

A NEW POSTAGE STAMP.

The Cedar Rapids Republican of Thursday, April 23, contained the following article regarding a new postage stamp which Uncle Sam will issue about June 1st.

"Postmasters have been notified that the post office department at Washington is now preparing a new postage stamp of special design, which will be ready for issue about June 1st, to commemorate the development of the Alaska-Pacific territory.

"The stamp will be rectangular in shape, 49-64ths by 1 3-64ths inches in size, and 2 cent denomination only, color red. At the top and bottom are panels containing respectively the words 'U. S. Postage' and 'Two Cents.' In the center, the larger part of a circle rests on the lower panel and incloses a ribbon bearing the words 'Alaska-Yukon-Pacific, 1909,' and in the center of the circle appears a portrait of William H. Seward, who as secretary of state, conducted the negotiations for the purchase of Alaska from Russia. The name, 'William H. Seward,' appears under the portrait. On either side is an ellipse containing the Arabic numeral 2 with laurel branches as a background.

"The new stamp will not be issued in book form. There will be no commemorative issue of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, or postal cards. The stamps of the Alaska commemorative issue are not to be sold exclusively in place of stamps of the regular series. A supply of the latter must be carried in stock by all postmasters. Stamps of the commemorative or of the regular issue will be supplied according to the preference of the purchaser."

APRIL WEATHER UNKIND.

While the almanac promises but three pleasant days in May, yet a remembrance of other sad Aprils, like maidens in tears, is soon forgotten when the past month is considered. April this year was a shrew, a cross, cold hearted, unfeeling hag, and has passed into the recording books of weather observers as one of the worst yet.

The total rainfall during the month was 6.36 inches, which is the greatest on record for the month of April, and almost twice as great as the amount last year. There was more or less rain on fourteen different days, and the month was also one of the coldest and most disagreeable according to government weather men. There were only six clear days in the entire month. Nine were cloudy without a break, and fifteen were more or less stormy. The mercury, when thermometers register, the 7th, went to thermometer register, the 7th, and the coldest was on the 10th and 20th, when the mercury fell down as far as 20 above zero.

HINES SHIPS EGGS HERE.

T. C. Hines of Newtonville is sending to Lovett & Davis, egg and poultry dealers, a weekly average shipment of 4500 worth of eggs. Last week, Mr. Hines transacted considerable business with this firm, the amount of money handled being \$700. Lovett & Davis have been very energetic in their solicitation for eggs throughout this part of the state, and as result have made large consignments to eastern markets.

CHANGE OF TIME CARD ON CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN.

The change of time card which went into effect on the Chicago Great Western Railway on Sunday, May 2, discontinues Trains Nos. 13 and 14. Trains Nos. 1 and 2 will run between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines and Kansas City. Nos. 31 and 32 will run between Chicago and Omaha.

EDGEWOOD JOURNAL TO HAVE NEW OFFICE.

The Edgewood Journal is to build a new printing office in the near future. The building is to be of brick and 25x50 feet in size. The building is to be arranged in the best manner possible for a printing office. A. J. Bruce of this city has the contract for the brick work.

STARTERS IN BUTTER-MAKING.

The value of starters in butter-making, the kind and amount to use, and the substitution of other materials for milk in making starters, are questions that are of great interest to butter-makers. The principle on which the use of starters is based is the influence which certain bacteria have on the quality and flavor of the butter. By pasteurizing the cream and adding a starter which contains the desired form of bacteria, the character of bacterial growth in the ripening cream can be readily controlled. To determine just which starters are best, and whether it pays to use any at all or not, a series of extensive experiments were carried on by the Dairy Section of the Iowa Experiment Station, under the direction of Professor F. W. Bouska, Dairy Bacteriologist. The results of these experiments have been published in bulletin form, and may be obtained from Director C. F. Curtis, Ames, Iowa. Ask for Bulletin No. 103, "The Use of Starters in Butter-Making."

THE PARACHUTE.

