente, in Christian Endeavor World.

ELIZA'S LUCK.

How the Columbia River Made a Match

BY MAX McNEILL.

TWICE a year the Columbia river rises above its banks in the valley below the mouth of the Willamette, and changes the property rights of a tribe of scow-dwellers who skirt its shores. These arbitrary transpositions by the resistless stream of the river lead to many complications; sometimes to bloodshed. In one case to a solution of a problem that had vexed the tender hearts of two young people.

On Wild Man's island, which lies below Kalama, and is tucked under the high shores of the Washington side, there lived in comparative state a rancher named Walker, with his dog and his son. He was a proud man, and his house, originally a scow, was surrounded by a fence painted yellow. He also possessed a chicken yard and raised potatoes in a patch of ground elevated slightly above the water mark. The dog drowsed most of the time in the muddy foreyard, and the son fished on the swelling river and cut cordwood for the steamers.

Six miles above, a gayly-painted houseboat had come ashore during an unusually high flood and the master of it, a lonely Missourian, had slid skids under it, put out a gang-plank and accepted the adjoining land as a perquisite of discovery. His daughter had grown up till she was an efficient aid to her father in handling his net and the two of them called the slimy strip of bar home. Their one grievance was that the water was not low enough to justify a fence. They were simply squatters; no more.

It was the difference in the social standing of these two men, Walker and Stowler, that caused much anguish to the children, Hennery and Eliza. Hennery tried to blind himself to the fact that his father was a proper rancher, while Eliza was simply the daughter of a scow-dweller. But Eliza knew very well that old man Walker would never forget. And as she was proud, she assumed disdain of Hennery's clumsy efforts to obliterate the dividing line between respectability and shiftless poverty.

Walker, like most men signally favored of Fortune, attributed his own position of affluence to personal energy, and as authority must have a subject, he was fond of slyly meeting Stowler to nag him into the rage of an inferior, and these encounters he retailed with gusto to Hennery and the dog, knowing that the boy resented keenly every slighting reference to the father of the girl he loved. Hennery many times attempted to retaliate, but somehow it never entered his head that his father's place in society was due solely to a lucky eddy in a swift current some ten years before. So his words fell emptily and fruitlessly, except in so far as they gave the old man opportunity for shrewd sarcasm.

In the spring of a new year, when the alders on the bank were thickening with foliage and the clouds on the hills were worn thin and rifted with summer, Hennery met Eliza by the Elk Rock, and told her many things that had little reference to anybody but themselves. Eliza responded slowly and with tears. Womanlike, she was unable to see how she was to be made happier by Hennery's love unless the entire world acquiesced. But she kissed him passionately, and saw the towering peaks of the Cascade range as in a dream.

Driven beyond himself by Eliza's kisses, Hennery went, late in the spring, and told his father that he was going to marry the scow-dweller's daughter. Walker stroked his scrawny beard, and called the dog for an executive session. When he had introduced his measure and carried it by two to one, he turned his back on Hennery, drew his flat-buttoned skiff into the water, and went up stream, rowing with regularity and slow strength.

He found Stowler sitting bootless on the back platform of his little scow, drying his feet in the weak sunshine. The listless pose of the man filled Walker with rage, and he was of two minds about speaking. But he had toiled six miles, and he saw no use in letting anger defeat his purpose.

"How do, Stowler?" he said gruffly, as he tied the painter to a stake in the mud.

"Purty well," was the answer. "How's the fish by you?"

"Hennery's ketching purty fair. I ain't fishin' this season. Too early."

There was silence while Walker lifted himself up by his hands to a place on Stowler's back yard. Then the rancher opened fire. "I ain't hintin' at trouble, Stowler, but I reckon you know your girl ain't got enough comin' to her to make it worth my boy's while to marry her."

Stowler reached for his boots, paused with one in each hand as if trying to decide which one to throw first, and then weakly subsided. "Gol dern it!" he muttered, "I aint a bin a-teasin' your son to marry Liza."

