

THE MOST REMARKABLE CARAVAN THAT EVER ENTERED AFGHANISTAN.



A STEAM ROLLER AND MOTORS FOR THE AMER.

The Indian tour of the Amer of Afghanistan in 1907 has evidently impressed on him the advantages of good roads, and it would appear that he is now about to have such roads and motor cars built in the extensive provinces of his kingdom. Recently some of the provinces of his kingdom. Recently some of the provinces of his kingdom. Recently some of the provinces of his kingdom.

FAIR WOMANHOOD.

So gentle and so bounteous doth appear My lady, when she maketh a salute. That every tongue, trembling, becometh mute; The eyes to look upon her doth not dare.

In her hand which she had picked up and which she was trying to reach out to the struggling man. "Just to make it seem more like the real thing," said Mr. Phillipstein, who was playing his part with much enjoyment and zeal.



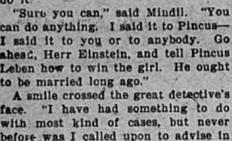
Glaucomatous Fever. This is the name of an acute febrile disease in childhood, one of the group to which belongs scarlet fever, measles and mumps. It differs from measles and other eruptive fevers in that there is no rash, the local manifestation being a swelling of the glands in the neck.



"Mind! Phillipstein told me you could tell me how to win her. Please do it."

"Sure you can," said Mindil. "You can do anything. I said it to Pincus—I said it to you or anybody. Go ahead, Herr Einstein, and tell Pincus to let her go."

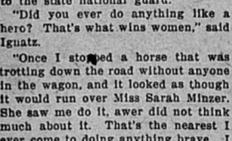
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"I have had something to do with most kind of cases, but never before was I called upon to advise in a love affair. I'll do my best, and I seldom fail. Herr Pincus Cohen, attend!"

"You're a hero!" Miss Goldwasser's tone was full of scorn. "Why, he even thought of his money. He said that before he tried to get you out." She handed Pincus his roll of bills.

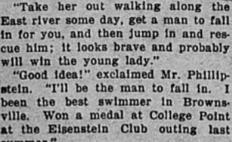
The enlargement may be on both sides, but appears more often, perhaps, on the left side first, runs its course there and then begins on the right. It is usually also more severe on the left side.



"Once I stopped a horse that was trotting down the road without anyone in the wagon, and it looked as though it would run over Miss Sarah Miner. She saw me do it, but she did not think much about it. That's the nearest I ever come to doing anything brave. I can't brag about it, though, Miss Goldwasser would likely laugh at me."

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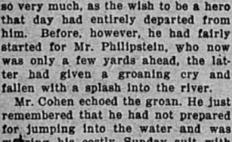
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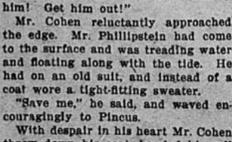
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Wanted, a Map.

Another map, an 'please you, sir! For why, we cannot understand. In all your great geography There is no map of Fairlyland.

Another map, an 'please you, sir! And, afterward, describe in full How Fairlyland is famed for pearls, And fleeces made from golden wool!

And prancing, gold-shod, milk-white steeds, With bridles set with jewel eyes; Tell how the fairy rivers run, And where, the fairy mountains rise!

And of the fair-folk, their ways, And customs, if it please you, sir; Then of the journey there, how long For any speedy traveller.

Another map, an 'please you, sir! And what you find not in any: Sister and I would dearly like— To learn our lesson there today!—Mary E. Wilkins, in the Christian Register.

Uncle Jack was away on an angling trip; we have been eating what he caught for two dinners and one luncheon, and Minkie has been talking so much about his experiences that Arabella is wild wild to try her luck at fishing.

"I don't see how you have to supply the bait and stick it on," she said to me. "I never could do that."

"Oh, but I'd just hate to," demurred I; "can't you go fishing with a net?"

"Why to be sure she can," laughed Uncle Jack; "I'll take you two kiddies where you can catch lots of nice creatures with a net. Let's see: I've a day off tomorrow. Let's get an early start, and go gold fishing in Silver Lake."

Why should we say but "Goody, goody," and 9 o'clock the next morning we were aboard the big boat straining across the harbor. We were as close as we could get to the front railing with the fresh breeze most blowing on our hair.

The disease is not of common occurrence, and this is rather curious, for it seems to be eminently contagious, at least all the members of the household, at least all under 14 or 15 years, being affected when once the fever gets into a house.

