The St. Tammany Farmer

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Some day one of these French duels will hurt somebody.

It is impossible to keep a good river down when its name is Kaw.

It is not a deadly insult just at present to invite a man to jump into the lake.

Business will now take a fresh start and keep up without a break.

Summer is beginning to get into its regular stride.

It is pleasant to know that the British royal family is fond of Ambassador Reid's tea and marmalade.

College students again are working their passages across the ocean on cattle ships—in the sterrage, so to speak.

Flirtations are highly approved also by summer-resort mosquitoes, for it keeps the subjects out after dark.

Heat is the latest excuse for wife-beating. How would the wife-beaters enjoy the water cure?

A paper has been printed in a balloon, but communication with Mars is not yet claimed by its editor.

Virginia still has its duels, and, unfortunately, they are not of the French kind. One of the fighters, if not both, generally gets killed.

We have now indoor lawn parties and indoor baseball. Yet doctors told us not long ago that indoors was about to be abolished

Thirteen New York teachers secured marriage licenses on the first day of vacation. Perhaps they felt that they must have somebody to boss.

There is a wild rumor afloat to the effect that Abdul Hamid may emigrate to the United States. Wouldn't he be a winner on the Chautauqua circuit?

To deplore the decline of college Greek is to talk Greek to most of the students who have not yet "become convinced" of the value of hard study.

It used to be that a man was judged by the company he kept. Now he is judged rather by the company in which he happens to be a stockholder.

Wealth and luxury too often weaken the moral fiber. Sometimes they are the test of manhood—a test, by the way, to which many would like to be subjected.

It is small wonder that the King of Servia had a fit. With the state of affairs there it wouldn't be surprising to have the whole kingdom throwing them.

Chicago experts have discovered a disease called "mythomania." In other quarters it is called plain lying, but that does not sound half as interesting or scientific.

Every time Abdul Hamid felt his throne totter he would send out a few millions to be placed on deposit in some foreign bank. It is interesting to note that he selected banks in countries where the people rule.

Humanitarians now in London show how to slaughter animals painlessly. Will they also kindly demonstrate a good method of making tough beefsteak susceptible of mastication by the jaws of the plain people?

After his wife had died of lockjaw, following a Fourth of July blank-cartridge wound, a Kansas City man said: "I shall devote the rest of my life to fighting the criminal greed which lies at the bottom of this traffic in murder." And there are many others.

A boy in Detroit filled his mouth with kerosene and then let it fall in drops on a lighted match to see what would happen. This boy was really an altruist. The majority of small boys enjoy such experiments at some other one's expense. Incidentally, what did happen satisfied his curiosity for all time.

Literature is the most exacting and the most ungrateful of tyrants. Dickens gave it energy and talent that otherwise employed would have provided some competence for his decendants. Now it becomes necessary for grandchildren to accept a bounty of $2.50 per week from the British government.

Emeperor William's new schooner yacht of German construction is performing in a way that reveals a decided advance by naval architects of his empire in yacht designing and outfitting. She lost one race to the Germania, a remarkably fleet German yacht which represented the best achievement of that country before the new Meteor appeared, but the Meteor has since defeated the Germania in a breeze that tested the ability of both yachts to the utmost.

The report that the head-hunters of the Philippines are yielding to the influences of civilization will be reassuring to those who have been making investments in the archipelago. But the native warriors will have to be watched just the same, for many years, as they will doubtless break away from restraint occasionally and indulge in orgies of crime. The North American Indian did this, and in intelligence he must be classed a number of grades higher than the natives of the Oriental archipelago.

Reports of disturbances in various parts of the Turkish empire are ominous, but they should not after all be taken too seriously. There is ample room and opportunity for exaggeration, and there are those who are interested in such misrepresentation. But even if the worst were true, Turkey would be merely passing through the usual experience of countries which have had revolutions. It would have been foolish to expect so vast a change to be effected with unbroken smoothness or without some fluctuations of reaction.