"You dasn't," returned Walker, loftily. "But I jest thought as how I'd drift up and let ye know that I aint stuck on his marryin' the daughter of a man that lives in an ornery old scow like this. Hennery 'ull hev a ranch and he's a place to raise truck, and he aint no call to be sparkin' Eliza, nohow you put it."

"I guess your Hennery's doin' all the teasin' that's bin done, Walker," said Stowler, hotly, "and it's up to you to clear out. Sabe?"

Within five minutes Mr. Walker was rowing down stream and Stowler was returning his rifle to the rack just above the rear door. He was unsteadily cursing everybody "thet sot themsel's up to be somebody." His daughter was crying vociferously and looking down the river.

This ended all open communication between the lovers for several weeks. During this time the spring rains descended vigorously and the river rose almost by jumps. When the rain stopped and the sun was out once more Stowler looked across the Columbia and counted the trees whirling down in the grasp of the current. After scratching his head he spent the afternoon in tying ropes of various stages of decay to the scow and stakes driven in the muddy bank. He explained to Eliza that it looked as if there might be water so high that the scow would float.

Two days later the skids washed away from under the house of Stowler and his six years' residence was changed. Eliza and he ate their bacon unconcernedly and went to bed, to wake up with the sound of running water in their ears. After a few moments of inspection Stowler summed up the situation in one remark: "The eddy's gone; place's gone; we're goin'."

"Where?" cried Eliza.

"Dunno," was the response.

All through the night they sat on the careening deck of their house and wondered when things would end. At daylight Stowler's eyes told him that they were 20 miles below their old home and still going. "Lucky I corked her seams last winter," he said to his daughter. "She sails along in good style. Wonder where we'll fetch up?"

"I hope we won't go out to sea," said Eliza, fearfully.

"Gosh!" cried her father. "I ain't thought o' that." So he devoted his energies to rigging up a sweep and with this he tried to steer the scow into a shore eddy. But the Columbia took things into its own hands and at midnight Stowler's house was landed with a jar on an unknown point of land. After an hour's scraping about it settled firmly on the new foundation and father and daughter waited for the morning to take possession of their newly-acquired property.

Daylight showed that the scow had been cast up on a tongue of land that sloped up into virgin forest. There was no house in sight and Stowler swaggered proudly out to skid up the boat. This was a toilsome operation, for in the afternoon the river began to rise again, and as fast as he got everything solid the rising water undid his work. But finally by a crude arrangement of ropes and anchors he moored the house boat between some protecting trees out of the current and rested from his labors to eat a supper cooked by Eliza, who wept secretly.

Two days later Stowler had "beachcombed" sufficient lumber to make everything secure, and in a fit of pride he went so far as to build a fence cutting the point off from the tree-grown mainland.

There was one trouble with the fence. It couldn't be painted. It was made of small branches and sapplings bent basketwise. But the general effect was pretty good, and Eliza and her father rejoiced exceedingly. Her father because he was now a householder; Eliza because she was equal in station to her Hennery.

The day after the fence was complete the clouds that had been lying in billowy masses over the hills spread out and covered the sky. Then it rained, and the water that fell was so plenteous that none could see a rod's length in any direction. Within three days the Columbia river was a raging torrent, and trees and brush again began to drift by the new place of Mr. Stowler. But his house was fast, and the trees along the bank protected it against rude shocks, and he daily grew more triumphant as he pondered the blessings of a benign Providence.

At the end of a week provisions began to run short in the Stowler household, and the man determined to go across the river to a little town to get some bacon and flour. He hauled out his skiff, put in the oars and a big chest and a tarpaulin. Then he called Eliza. "Look here, sis, I don't 'xactly know the bearings of this place. I'm doubting whether I can find my way back unless you show a light of some sort."

"All right," said his daughter, "I'll keep a lantern going all night, and in the morning, if it clears off, I'll fly the flag. So long, dad."

Late that night, just as Stowler was tying up at the landing-place and telling Eliza he was hungry as a bear, a huge mass of shadow loomed up in the mist, and proceeded calmly to nose into the Stowler scow.

