

The St. Tammany Farmer

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An Indiana woman killed herself because her husband neglected to kiss her as he left for work. Possibly in his haste he may have absent-mindedly kissed the cook.

Crime has its social degrees and its aristocracy as well as virtuous and law-abiding society. The footpad nowadays is but a despised worker by the side of the auto burglar.

American suffragists in England do not approve entirely of the strenuous British female methods. American women are unaccustomed to march for their rights via the jail route.

The professor who asserts that all children under 12 are liars evidently has been investigating children governed by fear. The fearless child is no more a liar than is the fearless man or woman.

According to the acting Turkish consul general in New York that country within five years will be among the first of the cotton producers. That means a pretty radical change in selection of seeds.

As we read from this time forth the frequent announcements of aeroplanes much better than the Wright brothers' machine, let us remember that Columbus' caravels, which showed the way, were but clumsy vessels.

The Illinois man who says the Creator never intended that woman should supplant man probably meant nowhere except when the baby gets the colic at 2 a. m. Man is a helpless piece of humanity at that time.

As the earthquake in Lisbon's principal damage was to upset some members of the house of lords and their dignity, it would not be a bad thing if a similar upheaving of the earth could occur in London occasionally.

France will hold for a tax all German mail airships crossing the frontier. The enforcement of this measure will necessitate the addition to the French police force of that peculiarly American institution—the "fly cop."

A company has been formed to establish a serial travel from Europe to America over the ocean. A project like this may advance its travel progress, crab fashion, by coming on swimmingly for a goodly percentage of passengers.

The Canadian parliament has been asked to pass a bill to set the clock back an hour for six months in the year, after that plan which has been adopted in England. But why ask the people to fool themselves after such a silly fashion?

Five magnificent Alpine chamois from the Bernese oberland, a present from the Swiss government to the government of the United States, are on their way across the Atlantic. These will be the first chamois skins ever received in this country with chamois in them.

It would be a rude jolt to Prof. Pickering and Flammarion to learn, on opening up communication with Mars, that the inhabitants of that cheery and exclusive planet had long been picking our secret thoughts of the interplanetary wireless at every vernal and autumnal equinox.

Let the Young Turks begin to show their capacity for enlightened rule in Turkey by ending at once and forever the horrible atrocities in Asia Minor. An example of activity in that direction will raise them higher in the estimation of the world than all the promises they can make in a year.

As a joke on his mother, an Oklahoma kid advertised in the name of said mother for a husband. He stung himself. Now he has a "husky" stepfather who is equally expert with his hand, his foot, a hoop pole or a green sprout of any tough variety. Practical jokers are likely to get what is coming to them.

The good housekeeper would not think of sweeping her dust, dirt and rubbish into a corner of her front hall and leaving it for some kind neighbor to gather up and cart away. There is no more reason why the rubbish of house-cleaning time should be dumped in the public streets until the public teams come around to remove it. Let the spirit of house-cleaning time extend to public as well as private places.

Many farmers in Michigan have in recent years thought little of raising wheat in competition with the big farms of the west, but with the grain scoring at \$1.38 a bushel—a price actually obtained recently for the real article—this year's acreage devoted to wheat is likely to greatly increase. Then the price obtained next year will demonstrate how a few million bushels extra can make the figures once more gravitate around the 80-cent mark.

Our ports should be closely guarded against the importation of lion meat.

Now a medical society comes forward to remark that corsets and high heels, which science has been throwing in the face of woman for generations as harmful vices, are really beneficial. The women are not exulting in this great victory. They are indifferent to the dictates of science. They are following certain customs of attire because it has been and is the fashion to do so, but the fashion has the last laugh on science.

An irrelevant editor wants to know why the wireless can't communicate with hades. Wait and see, brother.

That results show no little thing need be despised for its possibilities is proved by the astonishing figures given of \$7,500,000 spent in feeding the canaries of the country. It is by considering how small and cheap is this domestic pet and then aggregating the cost of its maintenance in the homes of the nation that we get an illustration which makes us realize the extent of this big country of ours.

The Fifth Wheel

By INA BREVORT ROBERTS

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Dinner was drawing to a leisurely close. A little breeze, welcome after the heat of the day, came in through the lace curtains and swayed the flowers on the table, around which sat Arkwright and his wife and their guest, Oliver Carlton.

There were not many evenings nowadays when Oliver was not in what had grown to be called "Mr. Carlton's place." "In town he was always dropping in on some pretext or other late in the afternoon, and they had fallen into the habit of expecting him to remain to dinner.

