STUDY FORESTS OF HAWAII.

Interesting Facts Learned by Department of Agriculture.

The forests of the Hawaiian Islands have been studied by the servants employed by the Department of Agriculture. There are two very distinct kinds of forests in the islands, one on the drier lowlands near the sea and the other on the mountain slopes where there is a heavy rainfall. The coastal forest is composed exclusively of "algaroba" or the "mesquite" of our Southwest, which was introduced by Father Bachelot in 1837. From the original tree, which is still standing, it is estimated that at least 50,000 acres of forest have sprung, fairly well distributed over the different islands. The native forest of the mountain slopes is distinctly of tropical character. None of the familiar trees of the north temperate zone are present. One looks in vain for oaks, the maple, pine or spruce. The more important trees are the "koha," "koa," "mamane" and "kukui."

Have Smaller Faces.

The chief difference in the heads of men and of the lower animals is in the size of the face. Man has a very large head and a very small face, and animals are more brute and brutal exactly as the face is found large and the rest of the head small.

Shouting Their Praises.

Kirkland, Ill., Jan. 2nd.—(Special)—Cured of the terrible Rheumatic pains that made him a cripple for years, Mr. Richard R. Greenhoe, an old and respected resident of this place is shouting the praises of the remedy that cured him, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had the rheumatism in my left limb so that I could not walk over ten to fifteen rods at a time, and that by the use of two canes," Mr. Greenhoe says. "I would have to sit or lie down on the ground when I was out trying to walk and the sweat would run down my face, with so much pain I could not sleep at night for about five or six weeks.

"I tried different doctors' medicines, but they were all no good. Then I sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills and almost from the first they brought relief. By the time I had taken fourteen boxes of them my rheumatism was all gone and I can truly say I feel better than I have in the last twenty-five years."

METHOD OF LEGAL TORTURE.

England the Last of Civilized Countries to Abolish It.

England, as all the world knows, was the last of civilized countries to abolish the test by torture as a regular legal institution. A historian who has made a special investigation of modern methods of torture has discovered that the barbaric practice is still common in many out-of-the-way corners of the globe. The early English system, too, has been widely imitated. Even in the time of Henry III the torture trial was in vogue. First came three days of preparation by fasting and prayer. On the solemn day a caldron was made to boil in church and a stone was placed, apparently, in the boiling water. Two juries of twelve men apiece were present in the interest of accuser and accused. Both sides tested the water, and if they agreed that it was boiling the accused thrust in his bare arm and took out the stone. His arm was then wrapped in cloth and sealed. On the third day the priest inspected the arm and if it was perfectly healed the accused got off. It seems as if the testing representatives may have been tampered with or the examining priest may have been corrupted.

In and Out.

A pleasant girl answers the ring of all callers at a certain rectory in Brooklyn. She is a daughter of the Emerald Isle and is capable of as good Irish bulls as any son of "the ould sod." To the inquiry of a recent caller if Father —— was in she replied in the negative. The caller, however, rather than be disappointed, was content to see one of the curates and told the girl as much. "Well," she replied, "There's only one in and he's just gone out."

HABIT'S CHAIN

Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic, suffering terribly at times with my stomach.

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 30 I was in very poor health, indeed. My sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard.

"But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing at all for coffee.

"I am no longer troubled with dyspepsia, do not have spells of suffering with my stomach that used to trouble me so when I drank coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Heart of the Fire.

From the heart of the fire does the vision
Come
It is good to sit in the after glow,
When some one's hand in your big one
lies
And nobody there to know,
Ah, golden glowing its many towers,
"The palace to build, so fair!
Where we shall dwell their the lovely
hours
In a golden castle in Spain.

Who is it knocks in the dark behind?
Who lurks in the shadows there?
Will the ghosts that are coming to you
be kind
And the end of the dream be fair?
Ah, you and girl, who the lovely vision
Will the faith and the love remain
When only a crumbling ruin lies—
Your fallen castle in Spain?

The LOGIC of LATTIS

BY MARGARET MONDIE

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Lattis sat directly in front of the wide window and looked with passive eyes out across the fair expanse of meadow. Her pretty lips drooped daintily at the corners and now and then a quiver swept over them. Scarcely a single sound broke the summer stillness, and this served to intensify the girl's thoughtful mood. Before her in swift panoramic review passed the little commonplace events of her life. There was not a thing above the ordinary nor even below, in fact, nothing worthy to remember or forget. But now of late a change had come. A new sense of dissatisfaction, a queer feeling of loneliness was stealing into her being and a longing dangerously near a passion filled her heart. She was too young and inexperienced to analyze the cause of this revolution. Impatiently she tossed the bit of embroidery aside and arose.

