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The child with her penny savings bank,
The small boy with his small change,
The lady with her pin money savings,
The small man with his small roll,
The big man with his big roll,
The big man who applies for a big loan,
The man who applies for a small loan,
The lady with her church subscription list,
The small boy with school entertainment tickets,
The child with society entertainment tickets,
are each recorded the same considerate attention and extended the most liberal treatment consistent with good and profitable banking.

The First National Bank of Manchester,

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Anders & Philipp.

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Sounds rather queer, doesn't it? Many a householder burns up good money, winter after winter, that the
Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace
would save. Until the Underfeed came to revolutionize heating plants, nobody looked on coal piles as good hiding places for economy. The Underfeed not only *entirely* consumes *all smoke* and *gases*, but gets from *cheapest grade* coal as much heat as the most costly yields. That
Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Coal Bills
Thousands who use the Underfeed are its most enthusiastic endorsers. Count the money annually saved. It soon *pays for itself.*
FOR SALE BY
Carhart & Nye.

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I have the northwestern states Portland Cement for sale. It is guaranteed to be equal to any Portland Cement manufactured in the United States or Europe.
My prices are right, see me before you place your order. I also have the Atlas Portland cement.
C. H. PARKER.
TELEPHONE 113.

My Conception of the Presidency.

By Wm. J. Bryan in Collier's Weekly.

The President's power for good or for harm is often overestimated. Our government is a government of checks and balances; power is distributed among different departments, and each official works in co-operation with others. In the making of laws, for instance, the president joins with the Senate and the House; he may recommend, but he is powerless to legislate, except as a majority of the Senate and the House concur with him. The House and the Senate are also independent of each other, each having a veto over the other; and the president has a veto over both; except that the Senate and House can, by a two-thirds vote, override the President's veto. The influence of the President over legislation is, therefore limited; he shares responsibility with a large number of the people's representatives.

Even in the enforcement of law he is hedged about by restrictions. He acts through an Attorney-General (whose appointment must be approved by the Senate), and offenders against the law must be prosecuted in the courts, so that here again the responsibility is divided. In the making of important appointments, too, he must consult the Senate, and is, of necessity, compelled to exercise care and discretion. The most important requisite in a president, as in other officials, is that his sympathy shall be with the whole people, rather than with any fraction of the population. He is constantly called upon to act in the capacity of a judge—deciding between the importunities of those who seek favors and the rights and interests of the public. Unless his sympathies are right, the few are sure to have an advantage over the many, for the masses have no one to present their claims. They act only at elections; and must trust to their representatives to protect them from all their foes.

Second, the president must have a knowledge of public questions and the ability to discern between the true and the false; he must be must be able to analyze conditions and to detect the sophistries that are always employed by those who seek unfair advantages.

He must possess the moral courage to stand against the influence that are brought to bear in favor of special interests. In fact, the quality of moral courage is as essential in a public official as the right sym- [illegible] and, to make wise use of counselors, he must be open to convictions. The president is committed by his platform to certain policies, and the platform is binding; he is also committed to certain principles of government, and these he is in duty bound to apply in all matters that come before him. But there is a wide zone in which he must act upon his own judgment, and here he ought to have the aid of intelligent, conscientious and faithful advisers. The law provides these, to a certain extent, in giving him a cabinet, and the vice-president ought to be made a member of the cabinet ex officio, in order, first, that the paesident may have the benefit of his wisdom and knowledge of affairs and, second, that the vice-president may be better prepared to take up the work of the president in case of a vacancy in the presidential office. There ought to be cordial relations also between the president and those who occupy positions of influence in the coordinate branches of the government, for our government is not a one-man government, but a government in which the chosen representatives of the people labor together to give expression to the will of the voters.

But the presidency is the highest position in the world, and its occupant is an important factor in all national matters. If he is a devout believer in our theory of government, recognizes the constitutional distribution of powers, trusts thoroughly in the people and fully sympathizes with them in their aspirations and hopes, he has an opportunity to do a splendid work; he occupies a vantage ground from which he can exert a wholesome influence in favor of each forward movement.

The responsibilities of the office are so great that the occupant ought to be relieved of every personal ambition, save the ambition to prove worthy of the confidence of his countrymen; for this reason, he ought to enter the position without thought or prospect of a second term.

While the burdens of such an office are heavy, and while the labors of the office are exacting and exhausting, the field of service is large, and, measuring greatness by service, a president, by consecrating himself to the public weal, can make himself secure in the affections of his fellow citizens while he lives, and create for himself a permanent place in his nation's history.

