

The Song of Kansas.
From Broken Bow to Cotton Rock,
From Wagon Tire to Rolling Rock,
Our oil-wells high are gushing,
All the way from Hurlah Boys,
Big Blue Fork, and Roaring Noles
You may see the dark streams
gushing,
But they've rushed and gushed for
others;
Now a change must come, my brothers,
Things must not be longer thus—
They must quit and spurt for us.
So then—Three cheers for our
spouters!
Get in line, you halting doubters,
Fall in with the lusty shouters,
They are going to spout for us!

THE WIDOW AND THE BARONESS

By Theodore Dable.
Sir Leonard Burnleigh-Burnleigh
shivered in his garments, shivered to
the very marrow, because he was
hungry and cold, and hadn't the
wherewithal to buy food and warm
shelter.
Yet he seemed a gentleman—sixty
years of age; a gentleman, and shiver-
ing! Shivering under his greasy,
silk hat, in his green-black frock coat,
with its rusty silk facings, and in his
threadbare trousers; shivering from
his clean parer collar to his gapping
boots.
The dear November sky blanketed
London with the usual fog that was
half a mist and half rain. The biting
northeaster cut through the baroness's
skin into his lungs, razor-keen.
Within him was a vacuum, a
stinging void, and he longed to eat
and be filled. But void, alas! were
his pockets also.
Without begging, or stealing or
borrowing, all which were beneath
the dignity of a gentleman, he could
not have raised as much as a cent.
He had nothing for which a pawn-
broker would issue a ticket, nothing to
vend, nothing to hope for.
He was without a home, without
even a bed, so had to do with him.
He was at the stage when a man feels
that two of the big copper coins that
England calls "pennies" constitute a
fortune.
The mighty human tide of the
Strand hurried past him, heedless.
The cold, unyielding swirl of it was
for his eyes, the hum of it for his
ears.
He was one among millions, and
the millions were busy with their own
affairs, as is their wont.
Each separate unit was palpitant
with its pleasures or pains, its hopes
or fears, its struggle, its defeat or
its triumph.
If the sidewalk under him had sud-
denly gaped wide and swallowed his
shivered body utterly, not one unit
would have missed him, not even the
editor who kept his name shining in
the classic pages of the peerage,
baronetage, and what not of that
island kingdom.
He was not a gentleman who could
work for long, or be happy while he
fought the wolf at the door.
Until he was thirty life appeared
to be that of one who had been par-
ticular in the selection of his parents.
His father was a baronet, and his
ancestors, and till he was forty he
lived without stint—even as his
father had lived.
At fifty, as indicated by the cheir-
onomist, the fate line of his hand
parted—the bars in which were
the bulk of his earthly treasure called in
the official receiver, and after the
lapse of three years, paid the English
equivalent of three cents to the dol-
lar.
At fifty-two his gold-mining shares
went to the bottom of the Stock Ex-
change list—and started there.
On his fifty-fourth birthday, the sad
news came to him that the only sur-
viving partner in the firm who had
been the family solicitors for genera-
tions had blown out his brains; and
within a week he discovered that this
sad fact had been accomplished ap-
parently to avoid ten years' im-
prisonment for forgery and malfeasance.
Thereupon Sir Leonard realized
that he was worth exactly what he
stood up in, which, at that moment,
included twenty pence in notes, a
number of rings, a gold chronometer,
a gold watch chain and a fur-lined
cloak coat.
He lived on the twenty pounds, the
chronometer, the watch chain and the
rings for two whole years, and brush-
ed his garments regularly, as a gen-
tleman should.
Then he tried to work in a feeble,
good-natured, wholehearted sort of
way, eventually gravitating to the
docks, where other gentlemen once
moving in England's higher circles
may be found, and where he was
eventually crowded out by younger
and stronger hands.
The day before yesterday he left
the gates with nine pennies in his
possession. Yesterday he had four,
and they bought him three meals.
Today, copperless, and soaked with
atmospheric ozone, was gliding
through the Strand.
"It is time to retire from work,"
he said, communing with himself. "I
will claim my due."
He came nearer to his due as he
threaded the labyrinthine streets in
the early dusk, with the lamps light-
ing up the death-palor of his fine
features.
Anon, he paused at a large, a very
large house, and rang the bell, boldly,
at the front door—as a gentleman
should.
The sound echoed through the
quiet corridors. There was a clatter
of bolts and locks. A person in uni-
form came to the door.
"May I come in?" asked Sir Leon-
ard, suavely.
"All right!" exclaimed the porter,
and Sir Leonard stepped