"Mr. Duram," she gasped as she faced a man who stood back of her chair.

"What ever were you thinking so deeply of, little one?" he asked, with a smile.

"I don't know," she spoke gravely; "I am feeling gloomy in spite of such beautiful weather. I believe I am growing dissatisfied and just a little lonely." Her voice sank to a whisper. Then her sunny head dropped into her hands on the arm of the deep chair.

The man made a movement as if to draw nearer, but he controlled himself and settled back to his former position.

"Lattie," his voice was unsteady with emotion, "come into the garden; you must be said. It hurts me—it hurts me." Then his hand went out to her.

She raised her head suddenly and met his look. Involuntarily her hand went to her heart, a burning blush flew to her cheek and mounted to her very hair and receding left her white to the lips. Like a burst of glorious blinding light the truth came to her. She snatched her hand from his, sprang up and took a few steps back. Then she heard his dear voice: "I love you! I love you better than my soul."

The girl's whole being responded to his declaration; there was a delight in his caress that swept all else from her. Love took possession of her so completely the whole world seemed to lay within this one man.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "will you come with me at once? Will you trust me, dear, and come—now?"

"Now?" she asked tremulously. "We can be married here to-morrow. I love the place and I should like to spend the happiest time of my life here."

"I cannot marry you," the words dropped harshly from his trembling lips. The girl sprang from him and drew herself to her full height proudly.

"And you dared to love me!" burst in an angry passion from her. "You have won the one love of my life, you have taken my heart and beat it cruelly, but you cannot trample it into the dust. I will not let you. I will not!"

"Lattis," he answered, stung to the quick, "I have meant no wrong. God knows I love and honor you above all else in the world, and because of my love I cannot leave you so—dear, dear—look at me."

Sat directly in front of the window.

The girl looked up.

"I forgive you," she said simply.

"And I may come again?" he asked humbly.

She did not answer, but stood in the shadow with averted face. The man hesitated and his heart told him how completely at his mercy this trembling girl was, and yet—he loved her and his whole self cried out, "Lattis, Lattis!" A timid touch aroused him and two soft lips whispered in his ear, "Stay." Then because of his silence she drew back and cried with abandon, "God, what have I done!"

The man crossed to the door and went out without a single backward glance, nor did he utter one word, though he heard the girl's dry, heart-breaking sobs.

Late that night Lattis rose from her couch, where she had been lying tossing and sleepless, threw on a loose gown and dropped into a chair before her open window. The brilliant moonlight shone into her room. Suddenly from out the shadow on the

"If you love me, go, go."

veranda a form appeared and before she could move or cry, knelt beside her and clasped her close.

"Lattis," a voice she knew well whispered. "Lattis, I have come, dearest; I have come——"

"Jack, you must go—I want you to go—my heart is breaking. If you love me, go, go."

"You don't love me." He used man's old reproach, the subtle weapon a man always uses to win the woman he covets or loves.

"I do, dear, and you know it. And because I do not want to hate you, I bid you leave me at once."

This was not the logic he expected, and it startled him a little. Then all his manhood uprose.

"Lattis, you are a queen; your heart is the purest in the world. Because I love you in the best way a man can love, I will go. Good-by—dear——" his voice broke into a sob. He pressed his hot lips to her hand and went quietly away.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

Growing Old is Largely a Habit of Mind, Says Writer.

How old are you? The adage says that women are as old as they look and men as old as they feel. That's wrong, says a writer in the New York Times. A man and woman are as old as they take themselves to be.

Growing old is largely a habit of the mind. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If he begins shortly after middle age to imagine himself growing old he will be old.

To keep one's self from decrepitude is somewhat a matter of will power. The fates are kind to the man who hangs on to life with both hands. He who lets go will go. Death is slow only to tackle the tenacious.

Ponce de Leon searched the wrong place for the fountain of youth. It is in one's self. One must keep one's self young inside. So that, while "the outer man perisheth, the inner man is renewed day by day."

When the human mind ceases to exert itself, when there is no longer an active interest in the affairs of this life, when the human stops reading and thinking and doing, the man dies a blasted tree, begins to die at the top.

You are as old as you think you are. Keep the harness on. Your job is not done.

Examines Brazilian Coal Fields.

Dr. I. C. White, state geologist of West Virginia, sailed for Brazil recently, where he will examine and report on the coal fields of Rio Grande do Sul.

FAN FOR THE HORSE.

