

STORY OF THE MAN WHOM SYSTEMATIC EXERCISE HAS MADE TOO STRONG.



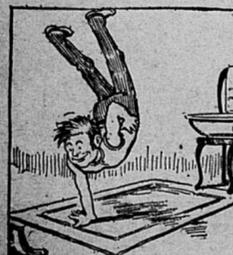
I'm growing weak—I must take some systematic exercise.



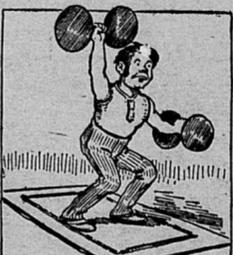
That's right—we start out light and easy.



And warm up to the subject gradually.



Why, I feel like a boy again.



Three weeks of this has certainly made a new man of me.



Oh, don't bother me with a little thing like that. Get a boy to carry them out, if you don't want to.

SONG OF THE DERELICTS.

From ocean to ocean we wander, From polar to tropical tide; Above and below, forsaken, The wreaths of our time-faded pride.

A ROMANCE OF ACADIA.

EVANGELINE WEST was riding on an errand of grave import, but stopped long enough at the foot of a steep declivity leading to a babbling brook to give her tired horse a long cool draught of the clear, swirling water before he forded the stream.

She looked far up the woodland brook with a fond appreciation of its enchanted beauty. Evergreen trees, pendant willows, silver birches and graceful elms fringed the banks, speckled trout leaped and splashed unafraid in the sparkling water.

"Oh," cried the girl, longing to hear a human voice, "surely this is the forest of Arden."

"Here, too, is Evangeline, but where is her Gabriel?"

"At your service," said a strong, masculine voice at her ear, startling her so that she dropped her bridle reins over her horse's head.

"He knows how to ride a horse if he is a minister," thought Evangeline. "Peter Grant! Who was your schoolmate, but he has forgotten me."

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THE HAWKEYE STATE

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Will of Ex-Governor Drake Is Found—Wealth Believed to Lie in Lake Mud—Burlington Railroad Suffers Loss at Creston—Marshalltown Failure.

After an anxious hunt of nearly two weeks, during which it has been proclaimed he left no will, the last will and testament of ex-Gov. Francis M. Drake was unearthed by the secretary of Des Moines.

The Burlington road coal chests burning toward Creston, were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

Mad of Lake Has Value. A mud lake covering 180 square miles in Hamilton County promises to furnish to this State 2,000,000,000 tons of fuel.

Failed to Sell His Ear. Poverty and old age were so unwelcome to J. E. Wolf of Council Bluffs that he had been prevailed upon to sell his ear.

Queen Alexandra Encouraging English Athletics in Sport. Queen Alexandra has always been an advocate of games and athletic sports.

Marshalltown House Falls. Euziere Brothers of Marshalltown filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy in the United States Court.

Fire at Epworth. Fire of unknown origin destroyed W. R. Spensley's general merchandise store, watch for the pretty pair of grays she toolled along so daintily.

Within Our Borders. There are forty-one rural mail carriers in Dubuque County.

Another Sixteen Bowling League Has Been Organized. Burglars failed in an attempt to blow the postoffice safe at Cushing.

Remodeled Presbyterian Church at Bellevue has been dedicated. J. M. Thomas, Iowa's foremost negro Old Fellow, is dead at Fort Madison.

Do Not Forget to Vote. The Eastern Iowa Poultry Show is the annual poultry show held at Des Moines.

Two men were arrested at Davenport the other evening for holding a dog fight on a public street without the consent of the Mayor.

The smallpox scare at Arlington is subsiding. The State board of health announces that no further spread of the disease is feared.

Auditor of State Carroll has decided that commuted policies of insurance cannot be issued. The State board of health has gone to the Attorney General.

The Burlington road has reached an agreement with its engineers, whereby no objection will be made to the engineers entering the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Jerry Beakley, a well-known farmer residing near Hamston, shot and killed himself because of despondency growing out of his troubles.

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FARMERS' CORNER

Good Water Gate. During the past season farmers who have had streams running through their farms have been kept very busy keeping up water gates.

Yellow Butter Without Dye. To make butter with a natural yellow color during the winter months is almost a lost art in this age of frauds.

Feeding to Make Yellow Butter. In feeding to make yellow butter I think there is nothing better than carrots.

Success with Root Crops. For a series of years large crops of root crops have given better yields at the Ontario Experiment Station than medium and small-sized seed.

How to Market Hogs. After I have my hogs fattened I would not drive them to market.

For Drawing Logs in Woods. Through the runner, then wedged them solid, but so there would be plenty of play.

English Cream Cheese. Very thick cream is poured carefully into a linen bag and then hung up with a basin underneath to catch the whey.

Farm Notes. Whipping a horse for shying makes him worse.

Between Heat and Cold. What difference and yet what a similarity between the balmy days of spring and the Indian summer of October and November!

How Mamma Figured It. "Say, ma, what's that?" "What's the height of the ridiculous?"

A Tunnel Under the Capital. The twin tunnel under the capitol at Washington, which the Pennsylvania Railway has been given permission to bore.

Late Plowing Kills Insects. The white grubs or larvae of the May beetle are hard to destroy, on account of their underground life.

Why So Many Fall. Many people never get to the front in the poultry business because they struggle and work from year to year.

Meat and the Egg Yield. When feeding meat to hens do not use the fatty parts.

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CONVENIENT WATER GATE.

The gate can be kept in place by driving some stakes down in the soft ground, which will hold the gate to its place except in high water.

For the middle bunk I put two iron bolts in each end, so it can have a good chance to work.

