

BABY WITH DEEP BLUE EYES.

Baby with the deep blue eyes, Soul with outward nature looking, Looking up in mild surprise, How I wonder what you're thinking!

Hiram's Lucky Auction

With a whoop the Caldwell children rushed out to greet their father, and Mrs. Caldwell hurried after them to head off any raids on the green box.

"Get everything, father?" she called, as she peered out of the storm door. "Got a plenty," he called back, with an attempt to heartiness that she had heard those half apologetic tones before and knew what they meant.

Back in the sled, covered by a blanket, was a square package. It was not the right shape for cracker boxes nor tall enough for a barrel.

She drove the children into the house and shrouding her head in an old wool fascinator she followed out to the barn, where Hiram was already unloading the hired team.

She made straight for the sled and threw aside the blanket, disclosing a small soda fountain.

"What did you pay for this?" she demanded, indicating the square of stained marble with its tarnished spigots.

"Six dollars and thirty cents," he said, the red surging into his face. "The man said the metal is worth more'n that."

"Then you didn't have anything left for the presents?" she asked reproachfully. "Oh, Hiram!" And after you promised."

"But, look here," he argued. "There's bound to be another store set up. Mary-be they'll want a fountain and I can sell this at a big profit."

There was no use in arguing. Ever since they had been married she had tried to persuade Hiram to stop buying things at auction, but it was a passion with him, as it had been with his father before him.

He had never before made quite so ridiculous a purchase as a soda fountain, but he never acquired anything worth while. He bought cheap for the love of buying, things so old or useless that no one else would bid.

Were it not for the little shop that Mrs. Caldwell kept in the front room for the benefit of the neighbors, the mortgage would have been foreclosed years ago. As it was, she kept up the interest with the meagre profits of the little store and the egg and butter money.

This and some of the grocery money had gone into this ugly, useless fountain. In the fascination for the sale all else was forgotten.

The next morning Hiram halted a passing acquaintance and together they installed the fountain behind the tiny counter that had once been part of McKuson's store before the sheriff had seized the goods.

It was several weeks before Mrs. Caldwell was satisfied, but at last she had to admit that the gleaming marble, with its polished spigots, gave "tone" to the place.

When the days grew warm the ice box was filled and lemon soda and homemade birch and ginger beer were dispensed to the youngsters of the neighborhood.

Then came a day when one of the big red automobiles that went dashing down the road on the way to the falls, stopped in front of the yard. A leather clad man tramped up the gravel walk and returned to the car with three glasses of birch beer.

When he came back with the empty glasses he drained two more himself and threw down a quarter.

"You ought to have a bigger sign," he said, as he set down his glass. "I barely made out the place myself."

"I guess I will," said Hiram, as she laid down fifteen cents.

"That's worth five cents a glass," he said. "You'll never make money at two cents a glass. You'd better raise your price and begin with me."

He pushed the money back to her, and with a courteous doffing of his cap he was off.

Mira was slow of thought but quick of action. When the auto sped down the road on its way back to the city a huge sign decayed the fence. Mira had sacrificed one of her scanty stores of sheets, but already she had sold twenty glasses of soda at a net profit of eighty cents.

Her visitor of the morning drew up again. "My sisters enjoyed the soda so much that we want more," he said, with a smile. "I see you have the sign on."

"Made it with stone blacking," said Mira, proudly. "I didn't have any paint."

"It does first rate," he declared. "Had any result?"

"This makes a dollar sixty," said Mira. "That's more money than I take in usually in a week."

"Advertising is the secret of success," he pronounced. "Keep it up and you'll be needing some assistance soon." It was several days before that particular auto stopped in front of the weather-beaten gate. This time the driver was alone. He drank a glass of ginger ale and asked for a sandwich.

This was a new demand, but there was part of a chicken left from Sun-

REVIVED INTEREST IN CANALS.



