SHAKE HANDS WITH FATE.

'Tis a sad old world, and a bad old world,
It is scarce worth while at all;
Its sorrows cling and its friendships sting,
And even its joys will pall.
But dear is life for all its strife,
And love is better than hate—
You'll find a grace in the surliest face
If you just shake hands with fate.

With light in your glance and right in your glance
And your lips in a curve to the sky;
A spring in your walk and a ring in your talk,
Sure, hope will not pass you by.
The path that you will winds over a hill,
But it leads to an open gate;
So trill you a song to lure love along,
And just shake hands with fate.

'Tis in yourself is the demon elf,
'Tis in yourself is God;
And you'll never stray from yourself away—
God's light or the devil's prod,
Whatever your mind you'll meet in kind,
And what is yourself create;
The world will view what is really you—
Therefore, shake hands with fate!
—Leslie's Weekly.

JASPER DANE'S CALLER.

THE door creaked very slightly, but it jarred on Jasper Dane's nerves. He looked up with a frown.

"Is this Mr. Dane?"

A young woman was framed in the doorway.

Jasper's frown slightly faded as he caught sight of her. She was a pretty young woman and charmingly gowned, and she wasn't more than one and twenty. Jasper avoided the woman's page of his paper. He couldn't have told what the young woman in the doorway wore, but he recognized the fact that it was a combination that seemed to be just suited to her.

"Mr. Dane, the editor?"

Jasper, pencil in hand, bowed again.

The young woman advanced into the apartment.

"You are much younger than I supposed you to be," she said.

Jasper's eyes opened wider.

"I am not quite sure that I ought to take that as a compliment," he said. He even smiled. Then the pressing character of his work reminded him. His features stiffened. He raised his pencil again, and looked at the girl severely.

"It's the very first time I was ever in an editor's sanctum," she said, as her glance took in the dingy walls and the littered desk.

"How can I serve you, madam?" inquired Jasper.

The girl looked at him and she looked at the chair beside his desk.

"Thank you," she said, and sat down.

"SORRY MY JUDGMENT SEEMS HARSH."

Jasper sighed and stared at the half-written sheet before him.

"Are you sure it is the editor you want to see?" he asked. "The society editor is at the lower end of the hall. So are the musical editor and the art department. So is the dramatic editor."

"I came to see you," said the girl.

Jasper slightly flushed.

"Thank you," he said. "I am on exhibition at all hours. Is that all?"

The girl shook her head.

"Do you own the paper, too?" she asked.

Jasper frowned.

"No," he replied. "I believe it is generally understood that Mr. Linas Lamson is the paper's owner."

"The railway president?"

"Yes."

"Has he any children?"

"One."

"Boy?"

"No, a girl. A little girl who is studying abroad."

"How old?"

"I don't know. Mr. Lamson speaks of her as his little girl." Jasper was getting fidgety.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you have not told me how I can serve you."

"No," she said, "I haven't."

A brief silence followed.

"Am I to infer that you are getting up a society directory?" Jasper inquired with a slight flavor of sarcasm.

"No," said the girl, "the inference would be wrong. Nor do I want my portrait on the society page. No, I have no tickets to sell and no subscription paper to sign. I came here to see you. A dear friend said: 'You must see the editor of the Dispatch. He's well worth your while.'"

Jasper couldn't help flushing again.

"Am I reckoned among the leading sights of the town?" he asked.

"No," the girl gravely replied. "You come between the geyser fountain and the zoo."

Jasper laughed.

"And do you come up here to tell me that?" he asked.

"That for one thing," said the girl. "I don't suppose my presence here bothers you in the least, does it?"

"Madam," said Jasper, "I am a reckless user of the truth. Your presence prevents me from attending to my duties."

"Perhaps this is your busy day?" said the girl, innocently.

"All my days are busy days."

"Then, of course, it is just as convenient for me to call to-day as any other day," said the girl.

Jasper looked at her with a comical expression. He was a little near-sighted, and, as was his custom with callers, he had scarcely given her an appreciative look when she entered. Now, at shorter range, he saw that she was much prettier than he at first supposed. She certainly was a very charming girl. A troubled look came into Jasper's eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I remind you that you haven't stated your business with me?"

The girl looked into his eyes with a clear, frank gaze. Then she slightly smiled and slowly removed an elastic band that held the small package she bore in one neatly gloved hand. Jasper took quick advantage of her averted gaze to pull down his cuffs and make a quick pass at his twisted tie.

"I have written something," she said, "and I want to submit it to you."

Jasper felt himself weakening. Ordinarily he would have taken the manuscript, and, hastily scribbling the writer's address on it, would have tossed it aside with the remark that he would communicate with the writer by mail concerning it—and then he would have resumed his work. Now he hesitated. His pencil dropped from his fingers. He straightened up a little.

"What is the nature of the article?" he asked, in what he fancied was an indifferent tone.