Here at their summer home other guests came and went, but Carlton stayed on, occasionally going up to town for a few days, but always returning sooner than he had intended. That he liked to be there was scarcely to be wondered at. The Arkwrights were a charming couple; young and rich, besides having a delightful way of making their guests welcome.

As for Carlton, that young man talked business with Arkwright, discussed books with his wife, and was in many ways a pleasant person to have about.

Mrs. Arkwright rose with the gentle grace natural to her and moved towards the door, her husband and Carlton following. These two never lingered at the table after she left it.

In the hall Arkwright left the others, turning his steps in the direction of the library. His wife's eyes followed him.

"Won't you come out to the garden with us?" she asked; "it is cooler there."

"Yes, do come," urged Carlton; "it's much too warm to stay in the house."

Arkwright shook his head; he had letters to write, he gave as excuse. Carlton and Mrs. Arkwright passed out to the cool darkness of the garden, while the master of the house went into the library, not to write, but to sit and think, with eyes staring

at the light and one hand idly drumming on the desk, before him, of the pair who were in the garden—discussing books, he told himself with an odd, bitter smile.

There had been a time when Arkwright was wont to joke among their friends about the congeniality of his wife's and Carlton's tastes, and to protest that he was growing jealous, but that was long ago, before his eyes were opened to the truth.

He wondered how long it had gone on before he had found it out, how long he had been that most pitiable of human beings, the man who is being fooled.

There was no bitterness in his heart towards her, only deep pity and a keen regret that he had persuaded her to marry a man she did not love.

She had told him this quite frankly before their marriage, but it had not made him afraid. In time, he was confident, he would be able to win her heart; such love as his must beget an answering love, he reasoned in his folly.

In spite of his pain, Arkwright found something ludicrous in the knowledge that Carlton had succeeded where he had failed, he who in the outside world was called a successful man, while Carlton—well, there was nothing nothing to him either, Arkwright thought.

As yet neither of the pair suspected that he knew. He had gone on as usual letting them, if they took the trouble to think about the matter, believe him still the fool.

He had a vague feeling that this pretense of being blind was not the straightforward course (and Arkwright above all things had always prided himself on being straightforward), and yet, after all, what could he do? What was there to do?

Perhaps some time in the near future death would solve the difficulty. Arkwright hoped so and, since he seemed to be a fifth wheel, that he would be the one to go, which was unselfish of him, when one considers that he was well and strong and did not need to die.

He did not blame Edith—such resentment as he felt was all for Carlton—but it hurt him to have to think of her as a hypocrite. "Why need she have urged me to go to the garden to-night? Why need she always go through the pretense of asking me to accompany them everywhere?" he muttered angrily, as unable to remain still any longer, he rose and left the room.

Outside on the porch he was pacing impatiently up and down when he caught sight, just inside of the long, open windows, of his wife's slender figure. An impulse which he wished to resist but could not made him pause in his walk and step through the window.

The room was in darkness except for the faint, clear starlight, but Edith was seated so that this fell full upon her face. Carlton was not there. Arkwright dropped into a seat in

the shadow. His wife must have been aware of his entrance, but she did not speak for some time. Finally she said: "I am glad you are here. I have something to say to you, something that I fear will hurt."

Arkwright drew a long breath. Was she going to tell him that she loved Carlton?

Mrs. Arkwright broke the silence. "I want to tell you that we cannot go on as we have been," she said. "I suppose," she went on in the same soft tone, "you think that you love me. No, don't speak yet. I know what you would say; you want to what you would wish, adore me, that I am the one woman in the world to you, but I have come to feel that mere words do not count for much. It is acts that tell the story. Had you really loved me you would never have told me so."

Arkwright set his teeth hard. Was she going to reproach him for having persuaded her to marry him? Well, he deserved it, he supposed.

"Why did you do it?" she questioned with more passion, more anger, in her voice than he had supposed her capable of feeling. "Why did you force yourself into my existence? I was happy enough as I was, as happy as a woman can be who has never loved."

Arkwright winced. "But there, I must not be unkind to you," Her voice had grown indescribably tender. "After all, you are not more to blame than I; indeed, not so much, and I know you are sincere in thinking that you love me. I thought I loved you too—once. But now I know that it was not you I loved. In accepting your attentions I was only yielding to the desire every woman has to be made much of, to have thought, devotion, showered upon her. What I mistook for love was merely being glad that you, someone, anyone cared for me. It was comparing you with him that made me realize this. Had he been in your place he would never have told me that he loved me; he would have gone away and suffered in silence."