With beachcomber's instinct, Stowler dived inside for some rope, snaked the bulky new-comer into an eddy, and tied it up good and fast by the side of his own scow. "It'll be a good thing to use for a woodshed. Reckon we'll make a little money by sellin' to the steamers now."

But Eliza did not hear. She was staring at the houseboat with wide-open eyes, and her father's attention was quickly awakened to her attitude. "For the land sakes," he commenced, "what's got inter yer head? Ye look as though ye'd seen a ghaost."

"It's Walker's!" she cried.

The words had hardly left her lips before a head was thrust out of the window and Stowler shouted: "Hello, Walker, how did yer get here?"

Walker surveyed the scene in silence. Then he withdrew his head for a moment and called, "Hennery!"

Hennery appeared at the door and his face, when he saw the situation, drove Eliza into convulsions of unwilling laughter. Old man Walker got out and poked around with a stick a while in speechless amazement. Stowler followed him without a word. Finally Walker stopped and climbed back on to his own boat. "Pretty little place, Stowler."

"Yes. All fenced in."

"So-o-o-o."

There was a longer silence and the two enemies watched each other narrowly. Suddenly Stowler looked around in anger and yelled, "Eliza! Where are you? Ye aint with that ornery lummox of a Walker? Ye aint consortin' and holdin' conversation with a scow-dweller? I want to know!"

As he turned to rush into the house Walker followed him at his shoulder. In front of the stove, now burning cheerily to the tune of a boiling kettle, stood Eliza, and a little to one side sat Hennery, toasting some bread. The two old men gazed in bewilderment for a moment and then turned on each other dumbly.

"Bring Mr. Walker in, dad," said Eliza, without turning around, "and we'll give them some supper."

There was a long pause, during which Eliza kept her eyes steadily on the stove. The silence was broken by Stowler, who held out his hand hospitably and said: "Yes. Come in, Walker, and hev some chuck."

"I believe I will," answered Walker, humbly, "if Miss Eliza will allow me."

Half an hour later Hennery kissed Eliza in the presence of the elders, and Stowler said to Walker: "I reckon we kin make out to let you hev a quarter of our place here." And Walker thankfully accepted the offer.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Appropriate Fare.

That Boston is known as the "Hub of the Universe," and that Bostonians love beans, formed the point of a joke which greatly mystified the German ambassador at Washington. Calling aside an American friend, the Kaiser's representative opened his heart. "A story was told this evening," said he, "which made every one smile but me. I was in darkness. The story was concerning a traveler, forced to halt in his journey across the plains. The horses were fatigued and the vehicle had sunk into mud up to the hubs. 'Have we anything to eat?' questioned the traveler of his driver, who was preparing to camp for the night. 'Nothing but a can of beans,' came dolefully from the dejected driver. 'How fortunate,' exclaimed the hungry man, 'what more proper than that we eat beans when down at the hub?'" It is needless to add that the ambassador was enlightened and that he indulged in a belated smile.—Golden Days.

Petrarch Fetes of 1904.

The ancient city of Avignon is proud of her history, "but she is prouder of her relationship to Petrarch and Laura, and she has gone out of her way repeatedly to prove it." So writes Alvan F. Sanborn in the Booklovers' Magazine. Mr. Sanborn witnessed the Petrarch fetes last July, and describes them in the most interesting manner. He says: "The exercises at Vaucluse were as chaste, rustic and reverent as the gentle Petrarch could have wished. A poet was celebrated by poets with poetry, as a poet should be; and what is more, with the distinctive provincial ardor of which no words can convey an idea." The immortality of poetry, but more intimately the prior immortality of love was the keynote of the celebration, which is all the more remarkable when one remembers that it is over 600 years since Petrarch lived and loved and wrote!"

Poor Outlook for Food.

