

The Unfailing Law.

By IMA WRIGHT HANSON.
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We were crossing Long canyon on our way to Mussel rocks, little Madeline and I.

I took her hand to help her down the steep side of the canyon.

"It is such a little hand," I said fondly. "It ought to be a wee bit longer, though, for its width."

"What a funny boy you are, Jamie!" Madeline laughed. "What a compliment. Why didn't you say, 'It is a beautiful hand and a perfect one?'"

"I suppose it is my Scotch bluntness, girle," I answered. "If I had said that, you would have thought I was flattering. I didn't mean to find fault with the hand, though. It is a pretty hand."

We climbed the other side of the canyon and started along the trail, narrow as it skirted the sand hills and hard to follow. At its end Madeline was pink checked, and her hair was blowing about her sweet face in dusky little curls.

"I can't explore the rocks and the caves and all the wonders of the deep till I get my breath," she declared, dropping on the sand.

"There's plenty of time," I answered, comfortably sitting down by her. "We have the whole long day before us."

"A whole long day?" she repeated musingly. "And after the day, what then?"

My pulse leaped. If I had my desire I knew what would be after the day—another day and another day and day beyond that till life was done, all filled with love and peace and Madeline.

"And now that your dredger did not prove a failure you are a rich man, Jamie," she remarked presently, for I had been silent with my thoughts.

"Yes," I answered, turning my head to listen to the thrub of the engine as it came to me faintly on the sea breeze. That was the sound which spelled for me "success." By the engine's work



"JAMIE, LET ME HELP YOU START AGAIN," the tiny particles of gold hiding in the black sand were being taken out as no other device had ever brought them out, and the invention was the child of my brain. Perhaps my jubilation had made me over-careless.

"To one who understands the law the demand for something creates the supply. I have success and riches, but neither is sufficient," I remarked arrogantly. "Madeline, you are the girl for me. I want to change the gold that the sand gives up to me into lace and silks and fine linen for you, dear, into jewels to sparkle in your little pink ears and at your white throat and on your pretty hands. I want to spend my gold for you as a king would give to his queen. May I, Madeline?"

"Why, Jamie!" Madeline was looking up at me, laughing, though her dark eyes held no hint of laughter. "Why, Jamie, you will turn poet yet. That was a pretty, pretty speech."

A breath from the sea, piercing cold, struck me.

"But you haven't answered my question yet, dear," I said haltingly.

"The demand for something creates the supply," you said, Jamie, but I don't believe it is always true—in this case anyway. It is good of you to want to buy things for me, but I must decline, with thanks."

"But, Madeline, you have to work now, and I could do everything for you."

The little head was raised so independently.

"I am proud to earn my own living. I thought you understood me better than that."

The unkind breath of the sea struck me again, chilling my body even as her words made cold my heart.

"If you could change your mind," I began, "I could wait till—"

"Till your grapes become sweet and the rubbery green satin," she smiled. "You would tire of waiting. But we won't talk about it any more. Now I'm rested shall we explore the caves?" I rose at once and helped her to her feet. Without animation and almost in silence we looked at the different colored ledges of the cave ceiling, we saw the little sponges on the rocks, we viewed the curious coal tar formations, and then we took the narrow trail homeward.

"The day has grown so cold, Jamie, that it won't be pleasant to stay as we had planned to do," she said, but her dark eyes evinced no mine as she said it.

I understood. It was not the change of the day that had come to us, but the change in ourselves, in our relations to each other.

Next day brought news of a storm at sea. The sun was shining, but the waves were running immensely high. Standing in the door of my cabin, twelve feet above the sands, I saw it

and realized my finish. My house and the house which sheltered Madeline, and the other houses on the bluff were probably not in danger. But my dredger! When a man stands twelve feet above ocean level and cannot view the open sea because of the height of the breakers, he clearly understands the fate of a gold dredger or any other object in its very path.

In the course of hours it was all over. Looking at the deceptive calm one never would have imagined the destruction the sea had wrought. I stood on the beach and viewed the wreck of my fortune.

Fifty thousand feet of lumber which had once been the boat lay scattered along the shore farther than the eye could reach. Ten thousand dollars' worth of machinery which had been the motive power of the boat lay here and there in millions of pieces, burying themselves in the sand, while the work of brain and toll of hands had been as nothing to the sea in her madness.

As I stood there a voice came sweetly to my ears, and a hand was laid lightly on my arm.

"It seems such a pity, Jamie, such a dreadful thing to have happened, but I do believe everything that happens is for the best if we can only look at it right. I'm so sorry, but you aren't entirely discouraged, are you, Jamie?"

My pulse leaped at the sound of her voice. If I could have had her, what would I have cared for any other loss in the whole world?

"There are many worse things in life, girle," I answered, smiling at her. "I shall do the work again; that's all. It wouldn't do to let myself grow discouraged."