A CHERRY-BUD IN A FOREIGN HAND

A Japanese Love Story

By Adachi Kinnosuke

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Westward from the Cascade of Nunobiki, through the ever-shifting tracery-work of pines and wild azaleas, you can see, if you would climb a quarter of a mile, on a spring day, a stretch of land that looks more like a dream than the actual solid footstool of God.

That was her home; there we saw her. Her environment was common—her dress, her cottage, the people about her,—yes, the people especially. But all these common things, because of her, seemed to me as if I saw them on the canvas of Millet or Rembrandt. She was a part of the landscape, and if we say of the ensemble that it is just like a picture, I do not know whether the Higher Artist would take it as a compliment or not.

Describe her? Better ask me to petrify a dream. Her lips? Oh!—one folds his hands on his left side when he speaks of them.

Not satisfied with her success in this, her fair masterpiece, Nature placed her in the rustic surrounding to heighten all the charms of the girl through the touch of that potent magician called surprise. Yes, candidly, I was surprised, and so was Mr. Sidney White, who was with me. Mr. White is an American who has spent more years of his life in Paris and abroad than under the roof of his mother. He was an artist,—an artist who, as he confided to me once, was trying his best to fall as much in love with a woman as he was with Art. Take my word for it, he had that something that goes into the making of a true artist, that all-absorbing something which made him by turns a fool and a god; he had that idolatrous adoration for the beautiful; that contempt of everything common. In order to picture his meeting with the girl, you must fancy an artist facing Art made flesh and

That Was Her Home; There We Saw Her.

beating in a woman's heart. In addition to this, you must take into account that poignant sense of surprise as keen as that of a man who finds a diamond in the dirt.

O Tome was her name. O Tome became an object of study to Sidney. Then, a short time afterwards, the object of study—not only artistic but also—From the very start O Tome was a thing of beauty to him, and in the course of time a joy forever as well. When, therefore, about a month afterwards I went up to his studio I was not surprised to see it converted into a huge multifaced mirror of O Tome —every pose of her figure, every expression of her features, the innumerable blendings of her many moods, were caught in all the conceivable cunning of colors.

"Am I really as pretty as that, White-san?"

"Very, very much more beautiful, mademoiselle!"

"And my hair—and oh, but my eyes, are they softly dreaming as they are yonder?"

"That? Why, that is nothing but a shadow; that is nothing but a picture, like a picture on a temple wall, —a picture of a goddess, you know. One can look at a picture, not the goddess—the original is too dazzling!"

O Tome, who was not sure whether she understood this poetic ambiguity of the artist, smiled as if to say, "The best thing I can do for you is to pretend that I believe all that you say."

"But, really, White-san, does your humble maid please her master, then?"

"Hush, sweet one; you should rather say that your slave worships his ideal."

"What do you think I have found now, old man?" he asked me one day as he burst into my den. Dropping my brush at the suddenness of his entry and interrogation, I answered: "Hello! you? Why, I have not the slightest idea."

"Well, she is not a beautiful study, but she is as bright as a Buddha's eyes—I mean her mind. You ought to come and see her."

Yes, I found out that she had learned many an English word.

"Say the first sentence I taught you for us, O Tome-san," White said in Japanese.

Then the olive velvet of her cheeks beccame a warmer color, and a smile made her lips like an opening bud. Then slowly she said,—

"I—love—you,—Sidney."

The last syllable was in the merry ring of her laughter.

I saw him often teaching her English and French. In those happy hours he looked like a male mother mad with ecstasy over the first faltering words of his baby. He was very proud of her; and day by day she rewarded him with the discovery of the hidden treasures of her simple heart.

Twice winter chained water; twice spring set it free and gave it songs; twice chrysanthemums decked their little garden; and they fanned away two summers. They were too much in love to think of marriage—if that were possible.

Those were happy days for him—for her.

Then there came a little piece of paper into that studio—to that nest, to speak more correctly, of Art and a couple of spring buds. Upon that paper was a message that came from the other side of the world. Since the receipt of it Sidney White was never the same man. And poor O Tome only wondered. It was rude, to her Japanese way of thinking, to ask many things of a man, and then, if he loved her, he would tell her all she ought to know without her ever asking. So she was silent—sad, because he was sad.