For the first time a shudder ran
through him as the door swung be-
hind him and the bolts were drawn.
"Which is my room?" he asked,
presently.
"Hold on!" exclaimed the porter.
"None of that. Hand over what's in
yer pockets. Yer can sign for 'em,
and get 'em when yer go agin'."
"I have nothing in my pockets, or
anywhere else," observed Sir Leon-
ard. "Nor do I desire to come out
again. I have come permanently. If
you will kindly show me to my room,
and bring me up a little food—as I
am very hungry—I shall be obliged."
"Oh, was it really, you're one
o' them sort, are yer—come for life!
Well, your room's the bathroom ter
start with, and plenty of soap. D'ye
hear? Don't forget the soap."
Sir Leonard did not think the por-
ter a very affable person, nor did he
like the look of the bolts of the
drawing room. But he allowed them to
pass without rebuke.
"Thank you," he said. "I shall be
delighted with a bath"—and he pro-
ceeded to pass along the corridor in
search of the bathroom.
"Here, you hold on!" called the
porter. "Ye go on as if yer owned
the whole workhouse. What's yer
name?"
He glared at his visitor. He had
never received one of this kind, and
he had had fifteen years' experience.
"Sir Leonard Burnleigh-Burnleigh,"
he said.
There was neither brag nor bluster
in the tone.
If in other and happier circum-
stances Sir Leonard had been asked
the question by powdered footmen
whose duty it was to announce his
entrance at the reception of a West
End hostess, his tone would not have
been perceptibly different.
The porter laughed incredulously.
Then he stood grinning from ear to
ear.
"Sir—what?" he chuckled. "Say it
against 'em."
Sir Leonard had philosophy of
sorts, but not humor. So, without fur-
ther parley, he started off to go in
search of the bathroom, but again he
was called back.
"Here, you tell yer Lord—
What did yer say yer name was?"
"Sir Leonard Burnleigh-Burnleigh."
"I fear you are a little deaf," answer-
ed Sir Leonard, with a suggestion of
annoyance and impatience; not at
anything the man had said, but at
his manner, which was unnecessary.
"I'm in an institution in which he
had always understood all were as
welcome as the flowers of May."
It was on this supposition that in
other days he had paid his heavy por-
ter regularly. Besides, he was hun-
gry and damp, and felt generally un-
comfortable.
The porter glared harder.
"Well," he exclaimed, clicking his
tongue and shaking his head up and
down in the manner of a man who
had come to the conclusion that won-
ders would never cease to amaze him,
"I really do call, as the papers say, for
yer as gettin' 'em. Monday, Prof.
Snaaffe, G. B. R. M. G. Toosday, the
Hon. Cholmondeley-Chumley-
Cholmon; 'an' now, Wednesday, you
have to think up your spelling to
write on a card such a name as 'Sir
Leonard Burnleigh-Burnleigh.'"
"Show the Prince of Wales to his
bath!" So long, old Nobility," he said
to Sir Leonard—"hop it—and don't
forget the scrubbing brush!"
The porter watched Bill take Sir
Leonard down the corridor in the
direction of the bathroom, and then
tapping his own head with a forefinger,
as he entered his little office, he
murmured softly to himself:
"Surprisin' what worry does
'em. He's gone clean cracked."
The fourth name of the man when Sir
Leonard had settled down in the
bathroom, which he found filling, but
not recheer, London, picking up its
evening paper, found the following
"REMARKABLE ROMANCE OF
THE FORTY-FOUR."
"FROM RICHES TO WANT."
"THE MISFORTUNE OF A BARO-
NET."
Below, the story commenced beau-
tifully, as is the fashion for the Eng-
lish reporter, with a quotation from
the editor of the more or less famous
then went on to relate that a baronet,
Sir Leonard Burnleigh-Burnleigh, a
handsome, sweet-mannered gentleman
of sixty, but who did not look his
age, had been brought to the work-
house by his misfortunes and not
his fault, but that he was recom-
mended to his lot; also, that he regu-
larly attended church on Sundays, and
though shy at first, had now a good
appetite, and was still a bachelor.
The Widow Warrington—Mrs. Su-
annah Warrington—whose husband
had made a great fortune for himself
by real estate deals, read the story with
a fluttering, but hopeful heart.
She was a brisk, piquant little woman,
laden with the fragrance of one of
those perfumes which seem to fly at
you.
Her husband had been on the work-
house committee, and she still took
an interest in the inmates of the
institution to which he had given his
devoted service.
Every Wednesday since his death
she had visited the place.
She wished it was Wednesday now,
where as it was only Tuesday, and
where as she was occupied the interval
in sorting out her most brilliant rings
and her largest hat, and looking in
the mirror and murmuring, "Lady
Burnleigh-Burnleigh!"
It sounded delightful.
That evening her dreams were
beautiful.
Wednesday saw her at the work-
house, with a becoming smile on her
countenance.
For forty years, she lingered in-
side as usual, chatting to the old
women and the old men.
Then she passed into the grounds
behind. Sir Leonard was digging in
the garden where the flowers were.
She paused some distance from
him, and stroked the gravel medita-
tively with her parasol. Then she
ventured nearer, tripped up purpose-
ly, and dropped her parasol.
Sir Leonard looked up, then down,
ceased to dig, raised his cap, made
the obeisance of a gentleman, and
then, stepping across the flower beds,
picked up her parasol.
"Allow me, madam," he said.
His voice sounded to her like the
music of other spheres.
"Thank you," she said, softly, as
she smiled delightfully. "Sir Leon-
ard Burnleigh-Burnleigh, is it not?"
"That is my name, madam."
"He had lost his pride in earthly
things, but not his dignity."
No man, she thought, could speak
like that if he were a John Jones.
"He had been a mere John Jones,
and this institution," she went on, "is
was one of the directors. He died

