The Democrat.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1907.

MANCHESTER'S FIRST CHAUTAUQUA.

Opening Exercises at Terrill's Park Yesterday.

The Manchester Chautauqua Assembly, under the direction of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau of Chicago, commenced yesterday at Terrill's Park and will continue for six days. The program appears on another page of this paper, and it is sufficiently meritorious to attract large crowds from all sections of the country. The grounds are beautiful, and easily reached by pedestrians. The first session was held Tuesday afternoon, and commenced with a half hour of songs by the Sterling Jubilee Singers, followed by an opening prayer by Rev. J. E. Wagner.

The address of welcome was delivered by E. M. Carr substantially as foilows:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

PATRONS OF THE MANCHESTER CHAUTAUQUA: I esteem it a privilege to voice the welcome of the people of Manchester to the first Chautauqua that ever assembled in their city. In the sincere and hearty language of President Roosevelt, we are delighted. Every one of us want to say to you, "Good afternoon, how do you do," and every other kind form of greeting known to our language.

But my words sound to me like surplusage. All that I can say—and more—seems plainly written upon the faces of our people. They want you to feel their welcomes until the green on the trees looks greener, until the songs of the birds sound sweeter, and until your senses magnify all the good and beautiful in this Chautauqua and its surroundings.

The people of Manchester want you to be happy while you are here. It is said that the music which reaches farthest into Heaven comes from the beating of joyous hearts. Be that as it may, we hope that while you are with us your joys will be as deep as the ocean, and your sorrows, if you have any, as light as the ocean's foam.

I understand that no words of welcome are considered complete, unless the speaker says something about the place for which he speaks. I do not know why this is so, but I am glad that it is so, for I like to talk about this home country of ours.

The fates were kind to the people whose homes are in this favored land and I feel sometimes that many of them do not fully appreciate its advantages. This part of the country is a choice section of the best that the world affords. To commence with we are in the latitude, or rather line of temperature, where humanity in all ages has shown its greatest developement.

I must be brief, but I will try and demonstrate in a few words the truth of my assertions.

Mt. Ararat, from which Noah and his decendants commenced their journey westward, is on a line nearly parallel with the Southern line of Iowa.

Since the days of Noah, 6000 years ago, the march of civilization and human advancement has been ever westward along a line of temperature about the same as we have here. No great center of learning, or governmental power, has ever been much fuather south than the state of Iowa.

Constantinople, the capitol of the Roman Empire and the center of civilization for 1000 years, is located about 100 miles south of Manchester. Rome, the Eternal City, that sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world, is due east of Cedar Rapids.

On the western part of Europe, the Gulf stream, or some other cause, carries the line of temperature seven or eight hundred miles further north than in most other parts of the world, and the center of civilization and human achievement follows this favored line thru that continent. Berlin, the great capitol of one of the greatest nations of modern times, is 700 miles north of Manchester. And Paris, the great center of science and refinement, is more than 450 miles north of us. And London, the greatest city that ever existed on this earth, is 600 miles north of Manchester. The mean annual temperature, however, of these great European cities is about the same as it is with us.

In crossing the Atlantic the line of temperature drops back to its normal place, and New York, the greatest city of the New World, is about due east from Davenport. And Chicago, the world's greatest city of the near future, is very close to this line along which the human race attains its greatest perfection.

The fates might have held the cup of promise to our lips until we were lured to a region where the enfeebling glow of the southern sun checks human development, or to a land where the opposite extreme exhausts the vital forces.

Fortunate indeed are we whose homes are in this favored land. Here bone, and blood, and brain grow pure and strong, here men become leaders of men.

Here in Delaware county we have no freaks of nature or storied monuments to show you, but if you will go with me to the top floor of the Court House spire, and look for many miles in every direction, you will see a wealth of fruitful fields unexcelled in any land. The picture retained by your memory will be rich, grand and enduring.

I do not want to be responsible for any vacant seats in this Chautauqua, but if you can spare the time do not fail to visit the Government's Fish Hatchery. It is one of Nature's beauty spots. And that reminds me of the purity of our water supply. Pure water was the principal requirement demanded by the Federal Government in the selection of a site for this hatchery. Hundreds of different places in the four states to be supplied by the hatchery submitted samples of the waters in their vicinity, and the chemists of the government worked until there were only two applicants left, Manchester and Decorah, and the preference was finally given to Manchester.