"It isn't an article," said the girl. "Do I look like a person who would write an article?"

She seemed to challenge his scrutiny. Jasper couldn't resist the temptation. He leaned a little farther back.

"It isn't always possible to judge by the appearance," he said.

"But I fancied article writers were always old, and—and fussy, and—and cranky," said the girl.

"There are exceptions," said Jasper. "There must be exceptions."

"I suppose you know," said the girl. "But it isn't an article."

"You arouse my worst fears," said Jasper, as the girl spread out the manuscript.

"I think I understand what you mean," she said.

"I'm glad you do."

"And I'm afraid your worst fears are confirmed," she said.

Jasper sighed.

"Then it is verses?" he said.

"I supposed it was poetry," said the girl.

"They always do," said Jasper.

The girl looked up at him with a pretty grimace.

"You are not a bit encouraging," she said.

"It's the better way," said Jasper.

"And yet you write verses yourself," said the girl. "And get them printed, too."

"Perhaps it is because I haven't a friend honest enough to dissuade me," said Jasper. "I have had no time for that sort of nonsense lately, however."

"That's a pity," said the girl.

"Don't think to soften me in that way," said Jasper.

"I like those lines beginning, 'She came upon me unawares,'" said the girl. "I know them by heart. 'She came upon me unawares, I turned and she was there.'"

"I beg your pardon," cried Jasper. "It is your lines that are under consideration. Pray produce them."

The girl gave him a sidelong glance.

"Did she come upon you unawares, Mr. Dane?"

Jasper caught the glance and slightly flushed. His look grew troubled again.

"I live in hopes," he said.

"That's enigmatical," laughed the girl. "It shows you are not sure."

"I must object to your manifest intention to throw me into a sentimental mood," said Jasper. "It will not help you."

The girl laughed and passed the manuscript to him.

"I know you will like it," she said.

"Why are you so certain," Jasper asked.

"Because I haven't written on both sides of the paper," said the girl.

Jasper bent over the manuscript to hide his smile. Then his look changed. The smile faded. He read the lines with great care. Presently he looked up.

The girl had been regarding him intently. She met his eyes with an inquiring glance.

"You want me to be frank?" he said.

"Of course."

"The lines are quite too sentimental. They are of the old school where sentiment reigned. Nowadays we bluntly call it gush."

"But it's not all bad, is it?" queried the girl.

"By no means," replied Jasper. "The execution is good. If the fripperies and affectations were dropped it would be very passable. If you would heed my advice—they never do—I might be tempted to ask you to try again."

He folded the manuscript and handed it to her.

"Thank you," said the girl.

"I am sorry if my judgment seems harsh," said Jasper.

"It doesn't," said the girl.

"I have tried to treat you as an honest friend should," said Jasper.

"Thank you again," said the girl. "I will admit that I hoped to see my verses in your paper."

"Try again," said Jasper.

The girl arose and put out her dainty hand.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Dane," she said. "I have a very dear friend who has sung your praises until I am quite jealous. I was really anxious to meet you. Good-by." Then she swiftly added, with a charming smile, "I am sure we shall meet again."

The smile and the words quite overcame Jasper.

"I—I hope so," he fairly stammered, as he arose to his feet and watched her flutter from the room.

As he resumed his seat a card upon the floor drew his attention. The girl had dropped it. He picked it up, caught sight of his name, and at once recognized the angular handwriting. Then he read it aloud:

"Dear Dane—This is my daughter Leonie, just come home from abroad. What she writes goes, of course.

"Yours,

"LINAS LAMSON."

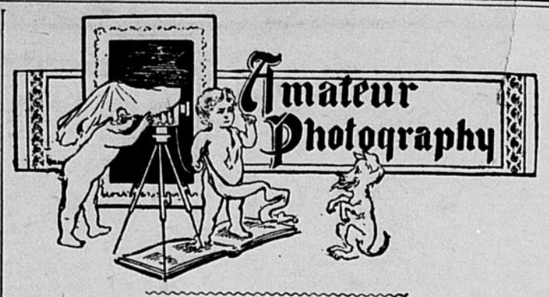
Dane softly whistled.

So this was Lamson's little girl, this splendid young woman! How charming she was, and how friendly. Had he hurt her feelings? What a brute he was! It would have been such a simple thing to publish the verses. And she never showed him her father's note. That was noble of her.

He picked up his pencil and bent over his work. And presently he softly hummed:

She came upon me unawares
I turned and she was there.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



To give your photographic paraphernalia a thorough overhauling and cleaning up. If you use a hand camera, take off the front and clean out the dust that you will be surprised to find it contains. If it is a larger instrument, see that there are no parts that require reblacking. The nearest shoemaker will give you a little "dubbing" that will improve the bellows if rubbed into the corners that are getting hard and inclined to crack. Go through your negatives and throw away all those that are useless. Overhaul your stock of solutions and throw away all that are not in good condition and properly labelled. Examine your trays and washing boxes and give them a coat of enamel if thought necessary to guard again rust or decay. Go carefully over your source of dark-room illumination and see that there is no danger from any stray beams of white light or an unsafe ruby light. Finally, make a resolution to the effect that you will expose fewer plates and secure better results than you did last year.—St. Louis and Canadian Photographer.