and left me a great deal of money,
and, being lonely and inexperienced,
I hardly know what to do with it."
"Which is my room?" he asked,
presently.
"You are fortunate, madam," he
replied.
Then she spoke to him of flowers—
of the simple beauty of the lily, of
the fragrance of the rose, of the shy-
ness of the forget-me-not, and the
modesty of the violet.
"But of all the flowers that ever
flowered," she added, "my favorite
flower is the orange blossom! It
seems so sweet, so true, so embalm-
atic, so—"
Then she paused and coughed.
Something seemed to tickle her
throat. "Perhaps, if you are taking
the usual half-day to-morrow, you
would—would like to—to have a cup
of tea with me. I shall be quite
alone, and it is so pleasant to have
the company of a cultured, high-bred
entertaining man who talks so well.
Here is my card. Will you accept it?"
"With pleasure, madam," said Sir
Leonard, with a thumping heart.
"You may expect me."
She held out her hand. He took
it in his own, dared even to press
it. Seeing that she did not mind,
but was enjoying herself, he bent
over it and, looking slyly up at her,
placed his lips on the fingers.
"Good-by, Sir Leonard," she said.
"You will not forget me!"
"Not for worlds, madam," he said.
As she sauntered down the path,
she turned her head several times
and laughed.
Bareheaded, he stood and watched,
bowing and smiling in return.
Sir Leonard accepted the invita-
tion next day. When he returned
to the institution, it was as a visitor,
and he was accompanied by the spark-
ling widow—widow now no longer, by
the way, but Lady Burnleigh-Burn-
leigh—New York Weekly.

ABOUT GRAPEFRUIT.