If the water supply everywhere was as pure as it is here in Manchester, I believe there would be no such diseases as typhoid fever known to the medical profession.

While Manchester is no metropolis, it is a better, a more wholesome home place than any metropolis. We have clean air to breathe, clean streets to travel over, and sanitary sewers to ward away disease.

And from a business standpoint Manchester has much to attract attention. The first creamery in Iowa was built on Spring Branch two or three miles east of this place. The butter from that creamery took the first premium at the Centenial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and since that time until the present the dairy industry of Delaware county has been a veritable gold mine. There are two good creameries here in Manchester at the present time, and the competition is so sharp between them that farmers are certain to receive the highest possible prices for their milk and cream. And Manchester has two good electric light companies, and splendid railway facilities. Persons wishing to leave Manchester by rail can have their choice of no less than twenty passenger trains each day.

Much might be said in praise of our beautiful residence streets, with their cement walks, green burms and well kept lawns, but I must hasten on and say a few words about our people before I close. Our numerous schools and churches speak for themselves.

Our public library is a monument to the literary tastes of the people of this city. It was established in 1881, and at that time there was no public library in Des Moines or Davenport, or Iowa City, or Cedar Rapids, or Dubuque, or Waterloo. There were only nine puplic libraries in Iowa when ours was established, and now there are ninety-one.

For a number of years the people of Manchester have generously supported a Lecture and Entertainment Association and talent of the highest order has been annually secured.

But enough of this—Let me conclude by adding to my words of welcome a *quasi* invocation. Let me predict that this Chautauqua will sow good thoughts in this community, and induce many to become lifters who have heretofore been leaners. And here on these beautiful grounds, by the flow of this kindly river, may minds be enlarged and hearts made more tender and true.

The chautauqua is now in progress at Terrill's park. Full particulars of which will be given next week.

Reunion of Old Settlers.

Last Thursday the old settlers of Delaware county congregated together at the Fair grounds in this city to hold their annual picnic dinner. The morning was spent in exchanging experiences with old acquaintances and at noon about fifty partook of the picnic dinner. A program was held in the afternoon and the pleasant weather permitted a large attendance. The amphitheatre was well filled by an appreciative audience and all the numbers of the program were enthusiastically received. Rev. J. P. Martindale of Greeley, opened the program with an invocation. Following this was an address by Elder L. Hubbell of Edgewood. Rev. Hubbell spoke of the progress made in material things since the time when this county was first settled; of the aims and purposes of these early settlers and the fulfillment of them. Byron Robinson then delivered a pleasing recitation; Rev. Martindale sang a solo; and Mrs. Hubbell read a paper, prepared by her, entitled "Growing Old." A very enjoyable solo was rendered by Cal Martin. The audience was then addressed by Rev Martindale who spoke of the spiritual progress made and how every one should strive to make their community not only noted for its fine grain, horses, etc., but also for its true religious spirit and influence. Miss Opal Van Fleet read a humorous selection in a manner worthy of mention.

John Cruise, Jr., of Earlville, talked of the early times in this county, and of the difference between those days and these. Mr. Laurence Doggett's remarks were also in a reminiscent vein interspersed with admonitions to all to keep their thoughts upon the goal that is only reached through the medium of morality and righteousness. Fred Peet gave a brief humorous talk over the good old times they used to have here which was followed by a recitation by Rea Phelps. A collection was then taken to defray the expenses incurred in the picnic. Fred B. Lisk of Earlville, gave the closing address. Rev. Martindale invoked a benediction upon those present and all joined in singing "Blest be the Tie That Binds."

Then after much visiting and recalling of old times the crowd dispersed for the day hoping to see all present at the picnic next year.