The recent action of the Paris Salon in admitting photographs in competition at its next exhibition is bound to exert a stimulating and very beneficial effect upon photography all over the world. Up to the present time photography has been barred from all Art Exhibits and has been classed as a liberal and not as one of the Fine Arts. Mr. Edward Steichen, of Milwaukee, however, a very prominent amateur, whose work has won him universal praise and many prizes in strictly photographic competitions, is to be credited with having won the laurels in this case, some of his recent work having been accepted by the Salon to be hung at its next exhibition. When it is remembered that the Salon is composed of the most conservative artists in the world and that its gates have been jealously guarded against the admission of anything but works of the highest merit, the importance of this innovation, to the camera worker, will at once become evident.

The snap shot fiend will soon be a thing of the past. Amateurs to-day are putting brains into their pictures. While brains and work are necessary to make artistic pictures, a good outfit is also essential. The box should be one with a focussing arrangement and ground glass, the shutter one of the automatic time and speed combinators, but the most important of all is the lens. It is better to have a good lens and cheap box and shutter than a fine box and shutter with a cheap lens. It is also advisable to own two lenses—a wide angle for interior and confined places, and a rectilinear. The rectilinear lens should be of high speed and not too long a focus, for all around work. A high grade combination lens is very desirable, which by removing one combination give a very long focus with remaining combination—is at times very important. The subject of lenses is an inexhaustible ones, and we will endeavor to treat this subject in some future article.

GREATLY CONDEMNED GARS.

Not at All Beautiful, but These Fish Have Good Sense.

Nearly all the inland waters of southern and middle America are infested by the long-snouted and toothful, though not toothsome, gar. In the Mississippi it occasionally reached a size that makes it hurtful to adult swimmers and dangerous to children.

Gars have been taken from the Mississippi which measured eight feet in length and weighed nearly 200 pounds. These sullen monsters are not afraid of anything and are more apt to attack a swimmer than are many kinds of sharks. Plenty of people living along the big river bear scars on their arms or thighs from gar teeth.

In the small lakes, however, they do not often attain a greater weight than six or eight pounds and measure in length from eighteen to thirty-six inches. These are not big enough to hurt human beings, but play smash with the angler's bait.

The gar's jaws are as formidably armed as those of the muskallonge. It has row upon row of teeth, some as sharply pointed as needles and others having slicing, cutting edges to them. These jaws are nearly half as long as the fish's body and work like a pair of scissors, as certainly and more rapidly.

The gar is the only one of our fishes able to cut a silk line of any size, no matter how small, and it does this with a quietness and precision highly exasperating. There are many waters, good bass waters, which fishermen have been compelled to desert, fishing them with success being rendered impossible by the gars.

The gar has sense. It is almost impossible to hook it in the usual way even when it takes the attached bait, which does not happen often.

The interior of the snout is a hard, bony substance with a thin stretching of skin over it, and the hook will not sink in sufficiently to hold. In general, however, the gar, which is exceedingly wise, will not seize the bait.

Instead it swims near, makes a survey, carefully locates the line, swims nearer, opens its jaws, makes a snip and then eats the minnow or frog at leisure. All that the angler feels is the merest twitch of the tackle.

He may think that it is a bass gingerly taking hold, or he may recognize the wily and fatal work of the gar. In any event, he has nothing to do save to reel in swiftly, find hook, bait and swivel gone, and bend on new ones.

A prejudice exists against the gar as edible, yet it is not wholly bad. It is a cleanly fish in feeding, living on minnows, frogs and such things, and not touching decaying matter. In this respect it is better than the catfish, which will eat anything it can swallow, taste being something of no value to it.

The flesh of the gar is in alternate strips of white and dark meat, the white lying along the sides and the dark near the backbone.

Church from a Single Tree.

In Santa Clara, Cal., there is a church constructed from the wood of a single oak tree. The building is 30 feet wide and 70 feet deep, yet when its construction was completed 1,200 feet of lumber remained unused.

Landladies in Vienna.

One hundred and fifty landladies have been summoned at Vienna for taking in boarders without the permission of the police.

Making Butter in Hot Weather.

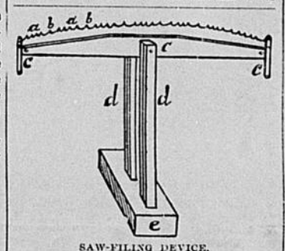
In a recent Home and Farm, Maud Shields, of Arkansas, gives some points on the subject. She says: I say by all means get a separator, then buy milk cans large enough to hold one milking of cream, let it cool, put the lid on the can and hang it in the well. It does not matter whether it is in the water or not, it will keep cool, and will be ready to churn in twenty-four hours. Use a thermometer and churn at about 64 or 67 degrees. Take up the butter, wash thoroughly by pressing with the paddle. Don't drag the paddle through it, as it spoils the grain. Salt it, using pure salt, and mold it as quick as possible. Wrap each pound in a nice clean cloth wrung out of cold water.