Slowly but surely we are awakening to the fact that the day of our inland water ways, the old canals, is by no means all over. The fact is particularly interesting in view of the introduction of motor traction on our roads, for one would have thought that if railways killed the canals their chances of revival were made even more remote by the motor.

WAYFARERS ON OUR WATERWAYS.

Certain it is that our canals still present a very old-world look with their gorgeously-painted boats and queer crews, for the merry mariners on our canals remain almost the only people who really wear the "pearly" type of costume formerly associated with the London coaster.

day, and presently Gertrude came in with a dainty sandwich that brought fresh praise from the visitor.

"You'll have to make a new sign," he said, as he sat down the empty butter and chicken that never had a chance to be eaten.

"What do you start a inn for? There are hundreds of autos in town. The road to the falls is the best hereabout and there's no chance to buy decent food. Put in a stock of syrups and a tank full of soda. Add some of the place and let's keep everything just as home-like as you can."

Gertrude clasped her hands. "We'll do it, mother," she cried. "Can't you see what he means? Thank you so much for your suggestion."

"Look here," he said. "That old stump by the gate is no use, is it? It's going to have it pulled when Hiram gets the time," said Mira, apologetically. "We've been meaning to do it ever since the lightning struck it."

"Don't do it," her patron almost shouted. "I've got a bully idea. Let me be the one to pull it out. Let me make a sign out of the tree for a christening present."

He was back again early the next morning. He smiled appreciatively as he saw half a dozen small tables scattered about under the trees. The grass had been mowed and the place looked fresh and inviting.

Under his direction a man he had brought with him began to hack at the tree.

An auto party came up just then and took possession of one of the tables. Gertrude went off to meet Mr. Paynter, but by the time they had taken their departure the wood carver had completed his task.

The old stump, denuded of its bark, stood splintered and torn, but with a smooth oval on its face.

"That doesn't seem to be anything," said Gertrude, as she regarded his work.

"It will be a work of art before I get through with it," he explained. "or my name isn't Ernest Paynter."

"Is it? Are you really Mr. Paynter, the artist?" she asked, finding that fact of greater interest than the sign.

"Bless my heart," he exclaimed, "I seemed to know you all so well that I forgot you did not know my name. I am Ernest Paynter and very much at your service."

She extended her hand with a formal little "to meet you, Mr. Paynter," that made them both laugh, and still holding her hand, he drew her into the road where she could see the front of the sign. On the panel, in raised letters, were the words, "Good Luck Inn."

"That's the name of the place," he explained.

The sign seemed all that was needed to trade her to proportions undreamed of. A soda manufacturer sent a wagon out once a week with a load of tanks for the fountain. Hiram scoured the country for poultry and eggs, and instead of the long drive to the creamery each night it was not long before they bought cows to supply their own increased needs.

Paynter was out almost every day, and it was he who kept the prices at a point that sometimes worried honest Mira Caldwell's conscience. A dollar for a meal seemed reasonable, but Ernest held out for \$2 a head and very soon they had to establish a waiting list.

By the time the motoring season closed and there were only occasional calls for hot coffee and sandwiches, Mrs. Caldwell was glad of the rest.

Long before most of the hard work had been delegated to hired girls and she had contented herself with running the kitchen, in which a new range had been established, but these had been busy times for all, and even now there was enough to keep Gertrude busy, so there was a new teacher at Mira's Cross.

"We don't have to worry about the mortgage," laughed Gertrude. "That's paid off and there's plenty in the bank."

"And to think your pa claims that the fountain was a mascot," sniffed Mira. "That Ernest Paynter was the real mascot."

"He was wonderfully good," said Gertrude, softly, as she moved the ladder over to the chandelier.

"That's what he was," was the emphatic response. "Gertrude, when you get married, I want you to marry a man like Ernest Paynter."