Leonardo da Vinci Was the First One to Suggest It. Credible accounts exist of an English Benedictine monk, Oliver of Malinesbury, in the eleventh century having tried to fly by precipitating himself from the height of a tower with the assistance of wings attached to his arms and his feet. It is said that, having gone along a little way, he fell and broke his legs. He attributed his accident to failure to provide his apparatus with a tail, which would have helped preserve his equilibrium and made his descent a gentler one.

In the sixteenth century Leonardo da Vinci first demonstrated that a bird, which is heavier than the air, sustains itself, advances in the air, by rendering the fluid denser where it passes than where it does not pass. In order to fly it has to fix its point of support on the air. Its wings in the descending stroke exert a pressure from above down, the reaction of which from below up forces the center of gravity of the body to ascend at each instant to the height at which the bird wishes to maintain it. Some sketches which have come down to us prove that Leonardo occupied himself, like Oliver of Malinesbury, with giving man the power to fly with the assistance of wings suitably fixed to the body.

We owe to Leonardo also the invention of the parachute, which he described in the following terms: "If a man had a pavilion each side of which were long and narrow, and twelve braced hinged might cut himself from any height whatever without fear of danger." It may be said, too, of Leonardo da Vinci that he was the first to suggest the idea of the screw propeller.

A SAUCY DUCHESS.

Her Audacious Fight for Gay and His "Beggars' Opera." When the "Beggars' Opera," by Gay, was produced in 1728 it took positively by storm. The king still clung to Handel, but the nobility, with the Duchess of Devonshire at their head, looked indignantly to the "Newgate pastor." The "Beggars' Opera" had a run of sixty-two nights, unprecedented in those days, and as one result of its success Handel became bankrupt. Still more than ever an order from the king chancery to stop the new piece. Why, is not exactly known unless it was because the prime minister considered himself to be too faithfully represented therein. However that may have been, the theater had to be closed, whereupon the Duchess of Devonshire took up Gay's cause and vehemently championed it.

Very busy was she in those days, driving about in her coach asking for glib subscriptions for printing copies of the forbidden play. And so heedless was Kitty that she carried her list to the queen's drawing room itself and had the audacity to ask the king for a subscription. This was a little too much, and her grace was requested to withdraw from the court. Kitty, announcing, with characteristic composure, that the command was very agreeable to her, as she had never gone there for her own diversion, but to bestow civility upon the king and queen.

An Outside Vegetarian. "If you are not an outside vegetarian you are not really a vegetarian at all." The speaker was a member of Philadelphia's elite vegetarian church. An odd figure in his gray health shirt, gray vest and gray knickerbockers, gray coat and gray top boots, he continued: "An inside vegetarian is one who puts in his interior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals. An outside vegetarian puts on his exterior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals.

"See my gloves—vegetable gloves of cotton, not made of the skins of murdered birds. See my boots, which have nothing to do with some poor murdered calf. See my buttons—wooden, not made of grisly bones. Inside and outside I get along without the murder of any creature—fish, flesh or fowl. There are many like me."—New York Press.

"Slipper Alum Tea." The sides of a tin slipper alum tea box were littered with rolls of brown bark, tobacco twists and withered switches tied with twine. The proprietor, a brown and shriveled old colored woman, sat on another box. A passing woman lingered to ask the old lady the meaning of her wares.

"Dese 'bacca twisses is for moffs. 'n' de red oak bark is good for cuts. 'n' de slipper alum chips is a cure 'or ole moids." "You ought to make a fortune out of hat, anty. How do it work?" "Huh, huh, chile, das as easy as a ossum climin' a tree. You see, ole naid ladies is most in giral lean 'n' onesome lookin, 'n' slipper alum tea makes 'em fat. When de gods fat dey gets chippierish, 'n' some gennam wvine come along 'n' take a 'miration to 'em unless dey takes to drinkin' de tea too late—huh, huh!"—New York Post.

Who Said Gunpowder? "I don't want you to get scared at this story," began the baldheaded man, "but I hope you've all got good nerves."