Then a most surprising thing happened. My little Madeline, with a wonderful look in her dark eyes, stood on tiptoe and raised her face to me.

"Jamie, let me help you start again. I was such a little fool the other day. You didn't tell me you loved me. You just talked about spending money on me, and you seemed so sure of me that I thought—I knew you meant it right, too. But I—the demand does create the supply, Jamie. The law is unfailing."

It was such a halting little voice and such a delicious little pink face raised to mine. I kissed the trembling lips with one long, thankful touch, and when I let the little girl go from my embrace she laughed, though a little shakily.

"Would you rather have lost the boat, Jamie, and found your sweet-heart?"

And I answered, "Another dredger can be made, but in all the world there is only one Madeline."

Breaking It Real Gently.

There is a man in congress who is renowned in the city he comes from for his imperturbable calmness on every imaginable occasion. They tell of him that one day he strolled leisurely into the office of a friend.

"I have just had a chat with your wife," he said by way of beginning.

"Why, I didn't know she was downtown," said the friend.

"Oh, she wasn't downtown," replied the congressman. "I called at the house."

"I didn't know she was receiving today," said the husband, with some surprise. "I thought she had a headache."

"She didn't mention it to me," said the congressman. "There was a crowd at the house."

"A crowd!" echoed the husband.

"Yes," went on the calm man. "They came with the engine."

"The engine?" gasped the husband.

"Oh, it's all right," went on the calm man. "It's all out now. It wasn't much of a fire, but I thought you'd like to know it."

Nation of Noises.

In China night is as alive as the day and is filled with whoops, noisy conversation, the singsong accompanying work, boisterous repartee and every other unmusical sound. In addition, the darkness is one long howl of dogs, cackle of geese, braying of donkeys, croaking of frogs, the squealing of pigs, the drumbeats of the policeman and even, as some one has said, "the slinging of the stars." Individually the people are full of varieties of unsuppressed, violent demonstrativeness, and collectively they are only a terrific tribal turbulence. One most appropriate name for China has never been given it. It has been called the Yellow Kingdom, the Middle Kingdom, the Celestial Empire, the Pigtail Nation, the Sneezy Giant and others. No one of these is more applicable than the Nation of Noises. Noise is seemingly the first element of Chinese life and has been cultivated for centuries by Chinese talent, and in conception, development and execution presents not only new varieties, but scores of new species.—Cor. Montreal Standard.

Solicitude.

"Why are you so extremely solicitous about the preservation of trees?" asked the art expert.

"Well," answered the man whose taste in sculpture are somewhat restricted, "it seems to me that trees are frequently very desirable things for statuary to hide behind."—Washington Star.

The Eternal Lottery.

Governor Vardaman of Mississippi tells an amusing instance of the negro's attitude toward matrimony. A dark clergyman in the state named had married two negroes, and after the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' charge fo' dis?"

"I usually leave that to the groom," was the reply. "Sometimes I am paid \$5, sometimes \$10, sometimes less."

"Five dollars is a lot o' money, pashon," said the groom. "Ah'll give yo' two dollars, an' den ef Ah finds Ah ain't got cheated Ah'll give yo' mo' in a monf."

In the stipulated time the groom returned. "Pashon," said he, "dis here arrangement's a kind o' spee-lashun, an' Ah reckon youse got de worst o' it. Ah figgers that yo' owes me a dollah an' seventy-five cents."—Harper's Weekly.

REAL MAGNATE HER GUEST.

"It has happened at last," exclaimed the woman. "I have dined at the same table with a real magnate. I knew it would happen if I kept on going to that little Hungarian restaurant where they are all mag-nates, exiled princes and things."

"It happened last night. I hadn't been there for a long time. I sat at the big square table where I always sit. Not far from me was a very distinguished looking man with iron gray hair and such a manner! He passed me everything on the table. He bowed so courteously every time he did it in a noble way; nothing servile; just a high and mighty courtesy, you might call it. At last I said to him:

"This is an interesting little place, isn't it? Have you ever been here before?"

"This is my first visit," he replied, with a smile. "I heard so much of it I thought I would come down and look it over. I am in the same business myself." He bowed and smiled again as he revealed the nature of his business.

"I am head waiter at the Hotel Astor," he said.—New York Press.

The Georgian Bay Canal.

The Georgian bay canal survey has been completed after two years of work and a heavy expenditure of money. It is an undertaking comparable with the Panama canal, for the rough estimates of its cost already reach a total of \$125,000,000, and the revised estimates, based on the survey just finished, may be materially higher. The project calls for a channel with a minimum depth of twenty-two feet from the great lakes to Montreal by way of French river, Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa river. Its completion would mean the shipping of cargoes from great lake ports to any part of the world without breaking bulk. How such a plan will appeal to the powerful transcontinental Canadian railways will not be seen until the report on the canal is made public.

