

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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### Eating No Joke.

Eating no pleasant, not an elevating subject? No subject under the blue canopy, no subject to be found between the covers of the fattest encyclopedia, is more worthy of the deepest and the highest and most sustained thoughts of man. And probably no other subject receives half the attention which is given to eating. Nothing has been more important in the progress of the race than the additions to the variety of man's food. In the primitive state, a mere clam-eater, he was hardly superior to the beasts that perish. When he became a hunter, seeking the strong meats of wild game, he developed new qualities, expanded intellectually, and gained in energy, enterprise and endurance. Then came the pastoral and agricultural age, with an acquired taste for vegetable growths, and the dawn of civilization, says the Atlantic. Every advance has been on the heels of something new to eat. To-day the teeth of man declare him to be omnivorous, though vegetable food is still a heavy tax on his powers of digestion. He lacks those multiple gastric arrangements by the aid of which the cow, for example, is able to subsist on vegetable food alone. This lack Senor Santos will discover and deplore long before he shall acquire that meditative lard, the mastication of which gives to the cow the serenity and repose which is the object of the Spaniard's grazing.

### Rapid Steel Sawing.

Friction saws for the cutting of structural steel has been in use in the larger steel mills for several years, but the rapidity with which a recent Chicago installation goes through its task is little short of marvelous. To the accomplishment of a deafening shriek the largest size beams rolled are severed in 16 seconds, a speed far ahead of any previous records on cold steel. The material to be cut is brought before the saw at right angles on power driven rollers in two sections, one moving it forward and the other taking it away, says the Chicago Tribune. The machine has two beds, one stationary and the other moving back and forth on the first to meet the work. On one end of the movable bed is a 100-horsepower motor and 24 feet away is the saw on the other end. The saw disk is of soft flange steel, three-eighths of an inch thick and 52 inches in diameter. Traveling at almost 2,000 revolutions per minute, the saw has a cutting speed of something over 27,000 feet a minute. The operator, standing in front of the saw, is protected from flying bits by a glass shield, while a sheet steel shield prevents pieces from being thrown above and back of the saw.

### The Policeman's Gun.

A very sensible suggestion made in the convention of police chiefs at Washington is that policemen should be able to shoot before they are armed. A bull on a rampage is hardly more dangerous, declares the Baltimore American, very truly, than a man with supposed official authority to use firearms over which he has no control in public places. The safety of innocent and law-abiding citizens is of quite as much, if not more, importance than the capture of escaping criminals. It would also be a prudent measure to have policemen taught their legal rights in the matter of making escape subject to death penalty for all classes of offenses, and to be made strictly to observe the limit of those rights before the law. It is as well to make those charged with the enforcement of the law the first to set an example of obedience to it.

I have been trying to figure out a general condition of happiness, and I reach the conclusion that it consists mainly in the ability to march with one's own generation, neither deploring the progress the generation makes nor grumbling because it doesn't make more, says Frank Putnam, in the National Magazine. We can understand best the men and women of our own age, or near it. Dr. Oester spoke truth when he said that men cease to be receptive to new ideas after 40; hence our elders in the 50s and 60s and 70s say, who have ably guided the affairs of the world during the decades immediately ahead of us, will often seem to us to move less rapidly than we think they should, toward new industrial conditions. And the generation immediately behind us—the restless chaps in their 20s, are putting more pressure upon us from the rear than we are able to believe is wholly justified.

According to the lieutenant governor of Illinois, "a congressman in Washington is like a boy with a torn shirt and half a pair of suspenders looking through a small knothole at a ball game." Yes, and then the policeman in the shape of his constituency will come along about the ninth inning, when the score is a tie, three men on bases, the heaviest hitter of the home team at the bat—and the most interesting part of the programme—and tell the aforesaid little boy to "Move out!" So fling away ambition.

We are informed that the crown worn by the Princess Cecile at her wedding was fastened on with ordinary hatpins. That was very appropriate, for if the enthusiastic reporters are to be believed, the crown cost nearly as much as the ordinary Easter bonnet.

Henry James declares that Americans say "Cuban," "Porto Rican" and "Venezuelan" ice cream. For a man who has lived outside the country nearly all his life this is probably as accurate an observation as could be expected.

### GONE FISHING.

God made the world for fishermen—For us the small waves flash. For us the scarlet berries crown The lake's encircling ash.

For us the clouds are milky pearls Set in a turquoise's blue. For us you eagle solemnly His winged circle drew.