"Come with me, O Tome-san," he said to her one morning.

"Where are we going?"

"I have found a nest for you. And I want to see if you like it or not."

And they walked up the hill side of Kobe City.

"You see, sweetheart," he explained to her, "I have always thought that you would like to have a cottage all your own. And I think I've found it. We'll furnish it as you like, and there you can do whatever you want. I will come and see you there very often, and we won't be bothered with people who come to my studio; for I am going to keep my studio as it is."

They saw the cottage, whose veranda laughed full-mouthed towards the entrance of the famous inland Sea of Japan.

O Tome was delighted with it. It was arranged that everything would be put in order within a week, and at the end of that time O Tome was to move into it.

"But why don't you move your studio, too? I miss the pictures so much," she said to him.

"Oh, sweetheart, you will have all the pictures you want. You see, I don't want any of my studio friends bothering us at the cottage."

It was about seventeen days since Sidney White received a cablegram stating that his parents would bring out his wife with them to join him in Japan, where he seemed to be making such a prolonged study. Sidney expected them seven days ahead. O Tome was to move to her new cottage four days hence.

She could speak English fluently now, and nothing charmed the artist as the honey words from her lips.

Her head nestling in his breast, her left arm around his neck, and the fingers of her right hand going astray in the maze if his hair, making the long, wavy locks ripple like the golden surface of a sunlit sea, she was murmuring:

"Dear, you have such pretty hair; it's like the halos of saints you paint."

There was the sound of many steps in the hall. The housemaid never allowed anyone to enter the studio without seeing if the artist were ready to receive a visitor. But this time the steps came steadily towards the door of the studio. Just as O Tome leaped off the lap of Sidney the door flew open.

There was a vigorous swish of a skirt.

"Sidney!" exclaimed a stronger voice than the dreamy melody of O Tome's throat. And he was lost behind the flutter and whirl of foreign millinery. A resounding kiss.

"Great Heaven, Kate!" gasped a husky voice.

A surprise party, my boy!" shouted his father in the door-way. "We did surprise you!—ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. White released him at last. She turned round to signal the old people to follow her example. The slim figure of O Tome stopped her eyes. At once they flashed back at Sidney and found him ashy, all in a tremor. Something hard entered the blue of her laughing eyes.

"Pray, who is that, Sidney?" Her voice sounded like the breaking of an icicle.

Sidney was a human flame in an instant. He stammered.

"Husband, for Heaven's sake—" cried the lady, and then, turning to O Tome roughly: "Who are you?"

"I am just his model, madam," she said quietly in English with her head down. Mr. White wanted to paint me."

She walked out noiselessly.

That was the last time Sidney White saw O Tome. Yes, he is hunting for her now—ever hunting. But I think he would find an insane asylum long before he would find O Tome.

No Atonement to the Dead.

There is no more pitiable being in the world than a man who, really loving, or really believing that he loved, yet inflicted upon the living—perhaps in the fire of anger, or perhaps in the froth of thoughtlessness—that for which he cannot ask the pardon of the dead. The hurt may have been slight, if you choose to call it so, but it takes on a mortal character, in the retrospect. There was a duel of natures or a war of words; there was an hour stained with red which has dyed the memory through and through; they who loved became as they who hated—and wounds slashed where caresses had been; and perhaps the dead forget, but the living, God pity him! remembers.—Harper's Bazar.

Army Movable Kitchens.

Two thousand movable kitchens have been ordered for the Austrian army. Each kitchen consists of a four-wheeled vehicle drawn by two horses and weighing about half a ton. The equipment of each includes four coppers, an oven, cupboards, tables, and various other facilities for cooking in the field.

"MAKES BETTER RAILROADS."

Western Writer Pays Tribute to Railroad Magnate as Builder-Up of the Country.

Mr. Edward H. Harriman is on a trip to Europe. Ordinarily there would need be nothing added to this announcement beyond an exhortation to Emperor William to chain down his railroads and to other monarchs to put their crowns and other valuables in the safe at night. But Mr. Harriman is going off on a pleasure trip, and so many mean things have been said about him that it will not hurt any to change the tune a moment while he is out of the country and not able to take any advantage of the lapse from the cold attitude of severity that is usually used in mentioning the name of Harriman.