STRANGE NEW FISH THROUGH THE DRAINAGE CANAL

NATURE'S LAWS DIVERSIFIED BY MINGLING OF WATERS OF LAKE AND RIVER

fall into a cascade, and thus permit the fish to climb back in pursuing their return journey to the lake; the other comprising a chute with a sluiceway for diminishing the velocity and assisting the passage of the fish to the level above the dam. Because of the nature of the locks and dams, their width and number, it is doubted if this device would prove successful, even if the construction did not interfere so materially with the mechanical operations.

The appearance of the new types of fish, entirely different from anything recorded by former naturalists, has stirred up the scientists, and the heretofore despised Des Plaines River has come into prominence as the center of piscatorial interest, for it is here that the new types and increased number of fishes have attracted widespread attention.

The strange and new types of fishes, never noticed to any great extent until this year, are undoubtedly the result of the interesting that came about after the invaders from the lake had accustomed themselves to the new environments. On finding it impossible to make their way back to the lake, they settled down to make the best of their life in the narrow confines of the river and accept the condition of migration with the river fishes as the best for all concerned.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOW TO GROW HAIR.

Former Naval Surgeon Has Novel Plan to Retain Bald Pates.

Breathe properly, and you'll never be bald. If you're already partially bald, breathe properly and your hair will start "coming in" again. This is the bold-down advice of Dr. Delos L. Parker, a former United States naval surgeon.

Parker came to the above conclusion by a series of experiments. He imprisoned a quantity of expired breath in a jar containing a few drops of water, and kept it in a warm room. A week or ten days later he injected a quantity of the liquid left in the bottom of the jar into a pigeon and awaited developments. Presently the pigeon's feathers began to fall out. He continued the injections regularly, and within a few days the bird's coat had entirely disappeared. When the injections were discontinued the pigeon regained its coat. The experiments were repeated with dogs and hens, and the results were the same.



DR. DELOS L. PARKER

Dr. Parker reached the conclusion that expired air, remaining in a man's lungs long enough to decompose the organic matter to take place, resulted in the formation of a poison which affected the roots of the hair and caused it to fall out. Deep breathing expels the air and with it the poison.

The doctor secured a number of partially bald men and got them to breathe by proper methods. In a few days the dandruff, which is invariably an accompaniment to baldness, ceased; the hair stopped falling out and a new growth started. In six weeks the improvement was very noticeable.

NEEDLEWORK FOR SCHOOLGIRLS.

Benefits of Learning How to Sew Skillfully and Correctly.

The ability of a girl to do without teaching anything else is called on to do its pretty generally taken for granted. She imitates the countryman who, being asked if he could play the violin, replied, "I guess so; I never tried!"

Thousands of girls marry and set up housekeeping whose experience in cooking consists in making "fudge" and concocting a Welsh rabbit on a chafing-dish—pleasant eating in their place, but inadequate for the daily food of a hard-working husband.

So, also, the girl is supposed to know by instinct how to mend and sew. A certain young wife became on her marriage the stepmother of three small children. The first week's mending-

asket was a revelation to her of her own helplessness.

"I was tempted to stop the holes with court-plaster," she confessed afterward, "and I dare say it would have been as effective as what I managed to do."

Two generations ago in a famous school for girls in an Eastern city sewing was an important part of the curriculum. The first task of a new student was the making of a shirt for father or brother. Every stitch in that shirt was set by a thread. If a seam had to be ripped a dozen times, it must be fit for the closest inspection. This zeal on the part of the school was sometimes excelled in the home.

A tradition lingers in one family of a daughter who went to that school when she was 8 years old. So well did she sew at that age that she was excused from making the shirt, and set at once to a bit of fine needlework—a wide muslin collar, covered with embroidery as exquisite as lace.

The promise of the 6-year-old child was richly fulfilled, and her needle was for a long lifetime a high satisfaction to herself and a joy to her fortunate family and friends. Sewing was never a slavery to her, but always a fascinating creative occupation. The patch on a jacket, the darn of a stocking or the embroidery of a gown or a napkin were alike welcome calls upon her capable fingers. When people spoke of her ability to turn off sewing, she used to say:

"That's because I know how to sew. I know how because I was taught. Skillful hands, even better than my hands, make light work!"—Youth's Companion.