The listeners eagerly drew together. "Well," began the narrator, "people lose their lives sometimes in the strangest ways. I know an Irishman—poor fellow—who a few months ago sat down on what he supposed was a keg of black sand, lit a smoky. After finishing the first pipe he knocked the live ashes into the keg. There happened to be a crowd of workmen standing by at the time, and—"

"Many killed?" exclaimed a breathless listener. "Many what?" "Killed—blown up?" "Why? Nothing explosive about black sand, is there?"—London Scraps.

His Consent. The Abbe Prault, a ruffian of Napoleon's time, was a most conceited man. The Duke of Wellington met him in Paris at a dinner given in honor of himself. The abbe made a long oration, chiefly on the state of political affairs, and concluded with the words, "We owe the salvation of Europe to one man alone." "Before he gave me time to blush," said the duke, "he put his hand on his heart and continued, 'To me!'"

His Fears Realized. "My heart is in my mouth. I am afraid to hear you answer." "You may well be, Mr. Dollboy," retorted Ethel. "I never could marry a man whose heart was not in the right place!"

If a man is worth knowing at all he is worth knowing well.—Alexander Smith.

MONOMANIACS ARE MANY.

We Meet Them in Our Daily Life, Says a Student of Insanity. "In my judgment," says a student of insanity, "there are hundreds of people walking the streets of all the big cities today who are insane upon some one topic and who only need a reference to it in conversation or otherwise to throw them into a severe irrational tantrum, and my experience satisfies me that the asylums are crowded with persons who appear to be the most reasonable beings on earth until their attention is directed toward some subject that disturbs their mental apparatus and makes their conduct as unbecoming as that of a mad dog." "The most striking incident of this kind that has ever come under my observation occurred when some years ago I was visiting an asylum in Edinburgh. I was introduced to a patient who had been a physician. He was intelligent, and I had a long conversation with him on general topics without the slightest knowledge on my part that he was a patient. When bidding him adieu I remarked that we were likely to have a beautiful moonlight night. In a second his whole demeanor changed. Instead of being a cultured, amiable gentleman he became a raving maniac and was quickly seized by several attendants. My simple allusion to the moon had done the whole business.

"It seems that this doctor, who had a large practice at one time, had become enamored of a study of astronomy and had for some years been endeavoring to invent a telescope which would enable him to get an interior view of the moon. He became crazy on that point. His case was held to be incurable by the medical profession."

TIPS IN SCOTLAND.

An Example of How Some Servants Win Their Wages. A gentleman was invited to a shoot in Scotland at two places close together. He arrived at the first place, and the first house he reached was the farmer's and he called on the children. The farmer was an excited little head case out of an egg. "Wonderful things, these incubators. Would you believe that there's a bird that makes them?" "Yes, sir, a bird, the megapode, makes its own incubator, and it has a nest of eggs. It isn't bothered, like other birds, with the long and monotonous work of sitting.

"The megapode hails from Australia, the British Empire, and it is a simple affair, really a great mound of leaves. In these leaves it buries its eggs, knowing that in that hot, moist climate the leaves will ferment and in their fermentation give out just enough heat to hatch the chicks." "Who can deny intelligence to this bird, which makes its own incubator to hatch out its own eggs?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Birds That Make Incubators. In the incubator the pale yellow chicks, their soft down not yet quite dry in places, fell in their attempts to rise and walk, like men dead drunk.

"The gentleman who wrote to me, determined to have one day by the shooting and to proceed to town by the night mail. At the end of the day he gave the keeper £1 and asked him to send his gun and cartridge bag over to the other place for which he had an invitation and where he proposed proceeding in three or four days' time.

On his arrival there after his visit to town he found his gun, etc., and not arrived, whereupon he wrote to the keeper, asking him to forward it at once, and he received a reply stating that when he (the keeper) had received the other £4 to which he was "entitled" the gun would be forwarded. It was detailed till payment was made.

The gentleman wrote to the keeper's master and received a reply that "he (the master) never interfered between his two servants in the matter of tips." The gentleman ascertained that the master in question paid the keeper no wages, but left him to get what he could out of the guests.—London Times.

A Beggar in a Basket.