During the course of the afternoon, President A. S. Coon appointed W. B. Robinson, H. J. Van Fleet and Chas. Cruise a committee to recommend suitable officers for the ensuing year. The committee later reported that the present officers were eminently satisfactory and suggested that they be retained for the coming year. The proposition was enthusiastically welcomed by the all and the officers are as before, President, A. S. Coon; Treasurer, Mrs. James Morse, and Secretary, Mr. Thos. Wilson. Secretary Wilson read the financial report for the year and also the death roll. There were the names of 18 old settlers on record and 35 others died who were eligible to have belonged to the organization. They were as follows:

DEATHS OF OLD SETTLERS ON RECORD

Michael Hogan, died June 29, 1906, aged 74 years
Wm. Clendenen, died July 25, 1906, aged 82 years
John Henry Knee, died Aug. 24, 1906, aged 70 yrs
Mrs. Rebecca Falconer, died Oct. 22, '06, aged 63
Anthony Swindle, died Nov 1, 1906, aged 81 yrs
Mrs. James Robinson, died Nov. 16, '06, aged 57
Nathan Griffith, died Nov. 17, 1906, aged 51 years
James Greer, died Nov. 22, 1906, aged 74 years
Jas. Clugston, died Nov. 23, 1906, aged 65 years
E. H. Hill, died Nov. 30, 1906, aged 53 years
Charlotte Preusser, died Dec. 22, 1906 aged 84
Roland Lewis, died Dec. 30, 1906, aged 76 years
W. G. Kenyon, died Feb 8 1907, aged 70 years
M. Beacom, died Feb. 15, 1907, aged 82 years
Martha Peet, died Mar. 3, 1907, aged 54 years
Mrs. A. A. Strong, died April 3, 1907 aged 77 yrs
Robert Hunter, died May 5, 1907, aged 83 years
Robert M. Wilson, died May 14, 1907, aged 41 yrs

ELIGIBLE BUT NOT ON RECORD

Mrs. Matt Pierce, died June 29, 1906, aged 50 yrs
Joseph Funk, died July 3, 1906, aged 84 years
J. B. Dunham, died July 4, 1906, aged 71 years
Mrs. A. L. Lightfoot died July 7, 1906 aged 53
Mrs. Martha Aubrey died July 25, 1906, aged
Patrick McElmeel died Aug 8 1906 aged 76 years
Amos Spittler died Aug 12 1906 aged 57 years
Alphen Phelps died Aug 23 1906 aged 84 years
Mrs. Moretz Mayer died Aug 21 1906 aged 65 yrs
Maxwell McGlade died Aug 14 aged 69 years
Mrs. Mary G. Perceva died Aug 26 1906 aged 67
Elizabeth Wilson died Sept 12 1906 aged 86 years
T. J. Hennessey died Sept 7 1906 aged 43 years
Mrs. W. H. Goodell died Sept 8 1906 aged 59 yrs
Jacob Banta died Sept 21 1906 aged 76 years
Chas Croker died Oct 1 1906 aged 80 years
Ira Howland died Oct 1 1906 aged 89 years
J. L. Chapel died Oct 15 1906 aged 81 years
Adam Munch died Oct 23 1906 aged 82 years
Mrs Henry J. Denton died Nov 6 1906 aged 65
Miss Florence Day died Nov 20 1906 aged 55 yrs
John Rogers died Nov 23 1906 aged 84 years
Mrs. W. R. Sherman died Nov 30 1906 aged 66
Benoni Pierce died Dec 5 1906 aged 72 years
I. G. Coolidge died Dec 12 1906 aged 76 years
Mrs. Dan Gifford died Dec 19 1906 aged 73 years
Mrs. J. O. Bushnell died Dec 15 1906 aged 83 yrs
Dr. C. C. Bradley died Dec 8 1906 aged 65 years
George Wheeler died Dec 23 1906 aged 89 years
Chas. L. Rundell died Jan 4 1907 aged 70 years
Mrs. Emily King died Jan 20 1907 aged 70 years
Mrs. J. C. Hadley died January 23 1907 aged 71
Mrs. Lavina James died Feb 8 1907 aged 91 years
Mrs. Susan Kelsey died Mar 9 1907 aged 79 years
Mrs. John Kerr died April 11 1907 aged 78 years
J. A. Thomas died April 11 1907 aged 79 years
Mrs. Samuel Sutton died May 6 1907 aged 63 yrs
Mrs. Jos. S. Kelta died May 13 1907 aged 73 years

JUDGE LOVING IS ACQUITTED

Expected Happens in the Virginia Murder Case—Verdict Based on Insanity, the Foreman Says.

Houston, Va., July 1.—After being in the jury room for thirty-five minutes the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty in the case of ex-Judge William G. Loving, who was placed on trial here last Monday for the murder of Theodore Estes, the son of Sheriff M. K. Estes, of Nelson county. Judge Loving shot and killed young Estes on the afternoon of April 22 at Oak Ridge, following a buggy ride the dead man had taken with the judge's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Loving, who told her father that her escort had drugged and outraged her.