"What luck?" If luck were always good, The chiefest joy were gone. The lure of sweet uncertainty Still draws us on and on.

The dimpling waters softly smile, And underneath them lies, Shadowed by some mysterious rock, The swift, elusive prize.

The glory of his golden scales A king's reward might be. Fall we to-day? To-morrow's fly Shall take him cunningly. —Clinton Danglefield, in Sunday Magazine.

## A BOLD, BAD BRIGAND

THIS cat was a bold, bad brigand. Where he came from no one knew. Where he was going to and how best he could be sent there was the absorbing problem of the neighborhood. It was weeks before anyone ever saw him to know him, but his presence in the vicinity was a fact vociferously established. The neighbor who went tired to bed at nine o'clock was sure to find Brigand under his window at 15 minutes past nine. The man who rolled home on the night owl car was not neglected in the matter of serenades. Perhaps it was this night work which kept Brigand from wandering in the neighborhood during the day. His voice was a feature of the community long before his yellow body and pink eyes were seen.

Brigand started out as a Romeo, and it is thought that his career might have been different if his "Comeout Marlar" had been heeded by the felines that belonged around the block. But by some instinct they avoided Brigand and crept closer into their corners at his call, and it is certain that lack of attention to his diletto tones brought on the villainous change in his nature. One night he started out determined to kill, and as he approached a certain mansion where dwelt two new and confiding kittens his spurs jingled as he walked and his sword clanked at his side. His very knock on the cellar door proclaimed him a swashbuckler and the little ones within could see in their mind's eye the saucy feather waving in his broad hat and the glint of steel as he bared his sword. As he sharpened his claws on the cellar door it shifted ajar enough to admit him. The family asleep above was awakened a moment later by the trumpet of victory as the Brigand loosed his lungs on the night air and strutted in terrifying attitude before the crouching kittens. How he played with them in their terror no one knows. Before it shifted ajar anyone could reach the scene he had eaten one of the kittens and had cornered the other one. He was slapping this one vigorously when a candlelight appeared at the head of the stairs, and like the yellow streak that he was he disappeared.

From then on the neighborhood knew the Brigand was a yellow cat. The description sent out that night made him monstrous tall, with fierce whiskers, a swaggering gait, a gleaming eye and a desperate purpose. From back fence to back fence the next morning the description grew to enormous proportions until Jumbo, the elephant, could not have equaled his size or Bengal tiger his ferocity. Men in the neighborhood went armed. The women kept the gas burning day and night to have hot water on hand.

"Kill the Brigand at all costs," was the verdict of the neighborhood, and no household was without its special remedy for the pest of the vicious cat.

One morning Brigand got up early and wandered in meek disguise through the streets. Pudge, a favorite dog, was taking his morning airing, and Brigand sidled up to him with a soft purr. The next moment the dog's eyes had been scratched out. When this news got over the neighborhood even the men began to be alarmed.

During that day three chickens were killed, 11 geraniums were torn out of the ground and nobody had an afternoon nap. It was resolved that no one in the block should go to sleep that night until the marauder had been captured and destroyed.

The first shout that broke the stillness of the night came from Smith's back yard.

"Come on, folks, I've got him!" he cried, and in ten seconds there was a scamping of feet in the neighborhood that sounded like the charge of a regiment. It was a big yellow Angora animal that was tightly clasped in Smith's arms. It purred and rubbed playfully, but these evidences of affection had no effect on the determined posse. Silently they found a stout cord and tightly they tied it about the cat's neck. Its yellow hair glistened in the moonlight and the cat playfully pawed at the string as it was tightened. Smith climbed to the railing of his porch and tied the other end of the cord to the rafters.

"One-two-three," he said.

The cat dropped, wiggled, choked—and then Smith shot it through the head with his revolver, just to make sure.

The posse went home with the yellow thing still hanging there on Smith's porch, and the paring was unanimously sounded. "Good night. Pleasant dreams. The Brigand is dead!"

There is no law of psychology or nature that will allow of the same nightmare visiting 50 people at the same time. There is, however, a law of nature that makes 50 people responsive at the same instant to hideous noises, and it was this cause that assembled the neighborhood again at Smith's front porch two hours later the same night.

"That was the Brigand's shriek," one remarked.

"It seemed like it was right under my pillow," said another.

"There's no mistaking that cat's language. I know it well," said another.

"Well, here is the dead Brigand hanging here," Smith interposed, "and he is quite still."