Of all the great railroad men developed in this generation, E. H. Harriman is easily the biggest and the best, says a writer in the Hutchinson (Kan.) Daily News. The head of a railroad company, under the rules of the game, must work for his stockholders, whether it is for the advantage of politicians, shippers or consumers. It is his job to do the best he can for the interests entrusted to his care. Harriman is not only a financier, but he is a builder and an operator. Lucky is the town, city or community that has a Harriman road. He insists on a good roadbed, level track, safe track and the convenience and comfort of the traveler and the shipper. The Harriman roads are noted as the best in the country. When Harriman gets hold of a one-horse or played-out track and right of way he proceeds to put it in first class condition. He does not raise the rates of fares, although he doubtless charges "a plenty," but he insists that enough of the funds go into real improvements to make a railroad. And that is where he stands ahead of a good many others and why Harrimanism is not such a bad thing as some people have been led to think. He makes better railroads, and there is more need for improvement that way than there is in some others which are being discussed. So far as we can see, he believes in giving every interest along his road a fair deal.

He is a public benefactor from that standpoint. He uses his power fairly. He is a great man, and as good or better than the ordinary citizen who looks upon him as the personification of the money power, seeking whom it may devour. He is a strong man in the financial world, but that should not be against him, when the financial world is the object which most of us want to reach. He is a good American and he spends his money on American railroads, not on foreign titles, race horses, old editions or other bad habits. If he is not perfect—and we don't think he is—he is no exception to the rule and is worthy of the praise of his fellow citizens for the good he does and has done.

Laughter a Series of Barks.

Laughing is barking, say the scientists. The neck and head are thrown back while a series of short barks are emitted from the throat. However musical the barks may be, they are barks. The laugh begins with a sudden and violent contraction of the muscles of the chest and abdomen. But instead of opening to let the air pass out of the lungs, the vocal cords approach each other and hold it back. But they are not strong enough to exercise such opposition for more than an instant, and the air, which is under pressure, promptly escapes. As it does so it makes the vocal cords vibrate producing the bark.

This obstruction and liberation of the air expelled from the lungs repeats itself again and again at intervals of a quarter of a second. There are thus in a hearty laugh four barks a second, and if continued, they go on at that rate as long as the air reserve in the lungs holds out. The empty lungs must then fill themselves, and this interval is marked by a quick gasp for breath, after which the barks are renewed. The barks occur in series with gasps for breath at intervals.

When laughter is violent, the entire body participates. The upper part of the trunk bends and straightens itself alternately or sways to right and left. The feet stamp on the floor, while the hands are pressed upon the loins to moderate the painful spasm.

Interviewing the Professor.

"So you don't think Mars would reply, even if we did send signals?"

"I am almost convinced that there would be no response," answered Prof. Thinktum, adjusting his glasses.

"Then you don't believe that Mars is inhabited?"

"On the contrary, I think it extremely probable that life similar to our own exists on the sister planet."

"But you don't give those people credit for intelligence equal to ours?"

"Yes. I am inclined to credit them with even greater intelligence than we display. There are many indications that they have a civilization older than ours, in which case they should have too much sense to fool away their time on any such impractical proposition."

The Way He Did It.

Jenkins—Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face, and I called him all the names in the dictionary, and a lot of others as well.

Studds—And didn't he try to hit you, Jenkins?

Jenkins—No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back, I just hung up the telephone receiver and walked away.

Up on Hoyle and Blackstone.

Sir Frederick Thesiger, while engaged in the conduct of a case, objected to the irregularity of the counsel on the opposite side, who, in examining his witnesses, put leading questions.

"I have a right," answered the counsel, "to deal with my witnesses as I please."

"To that I offer no objection," rettorted Sir Frederick; "you may deal as you like, but you sha'n't lead."—London Tribune.

IS LOSING ITS RANK

UNITED STATES SENATE NO LONGER RICH MAN'S CLUB.