Upon being asked upon what grounds the jury acquitted the defendant the foreman said insanity. The arguments of Loving's attorneys were nearly entirely based on the "unwritten law," and the judge refused to instruct against that law.

CORNELL WINS THE RACE

Captures the Great Eight-Oared 'Varsity by a Narrow Margin—Rowed in the Dark.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 27.—Cornell won the 'varsity eight-oared race at the inter-collegiate regatta for the eighth time in the most exciting contest ever rowed over the four-mile Poughkeepsie course. The race was rowed in the dark, and the close was illuminated by a searchlight. Cornell's time over the course was 20:02 2-5 seconds. Columbia was second; United States Naval academy, third; Pennsylvania, fourth; Wisconsin, fifth; Georgetown, sixth, and Syracuse did not finish, her shell being swamped a half mile from the finish line. The Ithacans won by the narrowest margin from Columbia, there being but five feet between their bows when they crossed the line.

Syracuse captured the honors of the 'varsity four-oared shells from Cornell, Pennsylvania and Columbia, which finished in the order named. Wisconsin won the freshmen eight-oared shell race over the course of two miles, leading Syracuse over the finish line by one length.

New London, Conn., June 28.—Yale's 'varsity crew won a hard-rowed race against Harvard on the Thames river just as dusk was falling by not much more than a length. The race apparently was won in the last half mile, in which the better form of the blue on perfectly calm water proved a more powerful factor than the brawn in the Harvard boat. The winning time was 21:10.

FRANCIS MURPHY IS DEAD

Famous Temperance Lecturer Who Had Been Long Ill Passes Away at Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 1.—Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, died at 10:30 a. m. yesterday. He had been ill for a long time.

Pittsburg, July 1.—Francis Murphy first came into prominence as a temperance advocate in this city in 1876. Under his leadership a blue ribbon propaganda resulted in thousands of men signing the "Murphy pledge," and attracted national attention. Subsequently meetings were held throughout the United States.

Seek Damages from Railway.

Pittsburg, June 29.—Three damage suits, aggregating $140,000, have been filed in the United States circuit court, in Cambria county, against the Pennsylvania Railroad company by persons injured in the wreck of the Pennsylvania special, the 18-hour train between Chicago and New York, at Mineral Point, Feb. 22. The plaintiffs are John T. Clyde, postmaster at Joliet, Ill.; Everett J. Murphy, warden of the Joliet penitentiary, and Henry F. Pipenbrink, a business man of Joliet. Mr. Clyde and Mr. Murphy each demand $50,000 and Pipenbrink asks $40,000.

Subpoenas for Oil Chiefs.

Chicago, June 28.—John D. Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers and eleven other officials of the Standard Oil company are being sought by the United States government under forthwith subpoenas just issued by Judge K. M. Landis of the United States district court for their appearance in Chicago July 9. Every power of the government will be used to secure immediate service upon the oil magnates and compel them to appear in the local court to disclose the scope of the big corporation's finances.

Croker Wins Irish Derby.

Dublin, June 27.—Richard Croker's Orby, winner of the English derby, won the Irish derby. Mr. Croker's Georgetown was second. Seven horses started.

Harvard Closes 271st Year.

Cambridge, Mass., June 27.—America's oldest educational institute, Harvard university, has closed its 271st year, graduating a class of 550.

The weakest living creature by concentrating his powers on a single object can accomplish something; the strongest by dispersing his over many may fail to accomplish anything.—Carlyle.

THEY BOTH STAND PAT

Heney Thinks Moore a Liar and Shyster, and Moore Thinks Heney a Rascal.

San Francisco, June 82. — The proceedings before Judge Lawler in the graft indictment cases were enlivened by Francis L. Heney calling A. A. Moore a liar and shyster, after Moore had called him a rascal. The incident occurred during argument on an alleged defect in the records of Judge Graham's court chronicling the empanelment of the grand jury. Finally A. A. Moore turned to Heney and said: "I think you are a good deal of a rascal."

"You're a liar," replied Heney calmly. Moore took a step in Heney's direction and then resumed his examination. He was pale while Heney was flushed and angry.