How to Select it and the Best Way to
Prepare it for Serving.
In selecting grape fruit, the safest
general rule of choice would seem to
be to judge by weight. Other things
being equal, the heavier one of these
golden globes the better. If relatively
light in weight it will be found
juiceless and unsatisfactory. Color,
skin texture, rust and other superfi-
cial indications may be guides, but if
they are not infallible. Grape
fruit should not, as the rule, be eaten
fresh from the fruiterer's stall. If
kept in the house a week or ten days,
open to the air and in an equable
temperature, it improves beyond
recognition. Until decay begins, the
softer it is the better.
The way of preparing the grape
fruit in which it is really the most
delightful is one which few know, and
fewer would practice, since it in-
volves a great deal of trouble. It
is to remove the yellow skin, by par-
ing, and then peel away the white
skin until the pulp sacs are exposed
and divested of all the better integu-
ment. Then very carefully separate
the segments one from another.
This can be done, but not hastily
by the rude hands. It is almost as
delicate as a surgical operation. Ser-
vants almost always make a failure
of it. Assuming that it is done neat-
ly, however, the segments are stood,
thin edge up, on a napkin-covered
plate—the function of the napkin being
to absorb any juice which may
leak from wounds in the membrane
of the segments. They are then set
aside for twenty-four hours or longer
in a dry, warm place. During
this interval the membrane dries and
assumes the consistency of parch-
ment, which is exactly the result de-
sired. In eating it, take a sharp-
pointed knife and split the segment
open along its thin edge, remove the
loose seeds, and turn the segment in-
side out. It is then eaten from the
fingers, and all that is left of the de-
structed type, the probability is all in
favor of the animal developing along
the same lines.
Tests with barnyard manure and
commercial fertilizers for hops have
been in progress for seven years on an
English experimental farm. At the
beginning of a three-year rotation one
plot received thirty loads of barnyard
manure for the entire period, while a
second plot received ten loads each
year. A third plot was annually given
commercial fertilizers. In 1903 the
plot receiving all the barnyard manure
in one dressing yielded nearly half a
hundredweight more per acre than the
plot receiving ten loads each year, and
the yields of both of these plots were
considerably in advance of the yield
obtained with the commercial fertiliz-
ers alone.
Fertilize the Orchard.
A Kansas fruit grower says: "Or-
chards will in time exhaust, at least
partially, the fertility of the soil, and
this exhaustion is especially notice-
able on soils which are not very rich
at the time of planting the trees. To
make young trees grow more rapidly
a fertilizer should be used containing
a small per cent of nitrogen mixed
with potash and phosphate. For older
orchards the nitrogen is not so neces-
sary, while phosphate and potash
should be increased, especially the
quantity of potash. It is frequently a
good plan to stimulate top growth by
sowing the orchard to crimson clover
in late summer and turning it under
in the spring.
We would add that it seems to be
the practice of Illinois, Iowa and Mis-
souri orchardists that the "cowpox" is
one of the best orchard fertilizers. It
keeps the ground clean and loose, and
at the same time supplies it with the
proper nitrogenous matter. Then the
cultivation of the peas is all that the
trees require. Besides all this, the
peas frequently pay all expenses of
cultivation and something more.
Palatability of Silage.
Cows as well as other stock have a
wonderful liking for silage, and I be-
lieve much of the success in feeding it
can be attributed to its palatability.
C. P. Goodrich at Round Up in Mis-
souri, says: "Besides the fact that I
prefer it to a certain low old-fashioned
to fresh cut forage. And, forsooth," Mar-