Perhaps the most curious use to which Mexicans put their baskets is to hold gamecocks. Sometimes the cock's basket is woven for the purpose of offering it to a sombrero, or a white, high crowned, straw hat of the country, into which the bird is put, a hole cut in the crown to give him air and the brim carefully tied down that he may not escape. The daylight has been collected in the national sport of Mexico, but collecting is much more universal, for the humblest peasant may have his gamecock, which he keeps in a carefully made cage in his patio, with which pride and tends with care.

One of the strangest uses to which a basket has probably ever been put was the daily appearance in the streets of a young man carrying in a huge bushel basket on his shoulders his grandmother, of unknown age, who held out a skinny hand to the passer by for the centavo which was almost unobtainably given. Surely a trust in Providence could go no further.—Elihu Hope Johnson in Outing Magazine.

Dreams of the Blind.

In my dreams I have sensations, odors, tastes and ideas which I do not remember to have had in reality. Perhaps they are the glimpses which my mind catches through the veil of sleep of my earliest babyhood. I have heard "the trampling of many waters." Sometimes a wonderful light visits me in sleep. Such a flash and glory as it is! I gaze and gaze until it vanishes. I smell and taste much as in my waking hours, but the sense of touch plays a less important part. In sleep I almost never grope. No one guides me. Even in a crowded street I am self sufficient, and I enjoy an independence quite foreign to my physical life. Now I seldom spell on my fingers, and it is still rarer for others to spell into my hand. My mind acts independent of my physical organs. I am delighted to be thus endowed, if only in sleep, for then my soul dons its winged sandals and joyfully joins the throng of happy beings who dwell beyond the reaches of bodily sense.—Helen Keller in Century.

The Cheerful Undertaker.

A most amusing thing occurred one evening upon our arrival at a small town in New Zealand. We found awaiting us at the station the local carriage and pair, with the local undertaker as footman. He was garbed in his usual funeral suit of black, but he had substituted a white tie in order to relieve the situation somewhat, and, evidently with a desire to dispel any morbid impressions he might otherwise have created, he commenced to whistle a selection of the most cheerful tunes he knew, while he held the door open for us and helped us into the carriage.—Clara Butt in Musical Home Journal.

Cashing Up.

"Have you ever played poker with your son-in-law?" "No, sir." "Why not?" "It wasn't very satisfactory." "Did he win?" "No, he lost. But it merely resulted in my having to write him a check so that he could endorse it over to me."—Washington Star.

A Slender.

Member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union—Did you write this notice of my lecture on "The Demon Rum?" Editor—Yes, madam. Member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union—Then I would like to know what you mean by saying, "The lecturer was evidently full of her subject."—Judge.

Lucky.

Rustic—What's the matter? Motorist—Matter? I can't get this car to go. Rustic—Then it's the lucky man you are, for just yesterday a motorist got nearly smashed to bits here because he couldn't get his car to stop.

ERRATIC SCIENCE.

Some Wonderful Answers by School-room Small Boys. "Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas." "Wrote a small boy in the science examination. Other examples of the "Scientific American" are given in the Scientific American.

"Air is the most necessary of all the elements. If there were no such thing as air I would not be writing this essay now, also there would be no pneumonia throes, which would be a sad loss." "Electricity and lightning are of the same nature, the only difference being that lightning is often several miles in length, while electricity is only a few inches.

"Air usually has no weight, but I found to weigh about fifteen pounds to a square inch." "The axis of the earth is an imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take its daily rotation.

"The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot." "Gravity is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling from the trees.

"Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else." "A parallel straight line is one which if produced to meet itself does not meet." "The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

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Mrs. Geoffrin's Husband.

Mrs. Geoffrin, like most Frenchwomen, had the gift of making phrases. When Rubierre had read in her salon a work upon Russia, which she feared might involve him in difficulties, she offered him a sum of money to burn it. The author waved such a suggestion and broke out into an eloquent assertion of his courage and independence. She listened patiently and then in a quiet tone of voice said: "How much more do you want, M. Rubierre? She married at the age of fourteen M. Geoffrin, a wealthy glass manufacturer and lieutenant colonel of the national guard. His duty as a husband seems to have been to provide the funds for her social capriciousness and to write over the details of the marriage. It is related that some person gave him a history to read and when he asked for the successive volumes regularly palmed off upon him the first, as if it were new. At last he was heard to say that he thought the author "repeated himself a little." A book printed in double columns he read straight across the page, remarking that "it seemed to be very good, but was rather abstract." One day a visitor laid out for the silent white-haired old gentleman who was in the habit of sitting at the head of the table, "Oh, he was my husband," replied Mme. Geoffrin, "before he died!"—Argonaut.