Get you an empty butter keg from your grocery man, bore holes near the top just below the lid, take a piece of new rope and make a handle, put nice, clean, new white paper in the bottom, then put in the butter. Put another piece on top just below the lid and hang it in the well. Paper is better than cloth, as the cloth mildews.

When you are ready to go to town, use another keg just like the one in the well; put a clean towel in the bottom; put in the butter; then another clean towel on top. Fasten on the lid, wet some clean sacks in a tub, fold them without wringing on the bottom of your wagon, set the butter keg on them, and wrap wet sacks around the keg and on top. As you deliver the butter take the cloths off, take them home, and wash and scald thoroughly. Keep two sets of cloths; while one set is sunning and drying another can be used. We have a separator; we sell a part of the milk sweet, the rest we make buttermilk. We set it and let it clabber; then take an old-fashioned churn-dash, and churn it up and down until it is free from lumps and is smooth. Don't put any water in it! leave it thick; it sells much better. When you are ready to go to town, mix what buttermilk you have from the cream with it.

Saw-Filing Device.

Selecting a crosscut saw that will work rapidly and with ease requires considerable experience. A saw having 4 cutting teeth, as shown in cut at a, to 1 straight drag tooth, b, with back of saw 4 gauges thinner than edge, will do as much work as any other. It requires less work to keep such a saw in order. Medium thickness is



SAW-FILING DEVICE.

best. A thick saw is clumsy and cuts a large groove, while a very thin one requires frequent resetting. Our cut shows a filing frame for a crosscut saw. The base, e, is 2 feet long, 1 foot wide and 6 inches high. It should be fastened to the floor. The pieces, d, d, are 2x3 inches and are mortised in the base. The piece, c, is 1x6 inches, cut shape of saw and beveled to the saw. There are three ½-inch bolts at c, c, c, on which saw rests and is tightened when put in the frame. The entire height is 45 inches.—W. A. Sharp, in Farm and Home.

Feed for Laying Hens.

There is probably no food better calculated to promote laying in fowls than cowpeas. Peas or beans of any sort are good, but large ones must be ground, or fowls will rarely eat them. Of cowpeas the smallest variety should be chosen, as fowls unused to such grain must be accustomed to it gradually. But once get them to eat peas and the victory is won. They are a perfect substitute for insects, meat scrap, bloodmeal and other animal preparations that are often so combined with cheap substances that the hens are a long time learning that when they are fed "Lobsmith's concentrated egg food" they ought to lay fluently, instead of almost imperceptibly. Pea vines with peas on them cut as soon as the peas are full grown and while yet green, thrown into the chicken yard, will give them exercise and the very sort of food their nature craves. They will eat the peas, the leaves, and as much of the stems as they can break up small enough to swallow.

Stomach Staggers in Horses.

Quite a common form of indigestion among horses is stomach staggers having the following symptoms: The ears droop forward, the eyes are dull, the animal sweats profusely under even light labor and seems to have little control over the hind quarters at times. During a portion of the time the appetite is almost ravenous, at other times there seems to be little appetite. When the symptoms named appear the corn should be cut out of the diet and the grain ration materially reduced. Change the entire ration as much as possible and keep the bowels in good condition. Dissolve one ounce of glauber salts in the drinking water twice daily or give as a drench if the animal will not drink. If the dazed or sleepy symptoms continue give a purge of salts and afterwards drachm doses of iodide of potash three times daily until the sleepy feeling passes off.

After Harvest.

After the wheat is harvested the young clover grows rapidly, as its supply of plant food is increased by reason of the riddance of its wheat competitor, but many farmers allow weeds to grow, mowing them down before they produce seed. Such a plan is better than to leave the weeds to mature, but the proper course to pursue is to mow the weeds when they are young and before they have deprived the clover plants of food. By mowing them two or three times during the summer many of them will be destroyed.

A Good Thing to Do.

There is no branch of farm operations that can be permanently and profitably improved more easily and at less cost than the poultry yards. A dollar or two invested in eggs of good breeds of fowls will bring back many times the investment within a year or two. If you want to improve your poultry, you can do it quickly, cheaply and with but little risk.

Breeders have learned that it pays to send out no eggs except from good stock. A sitting or two is all that is needed for a good start. A very few dollars spent for good eggs means a nice flock of fowls in one year, when you may be in a position to sell to your neighbors at good big prices.—Exchange.

Cutting Grass Early.