Stacking Grain.

So far this summer we have had a good deal of rain. In many sections the rainfall has been considerably above normal. No one knows what the conditions will be throughout the harvest season but it will be a good plan for farmers to be on the safe side and, so far as possible, handle their grain as though they were expecting wet weather to continue. In the first place shocking should be done very thoroughly and in a workmanlike manner. There is too much poor shocking done throughout the country as a result of which a great deal of damage is usually done to the small grain that could be avoided.

Good shocking alone is not sufficient. The grain should be stacked. Don't take unnecessary risks by leaving your entire crop, or even a part of it, stand in the shock to wait for the threshers. Experience has time and again demonstrated that to be a very poor plan, to say the least. Even if you think you can get a threshing machine a week after your grain is ready to be threshed, do not wait. You have a lot of labor and a nice profit stored in your grain crop and the chances are that the profits will be evaporated if it is forced to take two or three soaking rains. Bleached grain, especially wheat and barley, brings several cents per bushel less than grain with well cured, bright colored kernels. Besides you have no assurance that the damage will not be much greater than bleaching.

Shock threshing is a relic of the past when most our grain was being grown on cheap land, and when farmers were not in a position to store their products but were dependent on the elavators to take every kernel as soon as it had been separated from the straw. To be sure it is nice to convert the crop into cash immediately after it is dry enough to thresh and [illegible] both [illegible] practice almost always entails loss, and seldom if ever profit, the sooner the farmer discards the practice of shock threshing the better. There is a prevailing idea that shock threshing is much less expensive than stacking and stack threshing but carefully kept records of a large acreage of grain in Minnesota threshed under farm conditions show that the difference in cost between shock threshing and stacking and stack threshing amounts to less than 20 cents per acre for barley, wheat and oats. It appears to us that any farmer can afford to spend 20 cents per acre on his ripe grain as insurance against damage from rain.

Furthermore, it is a well known fact that after grain has stood in the stack for a month or more its quality is improved. Both wheat and barley improve materially in the stack. The berries become plumper and also acquire a better color. There is much less danger of stored grain becoming bin-burned or of sprouting if it has gone through the sweat in the stack. If a man is fortunate enough to be able to get a threshing machine the moment his grain is in the shock is ready to be threshed, shock threshing may be advisable, but as a matter of fact only a very small proportion of the farmers in a given community can be among the first three or four to get their grain threshed. There are not enough threshing outfits in the country to make it advisable to depend on shock threshing. Even in a comparatively small neighborhood where farmers exchange work, shock threshing, which comes at a very busy season, often delays fall plowing to such an extent that their land may not produce so abundantly the following year as if it were plowed at the most favorable time.

A few years ago the Minnesota Experiment station took accurate records from ten or fifteen farmers in three different sections of the state and obtained definite facts as to the best of shock threshing and stacking and stack threshing, and these figures are very interesting. They may be summarized as follows: Stacking and stack threshing barley cost $1.09, while shock threshing, under similar conditions, cost $.968 per acre, showing a difference in favor of shock threshing of $.122 per acre; stacking and threshing out of the stack, in the case of wheat, cost $.926 per acre, while shock threshing, under similar conditions, cost $.696, showing a difference in favor of shock threshing of 23 cents per acre; stacking and stack threshing oats cost $1.09 per acre, while shock threshing the same crop, under similar conditions, cost $.878, showing a difference in favor of shock threshing amounting to $.207 per acre. The average difference in the three crops mentioned is $.186 per acre in favor of shock threshing.

While the difference in the two methods of threshing may not always correspond with the above mentioned, since the yield per acre and cost of labor are varying quantities, yet it is not likely that much variation will be noticed from these figures in our territory, especially in the humid sections where the climate is similar to that prevailing in Minnesota.—Farmers Tribune.

The Bright Side,

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the omnous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hours, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven;
Or only a beggars grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

BURIED HER VOICE.

Why Pauline Lucca Never Sang After Her Husband's Death.