The hen that spends half the time
during the day on the roost is seldom
found on the nest.
Grass is the best ration for sheep.
No scientist or skilled shepherd can
beat it as a balanced ration.
The farm hand who knows how to
milk properly is more valuable to the
careful dairyman than any other help.
The sow that has nothing to recom-
mend her but a good pedigree should
be fattened and marketed as soon as
possible.
Plaster of paris scattered over the
floors of the poultry houses is a purify-
ing absorbent, preventing the germ
arising from the droppings.
Remember when you buy dairy
cows that you do not want beef ani-
mals, for they are inclined to lay on
flesh instead of giving value received
for their feed and care, in the bucket.
Lettuce is good for the little chicks.
It is greedily devoured by them and
is about as easily obtained in the
spring as anything. A small bed
planted early will make feed for a
good many chicks.
If you are selling butter to regular
customers in town, why not get a set
of three, four or five pound jars? You
may put up butter in that way and
make it appear neat, your customers
will appreciate it. If you are not
choosing jars, why not try it on a
small scale? You will like it.
A publication very interesting to
owners of forest land has just been
issued by the United States Bureau
of Forestry at Washington. It is
Part II. of the practical forestry se-
ries and discusses the various
phases of work in the woods and
other matters of practical interest.
It is illustrated by eighteen plates
and various smaller figures.
We verily believe that the silo is
still in its early stage of develop-
ment in this country. Dairy men have
almost monopolized it thus far, but
the future beef maker will find it as
useful in his business as the dairy-
man has proved it to be in cheapen-
ing dairy products. The most, the
best and the cheapest feed can be
made from the corn crop by the use
of the silo.—National Stockman.
It is barely possible that some corn
growers would be benefited by drill-
ing the silage crop in rows. The
rows are some advantages of the
drilled corn and again it has dis-
advantages. The stalks planted in a
row with one plant every fourteen
inches will give more room for plants
than when checked. The increase of
75 stalks per acre may not give so
much of a chance for loss when poor
seed is considered. Drilled corn will
be more difficult to keep clean.
The barbed wire fence is a thing
that should go out of every commu-
nity. If there is any excuse for its use
at all it is found on the Western
ranges, where vast areas of land have
to be fenced that do not belong to
the community. It is a barrier to
purchase a load of this age it is
injectionable. Some of our States
have laws that forbid it being
stretched along the public highway.
Many a good animal has been ruined
by being caught on a barbed wire
fence. The only way to get rid of
wire fences, there is little reason for
using the barbarous kind.
The choice of the bear is of greatest
importance, for it must not be forgot-
ten that the size is half the herd. In
the case of young bears, the age of the
animal must always be borne in mind.
It is very difficult to judge bears at
three to five months of age. When
purchasing a bear of this age it is
therefore very desirable to see his sire
and dam. If, so far as can be judged
in his yet immature state, the young
bear possesses the characteristics
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sired type, the probability is all in
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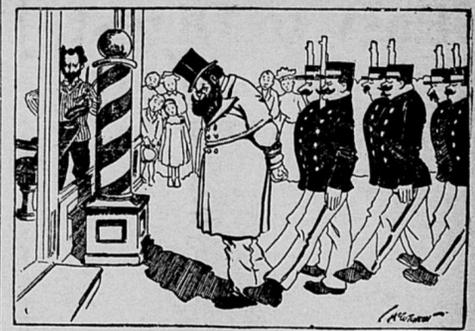
GREAT APPIAN WAY.

A ROMAN ROAD WHICH ABUNDANTS
IN ROMANCE.

Soldiers and Slaves, Monks and
Pleasure-Seekers, Idlers, Busy Traders
and Lovers, All These Have
Traveled Its Paved Surface.

Some things remain unchanged
throughout the ages while others are
merely transitory despite an appear-
ance of the greatest durability. Love
and hate, joy and sorrow, are the same
to-day as they were when man first
discovered he was a creature with
powerful emotions. Look the brook in
the poem, they go on forever, regard-
less of man's coming and going. The
things man has built with his hands,
on the contrary, no matter how great,
have almost invariably crumbled to
dust with the passing of time, leaving
scarcely a trace of their existence.
On the plains of Asia Minor, along
the valley of the Nile in Egypt, and
in other of the older inhabited parts
of the earth, there have at different
periods in the remote past sprung into
existence through one cause or an-
other great cities, each filled with its
bustling throngs of people intent on
doing the many things that go to make
up a life. To-day, there scarce re-
mains of these once upon another
mark the place of their being. All
have perished. Wood and stone, brick
and mortar, have fallen into decay,
and of the many houses that once shel-
tered happy families, of the imposing
temples that honored the multitudes of
branches of trade, and of the magnif-
cent structures erected to gratify man's
desire for suitable places in which
to worship, nothing remains in
most instances except a few half-
buried fragments. In place of these
dead cities of the past there are other
and fairer ones thick dotting the sur-
face of the earth, but they are all the
result of those never-dying emotions
constantly spurring man to activity.
This constancy of the human emo-
tions is a key that unlocks the treas-
ure house of all romances of the past.
Because of it the lover of to-day can
fully appreciate the hopes and
fears that troubled the hearts of oth-

CONDEMNED TO THE CHAIR.