A Fan Run by a Lamp.

In India the intense heat during most of the year makes fans of some kind a necessity to the comfort of Europeans, and great success is predicted for the new apparatus that is being introduced by a German firm and which consists of a portable fan driven by a hot air engine using kerosene as fuel.

The lamp, holding about a quart of oil, has a small glass chimney fitting into a larger metal chimney connected with the engine, and the fan, resembling the ordinary electric fan, is hung upon the top of the engine. The speed is regulated by turning the flame up or down. One filling of the lamp is sufficient for more than twenty-four hours, and the cost of running is only one-fifth of that of the electric fan.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Silent" Smith's Kindness.

"Silent Smith," said a New York broker, "was an eccentric man, but in many ways a kind one. To his friends and employees he was exceedingly kind. Once, indeed, his kindness saved a lad from ruin. Mr. Smith, a good many years ago, employed a young man in a confidential capacity. Another employee came to him one day and told him he had better look out for the young man, as he was living beyond his means."

"Mr. Smith frowned.

"Living beyond his means, is he?" he said. "Dear me, that won't do. Send him to me at once. I'll have to raise his salary."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Few Whites in Bolivia.

Bolivia extends for nearly 1,200 miles from north to south and almost 700 miles from east to west. In all this vast extent of territory there are only about 1,600,000 people, more than half of whom are full blooded Indians, degenerate descendants of the valiant Incas. In number of inhabitants to the square mile the hermit republic ranks the lowest of all the nations of the world, having at the last census only ninety-nine one-hundredths of a person to every mile, while Tripoli, which comes next in this respect, has one full inhabitant to the mile.—Boston Transcript.

The Cave of Minneapolis.

It was discovered some years ago that a part of the business district of Minneapolis was built over a great subterranean cavern, whose rocky roof lay some sixty or more feet below the surface, but the fact has been kept quiet until now, when the roof of the cave has been put upon the support of great concrete pillars. The cave had been caused by a subterranean waterflow, which has been diverted. When accidentally discovered the cavern contained a lake of fine ice cold water, ten feet deep and large enough to have supplied the city.—Argonaut.

Diet For Every Man.

Jam—for car conductors.
Cereals—for novelists.
Mince-meat—for autoists.
Beets—for policemen.
Saratoga chips—for gamblers.
Pi—for printers.
Corn—for chiropodists.
Starch—for henpecked husbands.
Gumdrops—for dentists.
Yaffy—for after dinner speakers.
Bohemian.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Shepherd and the Wolf is a Good Outdoor Game.

The children stand in a long line, one behind the other, holding each other's dress or coat. The one at the head of the line represents the shepherd. His little followers are the lambs. One player stands apart from them, and he is the wolf. He prowls stealthily around the flock, and the shepherd calls out, "Who goes around my house this dark night?"

The other answers, "I am the wolf."

The shepherd says, "I beg of you not to hurt my lambs."

The wolf then says, "I only wish for one, and I mean to have this little lamb." And he jumps at the last player in the line. The shepherd swings around to save his pet lamb, followed, of course, by the others. The wolf is sly and pretends to turn aside, only watching his opportunity to grab. When he catches the lamb she must try to slip away, and if she succeeds she in turn becomes shepherd. The wolf must then pay a forfeit and relinquish his place to the last lamb in line, taking his place.

Spanish Tag.

Spanish children play a kind of tag which they might have taken from some fairy game book if such a thing existed. One child, chosen by lot, is the moon and must keep within the shadow. The others are the morning stars and are safe only in lighted spaces. The game is for the morning stars to run into the shadow, during the moon, who, if successful in catching one, becomes in turn a morning star and passes out into the light. This, of course, leaves the one caught to act the part of the moon. As the morning stars run in and out of the moon's domain they sing over and over:

O the moon and the morning stars,
O the moon and the morning stars,
Who dares to tread—O,
Within the shadow?

Conundrums.

Why can't regular soldiers sit down? Because they belong to the standing army.

How can you tell the age of a hen? By the teeth. (Your own, of course.)

Have you heard the story of the smoky window pane? No? If I told you you wouldn't see through it.

What are the features of the cannon? Cannon-mouth, cannon-ize, cannon-eers.

Why is a judge's nose like the middle of the earth? Because it is the center of gravity.

Why don't they collect fares from the policemen on the electric? Because they can't take a nickel from a copper.

A Butterfly Farm.

A novel farm is found in England. Half an acre of land has been planted with shrubs and trees for the purpose of providing a home and food for thousands of butterflies of all varieties. Scientific men from all parts of the world are supplied with specimens from this farm.

Two Riddles.

What is better than a land boom to take real estate off your hands? Soap.

What is the western part of a boy's trousers? The seat, for it is where the sun sets.

Before the Audience.