An Englishwoman traveling in Mesopotamia tells this experience of her party: "The cook came in with a pleasing expression: 'What will you have for supper?' he asked. 'What can we have?' we answered, with the caution arising from long experience of limited possibilities. 'What you wish,' he said, with as much assurance and affability as if he was presenting a huge bill of fare. I knew what one could expect in these places. 'Get a fowl,' I said. 'There is not one left here,' he answered. 'Eggs, then,' I suggested, with the humor of desperation. 'No fowl, how eggs?' he answered with pitying superiority. 'Well, we will have what there is,' I said faintly. 'There is nothing,' he answered."—Chicago Daily News.

The Scotch Sabbath.

A couple of tourists staying at Loch Ness had a fancy one fine Sunday to go for a row on the loch. They met the boatman just leaving his house.

"We want to go for a row," said one of the tourists.

"Dae ye nae ken it's the Sawbath?" was the reply. "Ye'll no get a boat frae me the day. Forbye, I'll let you to know I'm an elder of the kirk. No, I'll no let ye the boat; but I'll tell ye what I'll do for ye. Do you see yon green boatie doon among the rushes?"

"Yes."

"Weel, she's ready, with the oars inside. Jist row out to the middle, and I'll come doon to the bank and swear at ye. But never mind; jist row on, an' I'll ca' for the money on Monday."—Smith's Weekly.

Cheeky Beggar.

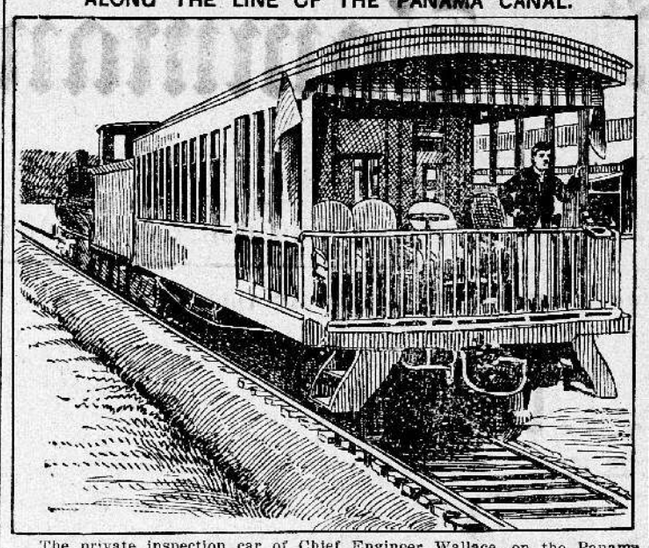
J. Stanley Todd, the portrait painter, was talking about the beggars of different lands.

"I have met," said Mr. Todd, "beggars of every description—shy beggars blustering ones, old beggars, robust ones—but the most remarkable beggar of the lot was a man whom I never met, yet whom I never, assuredly, will forget.

"All I saw of this beggar was his hat and his chair. The chair stood on a corner of the Rue St. Lazare, in Paris. The hat lay on the chair, with a few coppers in it, and behind the hat was a placard reading:

"Please don't forget the beggar, who is now taking his luncheon."—San Antonio Express.

ALONG THE LINE OF THE PANAMA CANAL.



The private inspection car of Chief Engineer Wallace, on the Panama railway, in which he is constantly passing back and forth across the isthmus along the canal route.

HAVING FUN ON THE RAIL.

Trick Played on a Genial Porter by a Sportively-Inclined Ranchman.

"Coming up from Kansas City," said Charles S. Young, of the Milwaukee road, relates the St. Paul Globe, "I saw the most downcast porter it has been my fortune to run against.

"Talk about the fellow who bet on Parker, why, he was not in the same class with this coon. After the occurrence of which I am going to tell came off, he was like a balloon hit with a load of buckshot.

"It was on the Southwest Limited, and the coon had been making himself useful to a big Texas rancher with good financial results to himself. It seems that the cattleman had been in the habit of taking this train about once in two weeks and had proved to be ready money for the porter on each trip.