"The funny how we should all dream the same thing," said still another. And the neighborhood went back to bed.

Smith rose early the next morning and cut the cord down and buried it. The men folks on the car that morning exchanged experiences and it proved that few of them had got any sleep after the incidents of the night. Smith had a telephone call that afternoon.

"John, did you really bury that cat?" came in excited tones from his wife.

"Why, of course, Smith replied. "Do you suppose I left him above ground, where he could come to life again?"

"Well, a yellow cat just came into our yard and tore up our sweet peas," Mrs. Smith gasped. And Smith began to be worried.

As he came home on the car, Smith read this ad. in the paper:

"Lost, strayed or stolen—A yellow Angora cat; answers to the name of Pet. Finder return to 32 X street and receive reward."

"Thirty-two X street," mused Smith. "Why, that's in the next block to me. I wonder—"

And it was true. They had killed the wrong cat.

The Brigand still lives.—Kansas City Star.

### JUDGE DEFINES A CYCLONE

Minnesota Jurist Gives Legal Definition of the Phenomenon—Court Gives Ruling.

St. Paul, Minn.—Judge Page Morris, in the United States district court, told a jury that a properly constructed cyclone should be made according to the following formula:

"A cyclone is a violent and destructive storm of greater or less extent, sometimes its path is a narrow strip, and sometimes a wide strip of territory. It is characterized by high winds, rotating around a low pressure center, which center moves at great velocity. It is generally accompanied by thunder and lightning."

This statement of what constitutes a cyclone came after the court and a jury had been listening to testimony and argument for several days in the suit of Young, Finche & McCosville against the Maryland Casualty company to recover on an insurance policy covering the goods in their mercantile establishment, which had been damaged because an automatic fire sprinkling device had been set into action by the storm which hit St. Paul August 20 of last year, and which has been described as a cyclone, a tornado and a heavy windstorm.

The case was given to the jury, and after a short deliberation a verdict was reached that the storm was not a cyclone, and the plaintiff was awarded damages in the sum of \$26,225. A clause in the policy issued by the Casualty company exempted it from damage caused by a cyclone.

### DEADLY BOMBS.

Nitrogen Is Entirely Harmless Until It Is Controlled by Man for Terrible Purposes.

When left alone to its natural functions nitrogen pursues a perfectly peaceful course, but when man succeeds in capturing it and combining it with other elements it becomes a dire potentiality for evil, as is obvious in the recent events of the war in the far east and in the crime in the streets of Moscow. The love of freedom, so to speak, characteristic of nitrogen, is terribly exemplified in the explosion of the bomb in which it is imprisoned and bound to other elements. On the slightest provocation—a spark, a shock, a fuse—the nitrogen suddenly expands from seemingly nothing, as regards the space which it occupies, into infinity. This is, in reality, what happens when dynamite, lyddite or other unstable nitro-compounds, explode when hurled in shells in warfare and in bombs in desperate attacks on human life. Nitrogen, against its natural disposition, is locked up in an unnatural space in these compounds, from which it is set free by very simple means in an enormously expanded gaseous state with deadly effect, returning, in fact, to its normal peaceful mission once more. It is the analogue of the sword and the ploughshare; in the modern era of warfare and crime; in the free state in the atmosphere it ministers directly to the quiet and peaceful needs of plant and human life.

### A Gracious Deed.

The empress of Germany has sent 51 diplomas, each signed by herself, to the women nurses and employees on North Brother island who distinguished themselves in the work of rescue at the time of the disaster to the Gen. Slocum last June.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

### THE CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE IS A PICTURESQUE FIGURE

Washington Needs a Suitable Building for Great Gatherings—Quadrangular Convention Might Be Held Here—Confederate Flags.

WASHINGTON. — It is rumored that when congress meets there will be some changes among the leaders on the floor, so far as important committee chairmanships are concerned. It is reasonably certain, however, that the "floor leader," the Hon. Seno E. Payne, of New York, will not be deprived of his distinction. Since the late Nelson Dingley, of Maine, passed away, shortly after the enactment of the tariff law that bears his name, Mr. Payne has been chairman of the ways and means committee, a position which carries with it the floor leadership of the majority in the house. Mr. Payne is a distinguished looking old gentleman of rotund proportions, large head, rufous countenance and snow-white hair and mustache. Up until two years ago he wore a full beard, he then made himself almost unrecognizable to old friends by shaving it off and appearing with only a mustache.