TASK FOR MONEY EXPERTS.

Days 'Twould Require to Count Features of Big Millionaires.

If the wealth of the rich men of the United States could be reduced to national bank notes it would not be as great a task for the nineteen expert money counters of the United States treasury to tally and set the amount down in books as the average man thinks it would. Working in the leisurely fashion the government permits, it would take the nineteen experts a little more than fifty-two days to ascertain the exact number of Rockefeller's dollars. Assuming that Weyerhaeuser, the head of the lumber trust, has \$600,000,000, the count of his wealth would be completed in just about the length of time it rained during Noah's yachting cruise.

Say J. Pierpont Morgan and Andrew Carnegie each own \$500,000,000, the count of their hoard would be completed in twenty-four days. All the vast horde of poor millionaires having about \$15,000,000 would get one day's attendance. Those having less than \$14,000,000 would be dismissed in six hours.

These figures are the result of a count made of the money in one of the vaults under the control of William B. Ridgely, comptroller of the currency. The count was finished a few days ago, having been under way twelve working days. For six years there had been no count of the money in the vault, and it occurred to Mr. Ridgely that he ought to satisfy himself that the \$170,000,000 the books showed to be in the vault was actually there. The count showed that there were as many dollars in the vault as the books said there should be.

Thirty-eight years ago a negro stole a package containing 1,600 sheets of unissued bank notes. He had a high time signing the names of the president and cashier of the bank for which the notes had been engraved. Congress appropriated \$5,000 to pay for the spurious notes issued by him to innocent persons, but only \$125 worth of the forged notes ever came to the treasury for redemption.

For Strangers Only. J. Edward Addicks was condemning a certain politician. "The man has no experience," he said, "and he has not sense enough to conceal his lack of experience. He reminds me of an incident that took place in a barber shop the other day.

"In this quiet, busy shop a man who was getting shaved suddenly uttered a loud oath.

"Hang you!" he exclaimed. "You've cut my chin twice now. If you can't shave better than this, every regular customer will leave you."

"But the young barber pushed the man's head back on the velvet rest and laughed.

"Oh, no," he said. "No fear of that. I'm not allowed to shave regular customers yet. I only shave strangers."

Something Like Joshua. A mountaineer of one of the back counties of North Carolina was arraigned with several others for illicit distilling. "Defendant," asked the court, "what is your name?"

"Joshua" was the reply.

"Are you the man who made the sun stand still?"

Quick as a flash came the answer: "No, sir; I am the man who made the moonshine."—Harper's Weekly.

Children are natural, but their elders seem to be ashamed of themselves and their natural instincts.

What a slovenly old world this would be if vanity were eliminated therefrom.

FARM GARDEN

ing really better than carbolic ointment for such cases. This may be purchased already prepared at any drug store, or the dairyman can easily prepare it for himself by simply taking some vasoline or even lard, and adding to it a very small quantity of the acid. Two or three drops of carbolic acid will be sufficient for one tablespoonful of the vasoline or lard, but the materials should be thoroughly mixed.

Change in Cotton Growing. Flat cultivation of cotton, as introduced by the Arkansas experiment station, is finding favor with the lint growers of that State over the old method of hill tillage. The advantage being in the saving of labor and economy of seed and, it is declared, a better yield.

Under old practice, says the South-west Magazine, the soil was thrown up in a furrow and the seed sown continuously in a drill. Later the plants were thinned to a single stand by hoeing the entire surface of the cotton row and cutting away nineteen of every twenty stalks.

Flat cultivation consists of thoroughly preparing the seed bed and planting the cotton in checks 18 to 24 inches apart in a drill, to enable cultivation in both directions—a method that will naturally lessen the work of a chopper and save a greater part of the seed.

Government Burns Ashes. The burning of ashes mixed with coal, tried by officers of the District of Columbia has so far been so successful that it is hoped a saving of \$50,000 a year may be effected in the coming year of ash collection alone.