Iowa has ordered its physicians to remove their beards, said beards
being considered a rendezvous for microbes.—Chicago Tribune.

couraged by the martyrdom of hun-
dreds of Christians in Rome, started
out to leave the city. He had
gone but a little way in his flight when
he met our Savior, who rebuked him.
The little church of Domine Quo Vadis—
the words used by St. Peter in
addressing the Savior on that mem-
orable occasion—is supposed to stand on
the spot where he took the meeting place.
In the center of the facade is a mar-
ble slab showing a facsimile of the
foot-prints of Jesus, the original of
which, a block of black basaltic lava,
said to be the one on which he stood
when talking with St. Peter, is highly
treasured in the Basilica of St. Sebas-
tian.
What a trying place for lovers this
favorite Roman road must have been
in the days of its greatest glory! What
sweet nothings or burning words of
passion were there murmured into wil-
ling ears! What clandestine meetings
may have taken place in the shadow
of these magnificent hostings of the
dead by those whose lives were op-
posed! The marble-veined mausoleums
along its way must have echoed the
shouts of those having a friendly tri-
umph of speed between the gayly trapp-



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF SCORES OF SPLENDID MAUSOLEUMS.

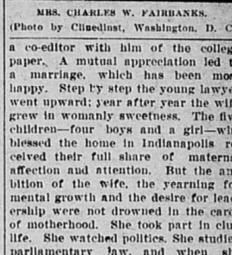
er lovers in the far distant past. He
knows that despite a difference in
dress and language and environment
they were moved by feelings similar
to those that send him a wooing, and
he understands. The soldier, too,
when he goes to war to-day, is actu-
ated by the same motives that domi-
nated the minds of those who fought
so fiercely of old. Patriotism, legiti-
mism, hatred of an enemy to the father-
land—all these sentiments are un-
changed. It is only the outward and
material expression of things that
prove unstable as time advances.
It is because of this ability to fully
comprehend the motives prompting his
man activities in the long ago that
people of the present age are so
strongly impressed when contemplating
the ruins of those ancient places.
There is the Appian way, for in-
stance. Who can travel along the an-
cient Roman thoroughfare without a
sense of strong heart interest? One
really cares little about who built it,
so long as the story of what has taken
place on its surface remains undisturbed.
And yet any reference to the subject
would be incomplete without a brief
mention, at least, of the facts regard-
ing the road itself.
The Ancient Thoroughfare.
This celebrated road, with a party
branches connected Rome with all
parts of southern Italy, was begun at
the Capena gate in the old Roman
city by Appius Claudius Cæcilius, in
312 B. C., and was completed as far
as Capua, a distance of 125 miles, in
307 B. C. It was subsequently con-
tinued to Brundisium, in the south-
eastern part of Italy, and was the
main channel of communication be-
tween the Eternal City and the prin-
cipal port whence sailed the vessels for
Greece and the east. It is remark-
able for the substantial manner of its
construction and the paved surface,
which, made of large and well-
fitting blocks of black basaltic lava,
is quite naturally, since it was the
most picturesque of all the approach-
es to Rome, it soon became a favorite
place for those of leisure to walk or
drive. This resulted in such a great
liking for it that many of the wealthy
Romans, at death, made provision for
their remains to be placed near this
favored spot, and in time numerous
magnificent sepulchres were reared
along the road near the city, the most
noted of which are those of Calpurnius
the Scipios, and Cæcilia Metella.
After the fall of the Roman empire
the Appian way was allowed to care
for itself for centuries, and it became
unfit for use in many places. Until
about fifty years ago, the greater part
of the road beyond the tomb of Cæcilia
Metella, or between the 3d and 11th
milestones, was hardly distinguish-
able from the surrounding coun-
try, excepting by the ruins of the sepul-
chres; but excavations in 1850-53,
extending over the Appian way from
its beginning as far as the ancient site
of Bovillæ, reopened to travel its most
interesting part. This work was car-
ried out under the auspices of the im-
perial government. The part of the an-
cient road that was restored is called
the Via Appia Nova, or in plain En-
glish, the new Appian road. Owing
to its being a very little smaller, you
naturally don't discover the trick that
has been played on you.
"The same day a brooch is brought
to me, and since the central stone of
the brooch is a little larger than your
diamond, I got rid of yours and keep
the bigger gem. In this way, four or
five times in one day, I make diamond