The late Speaker Reed used to refer to Mr. Payne as the "White-headed Mandarin." The parliamentary czar, however, could always depend upon the gentleman from New York to carry out the programme of the committee on rules. He has a big, resonating voice and a perpetual smile and the opposition might as well run up against a rock as against Seno E. Payne when he is charged with carrying out the behests of his party, as expressed through the committee on rules.

Mr. Payne is a great traveler and will investigate the Philippines with Secretary Taft this summer. After he had accepted the invitation to go some of his friends began to tell Taft what an elephant he had on his hands. They have given Payne a reputation that will strike terror to all the passengers on the steamers he will travel on, and all the guests at the hotels he will patronize. They all declare that he can snore longer and louder than any man in the United States. His ability in this direction is a tradition among his colleagues. When a party of which he is a member goes by rail his colleagues entreat him to accept the drawing room, as no one in the open car can get to sleep after Payne's head touches the pillow.

### Acceptable Paternalism.

FROM time to time there is a cry raised that the government is tending too much toward paternalism. The drift in this direction has been gradual and seems to be satisfying to the majority of the people. Certain of the departments do a great deal for the people that was formerly done by private business enterprises. This is true in the production of books and pamphlets by the government printing office and their distribution under the frank of membership of congress and high officials. A great deal of work is now saddled on the government in the way of publishing reports and proceedings of various bodies that 25 years ago was not thought of.

The one department that more than any other inspires the thought of paternalism is that of agriculture. An Indiana farmer last year gave a fair illustration of a somewhat prevalent idea concerning the province of this department. He wrote to his congressman, saying: "Please send me a mule and a double-shovel plow." He had an idea that all his congressmen had to do was to visit the agricultural department, put in this order and it would be filled. He had heard of the seeds which the department furnished free, the trees and textbooks on various subjects until he supposed that "Uncle Sam" conducted this department for the purpose of giving worthy agriculturists a start in life.

The farmers have received the larger share of the helpfulness of the government, but the cities are now to get some attention. Congress last session appropriated \$30,000 to send agents abroad to look up markets for American products. This amount will pay salaries and expenses to about six agents and their duties will be to visit countries where American manufactures should be able to compete with those of the world and by their investigations and research secure information that will be useful to American business men and manufacturers.

### Problem to Return the Flags.

IT WAS a very pretty sentiment that inspired the last congress to pass a joint resolution authorizing the secretary of war to return the confederate battle flags captured by the federal forces during the civil war. Maj. Gen. Ainsworth, the military secretary of the war department, is finding this propriety more sentimental than practical. He has encountered great difficulty in having the confederate flags identified so that they can be returned to the states and the old confederate organizations to whom they belonged in war. The flag room in the war department is filled with these trophies and it seems impossible to identify all of them so that they can reach their former owners. In discussing his embarrassment, Gen. Ainsworth said:

"I am doing everything possible to find at least the states from which these unidentified flags came. Each flag is being carefully examined, but it now seems clear that a majority of the captured flags will go unidentified, unless some means of identifying them, not now known, should present itself. Of course, unless a flag is identified in some way it cannot be returned and will have to remain stored in its present place in the flag room of the war department."

Gen. Ainsworth was asked if there would be any particular ceremony in connection with the return of the battle flags so dear to the hearts of old confederates. There have been suggestions that the return might be made at some sort of reunion or with some formality that would be impressive, but Gen. Ainsworth said:

"There will be no ceremony at the war department in connection with the return of the identified confederate flags. All that we are doing is writing letters to the governors of the various states, in accordance with the provisions of a joint resolution of congress, their flags are returned."

When it is remembered what a howl went up over the country 20 years ago when a proposition was made to return the confederate banners the unanimity with which members of congress, union veterans and all, voted last year to return them, the distance of the civil war from the present day becomes apparent.

### A Large Auditorium.

INITIAL steps towards the erection in Washington of a large auditorium for the holding of conventions, future inaugural balls and other large gatherings have been taken and there is good prospect now of the enterprise being a success. District Commissioner Henry L. West has taken this special care and since the 4th of last March he has been particularly industrious in furthering the project. He started in the right way and has interested big real estate men and leading business men of the district so that a very encouraging subscription list already appears, the amount pledged being something over \$200,000.