Of Twelve New Members Sworn In Last March Nine Are Without the Customary Heavy Account at the Bank.

Washington.—The name "Millionaires' Club" for the United States senate is a misnomer. The chief qualification for admittance to that body is no longer a bank account running into seven or eight figures. It is getting to be a poor man's club. For several years it has been the custom to refer to the senate in satirical terms as an exclusive retreat reserved for millionaires.

"How much money has he?" was the first question Washingtonians asked each other when a new man came in with senatorial credentials in his hand. He was expected to build or rent a palace in the fashionable Northwest, stock a stable with blooded animals, entertain like a prince at costly dinners and other entertainments and drop into the senate occasionally.

If these Croesuses were a little shy on statesmanship, knew nothing about our foreign relations and the theory of finance, no fault was found with them. So long as they had made their pile and were willing to let some of it go, they were deemed to have qualified for membership in the millionaires' club, and the folks were willing to let it go at that.

Those were the days of such multimillionaires as Clark of Montana, who was suposed to be worth $25,000,000 was supposed to be worth $25,000,000 000; McMillan of Michigan, with another $10,000,000; Dryden of New Jersey, with $5,000,000 or so; Brice of Ohio, $5,000,000, and Proctor of Vermont, $3,000,000.

Then there were 15 or 20 others who had been so unfortunate in life as to be able to accumulate a bare million or so. This lot included Cameron of Pennsylvania, Jones of Nevada, Stewart of Nevada, Wolcott of Colorado and Hanna of Ohio.

In those days the dominant feature of the senate was the dollar mark, and the roll call sounded like a Roosevelt list of rich malefactors. A senator would think nothing of gobbling up a railroad system or two before going to work at the big building on the hill, and before night his stock operations might create a panic in Wall street.

Now, all this is changed. A poor man is no longer lonely in the United States senate. He has plenty of company. Of the 12 men who were sworn in on March 4 nine are poor. Two are rich and another has been able, by leading a life of celibacy and frugality, to accumulate about $100,000. Two other senators who were sworn in a few months previously are also classified among the impoverished.

By a liberal estimate there are 15 millionaires in the United States senate. If the exact truth about the state of the finances of these men were known, it is likely that several of them would be dropped from this list of modern Midases. It's not an easy thing to ascertain correctly the worldly possessions of people these days. However, the following senators are generally looked upon in Washington as being millionaires, some of them multi-millionaires:

Nelson B. Aldrich of Rhode Island, Morgan G. Bulkeley of Connecticut, W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, Chauncey M. Depew of New York, Henry A. DuPont of Delaware, Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia, Simon Guggenheim of Colorado, Francis G. Newlands of Nevada, George S. Nixon of Nevada, George T. Oliver of Pennsylvania, Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin, Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, John Kean of New Jersey and George P. Wetmore of Rhode Island.

There are several other men who might be termed "near millionaires." They include Jonathan Bourne of Oregon, George C. Perkins of California, Elihu Root of New York and Charles J. Hughes, Jr., of Colorado.

Against this select group of 19 men is the great array of senators who are well fixed, comfortably well off and poor. The last classification is the most numerous, and takes in the men who have nothing but their salaries. Especially in the western states is the tendency growing to send poor men to the senate. Formerly the mining kings had a large monopoly of the senatorial business.

Sherman's Cotton Suit Wonder.

Vice-President Sherman's hot weather clothes are the envy of the senate. Nothing like them was seen during the regime of his predecessor, Vice-President Fairbanks, and so far as tradition goes nothing like them ever was seen in the vice-president's chair. This remarkable looking suit of clothes is of some blue material similar to that of which light overalls are made. The suit is not beautiful, but it looks cool.

Those who inquired learned that it was of cotton grown in Muskogee county Georgia, and ginned, spun into thread, woven into cloth, dyed and tailored in the same county. It was presented to the vice-president through Representative Adamson, who comes from Muskogee county.

He Wanted to Know.

Senator Simmons of North Carolina was discussing the metals schedule and was particularly objecting to the rate of duty imposed upon razors. He contended that the price of razors in this country was out of all proportion to the cost of production, and that by lowering the duty and letting in more imported razors the price would be brought down.

