GOOD CAUSE FOR WRATH.

Art Collector and Irritated Waiter Had the Same Feelings.

A Chicago art dealer was talking about the wrath of William T. Evans, the New York collector upon whom so many bogus paintings have been imposed.

"He's awfully angry," said the art dealer, repressing a smile. "Some of his costliest pictures, you know, have turned out fakes. His blood boils when he thinks of the way he has been duped.

"He told me the other day that he could hardly understand the rage that possessed him against every petty little insignficant dealer that had cheated him. He said it was like the rage of a waiter that he had noted one afternoon at luncheon.

"At luncheon, Mr. Evans said, he called his waiter's attention to a dead fly in some dish or other.

"The waiter, as he took the dish away, muttered with a malevolent look at the limp insect:

"'I'd give a two-dollar bill if I knew for certain that this was the fly that's been buzzing about my nose all the morning.'"

SHE COULD NOT WALK

For Months—Burning Humor on Ankles —Opiates Alone Brought Sleep —Eczema Yielded to Cuticura.

"I had eczema for over two years. I had two physicians, but they only gave me relief for a short time and I cannot enumerate the ointments and lotions I used to no purpose. My ankles were one mass of sores. The itching and burning were so intense that I could not sleep. I could not walk for nearly four months. One day my husband said I had better try the Cuticura Remedies. After using them three times I had the best night's rest in months unless I took an opiate. I used one set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and my ankles healed in a short time. It is now a year since I used Cuticura, and there has been no return of the eczema. Mrs. David Brown, Locke, Ark., May 18 and July 13, 1907."

He Meant Business.

Two girls on the boardwalk talked of a young man.

"Don't take any stock in him," said the first. "He is a flirt. He is a jilt."

"But his presents—"

"He gives all the girls presents when he is making up to them. Why, he gave me something every other week."

"But he gives me," said the second girl, "such presents as convince me that he means business this time."

"What has he given you?"

"He has given me a tea service, a set of table linen, a Morris chair, a hall rug, and a beautiful brass bedstead."—Exchange.

Astonished Great Pianist.

A collection of anecdotes of musical celebrities just published at Leipsic contains this one under the head of Anton Rubinstein. When the great pianist was making his tour of the United States he sat one day in a railroad train looking out upon the scenery. Suddenly a man sitting across the aisle spat over Rubinstein's head out of the open window. The master drew back and gazed in astonishment and anger at the vulgar American, who smiled and said, soothingly: "Don't worry; I know my distance."

Few Horses Used in China.

The only places in China where horses are used to any great extent are Shanghai, Esing-Tau and Tien-Tsin. Australian "walers," so called because they originate in New South Wales, are the most popular. These horses are imported into Shanghai in batches of from 20 to 50, are well taken care of on the voyage, and, arriving in excellent condition, are put into use within a couple of weeks after arrival.

And She Is Proud of It.

Two ladies were lunching together one day, when one who is a member of the Colonial Dames said to the other: "Why do you not join the Colonial Dames? You surely must be eligible."

"Oh, yes," responded her friend. "I forget just now the name of my ancestor, but I know we have been descending for many years."—Emily Rhodes, in Lippincott's.

ALMOST A SHADOW.

Gained 20 lbs. on Grape-Nuts.

There's a wonderful difference between a food which merely tastes good and one which builds up strength and good healthy flesh.

It makes no difference how much we eat unless we can digest it. It is not really food to the system until it is absorbed. A Yorkstate woman says:

"I had been a sufferer for ten years with stomach and liver trouble, and had got so bad that the least bit of food such as I then knew, would give me untold misery for hours after eating.

"I lost flesh until I was almost a shadow of my original self and my friends were quite alarmed about me.

"First I dropped coffee and used Postum, then began to use Grape-Nuts although I had little faith it would do me any good.

"But I continued to use the food and have gained twenty pounds in weight and feel like another person in every way. I feel as if life had truly begun anew for me.

"I can eat anything I like now in moderation, suffer no ill effects, be on my feet from morning until night. Whereas a year ago they had to send me away from home for rest while others cleaned house for me, this spring I have been able to do it myself all alone.