Arkwright stirred impatiently in his seat. "Why could she not have spared him a little? It was bitter enough to be reproached with his own shortcomings without having to hear her lover's praises sung. Besides, would Oliver have done these things? Arkwright thought not.

His wife leaned forward and laid a hand on his arm. "You don't know how I hate to have to say all this," she whispered.

Arkwright shook her hand from his arm. "Of course, you are angry with me, but isn't it better for me to tell the truth? I do not love you; I love him. The way she said the last three words made Arkwright dizzy with pain. It showed him how she could love.

"Of course, I can never be anything to him now," Edith went on, "for you will always stand between us; that is my punishment; but it is only fair to him that you should go away."

Arkwright did not speak; indeed, he could not, for something came into his throat and choked him.

His wife went on talking. Would she never stop, he wondered. How much more was there for him to hear! "I know it is a good deal to ask, but I should like to feel that you forgive me for telling you these unpleasant truths and for sending you away. It may be hard for you to go, but, believe me, you will find it harder to stay. I am sure of this because—I loved me as—I love him, you could never have borne it to be so much to me, and yet so little. I think I felt this in a vague way from the first. That is why even when I thought I loved you I would not tell you so."

Arkwright drew a sigh of relief. He was glad she was telling all this to him and not to Carlton. It meant much to him to be able to believe in her again.

His wife rose to her feet. "Come," she said in a voice she strove to make matter-of-fact, "we must not stay here any longer. He will be wondering where we are."

Arkwright rose too, and together they moved through the darkness to a certain doorway. Just before Edith paused and he felt her hand upon his arm again. "I am sorry, Oliver, I am indeed," she whispered.

Oliver! Arkwright felt a sudden dizziness. Oliver! She had thought he was Oliver Carlton all this time. Why—then she must have been talking about him—her husband. She must love him!

After a moment, when his mad exultation had given way to a great peace, Arkwright took his wife's hand, and, lifting the curtain, drew her into the lighted room beyond.

South's Sawdust Is Utilized. They are making roads of sawdust mixed with earth on a new plan in Leon county. Two ridges of earth are thrown up with a road machine at the required width from each other and the space between is filled with a six-inch bed of sawdust. This is followed with a smaller machine which plops up and mixes the earth with the sawdust. This makes a roadbed on which the tires of the heaviest loaded vehicles make no impression. The contractor, G. H. Averitt, has kept an accurate account of expenses in connection with this section of sawdust and earth road and says the cost aggregates \$297 a mile, showing it to be about the cheapest road material in use. It may be suggested that sawdust is not a durable material, but the True Democrat meets this objection with the statement that one of two such roads were constructed in a south Georgia county 20 years ago and are still in good condition, showing its durability. As it is well known, Leon county soil is clayey.

He who teaches his son no trade is as if he teaches him to steal.—The Talmud.

IS CLEVER HOSTESS

BARONESS TAKAHIRA MOST POPULAR IN WASHINGTON.

Wife of Japanese Ambassador Has Won an Envious Place in the Social Circles of the National Capital.



The Baroness Takahira first came to Washington as the wife of the minister from Japan. As such, by her pretty manners and her cordiality, she won for herself an enduring place in the interest and good will of official Washington. Like a true daughter of Nippon the baroness (in the old days plain "Madam" Takahira) kept pace with the fashions of the

occident, but her inherent instinct for the skillful use of flowers prompted her to affect a certain style of head-dress. Always on occasions of state, in lieu of jewel or coronet nestling among the smooth masses of her silky black hair, rested a single crimson rose.

The whirligig of time brought the little Japanese lady back to Washington in a more conspicuous role. With the prestige obtained by the victorious armies of the emperor of Japan, diplomatic affairs took on new importance and with the rank of "baron" and the diplomatic status of ambassador, the erstwhile minister returned to America.

Presiding over one of the most beautifully appointed homes in the city and seventh in line of precedence, the Baroness Takahira has an ambitious plan in the life of the community. A tiny little personage, distinctly oriental in type and unusually pretty, Baroness Takahira has very effectively "made good" as an embassy chate-laine. Her gown and marvels of elegance and modishness; also her hats and her jewels. The crimson rose is replaced by a glittering tiara of diamonds, fashioned to indicate the rank of the wearer, and a diamond necklace and bodice jewels of great value and beauty enhance the loveliness of robes which show the utmost skill of the Parisian craftsman.