The question of Washington having a suitable building for great gatherings has long been agitated, but it was not until the officers of the district were very clearly informed by congress that the big pension office would no longer be given for inaugural balls that the movement for such a hall was begun. For a time last winter it looked as though congress might refuse the pension building for the Roosevelt ball and the citizens' committee was in sore distress, for there was no other building suitable or available in the city. A small balance of \$5,000 or \$6,000 remained in the treasury of the inaugural committee after setting up all the expenses connected with the inauguration and that was used as a sort of nest egg, around which has gathered subscriptions that seem to promise the erection of a big national hall.

Washington had a convention hall that would seat 10,000 or 12,000 people it is believed that the great political parties would select it for their quadrennial conventions. The political leaders, as a rule, would prefer Washington as a convention city, as they are more at home here and in better touch with the whole country. Such a building, it is maintained, would also attract the stated convalesces of great fraternal bodies and Washington would become still more the capital of the nation because of national gatherings that would be held here.

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### SYSTEM THAT DIDN'T WORK

Clerk Memorized Hardware Man's Name as "Snails" When It Was "Stacks"—Letter Gets Mad.

Some of the feats in remembering names and faces of persons only seen once performed by bank clerks and persons in similar positions are astonishing, but it is a fact that very few of them owe this faculty to any of the artificial systems of mnemonics so widely advertised. Either the gift is a natural one or is acquired at the expense of much hard work, says the New York Times.

The cashier of a downtown bank who is noted for his memory for names and faces got talking the other day about his faculty and confessed that it had been acquired with much labor.

"When I was a young fellow," he said, "I was secretary to the president of a New Jersey bank, and I made up my mind that a good memory for names and faces would be a valuable asset, and set to work to supply what nature had not given me. I invested \$50 in an elaborate system of mnemonics, and the first opportunity I had to use it was when my employer sent me to a hardware store on a personal errand.

"My system consisted in associating the man in my mind with some simple article connected with his trade and prefixing or suffixing a letter or more as necessary. For instance, Sanders the grocer would be associated in my mind with sand, and I would of course remember to add the three letters needed to form his name.

"Well, I framed up a plan on this system to remember the hardware man's name, and in two weeks I came back again. My system was working beautifully. I walked in as brisk as you please and hailed my friend. 'How are you, Mr. Snails?' I said. 'Something in the man's face made me fear that there had been a slip somewhere. 'Are you not Mr. Snails?' I asked.

"'Young man,' he said, 'you are too blamed fresh. My name is Stacks.'"

### HISTORY IN FRENCH ARMY

Ruling That No Events Earlier Than 1815 Shall Be Taught Is Bids—Called by Writer.

To those people who are never so happy as when they are asserting that English officers are taught nothing and know no military history the debate in the French senate on the war budget must have come as a bit of a shock, says an English writer. Comte de Sereque-Laclaire discussed the new scheme for the admission of cadets into Saint-Cyr, the Sandhurst of France, and pointed out that no history is to be taught previous to 1815. That such a fantastic limit should be laid down seems absolutely incredible. Even if modern France alone is held worthy of being a subject of instruction, the date fixed for a commencement should have been 1789. Modern France is the outcome of the revolution, and the continent of Europe is partitioned under its influence, direct or indirect. For a student of parliamentary debates 1815 is a possible date at which to begin to date French history, but for Saint-Cyr it is absurd. For the future French officers will know nothing of the wars of the revolution and of the empire.

They will not learn how the battles of Valmy, Wagram, Austerlitz, and Jena were won or how those of Leipzig and Waterloo were lost. All that they will know of Napoleon is that he died at St. Helena, and of Marshal Ney that he was shot. The 20 years from 1795 to 1815 are absolutely necessary for any student of military history; and, despite the croakers, we can at any rate say that in this respect they do not manage things better in France.

### FULL HOUSE AT FUNERAL

Simply Turned Them Away, Declares Actor Whose Father Had Just Passed Away.

No one ever understood the foibles of stage people better than did the late Kirke La Shelle, and of the ruling passion of actors he tells this story in the Washington Post. I won't mention the actor's name, but he is a star of considerable reputation. Mr. La Shelle met him on the Rialto one day and noticed that he was wearing a mourning badge on his arm.

"It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come back from his funeral. It was a sad affair."

Mr. La Shelle expressed his sincerest sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously real and great.

"A thing like this a man doesn't get over soon," he went on. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements. I did the best I could. We had everything just as father would have liked it."

"Many there?" asked Mr. La Shelle.

"Many there!" cried the actor, changing from grief to animation. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away."

A Slow Journey.