I had a little piece to speak
And knew it well all through the week.
But when the time for speaking came
And I got up and made the name
I found my voice was weak and lame.
The people seemed to think the same.
And when they turned their eyes to stare
To say the piece I did not dare.
—Philadelphia Record.



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HINTS FOR FARMERS

Scientific Rotation of Crops.

Experiments show us every soil should have a variety of crops or in a few years it will fail to produce as it did formerly. A shallow rooted crop must be grown in rotation with a deep rooted crop; a cultivated crop in rotation with one that is not cultivated; a crop that tends to build up the soil in rotation with one which is exhaustive. For this reason wheat, corn and alfalfa or clover make an excellent rotation. The wheat is a shallow rooted crop, while corn and alfalfa are deep rooted crops. The corn is a cultivated crop, while the wheat and alfalfa are not. The alfalfa is a soil builder, while the wheat and corn are exhaustive crops. The alfalfa gathers fertility from the air and the subsoil storing it in the surface layer, while the corn and wheat take plant food from the surface layer without making any material returns.—Farmers Advocate.

Profit in the Dairy.

Nine out of every ten men who are keeping cows and realizing a small profit therefrom are of the notion that more cows are needed if the profits from the dairy are to be increased, says Farmers Advocate. Most farmers have cows enough. In fact, many have more cows than they can accommodate if they should. But these farmers all have a low yield per cow. There lies the whole trouble. We have cows in abundance, but the yield is not what it should be. For increased profit in the dairy we must increase the product per cow and thereby reduce the cost of production, which means greater profit. Do not add to the herd a lot of cows which under your treatment will yield only one-half the amount of butter fat they are capable of yielding. Better feed, better care and better cows are the only salvation.

Pumpkins For Sheep.

The seeds of the pumpkin have always been a safe and effective home remedy for worms of all kinds, even the tapeworms being destroyed by its seeds, in which there is a special element that is fatal to them, says American Sheep Breeder. Thus these seeds are used successfully not only for anti-parasites, but in diseases of man-kin they are exceedingly valuable. Some experience with pumpkins during the past season and indeed at the present time, when these are being used for feeding sheep, goes to indicate that a flock may be kept completely free from all internal parasites if the sheep or lambs are regularly supplied with a daily ration of pumpkin seeds. These may be used fresh or dried, and when dried they seem to exert a better effect than when they are fresh.

Fertilize the Orchard.

After the apples have been picked an application of manure or other fertilizer material should be made for the future benefit of the orchard. A young orchard or one in bearing should not be expected to yield good crops of fruit without fertilization and proper care, any more than other crops on the farm. Where attention is paid to this and keeping the trees properly trimmed, then good results should be obtained.

The entire surface of the orchard should be fertilized and not merely close around the trees. The roots extend a long way and the small fibrous ones are those that will make most use of the fertilizers. There should be no piles of manure left around the foot of the trees to afford a burrow for mice.—American Cultivator.

Shelter the Flock.

During the winter months after the flock has been taken in from the field a good, roomy yard that is high and dry and sheltered from the west and north winds is a good place in which to allow the sheep to pass the most of the days during pleasant weather, says a Wisconsin stockmaster in National Stockman. Feed troughs for grain and racks for coarse fodder are indispensable in the yard. Sheep seem to relish feed better out of doors than when fed inside the shed. After having passed the day in the yard they are ready to go into the shed for the evening feeding of hay and enjoy a quiet night. Comfort and enjoyment are essentials that should always be considered.

Dairy Wisdom.

Put the stables in order for winter now. See that the ventilators are in proper shape. See that no glass is missing from the windows, and that the putty has not crumbled off. Repair all worn doors and gutters. If you have no cistern in which to save the liquid manure, make one at once. It will pay the investment many times over and in the first year. Prepare to draw the manure to the field from the stable every day during the coming winter. There is everything to be gained in this method. There will be almost no loss in fertilizing material and a great economy in time and labor.—Farm Journal.

Horse Notes.

Of all the foals who drive horses the ones who rush a horse downhill are the worst. It weakens the tendons and nerves, jars the shoulders and springs the knees.

A mare of any type bred to a horse of an entirely different type may produce a good colt, but the chances are against it.

Teach the colts to walk fast. The walking gait is the best gait.

It takes much patience to teach a horse seven or eight years old to do new kinds of work, but let patience have her perfect work. The horse is not so much to blame, after all.

A Fortunate Texan.

Mr. E. W. Goodloe, of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex., says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and no laxative I ever before tried so effectually disposes of malaria and biliousness." They don't grind nor gripe. 25c at Wm. Kipp's Sons' drug store.

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Notice to Teachers.

THE regular meetings for the examination of applicants for teachers' certificates will be held in the West School building in Greenville, Ohio, on the first Saturday of each month.

The Patterson examinations will be held on the third Saturday of April, and on the second Saturday of May.

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