"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, with sometimes an egg and a piece of toast, but generally only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I can work until noon and not feel as tired as one hour's work would have made me a year ago." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

TO HELP FARM LIFE

PRESIDENT PLANS TO SEND MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

SELECTS FIVE EXPERTS

Chief Executive Asks Them to Investigate Conditions and Report Recommendations for Improvements.

Oyster Bay, N. Y. — With a view to bringing about better social sanitary and economic conditions on American farms, President Roosevelt has requested five experts on country life to make an investigation into the whole matter and to report to him with recommendations for improvements. The report and recommendations, with any additional recommendations which the president himself may desire to make, will be incorporated in a message which the president will send to congress probably early next year.

The men President Roosevelt has asked to act as an investigating committeee are Prof. L. H. Bailey of the New York College of Agriculture, Henry Wallace of Wallace's Farmer, Des Moines, Ia.; President Kenyon L. Butterfield of the Massachusetts Agricultural college, Gifford Pinchot of the United States forest reserve and Walter H. Page, editor of the World's Work, New York.

President Outlines His Plan.

In a letter to Prot. Bailey, asking him to accept the chairmanship of the commission, the president outlines his desires in the direction of improvements on the farms. The letter follows in part:

"My dear Prof. Bailey: No nation has ever achieved permanent greatness unless this greatness was based on the well-being of the great farmer class, the men who live on the soil; for it is upon their welfare, material and moral, that the welfare of the rest of the nation ultimately rests. In the United States, disregarding certain sections and taking the nation as a whole, I believe it to be true that the farmers in general are better off today than they ever were before. We Americans are making great progress in the development of our agricultural resources. But it is equally true that the social and economic institutions of the open country are not keeping pace with the development of the nation as a whole. The farmer, is, as a rule, better off then his forebears; but his increase in well-being has not kept pace with that of the country as a whole.

"While the condition of the farmers in some of our best farming regions leaves little to be desired, we are far from having reached so high a level in all parts of the country. In portions of the south, for example, where the department of agriculture, through the farmers' co-operative demonstration work of Dr. Knapp is derectly instructing more than 30,000 farmers in better methods of farming, there is nevertheless much unnecessary suffering and needless loss of efficiency on the farm.

Importance of Farmer's Wife.

"It is especially important that whatever will serve to prepare country children for life on the farm, and whatever will brighten home life in the country and make it richer and more attractive for the mothers, wives and daughters of farmers, should be done promptly, thoroughly and gladly. There is no more important person, measured in influence upon the life of the nation, than the farmer's wife, no more important home than the country home, and it is of national importance to do the best we can for both."

"The farmers have hitherto had less than their full share of public attention along the lines of business and social life. There is too much belief among all our people that the prizes of life lie away from the farm. I am therefore anxious to bring before the people of the United States the question of securing better business and better living on the farm, whether by co-operation between farmers for buying, selling and borrowing; by promoting social advantages and opportunities in the country; or by any other legitimate means that will help to make country life more gainful, more attractive, and fuller of opportunities, pleasures and rewards for the men, women and children of the farms."

Saratoga Sheriff Accused.

Saratoga, N. Y.—Copies of charges of alleged neglect of duty, for failure to suppress the alleged gambling at Saratoga Springs, with a request for his removal from office, were served upon Sheriff John Bradley, Jr., of Saratoga county, Monday night by Ben Smith, stenographer to Gov. Hughes. Sheriff Bradley is summoned to appear in his own defense in the executive chamber at Albany on August 17, at three p. m. The governor has directed Sheriff Bradley to file his answer to the charges by that time.

Big Red River Wheat Crop.

Crookston, Minn.—Reports received in this city from the local agents of the Great Northern railway throughout the entire Red river valley indicate at this time 20 per cent. better crop than last year, or about ten million bushels of wheat.

Fifteen Die in Mine Disaster.

Saarbrueken, Germany.—As a result of an explosion of firedamp Tuesday in the Dudweiler mine, five miles from here, 15 persons were killed and six badly hurt.

Mrs. D. L. Dresser Obtains Divorce.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Mrs. Daniel Leroy Dresser was granted an absolute divorce Monday from Daniel Dresser, president of the Ship Building Trust and of the Trust Company of the Republic of New York City, on the ground of desertion.

Washout Causes Fatal Wreck.

Goldfield, Nev.—As the result of a washout on the Tonopah & Tidewater, near Shoshone, Cal., a passenger train plunged into a chasm and three men were killed.

