

WHY IS THE WORLD SO SAD?

"Why is the king so sad, father, why is the king so sad?
More than his sire the king is blessed;
The times are fair and the land at rest,
With the little prince on the queen's fair breast.
Why is the king so sad?"
He put the woman he loved aside;
He stole his heart when his true love
cried,
And took a princess to be his bride,
And so the king is sad.

"Why is the rich man sad, father, why is the rich man sad?
Fair on the hills his turrets glow;
Broad is the manor spread below;
Garners and wine-vats overflow.
Now, why is he so sad?"
His truth for a lordly price he sold;
He gave his honor for a low gold;
It's oh for the peace he knew of old,
And therefore he is sad.

"Why is the poor man sad, father, why is the poor man sad?
Health and freedom and love has he,
A vine-clad cottage beyond the sea,
Where children clamber about his knee,
Yet why is he so sad?"
He thought of the rich man's wealth and fame;
He looked on his humble lot with shame,
Into his life back envy came,
And therefore he is sad.

"Why is the priest so sad, father, why is the priest so sad?
Little he knows of worldly care;
His place is found in the house of prayer,
And honor and peace attend him there.
Why is the priest so sad?"
He marks how the proud ones spoil the meek;
His heart is hot, but his spirit weak,
And the words that he would he dare not speak,
And so the priest is sad.

"Why is the world so sad, father, why is the world so sad?
Every day is a glory sent,
Sunshine, beauty and music blend,
Fresh from the gracious firmament.
Then why is the world so sad?"
Alas for the evil ever done!
Alas for the good deed not begun!
Alas for our blindness every one!
By this the world is sad.
—Robert Clarkson Tongue.

Heads or Tails.

"Marie," I began awkwardly, for I had never proposed before, "you must know—you must have seen for a long time that—that I love you."
Marie said nothing, but sat looking down at her hands, which were twisting a bit of lace that she called a handkerchief. She was smiling before I began. She now looked distressed.
I do not like for Marie to look distressed, for she then looks as if she were going to cry. And a crying woman is not pretty. So for the minute I laid aside my own affair to comfort Marie.
"Marie," I began, venturing with much trepidation to lay my hand softly upon both of hers, "what's the matter?"
She looked up. Her lips were quivering and a tear, balanced for the start, stood in her eye.
"I don't know what to do," she whispered, brokenly.
"Well!" I said, inquiringly, inviting her to continue.
She hesitated nervously for several seconds. Then she went on, almost inaudibly—
"You see, Mr. Transome told me last night what you told me just now."
"Confound Transome!" I said to myself; and to Marie—"Well, Philip Transome is a fine fellow, you know."
"Of course," said Marie, acquiescing a little too readily, I thought.
"And he's good looking."
"Yes."
"And rich."
"Yes."
This itemizing a rival's good points to comfort the woman you love is rather straining on one's generosity. It isn't so bad if the woman rewards your generosity, as of course she should. But Marie didn't. So I stopped.
"Well, where's the trouble, then?" I asked at length.
"I don't know what to do," she replied, repeating her formal wail.
I began to see. It is hard to decide between two lovers. I could sympathize with Marie, for I had once been in a similar predicament myself.
"You don't know which of us to take?" I suggested, after a minute or two of silence, attempting to put some sympathy into my voice.
"You like me, don't you?" I ventured with some fear in my heart.
Marie nodded. I felt very complacent.
"And you like Philip Transome?" I continued.
She nodded a second time. I believe I swore at Transome.
"But you can't decide between us, is that it?"
"That's it," acknowledged Marie, weakly.
"You have tried every way?"
"I have, and I can't"—here Marie blushed, but it was a blush I did not like, because it was for Transome as it was for me—"and I can't tell which of you I like the better."
The person who sits in the seat of the undecided sits not easily. This I knew. And any decision is better than no decision. This also I knew. So out of the sympathy which I had for Marie I made up my mind to help her arrive at some decision, even though if I could help it.
I thought for a long time, but nothing came. Then I looked up at Marie. Her eyes were fixed expectantly on me, as though she had instinctively learned of my intention to help her and was awaiting my plan.
"Well," said I, seizing on an idea that just then popped into my head, "since you have tried all other ways, suppose you toss up for us."
"What!" exclaimed Marie, half starting from her chair.
"Toss up for us," I repeated calmly.
Marie sank back in her chair and gazed at me in amazement.
Marie's surprise to my suggestion