Stella's Dignity. "Gleem paid me a dandy compliment last night, mother—one that will please you, too," said Stella Harding. "He was talking about the girls in this block and how disgusted the boys were getting with them. He said the trouble with the girls in a real way was that they had positively no personal dignity, and he never seemed to take into account that I lived in the block myself. But he made up afterward for that. He said not much, he crossed, he didn't mean me, that I was noted for my dignity with all the fellows, and he'd often heard them speak of it. What do you say to that?"

Mrs. Harding was laughing with motherly satisfaction. "Did it happen to occur to him that you might be applying it to yourself?" she asked. "I put it to him straight. I just waited until he stopped for breath, and then I said, 'Well, Jimmy, Gleem, is this a stumy?'" "Stella, what a speech! There's no dignity about that!" "Oh, too, mamma!" was the laughing response, made without the slightest intention of disrespect. "That's just the way we all talk. Things like that don't count on dignity one way or the other—not in our bunch. It's how you act, don't you know?"—Youth's Companion.

Foxes' Scaps and Salvation.

Some years ago at a session of the legislature of Kentucky an effort to repeal the law offering a bounty on foxes' scaps was made, but was defeated by the appeal of a member from a mountainous and sparsely settled region. "Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents and me of the benefits of hearing the gospel preached?" he demanded, with indignation in his tone and corresponding rugged countenance. "We are all Methodists up my way, and our preachers won't come without we can give 'em chickens. I know. We can't raise chickens unless the foxes are killed by somebody, that's sure, and there ain't nobody that can afford to spend their time hunting foxes and get nothing to pay for it. So, gentlemen, if you repeal this law you'll be depriving my constituents of the benefit of hearing the gospel preached. That's the way it looks to me!" The law was not repealed at that session.—Argonaut.

Hairs and Feathers.

Hairs are found on almost everything that grows, and if we may so call the fine fibers of asbestos, they even invade the mineral world. From a piece of mineral asbestos quarried from the earth and looking like a stone with a satiny fracture the silken fibers can be rubbed with the finger till the lump is worn away.

Secure a feather somewhere—it will be much better than a picture—and you will see that it has a main stem or midrib. Along each side of this extends the thin part known as the vane. Look closely and you will see that this vane is composed of tiny feathers, called barbs, fastened together throughout their whole length from the stem to their bases join the midrib to their tips. You can easily separate one of these from the rest, when you will see how like a tiny feather it is, with what seems a fine fuzziness along each edge.—St. Nicholas.

Time to Step.

Mrs. Benham—Henry, I am more than glad that you don't drink now, but how did you come to leave off? Benham—You remember the last time your mother was here? Mrs. Benham—Yes, Benham—Well, one night while she was here I came home in pretty bad shape and saw three of her. That settled it.

An Easy Task.

"Johnny, I will give you a quarter if you can get me a lock of your sister's hair." "Gimme 4 bits, 'n' I'll git you de whole bunch. I know where she hangs it nights."—Houston Post.

The Outcome.

The Doctor—Now that you are going to school, Johnny, perhaps you can tell me what happens when an irresistible force strikes an immovable object? "People send for you, do they?"—Life.

As money increases the love of it increases.—German Proverb.

Mathematics.

"Now, boy," said a schoolmaster, "a cabin who drove at the rate of six miles an hour left London, being followed three minutes later by another driver proceeding at the rate of seven miles an hour. Where would they meet?" "At the nearest public house," answered a promising scholar.—London Tit-Bits.

Overtime.