WRIGHT AROUSES FRENCH

MAKES HIS LONGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT.

Capt. Baldwin Makes Preliminary Speed Trial of Dirigible Balloon Designed for Use of Army.

Lemans, France.—Tuesday evening Wilbur Wright of Dayton, O., made the longest and most successful flight of the series of aeroplane trials which he is conducting here, remaining in the air three minutes and forty-four seconds. The machine circled the field three times at the rate of 36 miles an hour.

On passing the grandstand Mr. Wright gracefully descended until within speaking distance of the spectators, who wildly applauded his exhibition of mastery over the aeroplane, after which he soared like a bird to new heights and continued his flight until reaching the starting point where he gently landed.

Washington.—The official speed trial of Capt. Baldwin's dirigible balloon was again postponed Tuesday, but a preliminary speed trial was made with Mr. Curtis and Capt. Baldwin aboard. Capt. Baldwin again took a westerly course in order to become familiar with the official course lying in the direction of Falls Church. It is estimated an average speed of 18 7-10 miles was maintained.

There were a large number of spectotors, including Secretary of War Luke E. Wright and James Allen, chief signal officer, present.

Greater interest seems to center in the aeroplane to be tried at Fort Myer by the Wright brothers and A. M. Herring. The latter has requested an extension of 30 days in the time in which he is to deliver his machine, which will be granted. The Wright aeroplane is expected any day. Orville Wright is coming from Dayton, O., and it is thought that he will assemble his machine and make preliminary flights somewhere near Washington before notifying the signal corps of his readiness for the official trials.

"HOLD-UP" IN OYSTER BAY.

President's Son Helps Obtain Funds for Nassau Hospital.

Oyster Bay.—There were numerous "holds-ups" on the streets of Oyster Bay Wednesday, and one of the hold-up artists was none other than the president's youngest son, Quentin. The proceeds of the hold-ups are to go to a worthy cause, the maintenance of the Nassau hospital at Mineola, the only one in Nassau county.

Being in urgent need of funds, the Nassau hospital has sent forth appeals to every town for assistance. In Oyster Bay the Oyster Bay Academy, whose pupils are all members of wealthy families in the vicinity, adopted novel means for securing funds. Each member of the academy was equipped with a Red Cross arm-band and sent forth on horseback to hold up people, whether in automobiles, carriages or afoot, and take from them whatever sum they feel inclined to give.

BOILER BLOWS UP; EIGHT DEAD.

Terrific Explosion in a Rolling Mill at York, Pa.

York, Pa.—Eight men were killed, nearly a score of others more or less seriously injured and thousands of dollars' worth of property damaged by the explosion of a boiler in the York rolling mill late Monday afternoon.

The shock was so terrific that it demolished a large portion of the mill and sent heavy pieces of twisted iron and metal in all directions. The plant of the Broomal, Schmidt & Steacy company, near the scene of the explosion, was badly damaged, and a horse which was standing 300 yards distant from the mill was instantly killed.

To Wait Five Weeks in Line.

Duluth, Minn.—With a wait of nearly five weeks ahead of her, Miss Anna Rowe, an 18-year-old Duluth girl, Monday took her place before the door of the United States land office and will camp there night and day until the Fond du Lac Indian reservation land is opened for settlement. Miss Rowe is number six in the line.

Receivers for Pillsbury Mills.

Minneapolis, Minn.—As a step towards reorganization certain stockholders and holders of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Milling company's paper, petitioned the federal district court for the appointment of receivers to direct the business. Three receivers were named.

No Shortage; Bank Reopens.

Guthrie, Okla.—The Bank of Afton, Okla., which was closed Monday pending an investigation of its affairs, was reopened Tuesday and business resumed. The examination of the bank's affairs showed that there is no shortage whatever.

Train Smashes Street Car.

Detroit, Mich.—Six men were injured severely, but probably not fatally, Wednesday afternoon when a fast Grand Trunk passenger train from Port Huron struck and wrecked a Harper avenue street car.

Ainsworth R. Spofford Dead.

Plymouth, N. H.—Ainsworth R. Spofford, librarian of the congressional library at Washington from 1864 to 1897, and later chief assistant librarian, died at Shepard hill, Holderness, Tuesday, aged 84.