Great stage artists die twice—the first time, when they take leave of the stage and set aside the harp; the second time, when, like ordinary mortals, they go the way of all flesh—and who knows but this last act is not more lamentable, not less dreadful, than the first, when, after all the blinding glory, the shadowy curtain of oblivion descends? For Pauline Lucca this first act was of long duration—nearly twenty years. She had time to outlive her glory and to become acquainted with the bad memory of mankind. Ilka Horwiz-Barnay tells this story in connection with a visit which she made to the Lucca home in Vienna: "I asked, 'Do you ever sing?' 'No! No! Never!' she almost shouted. 'I never sing, for I lost my voice, lost it suddenly, by suggestion, through the will of another.' After being urged to explain she exacted a promise of secrecy 'until she was no more' and said: 'You know, my husband, the Baron von Wallhofen, was sick for a long time and heard little singing. When I did sing for him it had to be an old song which I disliked, but he was fond of it because of its words. One evening we had a few friends here. He was feeling somewhat better and had his chair wheeled into the drawing room. To please him I sang his favorite song. He wept with pleasure. Then he took my two hands and caressed them, stroked my hair and my face and whispered to me: "Thank you! Thank you! You are an angel!" And, still caressing me, he said, "So I shall take your voice with me to the grave!" I laughed and said, "You will outlive my voice and me." But he repeated, "I shall take your voice with me to the grave!" Two days later the baron died, and I was never able after his death to sing a note.'"—Vienna Neue Freie Presse.

HER FACE WAS NOT FAIR.

But There Was One to Whom She Would Always Be Beautiful.

The blind boy raised a rapt face to the light.

"And my mother?" he said questioningly. "Tell me how she looks again. I shall soon be able to see, and I know I shall find one more beautiful than all the rest and cry: 'Mother, mother! Why do you not speak?'"

His sensitive face was turned reproachful toward his father. "You have always told me how lovely she is. She is little—not taller than my shoulder, I know that."

The old man laid his arm over the lad's shoulders.

"You must know now what your blindness would have kept you from knowing," he said. "Your mother is not fair and beautiful now in face, but her soul is what God made for a mother. When you can see, look for the face which holds the greatest love. You will not be mistaken. It will be your mother's."

The great surgeon looked for a moment or two into the sightless eyes and then turned and laid his hand on the father's trembling arm.

"Only God can make him see, my friend," he said kindly. "Your boy was born blind, and human skill cannot help him."

The blind boy was the first to speak, and he laid his arm around the suddenly aged form of his father.

"Come," he said, "let us go back to mother. She will always be beautiful to me now," and they turned and gave place to the others.—Exchange.

Caustic Whistler.

Whistler's caustic wit is shown by the following anecdote:

"Of one who was held to be England's most brilliant young artist, 'Yes,' he said thoughtfully, 'he's clever, but there's something common in everything he does, so what's the use of it?'"

Like many great men, he had but little time for any but his own work. "He told me a story demonstrating this most clearly. His "Nocturne In Blue and Gold, Valparaiso," was in the Hill collection in Brighton. Mr. Hill had two galleries and a well known collection, eventually sold at Christie's. Whistler went down to see Mr. Hill, and said he:

"'I was shown into the galleries and of course took a chair and sat looking at my beautiful "Nocturne." Then, as there was nothing else to do, I went to sleep.'"—Sidney Starr's "Personal Recollections of Whistler" in Atlantic.

A GREAT WRESTLER.

His Encounter With the Czar and His Ignoble Reward.

One of the stories of Peter the Great which are current at the court of St. Petersburg is of the great czar's wrestling match with a young dragoon. Once in the imperial palace—so the story goes—Peter was at table with a great many princes and noblemen, and soldiers were posted within the hall. The czar was in a joyous mood, and, rising, called out to the company: "Listen, princes and boyars! Is there among you one who will wrestle with the czar?" There was no reply, and the czar repeated the challenge.

No prince or nobleman dared to wrestle with his sovereign. But all at once a young dragoon stepped out from the ranks of the soldiers on guard. "Listen, orthodox czar," he said. "I will wrestle with thee." "Well, young dragoon," said Peter, "I will wrestle with thee, but on these conditions: If thou throwest me, I will pardon thee, but if thou art thrown thou shalt be beheaded. Wilt thou wrestle on those conditions?"

"I will, great czar," said the soldier. They closed, and presently the soldier with his left arm threw the czar and with his right he prevented him from falling to the ground. The sovereign was clearly beaten. The czar offered the soldier whatever reward he should claim, and he ignobly claimed the privilege of drinking free as long as he lived in all the inns belonging to the crown. What became of him history does not say.

COOLNESS AND NERVE

The Story of the Last Deal In a Lively Game of Poker.

A FORTUNE ON THE TABLE.

The Hand That Won the Rich Stakes and the Man Who Held It—What Senator Sharon Had to Pay to Satisfy His Lingering Curiosity.