The fever rises gradually for two or three days, reaching its highest point about the third day. At this time also the enlargement of the glands of the neck becomes manifest to sight and touch.

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CAUGHT IN A STORM.

The following is an account of a sailing experience I had one afternoon last summer. My father owns a large sloop, equipped with a powerful engine, and one Saturday afternoon last year he, a friend and I went out in the boat up.

We got away about 1 o'clock noon, and after leaving the harbor of the town we decided to fish near the southwestern end of Cape Cod Island. We reached the island after a fifteen minutes' sail and anchored in among some very large rocks.

As soon as we were anchored father and his friend began to fish and I to clean the boat up. I had quite a job doing this, as father had dropped the sails in a hurry and had gotten the ropes all snarled up, but finally I finished and, taking my model yacht in the tender, I got off from the boat.

I had a very enjoyable time sailing my boat until about 4 o'clock, when the sky began to grow dark, causing me to return to the sloop. When I got there, I found that quite a collection of fish had been caught. In about fifteen minutes the sky was black and father decided to return home. This was very agreeable to his friend, who didn't like the idea of staying out and getting wet, and also to me, who was somewhat afraid.

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MR. ROCKEFELLER'S GIFTS.

Amount He Has Given to One Institution Equals Cost of Five Battleships.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER celebrated his seventieth birthday by giving \$10,000,000 to the General Education Board, making the total of his gifts to that philanthropy the stupendous sum of \$53,000,000 and bringing the grand total of his known benefactions to the aggregate of \$120,000,000. Add his unknown gifts to innumerable institutions, objects and individuals, and the final figures are probably in excess of \$135,000,000—a sum of money so huge that its magnitude is difficult to estimate.

Take alone the gift of \$10,000,000 officially announced by Frederick T. Gates, chairman of the General Education Board. Some idea of what \$10,000,000 amounts to can be had in this way: A comfortable home, capable of adequately housing a family of average circumstances, can be bought in Brooklyn for \$5,000. Mr. Rockefeller's gift would buy 2,000 such homes for 2,000 families. His total gift of \$53,000,000 to the General Education Board would buy 10,600 such homes. The total of all his gifts, \$135,000,000, would buy 27,000 such homes. Five persons is the average of a family. Twenty-seven thousand such homes would mean a city of 135,000 persons. There are many pretentious cities in the United States where all of the homes of its citizens do not represent an outlay of half the money given away by Mr. Rockefeller.

Report has given Mr. Rockefeller \$400,000,000, but men with some means of estimating his wealth say that is an exaggeration. If his fortune be \$300,000,000, his income at 5 per cent would be \$15,000,000. If \$400,000,000, it would be \$20,000,000. This \$20,000,000 he has given the General Education Board for a single purpose—to multiply and widen educational facilities for American boys and girls, irrespective of creed or anything else. Colleges all over the country, particularly in those sections where the need is greatest, are the beneficiaries of the fund. The fund, \$5,000, \$10,000, \$50,000, \$100,000 or \$200,000, or whatever sum the trustees of the fund bestow, they are entitled to.—New York World.

Within recent months we have noted that more and more frequently diaries have been introduced into the homes of the well-to-do. Some of these diaries were begun long previous to any open disagreement between man and wife when one or the other may have been unconscious of any infidelity between them. In such a case the diary, unsuspecting one, all unguarded in his or her innocence, has been daily recording in the accusing book, every act that would be prejudicial in the eyes of court or jury set down in black and white in cold blood. There is no distinction in law between divorce sought in a hot temper and divorce with malice aforethought.

We sincerely trust that the "holy bonds of matrimony" will not become generally vitiated by the practice of keeping a diary dating from the wedding day, and that bride and groom

is the modest sign on the old pine at the northern end of the forest. It is the sign of the builder who is at work on a home for the little lady whom he hopes soon to wed.

Listen! That sharp rattle is Downy's love call, hammered out on a hollow limb of the dead tree. He is sending his love call, that he is thinking of her and hurrying as fast as he can to finish her nest so that they can begin housekeeping.

He has only his sharp beak to work with, and yet he accomplishes his task. See how fast the chips fall wonders. See how fast the chips fall wonders. See how fast the chips fall wonders.

For several summers a pair of Baltimore Orioles had nested in an apple tree near the front window. Last summer, when the nest was full of young ones, the mother bird was killed, and the father bird had a broken wing. When I discovered this tragedy, the father was carrying food to his family.