angered me somewhat. Of course, I can understand that choosing a husband in such a way may seem a little queer to some girls. But they needn't act as though it were so unusual. Besides, there are worse ways.
"Toss up for you!" Marie managed to gasp out at length.
"Certainly," I replied, with some asperity. "Have you anything better to suggest?"
A reluctant "No" came from Marie. "You'd better toss up, then," I said, decisively, drawing a quarter from one of my pockets and offering it to her.
She took it and gazed at it for a long time. I began to grow impatient, for the coin was like any other of its kind, and I could see no reason why she should study it. Then I saw that her look was the look of one who is thinking. Suddenly she raised her head and gazed steadily at me. And then a smile that I liked strangely well slowly came into her eyes.
"No, you do it," she said, returning the coin. "I don't know how."
We both stood up. "Heads it is Transome; tails it is I?" I suggested briefly.
Marie nodded.
I balanced the coin on my first finger. I was sure of the result, for the man never lived who is as lucky as I am. I even began to pity poor Transome. But before this feeling had much opportunity to grow I flipped the quarter whirling into the air, and, as it struck the floor, placed my foot upon it.
I looked at Marie. "Which shall it be?" I asked softly.
"You," she whispered.
I slipped my foot aside and we both stooped. The laurel wreathed head of Liberty was up.
It was Transome!
We both straightened up. I looked at Marie and Marie looked at me. She was pale and I could not have been otherwise. I had risked all on the turn of a coin—and it had turned the wrong way. Without a word, for I was not wise in the ways of women, I walked out of the room, secured my hat in the hall, and started to open the door and go out into the street.
As my hand was turning the knob something touched my arm. I turned and looked around. There stood Marie with a little smile—a little beseeching smile—on her face.
"Dick"—this time the smile was still more beseeching—"can't you see? It's—it's you, anyhow."
I saw, and my hand left the door knob. And in the little excitement that followed I also may have kissed Marie. Such things have happened.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SNAKES IN COSTA RICA.

The Culebra de Sangre the Most Deadly of Them All.

Costa Rica means the Rich Coast, and in most respects it is rich, particularly in the snake family, the most deadly of which is the terrible Culebra de Sangre (or blood snake).
This variety of reptile does not grow to a large size, and perhaps for that very reason is most to be dreaded, as it is not so easily seen. It is red, and resembles a large, swollen vein, ready to burst with blood.
A short time ago I stepped on one of these snakes, and like a flash he struck at me, but as I had a pair of leather leggins no harm was done, though it was a close call. Not so fortunate was a poor day laborer who was bitten by the same variety of snake. The man was working for a neighbor of mine, and I did not see him until the day after he was bitten. The moment I heard about it I went over to see the poor fellow, taking with me a remedy for snake bite, thinking it would do no harm to try it, anyway. When we reached the man's camp the sight that met our eyes was a sickening one.
The man was bleeding from his nose, mouth and ears, also from his finger and toe nails. How a man could bleed as much as he had, and still live, was a marvel. He had been bitten in the foot; only one fang of the serpent had entered the flesh. The manager of the estate had given him several doses of curarine a medicine made in Colombia and much used here in Central America for poisonous bites. We also gave him the medicine which I had brought with me, which made him vomit profusely.
In a few hours' time the bleeding stopped, and next day the poor fellow was sent to the hospital. No one expected that he would live, as the bite is considered deadly; but strange to say he did recover, and in a month's time was at work once more. If both fangs of the snake had entered the foot instead of one, he would undoubtedly have died. I have known a horse to die in a few hours after being bitten by one of the snakes. In the past three years two men in my district have died from snakebite, and in hunting in this country one must always keep a sharp lookout for snakes.—Forest and Stream.

Mrs. Ayer's Remarkable Dinner.

Mrs. Ayer, the wealthy American lady who died in Paris recently, was a great favorite in Parisian society, and may be remembered in London, if for nothing else, at least for a remarkable dinner she gave at the Savoy some three years ago. At the principal table sat the hostess, with the Duc d'Orleans on one hand and the American minister, Mr. Bayard, on the other. There was a musical table, at which sat Mme. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Melba, Mme. Albani, Sir Arthur Sullivan and other notable musicians, while other tables were devoted to the drama, literature, unmarried girls, etc. Each table was decorated with special flowers—the musicians' with roses, the unmarried ladies' with white lilies and the "drama" with yellow flowers.—London Chronicle.

THE FARM GARDEN



Eggs With Soft Shells.