Subsequently Judge Lawler called both lawyers to the bar and rebuked them. He asked them to withdraw their hot words in order that the record might be expunged. They retracted "so far as the presence of the court was concerned," but Heney refused to take back his "shyster" and "liar" so far as Moore personally was concerned. Upon this Moore followed suit, refusing to say that he did not consider Heney a "rascal."

NEW YORK'S NEW RULER

Men Who Are to Run the Public Utilities Assume the Duties of Their Position.

Albany, N. Y., July 1.—The two new state public service commissions have formally assumed the duties of their office, and have met to organize. The First district or Greater New York commission will meet at New York city and the Second, or up-state commission, at Albany. The commissioners are as follows: First district — William R. Willcox, postmaster of New York; William McCarroll, Edward M. Bassett, Milo R. Maltbie and John E. Eustis. Up-state—Frank W. Stevens, Chas. Hallam Keep, ex-Mayor Osborn (of Auburn), James E. Sague and Martin S. Decker.

The public service commission law which went into effect at midnight June 30, abolishes the state board of railroad commissioners, the state commission of gas and electricity, the state inspector of gas meters, and the New York city board of rapid transit railroad commissioners. The duties performed by these boards and additional sweeping powers have been transferred to the new public service commissions, consisting of five members each.

Three Hanged at One Time.

Jefferson City, Mo., June 28.—Harry Vaughan and Edward Raymond, convicts sentenced to the penitentiary from St. Louis, and George Ryan, a convict sentenced from Kansas City, were hanged in the county jail here for the killing of Prison Guard John Clay during a concerted attempt to escape from the penitentiary.

The three were hanged at the same moment. Sheriff Scott sprung the trap. All three died from strangulation and no one's neck was broken.

Duel Fought in Cuba.

Havana, June 27.—Gabriel Lopez Garcia, a partisan of General Gomez, received a bullet wound in the arm in the course of a duel with Miguel Hernandez, an adherent of Senator Zayas. The duel was fought in the town of Calbasas and grew out of a political discussion over the respective merits of Zayas and Gomez for the presidency of the Cuban republic.

Big Fish Costs Two Lives.

Mishawaka, Ind., June 27.—Joseph Bauer and his mother, who was 70 years old, were drowned when their boat capsized during the excitement following the hooking of a large pickerel on a trolling line. Bauer's little son was saved. The big fish was found still fast to the line which was attached to the overturned boat.

Brother of John A. Logan Dead.

Murphysboro, Ill., June 28.—Thomas M. Logan, brother of General John A. Logan, dropped dead at his home here, aged 80 years. The father, Dr. John Logan, a pioneer, donated the site for the founding of Murphysboro.

An Exciting Escape.

Prince Kropotkin, the Russian revolutionist, once made an exciting escape from a fortress prison in St. Petersburg. After two years in the prison he had been removed to the jail hospital, where plans were matured by his friends for his flight. He was allowed to walk for an hour each afternoon, guarded by armed sentries, in the grounds. A line of spies outside maintained a system of signals to notify the prince when the adjoining streets should be clear. When all was well a friend in a kiosk opposite the gates played upon a violin. After one or two false starts the violinist burst into a mad melody, and the prisoner, flinging off an outer garment, leaped for it. Sentries tried to stab him with their bayonets; others hesitated to shoot, believing that they could catch him. A carriage with a racing horse in the shafts was waiting. Into it he sprang, and they left at a gallop. His beard was cut off, his clothes changed, and he spent the first hours of his hiding in the best cafe in St. Petersburg.

The Amateur Detective.

Said the man in the restaurant to the other across the table:

"I'll bet you're a druggist."

"No; you're wrong."

"A chemist, then?"

"Wrong again."

"A photographer?"

"This time you're right. How did you guess it?"

"It was simple enough," was the answer. "I guessed it from the way you held the vinegar cruet in making your salad. You placed your little finger at the bottom of the bottle. No one but a man accustomed to measuring out graduated and exact quantities does that."—New York Press.

Could Thin Them Out.

The Hon. H. L. Dawes in his young manhood was an indifferent speaker. Participating in a law case soon after his admission to the bar before a North Adams justice of the peace, Dawes was opposed by an older attorney whose eloquence attracted a crowd that packed the courtroom. The justice was freely perspiring, and, drawing off his coat in the midst of the lawyer's eloquent address, he said:

"Mr. Attorney, suppose you sit down and let Dawes begin to speak. I want to thin out this crowd."—Boston Globe.