Comfort for Quadruped in Design of Thoughtful Inventor.

It is a misnomer to call the heated term of summer the "dog days," because little or no attention is paid to the dogs, while everybody who owns or drives a horse is giving the animal's care considerable thought. If these uncomfortable days must be named for some animal it should be the "horse days." All sorts of devices are arranged to keep the equine as comfortable as possible under the handicap of a loaded wagon and a sizzling sun, and a great deal of ingenuity has been directed in this channel.

A somewhat belated novelty in this line is a fan that has just been invented for the horse's use. We have seen pictures of horses making use of fans, and even sucking at the festive mint julep, the imaginative conceit of some humorous artist, but a practical fan has now been invented for the use of the horse, and it has the double advantage of being a fan and a sunshade.

The fan consists of a light fabric, mounted on a suitable framework and fastened to the head strap by a spring wire. This device, extending as it does over the animal's face and head, protects him from the sun, and with every movement of the head cooling currents of air are created. As the horse is tossing his head more or less constantly it is reasonable to suppose that he will have a veritable whirlwind blowing around him on the warmest days.

Story of Robins That Went Fishing.

An extraordinary incident was witnessed recently by a sportsman at Bicester.

Noting a party of five robins foraging about among the pebbles in the bed of a small stream, from which they constantly flew on to a neighboring wall carrying some live object in their beaks, he followed a bird to its perch. Kicking about on the top of the wall he found a small stickleback.

Retiring a few yards he then kept watch, and found that the birds captured their prey and held it crosswise after the fashion of a kingfisher. But they made no attempt to kill their victims before eating them, as the kingfisher does.

Animal Puzzles Scientists.

Among a collection of some twenty living animals received by the New York Zoological society is a small white creature that is proving a puzzle to all natural history experts. It is 21 inches long—a little more than 77 inches, countaining in the tail—and stands rather more than 10 inches high at the shoulders. It resembles a small Spitz dog, but it is no more like a dog than is a raccoon, although the shape of the head and the face marking that seem to belong to peculiarly to the family of procyonidae, are marvelously imitated.

Fine Specimen of Indian Pottery.

A valuable addition to the museum of the University of Vermont has recently been made in the form of an excellent specimen of Indian pottery. The vessel, one of the best and largest ever unearthed in New England, was found in a cave near Bolton Falls. It is 16 inches high and has a six-sided, highly decorated rim nine inches in diameter.

CARRY MARMOSET IN MUFF.

Latest Fad Indulged In by Women of Philadelphia.

A new fad among women which will appeal to the class who went in for pet chameleons several years ago is the carrying of pet marmosets in the big muffs that are still the correct thing in furs. The marmoset is a small, squirrel-like monkey hailing from South America.

A woman who appeared on Chestnut street with one of the little animals in her possession created something of a sensation. She was equipped with a huge muff, trimmed with animal heads, and several pedestrians who took a peep at the muff saw two heads on one side and only one on the other. A second later there was only one animal head on each end of the muff.

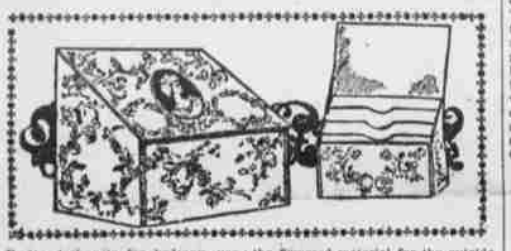
A couple of men remarked that perhaps the muff bearer had dropped one of the heads, but when the third head again popped into view the expression on their faces indicated that they were wondering if they required sanitarium treatment. They kept the muff in view until the extra head disappeared again and reappeared on the opposite side of the fur. This time they got a better view and saw that the active head belonged to a marmoset.—Philadelphia Record.

Child's Long Journey Alone.

After being separated by thousands of miles from her family, 8-year-old Maria Majunas met her mother for the first time in four years at Union station yesterday. A tag labeled with the tot's name and the Pittsburg address of her family, 802 Shelby avenue, was her only identification on her long journey by sea and land from the interior of Hungary to the arms of her mother in Pittsburg.

Passengers and employes were affected at the scene between mother and daughter, and, although none could understand their Hungarian exclamations of joy, all knew the English equivalents. Seven years ago the father came to America, and after three years of hard work sent for his wife. Both worked hard to bring the child across the water, and about three months ago the money for her passage was sent her. Officialdom

HOW TO MAKE A DESK SET



Pretty desk sets for bedroom use can be made at home. Every girl likes a pretty room, and with a very little effort on her part every girl can have one, by taking pains to arrange it and choosing tastefully the things she puts in it.