Chemical analysis is said to show that the grass cut when the seed has ripened, or is nearly ripe, has about the same amount of nutrition as it has when cut earlier, and thus some allow it to stand that it may increase in weight. But when the cow puts it through her laboratory she does not find the same value in the latecut hay. A part of the seeds have rattled out and been lost, and the remainder are so small and so encased in a dry coating or shell that not many of them are chewed up, and thus pass through the stomach and bowels undigested. Then the stalks which contain the most nutriment before the seed has formed have become simply woody fibre as indigestible as bean poles, and she gets but little nutrition from them. We think if she could speak she would say that two-thirds or less of the amount of hay, cut early, and not sun-dried too long, was better than her usual ration of hay, ripened before cut and overdried afterward. But if she can not talk she has many times put herself on record to that effect at the mailk pail and the churn, and it is because the owner fails to see and understand these records that he does not know the facts. The scale to weigh the milk and the Babcock test for the butter fat help to tell what is the best food, as well as which is the best cow.—American Cultivator.

Haying on Soft Meadows.

Along sluggish streams are thousands of acres producing fairly good cow hay, but on which teams cannot cannot be driven without danger of becoming mired. The work is therefore all done by hand, including the dreaded task of "poling out," or carrying the hay in large cocks on a pair of poles, to the edge of the upland, where it is to be loaded. To avoid this drudgery some farms use mud shoes for their horses, as illustrated. The shoes are of oak, 1 inch thick and 8x10 inches for a horse of average weight. Edges are beveled and planed, and ends are strongly cleated on the under side. Holes are made to fit the projections of the iron shoe and an iron strap, which a blacksmith will make from the illustration for a few cents, passes across the hoof and is fastened by nuts on the lower side of the mud shoe.

Clipping Work Horses.

Whether or not it pays to clip work horses was tested at the Michigan experiment station and reported in a recent bulletin. The conclusions were not as definite as might be desired. The station, however, believes that the horses which were clipped did their work with much greater comfort in early spring than those which were not clipped. This of course means a great deal when animals are at work preparing the land for spring crops. The clipped horses always look better.

Grass for Sandy Lands.

Awnless brome grass (bromus inermis) will be found excellent for use on drifting sands. It is a perennial, looks somewhat like blue grass and is suitable for light, dry, poor soils and resists dry weather. About fifteen pounds of seed per acre should be used. It spreads by creeping underground stems or root stocks. It will not thrive on wet soils. While not as valuable as many other varieties, yet it serves well on light sandy soils upon which no other grass will grow.

Commercial Feeding Stuffs.

The New York experiment station says that in its inspection of commercial feeding stuffs unmixed or standard goods were found to be of fairly uniform quality and practically as good as the guarantees except in a single instance. The discrepancies occurred with the mixed goods, many of which contained oat hulls, as shown by the percentage of crude fiber present. Adulteration of cornmeal and other grain products appears to be practiced.

Managing Dairy Cows.

The proper management of dairy cows embraces far more than their mere cramming with food. "The cow milks by the mouth," is an old saying, and it is quite true to a certain extent, but if she be given even large quantities of unsuitable or badly balanced food she will not milk to her fullest capacity. Besides, there are a great many other things to be attended to as well as the food, such as watering and ventilation.

The Best Melons.

The best melons are not always the largest. Many of the varieties grown are for shipment to market, and must, therefore, necessarily possess thick rinds. A good melon should be very sweet, and should not be stringy when sliced, nor should the rind be very thick. The best-flavored cantaloupes are the small ones, the Jenny Lind and Netted Gem being favorites.

Sheep for the Boys.

Encourage your boys to stay around home by giving them a few sheep. Don't give them the sheep and pocket the profits yourself, as this is not a very encouraging way of doing business with your children. Encourage them to show at the county fairs and they will become doubly interested in the sheep business.

Hay Will Be High.

It seems a probability that hay will continue high one more year, says an exchange. Last year's drought affected the area of meadows in the West beyond doubt, and the crop reports place condition below the average. Some dry weather this year has cut the possibilities of the crop badly. In portions of the East the weather has been equally dry.

The Strawberry Bed.

When the strawberry harvest is over cut down the weeds and mow the rows with a lawn mower. The rows may be hoed or the old bed left for another year in the matted condition, but all weeds must be kept down.

Inflammation.

Inflammation in the eyes can often be cured by bathing in hot rain-water and milk in equal parts, ten minutes at a time, morning and night.

Tears pay no taxes.

PROGRESS OF MODERN DENTISTRY.

It Makes Plump Those Lean of Face and Is Invaluable to Increase Power of Singers and Cornetists.

The use of porcelain crowns for teeth has enabled modern dentistry to do a great deal for art. It has made it possible to improve the voices of certain singers by giving their artificial teeth crowns with an outer curve, their natural teeth did not have. The result is to increase the accoustic effects of the mouth's bony structure. The mouth of Trilby was like the dome of the Salt Lake tabernacle. Some singers have this mouth, but their front teeth, instead of being a continuation of the curve of the roof of the mouth, bend inwardly. They break the flow of the sound. By sawing off these natural teeth and mounting them with porcelain or crowns with an outward curve, a great improvement is made in tone.