Dominion Liner Runs Aground.

Montreal.—The Dominion liner Southwark, bound from Montreal to Liverpool with a large number of passengers, ran aground during a dense fog at Bras Point, on the outer edge of Forteau bay.

Killed by Fall of Nine Stories.

New York.—Falling nine stories down the elevator shaft of a Broadway skyscraper Tuesday, August Does, 45 years old, was instantly killed, every bone in his body having been broken.

THE HOOP THAT ROLLED UPHILL

By DON MARK LEMON

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

"Haven't you ever investigated it?"

"No, can't say that I ever did."

"Well, you're a singular sort of man to have a phenomenon like that occurring under your eyes every day, and not investigate it."

"I dunno, maybe so."

"Hasn't any one in these parts ever investigated it?"

"Well, now, since you ask, Pearson's boy—right promisin' sort of a lad was Jeff—he did kind o' lay in wait 'ur the pesky hoop one evening longside yonder rock, half way up the hill."

"When was this?"

"About last May, ef I reck'lect."

"And what happened? What did he find out?"

"Well, now, p'r'aps he found out something and p'raps he didn't. Can't say."

"Can't say! Why not?"

"Well—you—see — Jeff, he never spoke no more after that pesky hoop came a-rollin' up to where he was waitin' 'longside o' the rock. Jest threw up his hands an' came a-runnin' down the hill ahead o' the hoop like he was bein' chased by some sort o' devil or 'nother, an' hid himself away in the ol' straw stack over there."

"Singular!"

"Ye-es, et was sort o' singular. An' when me an' his father dug him out o' the stack, he was plumb daft, an' he ain't ever spoke since then. But I dunno whether et was somethin' about the pesky black hoop that did et, or whether he was sort o' struck by the lightnin' as he got up in front o' the rock to git a good look at the hoop, for, you see, et was durin' a 'lectric storm that Jeff lay in wait up thar on the hill, an' me an' his father was talkin' down here about what a big fool he was, when we saw a streak o' lightnin' hit the rock whar he was waitin', an' then Jeff came a-tumblin' down the hill in front o' the pesky hoop, an' hid in the ol' straw stack."

"Did any one, after that, attempt to get a close view of the hoop?"

"Not that I know of. Pearson's boy's trouble has kind o' scared everybody away, an' we jest let the hoop roll an' keep out of its road. We're generally o' the opinion hereabouts that the devil's business ain't none of ours."

With this rural philosophy, the old farmer turned and went into the farmhouse, leaving the tourist with whom he had been conversing standing very much perplexed, gazing off at the skyline of a long slope that began among a clump of trees about a quarter of a mile away and ended at the bank of the river that wound by the old farmer's domain.

Every evening at sundown for almost a year past a black hoop about four feet in diameter had been seen to appear on the sky-line of this slope at a distance of some 40 feet from the clump of trees at the top, and roll rapidly down the incline, to vanish like an apparition within a short distance of the river below.

What this mysterious black hoop was, no one knew; and since Jeff Pearson's misfortune no one had attempted to investigate the phenomenon. The old farmer had even advised the tourist to leave the matter severely alone; but James Moor was determined to investigate for himself, and he started off towards the slope, when suddenly, from a point about 40 feet below the clump of trees at the top of the incline, the black hoop—appearing as unaccountably as if drawn out of thin air—began its usual evening descent, just as if a thick barrel-hoop, lying flat high up on the slope, had suddenly erected itself from the short grass and began to roll down the hill. Only, when this mysterious black wheel had arrived within 20 feet of the river below, it vanished as suddenly and as strangely as it had come.

Three times before James Moor had witnessed this remarkable phenomenon, but he was not less amazed at witnessing it for the fourth time. In fact, the thing grew more uncanny at each successive occurrence, and the tourist felt almost grateful that he had not met with the hoop in its descent. If he had, he might now be hiding in the old farmer's straw stack!

Yet, now that the phenomenon was over for the day, he could safely investigate the track of the black hoop. So, setting off, James Moor climbed to the top of the slope and carefully examined that particular spot where the apparition always made its appearance, but he discovered nothing unusual in the ground thereabout, it being like all the rest of the uncultivated land in those parts—covered with short grass, with a few pebbles and stones scattered about, and here and there a gopher or squirrel hole.