It is usually the inactive breeds of fowls which at this season show the effects of indigestion by laying eggs with soft shells. The remedy is to make them scratch among straw and chaff for the grain they get, and mingle with this enough lime in some form to make the material for their shells. They should also be well supplied with gravel, as this is necessary to enable them to grind the food in their crops. Such hens are almost always too fat, which is usually a sign that their feed has been largely corn, which is fattening and is besides a very poor egg producer.

Vines and Trellises.

Many people are prevented from planting grape vines under the idea that the putting up of the trellis is a difficult and expensive thing to do. But the first year a light stake will be all that is required to train the single shoot to, and even the second year, when two or three bunches of grapes may be grown, the stake will be all that is required. A trellis made by setting posts six feet apart and five feet high above the surface of the ground will accommodate a single vine. For supports, wires should be stretched between the posts, but the wires must not be left tight when cold weather comes on, as the contraction of the wire by cold will surely break them.

Improving Heavy Soil.

In many gardens the soil is too heavy for raising most kinds of early vegetables satisfactorily. Underdraining and fall plowing will accomplish much toward ameliorating such lands; but in many cases these means alone do not make them light and mellow enough for best results. Such soils are deficient in sand, and where this can be procured without too much expense the investment will prove highly profitable. At this season when—as is the case on many farms—there is not much work for men and teams, they could not be employed to better advantage than to have them cart and spread a coat of from one to three inches of sand over the garden patch. By spring it will be all fine and partly commingled with the soil. A trial on the smallest scale even, will convince any one whose soil is too heavy of the value of sand in the garden.

The Scrub Cow.

The dairy business is far more overdone by the "average" cow than from any other cause. The trouble is she eats and exists on a man's farm, to do just half of what is required of her, and eats as much good food in the year as her betters. The amount of milk this average cow gives is 3100 pounds yearly, and it should be as many quarts of better milk. If one looks at this average cow critically the signs are too often reversed from what they should be, viz: Her head is too large to correspond with her udder, and her shoulders wider than her hips, and her tendency to put tallow upon her caul and not in her milk, and has ample storage capacity for everything except milk. She is a parasite that eateth by noonday, and wasteth a man's substance by night, and in the way of "fleecing the innocents" she beats all the trusts and rings combined.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Breeding for Eggs.

One of the best methods of increasing the capacity of fowls for egg production is to set the eggs of those fowls which are themselves most prolific of eggs. It is, of course, assumed that the hens are mated with full-blooded breeds. There are even in full bred fowls some individual peculiarities which count for much, and one of these is the propensity to give the largest part of bodily energy and feed to egg production. The hens that are best for this purpose are always lively, and have particularly bright red combs. When they stop laying they are not mopeish and do not fatten, but continue lively and soon begin laying again. A flock of fowls bred from such hens, and thus continued for three or four generations, would produce a breed whose chief distinction would not be form or color, but the ability to produce the greatest number of eggs in a season. This we believe is the way in which the best egg-producing breeds have been originated, and it is certainly necessary to keep them from degenerating in this respect.

Hints for Flower-Growers.

Examine the outdoor rose-beds occasionally to see that the wind has not removed the covering.
The plants stored for the winter in the cellar have now been in some time. Perhaps they need a little water or other attention.
Where plants are kept about the windows, cold drafts from the sides of the sash should be carefully guarded against during severe weather.
Frequent cleansing of the leaves of foliage plants by using tepid water and a sponge, lends to their attract-

INDIANAPOLIS CURFEW LAW.

Policemen to Warn Children OF the Streets Evenings.

Seventy-five policemen at roll call sat in the crowded temporary station room last night in a solid damp blue block, and this mass of the majesty of the law was leavened with knowledge of the curfew law before being sent broadcast to set the law working in all parts of the city. Superintendent Quigley read the curfew ordinance slowly and distinctly, from "Be it ordained" to "witness my hand and seal." The enforcement of the law was to begin that night, he said, after finishing the reading. The efforts at first must be in the nature of an experiment. The patrolmen must not be severe at first, and must always use a great deal of judgment. All children seen out in the streets after 8 o'clock must be warned, and warned in a way that would make them understand that the police meant to be serious. There must be no joking with the boys on the subject.
The superintendent called attention to the fact that some children under fifteen are permitted to go about after 8—such as those working at night or running errands for their parents or guardians. Some, too, he said, went to church, such as those attending choir practice. Some way of identifying such children he said would probably be adopted. Those of St. Paul's church intended to adopt a ribbon or ticket. Some girls under fifteen attended the Young Women's Christian association prayer meetings and other gatherings, and these were also to be distinguished by some sort of badge.
The superintendent said that, while the police were to use good judgment in the enforcement of the law, they were to be on the lookout for violations of it, and to speak to all children whom they found out after 8 o'clock. If they were in doubt they should call up the station and get advice from the sergeant or captain in charge there. He said that there would be further instructions on this subject from time to time.
After all, a large part of the enforcement of the law came about without any action on the part of the police. When factory whistles gave forth a solemn tooting in various parts of the city at 8 o'clock, boys who were still in the streets made a grand rush to cover, and policemen saw boys scurrying home without lectures on their part. It was an impressive sight for the beginning of the enforcement of the ordinance—full of wet darkness which gave a mournful sound to the whistles, for the curfew blew rather than rang. The rain, however, was as effective as the curfew in keeping many children indoors.
—Indianapolis News.