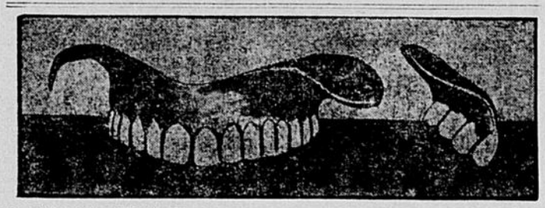
Porcelain crowns are used in making great cornet players as well as in making singers, and in the same way. The out-curving front teeth are best for the cornetist, because the tongue can be used in triple-tonguing the mouthpiece in the fancy work.

One of the little devices of modern dentistry is the plumper. This is a combination of gold and hard rubber for making the face take on a rounded appearance. Elderly ladies, whose skin has begun to set loosely, sometimes have plumpers put in. In cases like this they are permanently fixed to the side teeth by gold crowns. Plumpers are also made for actresses and actors for use in making up the face for the character they wish to portray. They have attracted your attention. Then with all your strength of will remind yourself that if you allow yourself to become panic-stricken and rush off aimlessly, you will only get deeper and deeper into the woods. In the thousand-square-mile forest tracts of Michigan or the Adirondacks or Maine you might never be heard of again.

The first act is to break the top of a bush and bend it over. The under side of the leaves shows such different tints from the upper as to be quickly noticeable. To this first bush tie your handkerchief for a base. Walk slowly away, breaking and bending over bush tops every ten or twelve feet for a trail, and never lose sight of your handkerchief. After a while return to your base and try another direction, always leaving a trail of bent bushes behind you. Shout whenever you return to your base.

In this manner one can usually find his way to the beaten path in a few minutes, or be found by search-parties. Even children can and should be taught this simple lesson before they are allowed near large tracts of forest.

Persons going deliberately into the woods to fish or hunt should always wear a small compass suspended by a chain about the neck. In a pocket it is subject to too many chances of loss. If to the compass be added a tiny chamois bag containing a tightly corked bottle of matches, twenty feet of silk cord, a fish-hook and a few tablets



PLUMPERS ATTACHED TO FALSE TEETH, AND TO TRUE ONES.

are taken out when the greased paint is washed off. When used as permanent beautifiers plumpers sometimes turn back the clock twenty years.

A great deal of care has to be taken in making teeth for public speakers, actors and singers. It is necessary to have them filled in so there can be no escape of air between them. The clear enunciation can only be had when there is no air space nor chance for hissing.

Electricity has made dentistry advance as it has advanced. There is an electric oven for baking porcelain that is capable of a heat of 4,500 degrees. An electric lathe and an electric engine are used for all the work in the mouth. It works so much quicker that one-third of the time is employed that was formerly required, and so two-thirds of the pain and nervous strain is eliminated. Formerly it took half a day to make a filling. Now an expert, working with electricity, may fill a tooth in ten minutes. An electric root dryer heats up the cavity after it is cleaned and dries it out almost instantly. That is a modern invention and time-saver. An English modeling wax has taken the place of plaster of paris, which was a heat-producer, besides being ill-tasting.

Very few first-class dentists now administer chloroform or ether, and raerly is nitrous-oxide gas given. Anything that reduces to unconsciousness has a bad effect. Local anesthetics are down to a fine point now. Probably the most popular is ethol-chloride. This is sprayed on the part to be treated for sensitive dentifics and aching teeth. Among the local anesthetics, injected hypodermically, is cocaine, odontunder, alvatunder and the many formulas of tunder.

The most common disease that the dentist has to treat is pyorrhea alveolaris, or gradual absorption of the process below the gums. The gums recede and the teeth become loose and drop out. This disease is due to neglect of the teeth. It can be arrested if taken in time.

There are specialties in dentistry. Two St. Louis men get $100 for straightening children's teeth.

TROPICS ARE AT OUR DOOR.

Americans Are Large Consumers of Products of Warmer Climes.

Americans live better, perhaps, than the people of any other part of the world. They are not content with the products of their own country, but draw largely upon the tropics for condiments and delicacies that add to the pleasures of the table. The increase in the contributions of the tropics to the daily life of man has been general throughout the countries where prosperity or an activity in manufacturing and commerce is the rule, but it seems to be especially marked in the United States, which now imports more than $1,000,000 worth of tropical and subtropical foodstuffs and raw materials every day in the year. The increased reliance upon the tropics is probably greater, proportionately, in the United States than in most other countries, since a much larger share of our sugar is drawn from the tropics than is the case with other, and especially the European countries, which in most cases now produce their own sugar from beets.