"The ranchman was sitting in the observation car and the porter stood near by taking in the situation out of the tail of his eye. The ranchman ostentatiously reached for a match that stood in the stand on one of the tables and deliberately started to scratch it on his boot.

"'You all kaint lite dat a-match 'septin' on de box, Marse Bob,' put in the porter, hastening up to the cattleman ready to earn his good will, or anything else handy.

"The cattleman hesitated and started for his boot again, when the porter broke in:

"'Now, Marse Bob, t'aint mah place to arg'fy wid de passengahs, but dat-a match was made foh dis heah train, an' it all won't scratch 'septin' on de box.'

"The ranchman looked bored, but eventually reached into his pocket and said:

"'Now, look a'lhyuh, boy, I'll just bet you all $10 to $1 that I can light the match on my boot.'

"The porter chuckled and replied:

"'Wa'al yu is de doctah. Liza Jane, she all need dat ten buck piece an' Ah jus' take yu.'

"The money was put up and the ranchman insisted that the porter hold the stakes, so as to be sure that no flimflam game was worked.

"When everything was ready the cattleman deliberately took a match from the box and lighted it on the sole of his shoe, while the porter viewed the proceeding with amazement and incredulity.

"As he passed over the $11 he remarked:

"'Ef it's jus' de same to yu all Ah wants to look at dat shoe ob yourn.'

"He was accommodated and found a nice little piece of the side of one of the match boxes glued against the heel of the rancher's boot.

"He was downcast for several hours, but chirked up some when the ranchman left the car and handed him a tip of two dollars."

Booked.

She—Your face is like an open book, Mr. Frankleigh.

He—Do you find it so? I hope you consider the type good.

"Oh, yes."

"Clean and properly spaced?"

"Yes."

"Not dog-eared?"

"No, no."

"Rather attractive?"

"Rather."

"Would you like to call the open book yours?"

"Mr. Frankleigh!"

"You can shut it up whenever you want to. Let it be the only volume on the book shelf of your heart, Miss Creamly—Flora."

"Why, Edmund!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New Anesthetic.

Eucaine, the new local anesthetic, is adapted for many operations where chloroform cannot be used on account of heart weakness. It is injected under the skin at the point of incision. Cutting may begin in a few moments without pain, and more of the drug is dropped in at intervals of a few minutes as new portions of tissues are exposed. A recent successful operation in London was continued an hour and a half.

No Sign.

Ethel—Are you sure the count was intoxicated last night?

Edythe—Positive. Why, he couldn't pronounce his own name.

"But you must remember that he is a Russian count."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Reason.

The census bureau tells us that there is an overplus of women in the cities and a shortage in the rural districts. Merely in a desultory way it may be mentioned that there are not so many show windows in the country as in the city.—Cincinnati Post.

How the Cotton Market Is Ruled.

The error of a telegraph operator caused a decline of the New Orleans cotton market lately. It's getting so that anything except the actual supply of cotton can play the mischief with the cotton market.—Atlanta Journal.

FINE STITCHING IN SURGERY

Work of Modern Surgeons Finds Scope for Skillful Execution with Needle.

The use of the needle and thread in closing wounds has come to be a fine art. In former days the surgeons were mere bunglers, and most wounds left hideous scars. But at the present day the manner in which arteries are ligatured, tendons spliced, intestines sutured and wounds closed is the foundation of success, no skilled use of the scalpel taking its place, says the New York Herald. An English railroad hand recently walked into a cut where some laborers were blasting rocks. His approach was not noticed and a considerable portion of his body was conveyed several feet distant by the explosion. His left arm was virtually torn from the socket and a large part of his scalp had disappeared altogether. The most serious wounds were in the trunk. The abdomen had been split open as if with a cleaver and the intestines fell out. An old army blanket was spread over him and one of the men was about to get a pine box when the supposed dead man groaned. His mutilated body was carried to a hospital with the greatest speed.