A Precious Bit of Shamrock.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh writes in the Century of "The Steerage of Today," his article being illustrated by Andre Castaigne. Mr. Whitmarsh draws this picture of one of his companions in the voyage that he made:
Kneeling in an upper bunk near me, a middle aged Irishman was hanging a pot containing a shamrock plant. I entered into conversation with him, and learned that he was going to join his son in California, to whom he was taking the shamrock as a present.
"I hope it will live," he said, looking wistfully at the pot as it swung from the beam. "'Twas the way thing the bboy wanted. 'Lave iv' wan'ing,' says he in his letter, 'an' come over. I have enough for the both of us now,' says he; 'an' I can make you comfortable for the rest av your days. But,' says he, 'fetch me a livin' root av shamrock if ye can.'"
All Sunday we were in smooth water, running under the lee of the Irish coast. The day being fine and warm, the steerage swarmed on deck in full force. Men, women and children all crowded about the after-hatch, some playing cards, some dancing, and some already making love; but for the most part they lay about the deck, sleeping and basking in the sun. In the afternoon my friend the Irishman appeared with his shamrock. He wanted to give it a "taste" of fresh air, he said. At sight of it many of the Irish girls shed tears; then, seating themselves about the old man, they sang plaintive Irish melodies until the sun went down. The sad faces of the homesick girls, and the old father sitting among them holding in his lap the precious little bit of green, presented a sight not easily to be forgotten.

Mixed Maxims.

A man is known by the trumpery he keeps.
Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.
The lack of money is the root of all evil.
Where wisdom is bliss 'tis folly to be ignorant.
A pitch in time saved the nine.
Chain up a child and away he will go.
Virtue is its only reward.
A bird in the hand lays no eggs.
All that a man hath will he give to his wife.
Many hands like light work.
The rolling stone catches the worm.
Osculation is the thief of time.
A thirsty man will catch at a straw.
Straws show which way the gin goes.
"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and this world lies about us when we are grown up.
It is not good for man to give a loan.
The wages of sin is debt.
Every dogma must have its day.—Carolyn Wells in the Chap-Book.

If we move our legs proportionately as fast as an ant, it is calculated we could travel nearly eight hundred miles an hour.

Never Content.

Some people are never content with anything. They will not find exactly what they want even in heaven, if they know some one is there ahead of them. For instance, some are great sufferers from neuralgia. Friends have told them what is best and certain to cure them. Not content with what is said, they suffer on. Pain ravages and devastates the system, and leaves it a barren waste. St. Jacobs Oil has cured thousands. Just try it.

Detroit merchants asked the Aldermen to protect them from outside non-paying auction schemes.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the post cards used in England each year.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1904.

A proposed London hotel will accommodate 800 boarders at two cents a night.

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GREATEST, Because it does what all other medicines fail to do. As an instance of its peculiar and unusual curative power, consider the most insidious disease, and the disease which taints the blood of most people, producing incalculable suffering to many, while in others it is a latent fire liable to burst into activity and produce untold misery on the least provocation.

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A Kansas Romance.

A Horton old maid had quite a romance connected with her life. In her younger days she had a sweetheart, and he asked her to be his wife, but as she was too young to marry, she refused him. They separated and the years fled by, bringing with them much sorrow for the giddy miss. Ten years afterward, on the very day of the month on which she refused him, came a letter from the sweetheart of her childhood, asking again for her hand. She did not love him, but decided to never marry any one unless it be this man. She refused again, and every year since then she gets a letter on their anniversary, with the same old question written therein. The letters are not full of love. Oh, no, simply a question, that is all, a dozen words or more written in a business-like way, with his name signed below. Perhaps they will get married some day; but very likely not.—Horton (Kan.) Headlight.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MADGE BABCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words:
"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."
Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee.
The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems.
Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/2 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

Try Grain-O!

Inlet that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water