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for the grubs and in some cases has proved very effective. The application of a strong kerosene emulsion, immediately followed by a dressing with water, which carries the oil down to the insects, has been used very successfully, especially on dry and sandy soil.

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JOLLY JOKER

She—They say she is fairly throwing herself at his head. He—I suppose she's heard he's a good catch—Smart Set.

Mike—They say Tim Cassidy died without 't' aid a doctor. Pat—Well, Tim was always a handy lad at anything.—Judge.

Not Her Weapon: "Is your wife a club woman, Mike?" "Narry the likes o' that, sor; she uses a fadron, sor."—Detroit Free Press.

"What possessed her to marry him, I wonder?" "Well, you know how hard it is to get good caddies nowadays."—Brooklyn Life.

"I'm afraid she isn't cut out for a society woman." "Why not?" "Well, she seems to have no idea of the pleasures of extravagance."—Detroit Free Press.

Just as Good: Sporting Editor—Our best football reporter is sick and can't go to the game. Managing Editor—Never mind; we'll send the war correspondent.—Judge.

"But," protested the man, "I have admitted that I was wrong. Isn't that enough?" "No," replied the woman; "you must also admit that I was right."—Chicago Daily News.

A Slight Difference: Nora—O! twid that installment mon that he hadn't call so often. Mistress—Did he take the hint? Nora—No, num; he took th' plonny.—Philadelphia Record.

Departing Traveler—How much for lunch? Landlady—Well, it's the habit of charging eighteen pence. Traveler—Well, it's a bad habit; here's a shilling. Good-day.—Tit-Bits.

Dr. Jinks—I suppose you must have lost some of your patients by being in Europe for so many months. Dr. Kent—Yes, confound it! Ten or a dozen of them got well.—Boston Transcript.

Miss Rose—It is a wonder you don't take a wife, Mr. Sapp. Mr. Sapp—Well, you see, I only make enough to support one. Miss Rose—Well, it isn't necessary for you to take two wives.

She—They haven't found a name for that baby in the flat upstairs yet. He—The one that cries so? "Yes," "Well, I don't know why. The neighbors have called it everything they could think of!"

"Did you tell Clarence you would cut him off without a cent if he married that girl?" "No," answered the wise father, "the idiot would marry her in spite of that. I told the girl!"—Indianapolis Sun.

In Society: "They say Miss R. is a brilliant conversationalist." "Indeed she is. She told me who her story of her life in five seconds." "Talk in shorthand?" "No. She showed me her bank book."—Baltimore World.

"They tell me St. Medder's son Bill has bin sent ter th' Legislature." "Nep; Bill's in the penitentiary for boss stealing." "Great snake! Why is it folks allers want ter make things out worse than they really is?"—Judge.

Mrs. Newlived—Bridget, will you fry eggs for breakfast, and—Bridget—We can't, mum, there's not an egg in the house. Mrs. Newlived—Well, then, just make an omelet. I like that better anyway.—Philadelphia Press.

Smith—How old is your son, Jones? Jones—He'll be 21 to-morrow. Smith—He's certainly a credit to you. Jones—Well, he ought to be. I spent fifteen years in bringing him up and six more in calling him down.—Chicago News.

Mamma—Oh, see, Willie, your little brother can stand all alone. Aren't you glad? Willie (aged 6)—Sure! Now I 'an get him to hold an apple on his head while I shoot off with my bow and arrow, can't I?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ticked the Kids: Lady (to applicant for position of nursemaid)—Why were you discharged from your last place? Applicant—Because I sometimes forgot to wash the children, mum. Chorus of Children—O, mamma, please engage her!—Tit-Bits.

"Mr. Henpeque, let me introduce you to the Count de Dopper." "Ah, eet eez ze honor to meet a musician. I hear, zat you are really ze 'Jude' play ze music." "Why, I don't know the first thing about music." "But I hear eet all around zat you play second fiddle to your wife!"

Unabashed: Irate Parent—I want you to get out of here and never darken my door again. I had a select, I wouldn't send for you! Imperturbable Physician—Of course not. You'd send for my brother, the veterinarian, who lives over on the street next to the one I live on. Here's one of his cards.—Baltimore American.

Miss Askew—So your marriage is put off. Miss Crummy—Yes, papa is not at all satisfied with his position; mamma doesn't like his family connections; auntie thinks he is too careless in his dress, and I think—Miss Askew—Yes, what do you think? Miss Crummy—Ah! I thought you would tell him to get out of here!

A Careless Gossip: Miss Kidder—They've only been married six months, but whenever her husband goes away on a business trip she's delighted, and prepares to have a good time. Miss Menley—Ah! I thought you would suspect something like that? I always said—Miss Kidder—Yes. You see, he takes her with him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Between Heat and Cold. What difference and yet what a similarity between the balmy days of spring and the Indian summer of October and November! The first, a changing of cold to heat, Burroughs calls inspiration, and the second, heat to cold, expiration. He also calls attention to the fact that "the delicious Indian summer is sometimes the most marked in November. A truce is declared, and both forces, heat and cold, meet and mingle in friendly converse on the field."—St. Nicholas.

How Mamma Figured It. "Say, ma, what's that?" "What's the height of the ridiculous?" "Well," said Mrs. Henpeque, "your father is about 5 feet 8, I believe."—New York Herald.

A Tunnel Under the Capital. The twin tunnel under the capitol at Washington, which the Pennsylvania Railway has been given permission to bore, will be 3,000 feet long, cost \$300,000, and electricity is to be exclusively used for hauling trains through it.

A polito man never meets a stranger.