"I take it," interrupted Senator Smith of Michigan, "that the senator from North Carolina is interested in securing cheaper razors for his constituents."

"That is correct," said Mr. Simmons. 'The people of North Carolina want cheaper razors."

"For utility or social purposes?" andly inquired Senator Smith.

LORIMER HAD 8, BUT NO TWINS

Consequently Senator Carter of Montana Wins Ten Dollars as Illinois Man Is Sworn in.

Washington.—Senator "Billy" Lorimer of Chicago—it makes him very angry when captious proofreaders make it "William"—the "baby senator," has a family of eight handsome children. This is the story of how they did not all see their father sworn into the senate.

A party of eight sat with Mrs. Lorimer in the first row of the senators' gallery. The senate and the press gallery thought the eight were Senator "Billy's" family. Just before Senator Cullom gravely offered his arm to the new Illinois senator Mrs. Lorimer appeared in the gallery door. She beckoned and six handsomely dressed young women filed past. Behind them marched Mrs. Lorimer, followed by two young men.

"Fine family, the Lorimers," observed a watchful senator. Soon more eyes turned to the gallery and as Senator Lorimer's family is just a little above the senatorial average there was pleasant comment.

"Bet $10 there is at least one pair of twins," observed Senator Brandegee of Connecticut, a bachelor.

Senator Carter of Montana, noted the almost identical height of the last four girls. It doesn't take Senator Carter long to tumble. He used to sell books in his younger days and he knows.

"Take that bet," he remarked laconically. Senator Brandegee had to be game.

When Senator Lorimer took his seat Senator Carter sauntered over, shook hands warmly and extended the usual congratulations.

"Fine family that of yours," he observed.

"Not all mine," apologized Senator Lorimer.

Senator Carter jingled two half dollars and thought of his bet.

"How many?" he asked.

"First boy and four of the girls," answered Senator Lorimer.

After the bet had been collected it developed that the other young man in the party is not a member of the Lorimer family, but wants to be, and that two of the young women are nieces of Senator Lorimer, but wanted to see him sworn in just as bad as his own daughters did.

TELLS OF TIMBERDOODLE JAG

Mixed Drink That Made Poets of Wooden Indians Invented by Father of Pretty Peggy O'Neil.

Washington.—Ever drink a timberdoodle? Victor Murdock, the red-headed recalcitrant Republican representative from Kansas, is authority for the statement that back in the days of pretty Peggy O'Neil, who caused a social war and cabinet crisis, the timberdoodle was the favorite beverage at her father's tavern.

In a valuable historical contribution apropos to the passing of the Metropolitan hotel as one of Washington's most famous hostelries, Mr. Murdock insinuated that Peggy's father's tavern was the birthplace of the timberdoodle, which, he says, was a famous mixed drink in the early days of the republic and caused as much trouble as Peggy. But let Mr. Murdock speak for himself:

"It was here at the tavern bar that the timberdoodle first was mixed, being a variation on an earlier and less famous concoction called 'stone fence.' The timberdoodle cost a flip and a bit a drink, 'hard Jackson,' paid 'dead on the nail,' that is, 18½ cents in coin and no tick. It was a searching fluid that would fill the head of a wooden Indian with fairy fancies. It may have been responsible for the postmaster general's return of Jonathan Meigs' famous order, excluding books from the mail because the sharp corners rubbed the addresses off the letters. And it may also have inspired Calhoun's idea of sending a boatload of skyrockets up the Missouri river to impress and subdue the western Indians."

What prohibition Kansas will say when it learns that the red-headed pride of Wichita has started his name thundering down the ages through a revival of an almost forgotten intoxicant will be worth hearing. The worst of the thing is that Mr. Murdock has not produced the timberdoodle recipe. Mr. Murdock's Washington address is the capitol.

Washington's Little Moon.

A Cincinnati man recently brought a new yarn to Washington. It relates to the days when the Cox machine owned the place even up to and including the board of education. One night the board had a sitting in its favorite saloon. Among the members was one of German extraction. The board was adjourning and had filed out upon the street about 2 a. m. The "orbed maiden" was just disappearing behind a church steeple. "Look at the moon," remarked one of the men.