The only daughter of the house, the dainty little Miss Kiyu, goes about in the gorgeously colored and embroidered robes of a young girl of Japan. Her smooth hair is dressed in a Japanese and the beautifully colored ornaments which signify her unmarried estate are duly worn among her shining braids. Next season, rumor has it, Miss Kiyu is "coming out," and everybody is wondering if she will don European clothes, such as her sister debutante will wear, or if, true to her bringing up, she will mingle among the smartly dressed American girls a picturesque figure in her kimono, sandals and quaint jeweled bracelets, brooches and hair ornaments. Miss Kiyu, too, is pretty. She has dark eyes, which nothing escapes, a serene countenance and a demure bearing.

Honors to Maj. L'Enfant. It is more than a century since Maj. L'Enfant, a favorite engineer officer of Washington, laid out the federal city which eventually was named for the Father of his Country. George Washington believed in the young man, but he was temperamental to a degree and in later years he was scouted as a dreamer. Washington was called a city of houses without streets and of streets without houses. The point was that the engineer forecasted the future. He laid out a city for 50 states instead of 13. But he was too far ahead of the wisdom of his time and left Washington in disgust and died a disappointed man.

The ceremonies anent the removal of his bones to Arlington cemetery were appropriate and impressive. Here was a young foreigner who cast in his lot with us during the struggle for independence and who fought bravely in peace and war for ideals. He could imagine things a century before they happened. He was a seer and a prophet. Like many other of his kind, he was dead long before his dream came true.

The lesson is obvious. Most of us are coldly material in our views and lack imaginative quality. But it cannot be doubted that a hundred years hence our present status will be looked back upon as crude. We shall fall in our duty unless we also keep our eyes on the future and lay our plans in every way, not for the moment, but for the situation which posterity is sure to enjoy. Washington is rapidly becoming one of the most beautiful cities in the world, but it would be no more than the average rectangular American city save for the genius and imagination of a man who was considered a fool by the wisecracks of his generation.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Vine Day" in Washington. The public schools in Washington have just observed what is called "vine day" for the first time. It came about through the inspiration of Miss Susan B. Sipe, instructor of botany in the Washington Normal school, who proposed such action, "to beautify all back fences that abutted on the streets, and on those alleys which are generally used as thoroughfares, by having vines of different kinds planted on either side." The project was promptly endorsed by the local board of education. The climate of the capital city is well adapted to promote the growing of vines.

Step to Prevent Forest Fires. Maine has a new set of game laws which authorize the governor to suspend all hunting privileges during droughts and times of special danger from forest fires. Commenting on them, the Boston Herald says: "This precautionary power is wise. The chief fire warden of New York reports that one-third of the forest fires in that state last year were definitely due to hunters' carelessness. Many others, recorded as from unknown causes, may have had similar origin. Individual sport may well be checked or suspended in order to assure public safety."

BOTH FOND OF LITTLE ONES.

Liking for Children is a Trait That Admiral and Mrs. Dewey Have in Common.

One of the most pleasant traits of character which distinguish both Admiral Dewey and his wife is their love of children. A pretty book could be written on the admiral's boy friends. A remarkable thing is, however, enthusiastic the small boys are over the hero of Manila, as soon as they get to know Mrs. Dewey well they transfer their allegiance. The admiral good-naturedly does not resent this rivalry. One of his closest chums in recent years was his next-door neighbor, Charlie Taft, younger son of the president. Charlie was so impressed with living so near Admiral Dewey that he confided to him his wish to enter the navy. He had little regard for the land service, though his father was its executive head. He would drop in casually almost every day, and when the admiral went for a drive he would invariably be out in front to give him an adoring glance. On some red-letter days, he went behind the flying Virginia horses and drank in the joys of living. But he soon began to seek Mrs. Dewey and to confide in her also. When the Taft household was disbanded last June and the household goods scattered it was to Mrs. Dewey he confided all his treasured collections of pictures and flags and tags and medals. His soul revolved at the thought of their going to a mere storage house. When Charlie came back from school on the memorable occasion when his father was inaugurated president one of his first visits was to Mrs. Dewey.