Would Cost Her More.

"You naughty child, where have you been? You have been fighting again with Paul. Just look at your clothes! I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't you say anything, ma. You ought to see Paul. I think his mother will have to buy a new boy."—Exchange.

QUAINT QUEBEC.

The Old World Charm That Crowns This Picturesque City.

Dear, delightful old Quebec, with her gray walls and shining tin roofs; her precipitous, headlong streets and sleepy squares and esplanades; her narrow alleys and peaceful convents; her harmless antique cannon on the parapets and her sweet toned bells in the spires; her towering chateau on the heights and her long, low, queer smelling warehouses in the lower town; her spick and span caleches and her dingy trolley cars; her sprinkling of soldiers and sailors with Scotch accent and Irish brogue and cockney twang on a background of petite bourgeoise speaking the quaintest of French dialects; her memories of an adventurous glittering past and her placid contentment with the tranquil grayness of the present; her glorious daylight outlook over the vale of the St. Charles, the level shore of Montmorenci, the green Ile d'Orleans dividing the shining reaches of the broad St. Lawrence, and the blue Laurentian mountains rolling far to the eastward, and at night the dark bulk of the citadel outlined against the starry blue, and far below the huddled housetops, the silent wharfs, the lights of the great warships swinging with the tide, the intermittent ferryboats plying to and fro, the twinkling lamps of Levis rising along the dim southern shore and reflected on the lapsing, curling seaward sliding waves of the great river! What city of the new world keeps so much of the charm of the old?—Henry Van Dyke in Scribner's Magazine.

STAMPING ENVELOPES.

Queer Ways Some Folks Have of Doing This Simple Act.

"The only way to stop people from plastering a stamp at any old place upon the envelope except the right one is to do as is done in England. There a letter which does not have the stamp in the right position is cast aside and handled only when all other mail is sorted and exchanged." This idea was advanced by a postal clerk quoted by the Philadelphia Record. "We often lose considerable time because of these letters," continued the clerk, "for often we have to stop and turn over an envelope to find the stamp. We do not mind so much the love-sick youth or maiden who places the stamp on the center of the envelope, because a stamp so placed can be seen at a glance, but it is chiefly with the foreigners that we have the trouble. These people invariably put on a stamp at any but the right place, and you would be surprised to know how they do it. Why, I have seen letters upon which the stamps have been placed on the back of the envelope at the point where the society girl will put her monogram in sealing wax. Others when they have to pay, say, 5 cents postage will buy five one-cent stamps and put one on each corner of the envelope, with the remaining one acting as a seal upon the back."

Romance of Stocking Knitter.

Romance may certainly figure in many of the knitted waistcoats and gorgeous stockings worn by our undergraduates today, but these have not so romantic an origin as the first of these articles produced in England, for tradition has it that William Lee, who in the sixteenth century invented the knitting frame on which both stockings and waistcoats were produced mechanically, was driven to this piece of ingenuity by the cruel flouting of the lady he loved, who happened to be a stocking knitter. Enraged at his failure to make an impression on her heart, he sought to make it on her purse by killing her means of livelihood, and one is glad to read that all stocking makers combined to frustrate his cruel purpose, with the result that he fled with his invention to France, where he finally died of a broken heart, whether for love of his lady or of his spoiled invention tradition does not say.—London Chronicle.

Beans to Separate Bones.

Anatomists, when they wish to separate the bones of a skull, sometimes resort to a very peculiar procedure. They fill the skull with small beans and place it in a vessel of water. The beans swell and rend the skull apart at the sutures. The well known German physiologist, Grehaut, measured the force which the beans are capable of exerting under these conditions and found that it indicated five atmospheres, equal to the average pressure in the boiler of a steam engine.

Put on More Than the Saddle.

A cookery teacher was giving a lesson to a class of children and questioning them on the joints of mutton. The neck, shoulder, leg and loin had been mentioned.

"Now," said the teacher, "there is another joint no one has mentioned. Come, Mary, I know your father is a groom; what does he often put on a horse?"

"A dollar each way, miss," was the unexpected answer.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

AN INDIAN MYSTERY.