The United States has during recent years consumed nearly one-half of the cane sugar of the world which enters into international commerce, and more than one-half of the coffee of the world. In the year 1901 the importations of goods usually considered as of tropical or subtropical production amounted to $400,000,000, or considerably more than $1,000,000 for every day in the year, including Sundays and holidays, while thirty years ago they amounted to but $143,000,000, or less than $400,000 per day.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Practical Advice from a World Famous Traveler.

Every summer brings tragic tales of campers, hunters and summer tourists who are lost in the woods. A considerable number are never found. Others go insane from terror, hunger or cold. Even in the more fortunate cases the persons who are lost undergo intense nervous strain. George Kennan, the great traveller, gives some practical advice on this subject in a recent number of the Otulook.

When you discover that you have lost your way sit down instantly. You have probably strayed but a short distance from the trail, because otherwise the branches of undergrowth would sooner of compressed food, the tourist's life is practically safe even though he is lost for days.

Humor the Peacemaker.

If the old-time duels were always disgraceful and sometimes fatal, they had the merit, like all other human things full of human error, of being fruitful in good jokes. Michael MacDonaugh, in his book on "Irish Life and Character," gives some cases in which humor, from within or from without, came to the rescue of would-be-duelists.

A witty Dublin barrister was consulted by a physician as to calling out a man who had insulted him.

"Take my advice," said the lawyer, "and instead of calling him out, get him to call you in, and have your revenge that way. It will be more secure and certain."

An upstart squire went to an old squire for advice as to sending a challenge.

"Healy of Loughlinstown," said he, "has threatened to pull me by the nose whenever he meets me. What would you advise me to do?"

"Has he really used that threat?" asked the squire.

"He has."

"Well," said the squire, "I'll tell you what to do. Soap your nose well, and it will slip through his fingers."

Perhaps the most contemptuous declination of a challenge was that of an Irish gentleman of the old school.

"Fight with him!" he exclaimed. "I would rather go to my grave without a fight!"

Stopped for Once.

A citizen from the frontier, who never had been in Washington before, was visiting a friend in the nation's capital, and was taken one day to the gallery of the Senate while an important measure was under discussion.

A senator was delivering a long, prosy and apparently aimless speech, and the visitor soon grew tired of it.

"Why doesn't he say somethin' worth listening to?" he whispered to his friend.

"Oh, he's merely talking against time."

"What's the good of that?" asked the other, aghast. "Time goes on just the same, doesn't it?"

"I suppose it does," replied his friend, looking at his watch and yawning; "but it doesn't seem to."

Hen-Pecked Sparrows.

Female sparrows are especially tyrannical toward their partners, especially at nest-building time, when they frequently attack their husbands fiercely on account of their laziness. At such times the female voice can always be detected, both louder and shriller than that of her mate, as she pecks and tousles him, until he beats an ignominious retreat. Hen blackbirds and thrushes are often very overbearing and even spiteful toward their mates when their houses are in course of construction.

Intoxicating Beans.

Among the peasants of Southern Italy, Sicily and Sardinia a curious malady has been noticed by physicians, which is caused by eating beans. One of the most remarkable effects of the malady is a species of intoxication resembling that produced by alcoholic drink. In some cases persons predisposed to the malady are seized with symptoms of intoxication if they pass a field where the bean plant is in flower, the odor alone sufficing to affect them.

Some Exports to Germany.

A parcel post package mailed in Brooklyn to Hamburg, Germany, recently, interested the postal clerks. The customs declaration of its contents written on the outside was as follows:

One mustard plaster	5 cents
One box corn salve	9 cents
Mixed candy	5 cents
Potash tablets	5 cents
Total	24 cents

A Historic Tree.

There still flourishes at Dundee, Scotland, a tree which was dedicated as a "tree of liberty" more than a century ago during the ferment caused by the French revolution.

A man can't be said to be thoroughly domestic in his tastes unless he can get an article out of the refrigerator without spilling something.

If you are sincere in your desire to avoid crowds, why don't you go oftener to prayer meeting?

IOWANS DROP SILVER

CONVENTION REFUSES TO INDORSE OLD PLATFORM.

Debate for Majority Is Led by Ex-Gov. Boies—Planks Against Tariff and Trusts Are Passed—State Ticket Is Nominated by Acclamation.

Secretary of State—Richard Burke.
Auditor of State—J. S. McLaln.
Attorney General—John Dennison.
Treasurer of State—R. U. Chapman.
Judge of Supreme Court (long term)—Thomas Stapleton.
Clerk of Supreme Court—Jesse Tripp.
Supreme Court Reporter—John F. Dalton.
Judge of Supreme Court (short term)—W. H. Quick.
Railroad Commissioner—Thomas Great

Des Moines correspondence:

The Democratic State convention which met here Wednesday nominated the foregoing ticket by acclamation. The convention adopted a platform which makes no mention of free silver or the national declaration of the party at Kansas City. This is the first time the Iowa Democrats have ignored the silver question since the Dubuque convention in 1896, when free silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 was specifically indorsed. The result was reached at the conclusion of a protracted contest when, by a vote of 384 to 344, the convention refused to amend the report of the majority of the committee on resolutions by inserting a plank reaffirming the Kansas City platform. The initial plank over which the contest arose reads:

"We, the chosen representatives of the Democratic party in Iowa, in delegate convention assembled, hereby declare anew our faith in the fundamental principles of the Democratic party and renew our allegiance thereto."