When Mark Hanna came to Washington as the new Napoleon of Republican politics there was some doubt as to how he, as a successful and somewhat arrogant man of business, would accept the rubbing which the Gridiron club would be disposed to give him, says a Washington letter in the Boston Transcript. He instantly fell in with the organization and until the day of his death practically never missed a Gridiron dinner. Its famous quartet, by his own request, sang at his funeral. J. P. Morgan is another man for whom a special dinner was planned on the occasion of his first visit. The leading act of the evening represented a New York broker's office in which the sign over the door read "Booster & Busters." In the dialogue Mr. Morgan himself was in variously referred to as the old man. Some discussion turned to a surmise as to who should be the next president, and after several New Yorkers had inquired "president of what?" expressing their doubt as to whether there was any such officer to be selected, one of them asked who was president now, to which the cockney who affected to hold Mr. Morgan's interests in his keeping, replied: "I don't know what his name is, but I know it is somebody who is not wholly satisfactory to the old man"—an allusion which pleased Mr. Roosevelt, who was present, quite as much as Mr. Morgan himself.

Mrs. Taft an Ardent Lover of Music. One day the women visitors to the White House had a treat in a "peep" into the executive dining room. They had opportunity to observe presidential methods of arranging the luncheon table; instead of the old-fashioned cloth there were many little dollies at the round table—the ladies will know just how important this fashion has become in domestic economy. The Steinway piano that adorns the east wing was discovered to be much more than a mere ornament when Mrs. Taft was heard playing upon it. The new mistress of the White House is a fine pianist and an ardent lover of music, and mistress of the science of homemaking, whether it changed to be in Cincinnati or in the Philippines, or en route, or in the White House, where she visited President Hayes and family as a girl—Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine.

Two Shaves. In a Washington restaurant, during the harsh inauguration weather, a group of Virginians were telling campaign stories. "Smith and Brown," said Judge Harvey O. Tyson of Fredericksburg, "were running for office in Richmond. Smith wanted his barber's support, but the barber was a waverer. To steady the man, Smith visited his shop the day before election, got shaved and handed out in payment a crisp \$20 bill.

At the polls the next morning Smith was overwhelmed to see the barber vote openly for Brown, his rival. He could hardly believe his eyes. He roared: "What do you mean there, Stroppe? Didn't you shave me yesterday?" "Oh, yes," said the barber; "but I shaved Mr. Brown this morning."

Ambergis and Amber. There is some popular confusion of ambergis with amber; in fact, however, there is no relation between them. But for a long time the nature of ambergis was hidden in mystery. In ancient days it was commonly believed that it flowed up from the bottom of the sea. Sinbad the Sailor tells of a spring of ambergis that he found; but it was in a crude state. The fish swallowed it, and then disgorged it in congealed form, and in this condition it floated on the surface of the sea. This story harmonizes perfectly with the old Arabian belief.

Two Washington Beauties. Mary and Eva de Lagarranz are the daughters of the Swedish minister. They are among the prettiest girls of the diplomatic circle at Washington. While they thoroughly enjoy Washington society, they are more interested in athletics. Both are expert horsewomen and swimmers and both pull a strong car. They have a beautiful estate in Sweden, where they can enjoy outdoor life to the fullest. They are intelligent as well as pretty and are great favorites in social Washington.

IN "JUST A MINUTE"

SENTENCE THAT MARRIED MEN GET TO UNDERSTAND.

This Time It Was a Case of Dressing for the Theater, and Really They Only Missed the First Two Acts.

They were getting ready for the theater. It was 7:30 p. m., and he had finished dressing, while she was trying on the third hat. She turned to her husband. "John, is my hat on straight?" "Yes, dear, it is on straight." "Perfectly straight, John?" "Perfectly!" "O, dear me, will I ever get ready! I don't want that hat on straight. It isn't the way they wear them this season!"

A groan from John, as he lit another cigar. "O, John," she said, ramming the hatpin through the crown, "are you going to get an automobile—Mrs. Carter's husband has just bought the prettiest one I ever saw—it's a light green, something like that which I had last summer, trimmed with—"

"John! John! How can you say that—why, he gave her the most—"

"Auto fend, I mean," continued John; "why, they say, Jennie, that Carter sleeps with his goggles on, and uses his auto coat for pajamas; and it's whispered that he can't rest peacefully unless they sprinkle gasoline upon his pillow—when I get to that stage I—"

"Well, I simply don't believe it! So there! Button that top button on my waist, won't you, dear? Thanks, well, as I was saying, I don't believe it, and—"

"Anyway, I couldn't afford an auto," broke in John. "You don't stop to think of the cost, you know."

"O, how could you, John?" sobbed the wife; "I'm so economical. Why, just stockings, I'm—"

"I'll be ready. There, that's much better! Now, come along sweetheart, for goodness sake smile and look happy. Are you quite sure that you are ready? Oh, all right!"