"Look here," said the office boy, "I think the boss ought to gimme a bit extra this week, but I guess he won't." "What for?" asked the bookkeeper. "For overtime. I wuz dreamin' about me work all las' night."—London Truth.

All Depends.

Tourist—It looks like pretty good soil around here. What crops do the farmers grow in this section? Native—That all depends, stranger. Tourist—Depends on what? Native—On what sort of seed they puts in.

Just So.

"I wish you would use your influence to get Jinx to attend our poker party this evening." "Jinx? Why, he's the poorest poker player you ever saw!" "I know it."—Houston Post.

Command Large Fields, but Cultivate Small Ones.—Virgil.

An Oath of Silence.

In certain districts of Western Australia there are women who take an oath to remain silent after the death of their husbands. In some cases they will remain mute for two years after the funeral, and very often the oath is kept also by the mother and mother-in-law of the deceased.—Paris Revue Medicale.

The Poets.

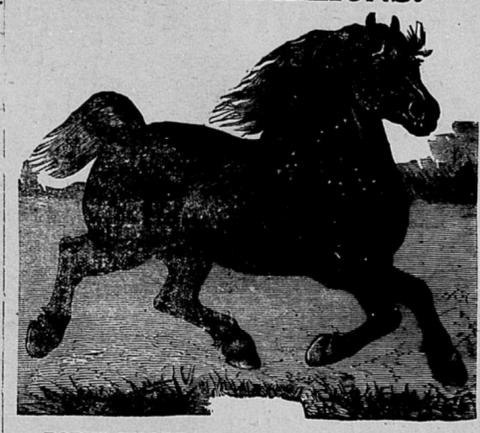
"Poets are born and not made." "But they ain't born tazed," opined a rural philosopher. "Their fathers consequently haffer go ahead and educate 'em, lest if they was going to be good for something."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Defined.

"A knocker, my boy, is a man who usually duels with another man who is doing something better than he could do it himself."—Detroit Free Press.

When men are friends there is no need of justice.—Aristotle.

PURE BRED BELGIAN DRAFT STALLIONS.



PORTE DRAPEAU (Am. 945.) (Foreign 15818) is a bay, pure bred Belgian, low down and blocky, lots of quality, and bone to spare, one of the best sires in Delaware county.

SULTAN de KEMEXHE (Am. 3391.) (Foreign 37430.) is a pure bred Belgian draft, blue roan, has a large number of colts in this county that speak for themselves. Each of these horses weigh over a ton.

TERMS:—\$15.00 to insure a live colt to stand up and suck. Owners disposing of mares, service money becomes due at once. Mares bred at owner's risk.

EDWARD COOK, Manager and Keeper. Phone 3 1/2 on 4.

CHAUTAQUA JULY 26 to AUGUST 1

E. H. Chapel WILL C. Chapel

Chapel & Son, Painters and Paper Hangers

Our Sanitary Oak Borders

Are becoming very popular, as they not only make house-cleaning easier but add much to the attractiveness of the home. Our method of doing this insures you a border closely resembling natural wood and just as durable, if the same care is taken with it. You have your choice of any style of grain or tone of color. Price per yard quoted on request.

Water Color Decoration

Is appropriate for any room and can, if necessary, be used over wall paper that is sticking fast. We especially recommend it over the hard, white wall finish or sand coat finish, and with or without decoration it is pleasing to every eye.

Wall Paper Bargains

We have them for you, and to prove to you how beautiful and economical they are, let us refer you to those who have already used our Wall Paper.

House, Sign and Carriage Work

The season of House Painting follows closely that of house cleaning, and to avoid the usual spring rush why not contract ahead for your workmen to take your turn? We recommend and use none but the best of paint material and have on hand considerable Red Seal Lead (Dutch Boy Brand.) White Lead makes not only the most durable paint, but costs less per gallon than mixed paints, therefore all practical painters endorse its use.

CHAPEL & SON. Phone 461

CONTEST CLOSES MAY 29.



The Last Day is Coming.

Two Fine Pianos are soon to be won by deserving girls.

One goes to some country girl; one to a Manchester girl, and votes are all that it takes to win.

22,000 Free Votes

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