The trust and tariff utterances in part follow:

"We find much in the domestic affairs of the nation that ought to be changed. The tariff policy originally adopted for avowed purpose of raising revenue to meet the enormous burdens of the Civil War has been turned to the use of individual and class interests until it has become the creator of countless unearned fortunes and the shelter of huge combinations of capital, organized in the form of trusts, which are strangling competition in many of our industries, destroying individual efforts, crushing ambition largely in every line of industry and already acquiring a power which enables them to dictate in their own interest the prices of labor and raw material and the costs of transportation and of finished products.

"We affirm the power and declare it to be the duty of the government to grapple with all monopolies of this character and by laws which can neither be evaded nor defied drive them from every inch of American soil.

"We assert that an immediate reduction of our tariff system to a revenue basis is an absolutely essential remedy for these overshadowing evils, without which they can never be overcome."

The Philippine war is declared to have been unjust and to be atoned for. On this subject the platform continues:

"To accomplish this, we insist that our steadfast aim should be to prepare the Philippine people for self-government in the broadest sense that term implies, with a pledge of the honor of the nation that they shall not be permanently held in subjection by military forces and that within a reasonable time they shall be permitted to determine for themselves whether they will remain an integral part of the American republic or become a separate and independent nation by themselves."

The Fowler bill is denounced, opposition to government by injunction declared and demands are made for equal taxation in the State, economy in the conduct of State affairs and the contracting for State supplies with the lowest bidders.

Chairman McConnell of the State central committee called the convention to order at 11 o'clock and announced H. C. Taylor of Bloomfield as temporary chairman.

The committee on permanent organization recommended J. J. Parsons of Rock Rapids for permanent chairman and the selection was ratified. Mr. Parsons spoke briefly.

At the conclusion of Mr. Parsons' address it was found the committee on resolutions was not ready to report and after some delay the convention proceeded to name a ticket. There was no contest for any office and difficulty was found in completing the ticket because of repeated declinations by those suggested.

The committee on resolutions was divided on the question of ignoring the Kansas City platform and four in favor of reaffirming it.

The majority report was presented by ex-Gov. Horace Boies of Waterloo and S. A. Brewster of Ottumwa presented the minority report, which proposed the following as a substitute for the first plank of the majority report:

"The Democracy of Iowa in convention assembled indorses the principles of Democracy as enunciated by the last national platform adopted at Kansas City in 1900."

After the rejection of the minority report by a vote of 384 to 344, ex-Congressman Walter H. Butler of Des Moines, an advocate of the Kansas City platform, moved the adoption of the majority report by acclamation, and this prevailed.

Among Our Neighbors.

Sixteen Oakland young ladies have organized a brass band.

Michael Tullis, a resident of Wapello County since 1843, is dead.

The Kirchner farm near Fort Dodge has been sold for $30,000.

A postoffice has been established at Wilke, with Christian Boddun as postmaster.

Dr. Daniel Backer, a prominent physician of Whiting, has been adjudged insane and sent to the hospital at Cherokee.

The Federation of Women's Clubs at Des Moines has established three bronze drinking fountains in the business district of that city.

The Council Bluffs school board is considering the advisability of adding a two years' commercial course to the curriculum of the high school.

A contract has been signed by which the new Des Moines, Iowa Falls and Northern road will enter the Union station in Des Moines. Trains are now running from Iowa Falls to Nevada and are expected to be coming into the capital city before cold weather.

Clinton Turners have voted to erect a new club building to cost $40,000. The structure will not be built until next spring.

A big deal in real estate has just been closed in Page County by which the Kimball farm of 996 acres has been sold for $40,000.

Shenandoah people will give a series of entertainments to provide money to maintain the G. A. R. organization in that town.

R. Ward, whose home is supposed to be at Iowa City, was found dead in a stock car at Wymore, Neb. A companion who had been seen with him has disappeared.

Mrs. John Davis of Marshalltown was a victim of ptomaine poisoning, being seized with illness after eating a meal consisting of rice cooked in milk.

The dedication of the new Dallas County court house at Adel has been fixed for Sept. 19, and it is proposed that Gov. Cummins will deliver the address.

A hired man, name unknown, employed a few days by a farmer named Layman, near Davenport, stole a load of wool, sold it for $48 and decamped.

The trustees of the township of East Waterloo may enjoin the city of Waterloo from dumping its refuse in the township limits, claiming it is a menace to health.