The experiments are being made in the great furnaces of the government printing office, and if it is finally demonstrated that the process produces results claimed for it, the ashes from private residences, which are now thrown away, will be utilized in the heating plants of the district government institutions. It is altogether probable that federal government departments everywhere will follow the example of the local government in utilizing the ashes now thrown away.

Another feature which appeals strongly to the Washington authorities is almost entire absence of smoke from furnaces in which coal is burned by the new process.

Frog Raising. The Pennsylvania department of fisheries has been studying the problem of commercial frog raising, and now believe that enough information has been gathered as to the life history of the frog and his food habits to make such ventures possible.

For profitable frog culture, it is estimated that at least three acres are required, which should be divided into at least three ponds, all of which should be carefully fenced to prevent the mature frogs from escaping.

At the outset, a small pond is required for hatching eggs, and development of tadpoles, and the other ponds, for the young frogs until they are three or four years old. The tadpoles, at any stage, are not to be fed, but the mature frogs exist principally on live insects, which are attracted to the ponds by placing boards smeared with honey near the edges of the water.

For young tadpoles, it is estimated that one pound of fish or liver is sufficient for a week's rations for about 2,000.

It is reported that the principal enemies of the young frog and tadpoles are birds, snakes, eels, fishes and the larvae of the water beetle.

Cost of a Peach Orchard. We give below the actual cost of our peach orchard of 100 trees three years old:

Table with 2 columns: Year, Expense Receipts. First year: \$21.36, Second year: 25.13, Third year: 20.05, Total: \$66.54, Net cost: \$13.20.

The cost includes the original cost of the trees, two replacements of nearly 40 per cent of the trees were killed by severe winter, and all labor expended on the trees and land at from \$1 to \$1.50 per day and \$1 for team. It also includes the total cost of growing nurse crops (beans, popcorn and a little garden truck) between the trees in summer and of sowing oats as a cover crop during winter. Trees were pruned, sprayed, cultivated, mulched with straw, and protected from mice and rabbits during winter by veneer wrappers, and borers dug yearly. No rent is included. The receipts are from the nurse crops of beans and popcorn. It will be noticed that the first crop was nearly a total loss of account of dry weather. With good seasons and no loss from winter killing I believe an orchard can be paid for by nurse crops before it comes into bearing.—S. B. Hartman, Athens, Mich.

Peat as Horse Feed. In Germany the consumption of peat is constantly increasing, says the Scientific American. As bedding for stock only the second and third layers are used. The blocks of peat are dried by air or in a kiln; they are then shredded by machinery and stored, after which they are compressed and packed in bales by means of slats of wood and iron wire.

For fodder only the top layer is used. It consists of moss and the fibers of partially dried peat. The dried peat is then ground and sifted and mixed with molasses in the proportion of 20 to 25 of peat and 75 of molasses, obtained in the manufacture of sugar from beets. This product is guaranteed to contain 35 to 40 per cent of sugar.

Horses fed with this develop glossy coats, gain in appetite and are free from colic. Neat cattle are said to become less subject to foot and mouth disease. The addition of 4.4 pounds to the daily feed of milch cows is said to increase the daily yield of milk about 55-100ths of a gallon.

In the United States of America from 10,000 to 15,000 tons are used every year, while Germany as a whole consumes 150,000 to 200,000 tons.

The value of peat for fuel is shown by the fact that it contains 64 per cent of carbon against 50 per cent in wood, 70 in soft coal and 83 in hard coal.

The so-called "torf" or turf dust is sifted out of peat and used for packing fruit, such as tomatoes and other products, which "mull," a by-product of peat, is used in potash works as a filter.

Salve for Cuts and Bruises. Carbolic salve should always be kept ready for use at the cow barn. Bruises and sores often occur in the best regulated establishments, and there is noth-

THE SAME OLD STORY.



—Cincinnati Post.