"No, not" hastily exclaimed Pietro,
with a deprecatory wave of his hands
and a shrug of the shoulders that
would have expressed violence to any-
one else. "No, these people been dead
one-two 'ousand years, madam; but
the tombs—rains magnifique—ah-h-h!
his eyes were rolling in an ecstasy of
delight.
"Humph! Dead ones are unappreci-
ative," cut in the practical mamma,
with another glance at her Jewels.
"Never mind this—this old graveyard
—take us around in the city."
MRS. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.
Foremost Parliamentarian Among the
Women of America.

Some women reach high position in
official society by virtue of their hus-
bands' superior gifts and adroitness in
politics. They may grace the places
which they occupy and make their
homes favorite spots with the great
men of the land; but the fact remains
that it was the husbands who brought
them to elevated social station. Occa-
sionally, however, there is to be found
in official prominence a man in whose
upward progress the wife has kept
step with him, contributing ability,
tact and even genius which has had a
marked influence upon the career of
the husband. Without her he might
have gained but mediocre distinction,
despite the possession of talent; but by
their combined effort public favor and
eminence were attainable. What his
own merit could not have accom-
plished he achieves by a fortunate domestic
partnership.

Charles Warren Fairbanks, Vice
President of the United States, does
not alone by the reflected light of his
gifted wife. He received his place as
leader of the bar of Indiana by virtue
of native genius, finished education,
industrious habits and a wealth of ac-
cumulated learning. This was the ladder
by which he climbed to the United
States Senate and later to the Vice
Presidency. Had his domestic rela-
tions been different, however, there
might have been such interference
with his progress that success would
have been impossible. The influence
of home affairs has been a stumbling
block to many a man; not because of
wifely impropriety, but because of a
timidity on her part, a shrinking from
public observation, a tremulous disin-
clination to be in the front rank. The
desire to restrain the husband's
ambitions has been a serious handicap
to many a man. Because he has a
wife who seconded his efforts, who
appreciated his gifts and the touch of
whose hand meant push and not pull,
Mr. Fairbanks has long been a much
envied man.

Cornelia Cole was the daughter of
Judge Philander Cole of Ohio, and
when young Fairbanks was a student
at the Wesleyan University she was
his sweetheart.



MRS. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.
(Photo by Clinebush, Washington, D. C.)
A co-editor with him of the college
paper. A mutual appreciation led to
a marriage, which has been most
happy. Step by step the young lawyer
went upward; year after year the wife
grew in womanly sweetness. The five
children—four boys and a girl—who
blessed the home in Indianapolis re-
ceived their full share of maternal
affection and attention. But the ambi-
tion of the wife, the yearning for
mental growth and the desire for lend-
ing a hand in the world—the daughters
of the American Revolution—so splendid
her equipment that she was at once
hailed as a queen among women. For
several years she was at the head of
this organization.

While Mr. Fairbanks will acknowl-
edge the helpful influence of his wife
upon his political fortunes, Mrs. Fair-
banks will cheerfully accord to him
the credit of training her in parlia-
mentary science.
ing daily thereafter until September 30,
1905, the M. and Onondia Ry. Co. will
send round trip summer tourist tickets
good to return until October 31st at
greatly reduced rates, with stop over
privileges on nearly all roads. For fur-
ther information call on or address the
undersigned at Manchester Iowa.
J. L. Gillet
Traffic Mgr.

and its com-
pactly, you
deep-seated your cough, even if dread
consumption has attacked you, your lungs,
German Syrup will surely effect a cure—
as it has done before in thousands of ap-
parently hopeless cases of lung trouble.
Bottle 50c; regular size,
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