There was a grape vine growing under the tree, untrimmed and lawless. Some wayward branches had caught hold of the lowest apple boughs, and a pole, leaning against the trellis, formed a continuous roadway from nest to ground. I saw the bird read the grape vine and hop and forage for food. He never went far from the grapevine and kept a sharp lookout for enemies. After filling his mouth with food, he would commence his tedious journey up the grapevine on his hop until they reached their flying age and were able to care for themselves.—Jean Martin, in Bird Lore.

I thought that possibly you might like to hear about the little pet cat I had last summer. By the time it was four weeks old it followed me everywhere I went, even to town. It used to go into the house, where it would stay until I took a piece of bread and called it out again. For seven weeks it was a great pet, but one day it was taken to a large lot to handle so I had to put it in a pasture, where it had other little cats to play with.—Huston Gordon, in the New York Tribune.

Why is the wick of a candle like Athens? Ans.—Because it is in Greece (grease).

Why is a fire fender like Westminster Abbey? Ans.—Because it holds the ashes of the grate (great).

What is that which a coach can not move without, and yet is of no use? Ans.—Noise.—Washington Star.

I had a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be bottled up under his coat, said President Garfield.

Small Farmer in Alaska. There are fully 30,000 square miles of Alaska suited for grazing or agriculture—an area equal to three-quarters of the State of Ohio, a writer in

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS SAYS.

Make this accessible and develop local markets and the farmer will come—not from the States, then from northern Europe, a region which has already furnished many good citizens to Alaska. Finland supplies 3,000,000 people and exports agricultural products. Yet the Finnish colonist will find in Alaska a better climate and soil than in his native land. Be it remembered, however, that Alaska is far from an ideal farming region. The growing season is short and the winter long and severe. It will require never furnish agricultural products except for local consumption, but that such a market will prove a lucrative one is shown by the success of the many small farms and gardens already under cultivation.

Paraffin wax, so long an unappreciated by-product of the Eastern petroleum, grows in importance each year. The big oil company manufactures more than 300,000,000 pounds of paraffin and kinds yearly. Tallow and wax (beeswax) candles have disappeared and 12,000,000 pounds of paraffin wax is sold yearly to candlemakers. It is used for making waterproof cases for wire, for preserving stone surfaces from weathering, for crumbling for making colored crayons, for bleaching linens and cotton cloth, for chawing gum, for sealing canned fruits and as a substitute for beeswax, for sealing wax and as insulation for wires.

New uses are discovered every day. The last available figures for the United States production of paraffin wax are those of the United States census for 1905. In that year the total output was 65,972,100 pounds.

Petrolatum, a product not generally known under that title, is composed of the extent of 12,000,000 pounds a year. It serves as the basis for vaseline, ointments, shoe polish and so on.

Asphaltum, the basis of heavier oils, is another most important thing in roadmaking. Coke, the final residue of the distillation of petroleum, has proved valuable. It sells for \$7 a ton, and is used for fuel as well as for making the carbon points of arc lamps.—Cleveland Leader.

State Produces 24,711,456 Cob Pipes in 1908.

The statistics concerning Missouri's production of corn-cob pipes—styled the "Missouri Meerschaum"—supply a good pipe story, though it is not a "pipe dream." According to the figures compiled by the Missouri State Bureau of Labor and Statistics for its annual report there were made in Missouri 24,711,456 cobpipes in 1908, seven factories being engaged in their production. Of this total number 23,268,996 were made in Franklin county alone. In addition there were turned out the same year 415,314 wooden pipes, 1,729,350 extra stems and 149,238 pipe cleaners.

The value of the total product was \$431,810, of which Franklin county produced \$401,643. The value of the raw material consumed was \$233,888, the capital invested in the seven factories was \$124,547, and the wages paid exceeded that sum slightly, being \$128,295. In the manufacture of these pipes there were employed 303 males and 63 females.

Missouri made enough of these pipes last year to supply one to each man, woman and child in the State and still have more than 20,000,000 left. Each head of a family in the United States could have been supplied with a Missouri-made pipe, the product of a single year, and have left about 9,000,000 for export to foreign countries.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Suited to the Place.

"Well, this is certainly crazy man agreement!" cried the chairman of the committee investigating the State in situation.

"But you must remember," pleaded the superintendent, "that this is an insane asylum."—Baltimore American.

Tact and Talent.

Talent feels its weight, tact finds it; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preference.—London Atlas.

In order to do a thing once some people have to do it twice.

SHEAR NONSENSE.

He—What did you discuss at your debating club this afternoon? She—Nothing. We just talked. Jess—You Magistrate—Are you a friend of the prisoner? Buxom Witness—No, I'm his mother-in-law.—New York World.