A London surgeon was telegraphed for by the local doctor who had been summoned. The intestines, which were covered with dirt and small stones, were washed and warmed with tepid water. There were 12 distinct lacerations of the small intestines, which were carefully mended with small stitches. Part of the man's clothing was found embedded against the spine in the depth of the cavity. A small, silver watch case was found bent nearly double where it had been forced into the stomach. These foreign bodies were removed and the abdominal space was washed with a solution of bichloride of mercury. The man fully recovered and returned to work, but the imitation of "crazy quilting" on his hip, where the skin had been lacerated in a zigzag fashion, showed a design worked by the surgeon which would have been the despair of any decorative art worker.

Some of the knots which form the basis of surgical needlework are most ingenious. There is the square, or reef knot, which is in most common use. It is never used for tying arteries or any delicate work. The "clove hitch" is another knot which is found useful in surgery. It is never known to slip and is easy to make. Its chief object is to secure a catheter in the bladder. It is also used to fasten a scarf upon a limb in order to get a good purchase in reducing a dislocation or a deformity of a fracture.

Ligatures are used in many novel forms. The tying of bleeding arteries, bandages, tapes about limbs to control hemorrhages or to prevent the absorption of virus poisoning the blood, as from a reptile's sting, are the uses of ligaturing in surgery. Those used for tying arteries are unbleached thread. A very fine, ductile, metallic thread, generally of silver, has also been much used. When there is difficulty in securing a bleeding point, on account of the friable nature of the tissues or because the latter are too dense to be pinched by the forceps or ligature, the hemorrhage can be arrested by passing a suture deeply beneath the bleeding vessel and tying the thread so as to include it. It is thus that Horsley controls hemorrhage in operations on the brain.

"The Staffordshire knot," a method of applying ligatures, has been introduced by Prof. Tait. A small pedicle or an organ under operation may be transfixed with a single thread, tied around one-half, and the ends carried around the central pedicle and tied on the other side.

There are two forms of sutures for drawing the edges of wounds together. They are the interrupted and continuous. The former is employed when only one or two stitches are used; the latter when the wound has to be regularly sewed, like a seam. By the continuous suture with each stitch, which is independently fastened, if the thread should break in one stitch the wound would be held. An irregularity of seam is often seen in the continuous suture owing to the fact that, although the needle has passed at right angles to the incision at each stitch, there is an oblique pull upon the lips of the wound when the suture is finished. This is avoided by passing the needle after each stitch through the loop of the preceding one, thus making a sort of continuous chain called the "Glover suture," and making each stitch partly independent of the rest.

Not Hopeful.

Mayor George B. McClellan, of Greater New York, walked down the steps of the city hall the other evening, and bought a paper from a newsboy. While waiting for his change, he said: "Well, my little man, how is business to-day?" The little merchant looked up and answered: "On de bum." The mayor thought for a moment, and finally said: "Keep at it, my little man. You have a chance to become president some day." The little fellow answered immediately: "Dat might be so, but I'll sell me chances for a nickel right now."—Argonaut.

CIVILIZATION OF BOSTON.

The Inhabitants Are Civil to Strangers and the Men Courteous to Women.

"In common with the rest of the American race outside of Massachusetts," said the woman just back from her vacation according to the New York Tribune, "I had always laughed gently at Boston and the Bostonians and poked fun at them as a place and people dwelling remotely on stilts.

"I thought their superiority was a joke, resting solely upon their own opinions and the necessities of the professional humorist. But on my way to my vacation grounds in Nova Scotia, I visited Boston for the first time. We made the city our headquarters for some time, while trolleying over the surrounding country, and, as a result, I am ready to say that Boston civilization is superior to the brand we furnish under the statue of liberty.

"My judgment is based in general on the manners of Bostonians and in particular on their treatment of strangers. And I don't know a more reliable test. When people are extremely uncivilized they kill strangers and eat them. Slightly less savage, they merely kill them. One grade higher, they enslave them. A little more civilized, they are simply very rude to them. Judged by this ascending scale, Boston civilization is superior to any to which I have been accustomed.