John lit his third cigar, and as the parlor clock struck the half-hour he wended their way toward the subway station. It was only 8:30.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Encouragement. The tramp have brought the lady of the house to the door to ask her a question, and she had replied in a negative and was about to close the door on him, when he said: "Madam, I came here last fall and asked if you wanted your sidewalk swept."

"Yes, I know you did, and I said no."

"That's what you said. I called again in January, and asked if you wanted the snow cleaned off."

"And I told you no."

"That's what you did. I called again last month and asked if you wanted the ice picked off."

"And I said no again."

"That's what you did. I have now called to ask if you want your sidewalk scrubbed with sand and soap, and you—"

"And I say no—emphatically, no!"

"That's what you say, madam, and I want to ask you to get in and sit down and give the matter careful thought and see if you are taking the proper way to encourage the industries of the United States and assist in a complete recovery from the financial panic."

HE KNEW HOW TO PICK THEM.

Tammany Man's Double-Barreled Compliment Did Away with Thought of Hostilities.

The orchestra was playing loudly in one of the restaurants in Denver, Col., during the Democratic national convention, and the diners were talking loudly so they might hear and be heard. At one table sat a beautiful woman and her escort and at the next table a number of Tammany men.

Suddenly the orchestra stopped, bing! and a Tammany man's voice rang out: "By George, that's a good looking woman! I'd like to meet her."

The man at the next table, who was with the lady came over, tapped the Tammany man on the shoulder and said frigidly: "Sir, that lady is my wife."

"Shake," said the Tammany man; "I am glad to meet you. You certainly are a good picker."

And hostilities were averted.—Saturday Evening Post.

THE HINT GENTEEL.

Mr. Saphead—By Jove, it's nearly 12 o'clock. Perhaps I had better be gone.

Miss Smart—Well, they say "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

Prominent Women Aid Good Cause. A large number of women occupying prominent positions in society, or on the stage, are taking an active interest in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has recently given \$1,000,000 for sanitary homes for consumptives. Mrs. Keith Spalding of Chicago has erected a sanitarium for the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute at a cost of about \$50,000; Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and Mrs. Borden Harriman have given largely to the consumption fund in Porto Rico. Mrs. Albert Norton Wood, wife of a prominent army officer stationed at San Juan, has stirred the entire island through the anti-tuberculosis crusade she inaugurated. Mrs. Emma Calve is a most enthusiastic worker, and has given largely of her talent and money for the relief of tuberculosis sufferers, and Miss Olga Nethersole has even lectured before the public on tuberculosis.

An Unconscious Tribute. When his business had yielded such profits that he began to take life more easily and think of retiring, Mr. Holden endeavored to throw some good things in the way of a younger firm. "How about letting Hobbs & Rawson have your next consignment of canned novelties?" he suggested to one of the manufacturers. "They are hard-working gentlemen young fellows."

"That's just the trouble," said the manufacturer, with a decided shake of his head. "I'm no gentleman myself, and I don't propose to mix up nor have my business deal with gentlemen, as I've always done, and you can do as you like with 'em."—Youth's Companion.

Predatory Instincts. The inherited predatory tendency of men to seize upon the fruits of other people's labor is still very strong, and while we have nothing more to fear from kings, we may yet have trouble enough from commercial monopolies and favored industries, marching to the polls their hordes of bribed retainers. Well, indeed, has it been said eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. God never meant that in this fair but treacherous world in which he has placed us we should earn salvation without steadfast labor.—John Fiske.

The Selfish Invalid. Senator Dixon, discussing a certain tariff proposition, said: "It is selfishness, pure selfishness. It reminds me of George Cartwright of Missoula.

"George Cartwright took sick and spent a week abed. He carried on dreadfully with his groans and complaints. His wife said to him one night: "Well, George, I'd rather have the whole family sick than you!"

"Huh, so would I," George answered."

MAKING SUNSHINE. It is Often Found in Pure Food.

The improper selection of food drives many a healthy person into the depths of despairing illness. Indeed, much sickness comes from wrong food, and just so surely as that is the case right food will make the sun shine once more.

An old veteran of Newburyport, Mass., says: "In October, I was taken sick and went to bed, losing 47 pounds in about 60 days. I had doctor after doctor, food hurt me and I had to live almost entirely on magnesia and soda. All solid food distressed me so that water would run out of my mouth in little streams.

"I had terrible night sweats, and my doctor finally said I had consumption and must die. My good wife gave up all hope. We were at Old Orchard, Me., at that time and my wife saw Grape-Nuts in a grocery store. She bought some and persuaded me to try it.