There were many lively games of poker played in San Francisco in the old days, and many good stories have been told of the nerve and coolness of the players who participated therein. The following story of one of those games was printed in a San Francisco paper some years ago:

The Palace hotel in the early days of its existence was the arena of some big poker games. Senator Sharon was an enthusiastic lover of the game, and when it happened that Senators Stewart and Jones of Nevada and Judge Dick Mesick "occurred" in the hotel at the same time there was sure to be hot work. It happened upon one of these occasions that a certain Mr. Hall from Boston was at the hotel.

Mr. Hall was a smooth and affable gentleman and completely won Senator Sharon's heart because of his love for Byron and his excellent memory, he being able to quote hundreds of lines of the poet's verse without a halt. Byron was Sharon's favorite bard. He had made his works his life's study, and any one who appreciated him had a call on the senator's friendship.

On a certain evening the three senators and Judge Mesick met in the hotel lobby. It was just before dinner, and while they were chatting Mr. Hall put in an appearance. Mr. Sharon at once introduced Mr. Hall to his friends and invited the party to dinner, which was served in Senator Sharon's room.

After dinner Mesick proposed a little game of "draw." No one said nay, though Mr. Hall diffidently remarked that they did not play much in Boston, where he came from, but that still he was willing to stand in and do his best.

"Look out for Hall," remarked Sharon. "I never heard a man make that remark yet who was not too watched." He spoke in jest, but his words were sooth.

The cards were produced, and the game at a dollar ante was inaugurated. There was no limit. Now, with such veterans as Mesick, Jones and Stewart the pot was not allowed to get cold for lack of chipping. The men played with varying success, and things ran pretty even for an hour or so. Mr. Hall was cautious and dribbled away his checks with indifference. After one of Hall's deals Mr. Stewart hopped in with a twenty dollar bet. Jones, evidently pleased with his hand, saw him and went $50 better. Mesick and Sharon were not afraid and took some of the pie themselves. Mr. Hall, the dealer, scanned his hand carefully and concluded that there was something in it for him. All drew—Hall one card—and then the fun began. Round and round again went the "deil." Stewart and Jones dropped out. Mesick stood a few more raises and then retired, leaving the fight to Sharon and Hall. There was by this time $20,000 in the pot.

"I'll raise you $10,000, Mr. Hall," said Sharon, his thin lips set and his voice low and determined.

Hall's answer was to ring the bell, and when the waiter appeared he asked him for a blank California bank check.

"I presume, gentlemen, my check is as good as cash," he said politely.

"Certainly, sir," replied Senator Sharon. "You see our checks in the pot already."

Slowly and deliberately Hall filled out the check, signed it and spread the blotter over it without a tremor. Then he pushed it quietly to the center of the table and said:

"I have seen your $10,000, senator, and go you $15,000 better."

Sharon looked at him steadily for some moments. Hall's composure was perfect. There was a half smile of confidence on his face, but no indication of boastfulness or excitement.

"Mr. Hall," said Sharon, "I feel sure you hold the better hand, and I do not care to waste my money. The pot is yours, sir."

Without any appearance of exultation Hall raked in the coin, bills and checks, separated them and put them in his pockets. Meanwhile his hand lay face down upon the table.

"Mr. Hall," said Sharon, "I will give you $100 if you will show me your hand."

"Senator Sharon," replied the Bostonian, "it is not enough. Nor would I show it to you now for $1,000. Still, to satisfy your curiosity, I will put this hand in an envelope, seal it up in your presence and put it in the hotel safe, to be called for by you ten days hence, but upon this condition: That you will put $250 in an envelope, to go into the hotel safe and to be delivered to me nine days hence."

Sharon reflected for a few minutes. It was a struggle between curiosity and coin. Finally curiosity conquered, and both envelopes were sealed and intrusted to the custody of the clerk. When the ten days elapsed, Mr. Sharon called for his package and examined the hand—nothing but a pair of deuces and ten high. He had been the victim of a colossal bluff.

Hook Swinging In Bengal.

The people of Gangutia, in Bengal, have or used to have a barbarous practice called hook swinging. They deck themselves out with garlands and then assemble together to undergo the most horrible torture. A wire about a quarter of an inch in diameter and seven feet long is pierced through the tongue, and then the wretched being will dance for over half an hour with the wire still hanging through the tongue. Some of them form themselves into a row and are then sewed together by a wire needle threaded with cord. They are sewed by the arms and look like herrings on a wire when ready for the hook. It is thought that the victims are drugged considerably beforehand owing to the sullen, dazed expression they wear throughout, but sometimes one or two faint and are with great difficulty brought round again.

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