Slowly and painstakingly he made his way down the incline in the late track of the mysterious circle, ending his investigation at the bank of the river near which the apparition had suddenly faded into nothing—and ending it in vain, for the nature of the manifestation remained as profound a mystery as before, and as uncanny.

Returning to the farmhouse, he fell into a deep meditation about the matter; after which he dropped asleep, to dream that the black hoop was made of smoke, and was bowled every evening down the slope by an invisible fiend, who invariably vanished at the river's bank, taking the hoop with him, into a nice, clean hole in the air.

The next evening James Moor lay in wait near the foot of the incline, with a rifle in easy reach, and when the mysterious circle rolled into range he endeavored to put a bullet into it. But he merely succeeded in killing a calf.

This was on Thursday. On the Saturday following James Moor witnessed something all alone that he didn't report to his host, for fear that that old gentleman would think his city guest held the truth altogether too lightly. The mysterious black hoop, instead of appearing some 40 feet below the clump of trees at the top of the slope and bowling down the incline, suddenly appeared at the foot of the slope near the river and bowled rapidly up the hill, to vanish at that particular locality where it usually appeared.

There was something positively unholy in the mysterious circle suddenly appearing and rolling of itself uphill, and the tourist got it into his head that the country air wasn't doing his health any good.

Three times therefore, twice down the hill and once up the hill, the apparition bowled unmolested. Then, on a Thursday evening, as the tourist, his host, and a couple of farm hands were waiting for the uncanny thing to make its appearance an immense sow from some neighboring farm suddenly hove into sight high up on the slope near the clump of trees at the top,

Three Times Before James Moor Had Witnessed the Remarkable Phenomenon.

and as this unwieldy behemoth of the pen came into view the mysterious black hoop also appeared on the skyline of the slope and began to bowl down the incline towards the river.

Perhaps the sow was up there merely for rootings, but when she saw the rolling hoop, instead of tucking her snout down and fleeing, as the men thought she would, she squealed like some monstrous, disgusting fury, and, turning square, hurled her tremendous body with the speed of a vicious horse down upon that apparition.

The spectators saw the uncanny circle let itself out like a frightened thing, and leap and spin through the air towards the river below. But the sow behind was not only racing now—she was being shot down the slope as from a catapult with the weight of her own monstrous body, and in less than 30 seconds she closed her vicious fangs upon the mysterious black hoop.

As she did so, the apparition seemed to vanish into thin air, and the men believed that the sow, too, had been cheated. But instead of giving up the chase, she hurled herself upon something that, instead of going upright like a revolving wheel, went flat in the grass, feeding and grunting as contentedly as if at the trough.

When the four men reached the voracious animal, they beat her off with sticks and stones and investigated her capture. It was a great black snake, fully 12 feet long, and of unusual thickness for that species.

Every evening at sundown, high up near the clump of trees at the top of the slope, this snake had come from its lair—which was a wide-mouthed ground-squirrel hole—and cunningly thrusting its tail into its mouth, had erected its body and bowled like a hoop down the incline, to disappear into an opening in the ground near the river bank. Every evening it did this, save on those rare occasions when, either through alarm or to diversify its actions, it bowled uphill.

. . . Which proves that nature and not man invented that most useful device—the wheel.

First Woman to Win Chauchard Prize.

Mme. Jeanne Marni has just won the Chauchard prize given by the Societe des Gens de Lettres of France. This is the first time that it has been awarded to a woman. It was given for the general excellence of Mme. Marni's work. Among the noted recipients of the prize have been Guy de Maupassant and Camille Lemonnier.

Summer Item.

"Yes," said the teacher, "you must always remember that all liars will have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

The little scholar looked thoughtful. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"That settles pa's hash. He goes fishin' twice a week!"

Needed It All.

Old Gentleman—Rastus, if you had half of that big watermelon would you be happy?

Little Rastus—No, sah.

Old Gentleman—What more would you want to complete your happiness?

Little Rastus—De odder half ob dat melon, sah.

SING, BIRDIE, DON'T!

Miss Yellem (about to sing)—What is your favorite air, professor?

Professor—Fresh air—and plenty of it! Good morning!

Proof.

"Do you know that your chickens come over into my garden?"

"I thought they must be doing that."

"Why did you think so?"

"Because they never come back."

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