This useful letter box, to hold stationery and old letters, is made out of cardboard covered with flowered cretonne. You first cut the pasteboard, which must be of a good thickness, in pieces the size you require for your box, then lay them on your material and cut pieces of that just a little larger than the board. A plain lining is used for the inside, and pieces of it must be cut the same as the flowered material for the outside.

The cardboard is held between a piece of the plain, and a piece of the flowered material, and it is whipped closely all over the edge. When all the pieces have been done they are joined together and the partitions, which are cut out of the colored cardboard exactly the size to fit the inside of the box, are slipped in place.

The cover of the box is then made in the same way, a very pretty plan being to leave an oval opening in the material where you can slip in a photograph or picture.

To make a really pretty finish to the edges a narrow strip of fancy gold braid is sometimes used as trimming.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Old Roman Work of Art.

A discovery of considerable importance was made in August at Ivrea, the ancient Eporedia, in the province of Turin, Italy. At a depth of six feet or more a colossal man's head was found. It is of bronze and is double the natural size. The head is of excellent workmanship and is well preserved. It is supposed that the head belonged to the statue of the minister of Augustus, Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, who was the husband of Julia, daughter of Augustus. Agrippa was the grandfather of Caligula and great grandfather of Nero. He died in the year 12 B. C.

TEA

We manage our business to serve the whole people, so far as the people want to be served.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

It Won't Happen Again.

"I have received some funny excuses from the parents of my scholars in my time," said a school teacher yesterday, "but I was handed one Tuesday that beat them all. A little fellow named Johnny did not come to school Monday, and Tuesday he appeared without the customary excuse. I sent him home for it. An hour later he returned with the excuse. This is what it said: 'Deer Madim: Please excuse Johnny for eating pie yesterday and getting the stumack ache. It shall nott happen again.'—Kansas City Times.

TEA

Good tea, close price. There is no other way to build a good business or keep a good business.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

How Streams Purify.

An Italian scientist has lately made a detailed explanation of the accepted fact that the waters of lakes and rivers, however thoroughly infected, possess the power of purifying themselves. A great amount of bacteria, this authority says, is dragged to the bottom by the precipitation of solid matter, but this is not the only purifying process. In swift currents the velocity of the stream is in itself a cleansing agent, and it has been shown that sunlight destroys bacteria in water to a depth of three feet. The obvious conclusion is that rapidly flowing streams or ponds not more than three feet deep contain the purest water.

TEA

You don't half-know how good tea is; good tea is extremely good.

Go by the book.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Xenophon's Historic Retreat.

Next to the retreat from Moscow, the most famous in history is probably that of Xenophon and his 10,000 Greeks from a point in the interior of Asia, 2,465 miles from a place of safety. They fled the distance in 215 days and made a retreat so successfully that the little band reached safety without a loss for which the pursuing enemy was responsible.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. H. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Vigo Scene of Much Warfare.

Vigo, the Spanish seaport, is an old-time scene of war. It was in Vigo that Drake and Norris sailed in 1588 to place Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal. They burned Vigo, but failed to capture Lisbon, and went away cursing each other. So little plunder was there that the common sailors received but 5 shillings a man in wages, and took to robbery, for which many of them were hanged in and near London. When the English under Rooke put into Vigo harbor again there was treasure in sight. A fleet of Spanish galleons, of which Benbow had been in pursuit, was in the bay, protected by a French fleet. Several galleons were captured by the English, but more went to the bottom, and there remain to this day. Nowadays Vigo is a commonplace little town.

Women and Ladies.

Full of pitfalls for the foreigner who is logical is the English language. A Frenchman was invited to lunch at a club of "workingwomen"—an association of progressive English society leaders. "Ah," said the Frenchman, "these workingwomen, they are the wives and daughters of your workingmen." His hostess aptly explained that the two phrases did not balance. "The workingman," she said, "wears his garters outside his trousers and does not use a handkerchief. But the workingwoman"—she glanced around—"wears rather nice hats, don't you think?"

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Growth of Cities.

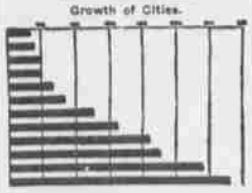

Diagram showing proportion of American population living in cities at each census.

Jail Term for Street Kiss.

At Towanda, Pa., Gilbert Johnson was sentenced to fifteen days in jail for kissing his sweetheart on the street. After taking her home he spent so much time bidding her farewell that neighbors complained. He was given his choice of a fine of $7.50 or fifteen days in jail, and he chose the jail.