"For instance, one day my sister and I stood at the entrance to the subway, debating how to reach a desired point. In our absorption we were blocking the way. We stepped aside, but far from pushing impatiently by the woman just behind us said pleasantly: 'Can I help you?'

"We told her where we wanted to go and she stepped aside and gave us full directions. Seeing our still puzzled looks, she deliberately escorted us to the proper car, saw us on and told us where to get off.

"Another time we boarded an elevated train for South station, as we supposed. Pretty soon the conductor called 'North station.' We looked at each other in discouragement. 'We can't be on our way to South station if this is North station,' I muttered helplessly. A woman opposite leaned over and said pleasantly: 'You reach it eventually. The road circles around.' And when she rose to leave the car she remembered us and said in passing: 'Yours is the next station but one.' The Boston railway system, with its combination of subway, elevated and surface, all transferring to one another, is calculated to puzzle the most mathematical mind, but the Boston people certainly lighten its difficulties.

"We did not stand in a car during the entire time we were in Boston. Some man always offered his seat. The first time it happened I was almost stunned. But after a time, such is the adaptivity of Americans, I got so I could accept the courtesy without staring dumfounded in the man's face."

NOT THE ONLY NECESSITY

The Voice Is Not All That Is Requisite in an Opera Singer.

The voice, however, is by no means the only consideration in judging a young woman's equipment for grand opera. Other essentials are the dramatic temperament, in some degree, grace and attractiveness of face, says Heinrich Conried, in Success Magazine. In Germany I would give a good part in an opera to a homely woman who is an artist, but I would hardly dare do it in the United States. Here there is not yet a sufficiently great and general appreciation of art in itself to render it advisable to neglect the externals. The ear and the eye must both be pleased. Audiences demand beauty on the stage, and properly so. The effect of a good operatic performance is sensuous. There must be nothing jarring or incongruous. The music is beautiful and to maintain an artistic harmony its exponents must at least appear beautiful. Therefore, a young woman who has not a graceful body and pleasing face would better not aspire to grand opera honors, however fine her voice may be, for she will be hopelessly handicapped.

Besides appearance, there are mental weaknesses or characteristics that unfit many women for grand opera. I have encountered an innate timidity and self-consciousness that could not be overcome in a great enough degree to make it worth while or safe for me to take a singer up. All true artists suffer from stage fright, of course, but where the artistic feeling is strong enough the fervor of the performance quickly banishes the embarrassment. But a self-consciousness that cannot be thus easily subdued is especially disastrous to a singer, because it chokes and weakens the voice. It has frequently spoiled scenes in operas, and is one of the factors in my consideration of an applicant's fitness for my company or school. After a careful trial I am often compelled to drop singers whose vocal equipment is fully up to the standard. The general term we use in describing such cases is, "not suited to the operatic stage."

Alligator Farms.

Several French dealers have recently visited America to purchase stock for an alligator farm which they propose starting in the south of France. Alligator skin has become so highly prized throughout France that the animal dealers believe it will pay well to raise the alligators on this, the first farm of its kind in the world. Not long ago President Loubet received a present of a hunting suit of alligator skin. This is said to be growing scarcer each year, and there is always a great demand for it for boots, shoes, handbags, writing pads, portfolios and toilet articles.

Found in a Fish.

A singular instance of tenacity in the digestion of fish is reported from Sheffield, England. The fish, a ling four feet long, had what appeared to be an abnormally hard liver. But the cutting-up process revealed something far stranger. The supposed hard liver turned out to be a piece of stout netting over two yards long and 14 inches wide, which had been pressed into the form of a football. How this mass came to be swallowed is a mystery. It was suggested that the fish, caught in the toils of a fisherman's net, had tried to escape by devouring his prison walls.

PROVES GREAT POWER

When Regular Medical Treatment Failed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her Rheumatism.