"Say something to the little boy," said Bobbie's mother. "Say, kid," said Bobbie, obediently, "kin you fight yet?"

"I hear you spent your vacation with friends." "We were friends during the first week."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Are you going to take the late train to Chicago?" "No, the engineer of the train is going to do that."—Baltimore American.

Customer—Give me a bottle of Dognut's Stomach Bitters. Druggist—We haven't any in stock, madam, but here's something just as bad.

"There are two sides to every question," said the broad minded man. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "a winning side and a losing side."

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked the boss. "I got six months off for good behavior," answered the job seeker.—Chicago Daily News.

Prospective Best Man—Got the marriage license yet? Prospective Bridegroom—No; I'm not going to get that until the last thing. She may go back on me.

Best—So you're engaged? Well, well! As for me, I wouldn't marry the best man in stock, madam, but couldn't—I've got him.—Cleveland Leader.

Scott—I remember reading of a very rich man who said he'd sooner be poor. Read—Yes, and probably you remember reading somewhere that all men are liars.

"I can't understand why Brown should have failed." "Nor can I. I always thought he was doing finely. He often came to me for advice."—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you have a good time at the Sunday school picnic, Bobby?" "I should say so," answered Bobby, enthusiastically. "There was three fights."—Buffalo Express.

"Why, Ethel, what's the matter?" asked her mother, as the little one almost choked at the dinner table. "I got a piece of bread head first down my cough pipe," explained Ethel.

"I never have no luck." "Neither do I," responded the other citizen. "Therefore I keep out of enterprises requiring large jobs of luck to be a success."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"We," remarked the young married woman, "try to see how few quarrels we can have in a year." "We," said the old maid, "try to see how few how few cooks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Judge—How did the trouble begin? Witness—It began, your honor, when de chairman of de entertainment committee awaited de secretary over de hall wif de lovin' cup.—Boston Transcript.

Sillicus—We should all strive to bear each other's burdens. Cynicus—Yes, most of us seem to think we could bear each other's burdens more easily than we could our own.—Philadelphia Record.

Bessie—Oh, Mabel! I am in a awful dilemma! I've quarreled with Harry and he wants me to send his ring-back. Mabel—That's too bad, Bessie—but that isn't the point. I've forgotten which is his ring.—Kansas City Journal.

"What was the date of the Union of the Crowns?" asked the school inspector and the answer was "1603." "Right. And why was this date an important one for you to remember?" "Because you were sure to ask for it," returned the little victim of cramming. De Quis—Did he have any luck making? De Whis—Well, he says he caught a number of fish, many of which would weigh three pounds. De Quis—Yes, I guess it would take a great many of the fish he caught to weigh three pounds.—Chicago Daily News.

Little Bobby—Papa, did you ever see a cyclone carrying houses around up in the air, and cows and horses and wagons upside down? Papa—No, my son. Little Bobby—Did you ever see a sea serpent? Papa—No, my son. Little Bobby—I should think it'd be tiresome to live so long and never see anything.

"You ran into this man at thirty miles an hour and knocked him forty feet," said the court. "That, or a little better, I suppose," answered the chauffeur. "Why didn't you slow down?" "Mere precaution, your honor. Once I shut off speed and hit a man so gently that he was able to climb into the machine and give me a licking."

"Your husband'll be all right now," said the doctor, rubbing his hands with evident self-satisfaction. "What yer mean?" demanded the worried wife. "You told me he wouldn't live a fortnight." "Well, I'm going to cure him after all," said the doctor; "surely you're glad to hear such unexpected news." The woman wrinkled her brows. "Put me in a bit of an 'ole," she said. "I've bin and sold all his clothes for his funeral!"

His Last Word.

Man—'I'm getting to have my life insured. Woman—Don't. It costs too much. Man—But what would you do if I'd die? Woman—Marry again. Man—You couldn't if I didn't have a good big insurance policy.—Cleveland Leader.

A Long Shot.

"Didn't I say you couldn't play ball until after 2 o'clock? Tell me!" "Why-er—Marm—yes! But-er—didn't you see you last night how down in Washington all the government clocks are gone? To be set two hours ahead durin' the summer!"—Fuck.

The Explosion.

"Mah goodness," yelled Auntie Chloe, "D'n 'splosion nearly scairt me to Jeff!" "An' mah goodness," piped up Uncle Rastus, "it done nearly scairt me to leafness."—St. Louis Star.

Occasionally a deaf person expresses a sound opinion.