The cable car crawled slowly on, with an occasional long pause at a threatened breakdown, relates the Auckland (N. Z.) News. At last an old man with a long white beard rose feebly from a corner seat and tottered toward the door. He was, however, stopped by the conductor, who said:

"Your fare, please."

"I paid my fare."

"When? I don't remember it."

"Why, I paid you when I got on the car."

"Where did you get on?"

"At Nether Liberton."

"That won't do! When I left Nether Liberton there was only a little boy on the car."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."

Dog Took Acting Seriously.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree an actor, tells a story about a dog named Argus, who used to regularly accompany him to the theater, and particularly objected to sensational scenes. When Mr. Tree was playing in "Captain Swift" Argus used to take his place in the wings and follow his every word and look until the suicidal situation was reached. The moment Mr. Tree felt for his pistol Argus used to rush into the darkest corner he could find and, burying his head between his paws, listen for the thud of the actor's fall. After that the dog would crawl back to meet his master with a howl of joy at Mr. Tree's apparent return to life.

### A WOMAN'S MISERY.

Mrs. John LaRue, of 115 1/2 Patterson Avenue, Paterson, N. J., says: "I was troubled for about nine years, and what I suffered no one will ever know. I used about every remedy that is said to be good for kidney complaint, but without deriving permanent relief. Often when alone in the house the back ache has been so bad that it brought tears to my eyes. The pain at times was so intense that I was compelled to give up my household duties and lie down. There were headaches, dizziness and blood rushing to my head to cause bleeding at the nose. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I continued the treatment. The stinging pain in the small of my back, the rushes of blood to the head and other symptoms disappeared."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Rev. Joseph W. Cross, the oldest living alumnus of Harvard college and the Andover Theological seminary, celebrated recently his ninety-seventh birthday.

Daniel T. Jewett, of St. Louis, who will be ninety-eight years old in September, and who recently retired from practice, is probably the oldest attorney in the United States.

Miss Minnie Baldwin is president of a bank in Wister, I. T. She is also among the incorporators of the institution and will assume direct management. The concern has a capital of \$25,000.

Brig. Gen. T. J. Wint has taken command of the northern division of the United States army, with headquarters at Denver. His career covers almost half a century of strenuous service. He is a native of Pennsylvania, having served through the civil war with the Sixth Pennsylvania regiment.

H. P. Bledsoe, son of the man whose life suggested to John Hay the poem "Jim Bledsoe of the Prairie Belle," is living in Denver. The elder Bledsoe lived in Warsaw nearly all his life, and was a famous character among river men in the old days. The old man, who died three months ago, always kept up correspondence with Mr. Hay.

Mrs. Howard Gould has the finest private collection of birds in the United States, in some respects exceeding the aviaries at the New York zoological gardens. Not only has she made it a pastime to gather from all the quarters of the globe remarkable and beautiful specimens of the feathered tribe, but she has also made it a study and a science.

Everybody knows Russell Sage was a financier. Only a few remember that at one time in his career he represented a New York district in congress. He was elected to the Thirty-third congress as a whig, taking his seat December 5, 1853. On the second day of the session he participated in a discussion regarding the creed of a clergyman who had been suggested for chaplain of the house. From that time on he took active part in the deliberations of that body, proving himself a strong debater, but doing his best work in committee.

### OPTIMISTIC OBSERVATIONS.

Trouble seldom visits those who do not expect it.

Hope for the best—prepar for the worst—and take what comes.

Failures should be used as stepping stones to future success.

Happy is the woman who has as many changes of gowns as she has of mind.

Woman was born to love and be loved—and she fights it out on that line.

Cynics and pessimists have a hard row to hoe in this contrary old world.

It's surprising how much a woman can say about herself without telling anything.

The wise worm doesn't crawl out until after the early bird has eaten his breakfast.

Dying in poverty is easy enough; it's living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow.

It doesn't matter if beauty is only skin deep so long as the skin is worn on the outside.

It is only in accord with the eternal fitness of things that mis, kiss and bliss rhyme together.

It is the circumstances of men over which she has no control that is responsible for the spinster.

Out of evil comes good. The apple Eve swiped has furnished employment to thousands of tailors and dressmakers.

### COMES A TIME

When Coffee Shows What It Has Been Doing.

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Roma, N. Y., "its light punishment was to make me foggy and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood. The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit and try Postum Food Coffee.

"It went right to the spot! I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well. All my ailments, the 'foginess' and dizziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order, and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild and have steadily continued until now. Have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health, which I owe to the use of Postum Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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