Hundreds of people afflicted with rheumatism have spent years under the care of excellent physicians in vain. Then they have settled down to the conviction that it is fastened on them for life. Mrs. Dinsmore was not willing to join the ranks of the hopeless merely because her doctor did not know how to help her. Here is her story:

"Four years ago I suffered greatly with rheumatism in my hands and knees. After I had been sitting a while my limbs seemed so heavy I could hardly walk on the first attempt. So long as I kept moving I was all right, but just as soon as I stopped, something seemed to settle in my knees and make them ache. My hands were so bad I couldn't touch the palms of them on a flat surface; they were swollen and pained so."

"Did you call in a physician?"

"I doctored steadily for over a year; then one doctor said: 'You have taken medicine strong enough to kill almost anything.' Still, it did not kill me nor the rheumatism."

"How, then, did you get rid of it?"

"At different times I had read in various publications about Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills for Pale People, and I finally decided to try them. I took them steadily for four months in accordance with the directions. By that time I was completely cured."

"Have you been free from it ever since?"

"Since then I have had but one slight return of my trouble, and a box or two of the same pills made me all right again."

Mrs. F. A. Dinsmore lives in hearty enjoyment of her recovered health at Woburn, Mass., entirely freed from the grave anxieties that rheumatism always brings. When it appears in but a single joint it shows that the blood is in a faulty state in the whole body. It may at any moment break out elsewhere, and one of the dangers is that it may break out in the heart and then the result must be fatal. The only security is to keep the blood all the time in a perfectly sound condition.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make healthy blood. All other relief is superficial. This is thorough. These pills are sold by all druggists.

ALWAYS
CALL FOR A CIGAR
BY ITS NAME

"CREMO"

MEANS MORE THAN
ANY OTHER NAME

BROWN BANDS GOOD FOR PRESENTS

"Largest Seller in the World."

IN OTHER LANDS.

At Thebes the annual average rise of the Nile is 40 feet.

Greece at present holds the European record for rapidity in the increase of population.

London's smallpox epidemic of last year cost the metropolitan asylums board close on half a million sterling.

Among the spoils of war taken at Liaoyang was a pet pigeon belonging to Gen. Kuropatkin. It is now in Tokio.

Almost the entire commercial wealth of India, with its population of 300,000,000, is said to be in the hands of less than 90,000 persons.

Since 1858 the population of Scotland has increased by 52 per cent.; the number of lunatics in the same period has increased by 190 per cent.

English newspaper correspondents are complaining of the disgustingly unclean treatment of bread on its way from the baker to the consumer.

The Vienna Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is selling donkeys at remarkably low prices, to replace the dogs generally used for drawing tradesmen's carts.

A bill to prohibit cigarette smoking by persons under 16 years old has passed its second reading in the South Australian legislature and probably will become law.

Japanese progress is shown in the fact that the receipts from her state forests for timber, firewood, bamboo and other produce rose from $129,000 in 1880 to $1,204,000 in 1903, an increase of $1,075,000.

MIGHT HAVE SAVED IT.

A Lot of Trouble from Too Much Starchy Food.

A little boy of eight years whose parents did not feed him on the right kind of food, was always nervous and suffered from a weak condition of the stomach and bowels. Finally he was taken down with appendicitis and after the operation the doctor, knowing that his intestinal digestion was very weak, put him on Grape-Nuts twice a day.

He rapidly recovered and about two months thereafter, his Father states, "He has grown to be strong, muscular, and sleeps soundly, weighs 62 pounds, and his whole system is in a fine condition of health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It is plain that if he had been put on Grape-Nuts at an earlier period in his life, and kept from the use of foods that he could not digest, he never would have had appendicitis. That disease is caused by undigested food decaying in the stomach and bowels, causing irritation and making for the growth of all kinds of microbes, setting up a diseased condition which is the active cause of appendicitis, and this is more marked with people who do not properly digest white bread.

Grape-Nuts is made of the selected parts of wheat and barley and by the peculiar processes of the cooking at the factory, all of the starch is turned into sugar ready for immediate digestion and the more perfect nourishment of all parts of the body, particularly the brain and nerve centres.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each pkg.