"Dot moon!" exclaimed the German contemptuously, "dot is nodings. You ought to see de vun dey haf in Chicago."

Just so with Washington's Little Moon. The present band stand has a depressing air of newness and the trees possess that faint-heartedness which inevitably appertains to recently transplanted trees. But you ought to see the one in Manila!

Still, they haven't got the Marine band in Manila. Nor have they there a president of the United States, a Mrs. President, or cabinet members or cabinet members' wives. Nor have they so many autos, landaus, landaulets; nor so many peach-basket hats.

Vice-President as a Fan.

Congressman Ralph Cole of Ohio is telling a story of Vice-President Sherman, who is a baseball enthusiast. He went to a game between Boston and Washington. Gessler of the Red Sox swatted a hard one to Outfielder Milan of the Washingtons. The bleachers and grand stand stood up. An excited fan in front of Mr. Sherman watched the progress of the ball. Milan caught it.

"He has it! He has it!" yelled a fan.

"What kind of baseball language is that?" demanded Mr. Sherman. "He's got it."

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STARTED THE TEARS AFRESH.

Thoughtless Act of Little Eben That Reminded Sorrowful Widow of Her Loss.

Mr. Jefferson had not been altogether an exemplary husband and father, but he possessed certain engaging qualities which secured him many friends, and made his death the cause of sincere mourning to his widow. "Mis' Jeff'son, she's done broke up over Eb'nezer's being took off fr'm pneumony," said one of the neighbors.

"She sutt'nly is," said another. "Mournin' round de house all de time, she goes. Why, day befo' yist'day I was thar helpin' her, an' she only stop cryin' once, an' dat was to spank little Eben for takin' m'lasses out'n de jug right into his mouf' when her back was turned.

"When she spanked him good an' set him down, she say to me: 'He makes me t'ink ob his pa so much I cyan't bear it!' and bus' right out cryin' agin."—Youth's Companion.

HEARTLESS.

Horace—Ah! Miss Gwace, what should a young man do when he wants to write spring poetry?

Grace—He should see a doctor.

The Force of Habit.

One of the campers had done something peculiarly idiotic, and the dean said: "Dick reminds me of Thomas' colt."

"What about Thomas' colt?" asked Dick, cheerfully.

"Why," the dean responded, readily, "where I lived in Maine when I was a boy an old man named Thomas raised horses. He once put out to pasture a colt, which had been fed from its birth in a box stall and watered at the trough in the yard.

"The pasture lay across a small river, and in the middle of the day the colt swam the stream to go up to the barn-yard for a drink of water."—Youth's Companion.

THE NEW WOMAN

Made Over by Quitting Coffee.

Coffee probably wrecks a greater percentage of Southerners than of Northern people for Southerners use it more freely.

The work it does is distressing enough in some instances; as an illustration, a woman of Richmond, Va., writes:

"I was a coffee drinker for years and for about six years my health was completely shattered. I suffered fearfully with headache and nervousness, also palpitation of the heart and loss of appetite.

"My sight gradually began to fail and finally I lost the sight of one eye altogether. The eye was operated upon and the sight partially restored, then I became totally blind in the other eye.

"My doctor used to urge me to give up coffee, but I was willful and continued to drink it until finally in a case of severe illness the doctor insisted that I must give up the coffee, so I began using Postum, and in a month I felt like a new creature.

"I steadily gained in health and strength. About a month ago I began using Grape-Nuts food and the effect has been wonderful. I really feel like a new woman and have gained about 25 pounds.

"I am quite an elderly lady and before using Postum and Grape-nuts I could not walk a square without exceeding fatigue, now I walk ten or twelve without feeling it. Formerly in reading I could remember but little but now my memory holds fast what I read.

Several friends who have seen the remarkable effects of Postum and Grape-Nuts on me have urged that I give the facts to the public for the sake of suffering humanity, so, although I dislike publicity, you can publish this letter if you like."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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