The White Woman Who Fought With the Tonto Apaches.

The following story was told by one of Arizona's early pioneers:

In 1864 Dr. Alsap and Lord Duppa, well known pioneers, were prospecting with a party in the Bradshaw mountains on the Hassayampa creek. One morning the party separated for the purpose of hunting. In going up a canyon, in which they were separated from their companions by high mountains, Duppa's detachment was attacked by a large band of Tonto Apaches. The whites gradually fought their way across the ridge with the hope of rejoining their companions. During the advance Duppa, who was stationed behind a rock, noticed that he was the particular mark of an Indian with a bow. Several arrows had fallen at his feet, and one struck him in the arm. Raising his rifle, he took aim, and just as he was touching the trigger the supposed Indian cried, "Don't shoot!" in good English, but it was too late, and the body fell over with life extinct. Soon after the two parties succeeded in forming a junction, and the Indians retreated, leaving their dead.

Out of curiosity the party returned to the place where Duppa killed the supposed Indian and found that it was a white woman, evidently about thirty years of age and dressed in all the paraphernalia of the Apaches. Investigation was made, but no trace of her former whereabouts could ever be obtained.

THE UNEXPLORED.

Many Regions of the Earth Still Remain a Mystery.

Many years will elapse before any other continent is as well mapped as Europe, and perhaps the era of perfected mapping all over the world may never come, because surveys are very expensive and the five other continents have far greater expanses than Europe of comparatively worthless lands that do not call for the most detailed and refined cartography. But a large amount of pioneer work still invites the explorer, for many of the unknown areas have much territorial extent.

In the Amazon basin, for example, three of these regions are each much larger than all of our New England states. One unknown area in northwest Alaska is nearly as large as New England, and the Sahara has two areas in black that are each twice as large and another three times as large as New England.

Asia still has several of these vast mysterious spaces, and the solid chunk of the unknown in New Guinea, the largest island in the world excepting Greenland, would swallow up New England and leave a black border all around it.—Cyrus C. Adams in Harper's.

"Leaves."

To him who is penetrated by true principles even the briefest precept is sufficient, and common precept, to remind him that he should be free from grief and fear. For example, says Homer:

Leaves—some the wind scatters on the ground—
So is the race of men.

Leaves also are thy children, and leaves, too, are they who cry out as if they were worthy of credit and bestow their praise or, on the contrary, curse or secretly blame and sneer, and leaves in like manner are those who shall receive and transmit a man's fame to aftertimes, for all such things as these "are produced in the season of spring," as the poet says. Then the wind casts them down. Then the forest produces other leaves in their places. But a brief existence is common to all things, and yet thou avoidest and pursuest all things as if they would be eternal. A little time, and thou shalt close thy eyes, and him who has attended thee to thy grave another soon will lament.—Marcus Aurelius.

In a Studio.

"I ordered you to paint me some cows in a stable. I see the stable, but where are the cows?"

"They are in the stable."

"So is your pay for this picture. You had better bring both out."—Saeta.

Conjugal Pleasantry.

Mrs. Benham—The good book tells us that we must not covet our neighbors' wives. Benham—Well, I guess there isn't much commandment breaking on your account.—New York Press.

One of the Mysteries.

One of the mysteries of the world is that which leads a man to tackle a second cigar after the agonizing experiences with the first one.—Milwaukee Free Press.

What Lazy Means.

Teacher—Bobby, what does lazy mean? Bobby—Lazy means always to want your little sister to get it for you.

Natural abilities can almost compensate for the want of every kind of cultivation.—Schopenhauer.

FARMERS

Are You Satisfied With Your Test?

Whether you are patrons of this creamery or some other creamery we are anxious for you to know what your milk and cream tests. We mean by this

We want you to know what your Test is and without taking anybody's word for it.

We have a number of test machines at our creamery which we shall be pleased to loan to any farmer and also give instructions as to how to make the test which anyone can learn in a few minutes and with a little practice can do as well as any one.

Drop us a card asking us to call on you with a test machine or call at our creamery and we will teach you the process of testing. It costs you nothing to find out if you are getting paid for all the butter fat you sell.

Telephone or call at the

Dairy City Creamery Company

From the way my Trousers fit you would say they were born, not made. They have the touch of a creative genius

My Mark

Ask for my mark on
TROUSERS
WAISTCOATS
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