

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

The population of Canada is now about 6,500,000.

The cities of Europe having the lowest death rate are Stockholm, Christiania, Berlin and London.

Miss Alice M. Robertson, of Muskogee, Okla., is the only woman in the country at the head of a post-office of the first class.

Mrs. Jeannette M. Bradley has been in charge of the new legislative headquarters which the suffragists opened in Washington.

After living for more than two months with a broken neck Percy Askham, aged 31, died in Scarborough (England) hospital.

Formosa, with its population of 3,000,000, is running the Philippines neck and neck in the export of sugar. Each exported a value of \$4,000,000 in 1907.

The Igorrote provinces of the Philippines have been combined and will be managed by one governor and sub-governors. Bontoc will be the capital.

The Kansas-Oklahoma oil field took the lead for production in 1907, pushing California back to second place. Illinois, formerly ninth in the list of states, attained third place for the first time.

The population of England and Wales, enumerated at the end of March, 1901, consisted of 32,527,843 persons. From that date until the middle of 1907 the number of births exceeded the number of deaths of 2,520,944.

No great corporate crime can be committed unless some acute lawyer provides the forms of law to shelter the corporate criminals, insists the New York World.

AN EXPLORER'S MISFORTUNE.

I have explored the Antarctic continent, to have neared the South Pole, and then to be bankrupted by the expenses of the adventure is the hard fate of Lieutenant Shackleton. Not to his countrymen in England, but to America, does he look for the relief which ought to be forthcoming. President Taft and Earl Gray, the governor general of Canada, are mentioned as heading the committee which is to receive Lieutenant Shackleton when he comes here to lecture in the early spring. Meanwhile he will publish a book for which a very large sale is to be anticipated. His lecture fees and the profits from the book must all go to liquidate a debt of \$70,000 remaining after the grants of \$30,000 made by the governments of Australia and New Zealand toward the expenses of the expedition.

Lieutenant Shackleton is said to have made his preparations on the strength of private support promised by certain wealthy Americans. Failure to redeem their promises is attributed to the losses incurred in the panics and depressions of the past two years. If this be true, it is most unfortunate; but there is probably an element of exaggeration in the statement. The British government is at last considering the question of giving financial relief to Lieutenant Shackleton. In loyal duty he made the first announcement of his success in a telegram to his king, Edward VII; but it has seemed as if the Imperial government would ignore his claims to a grant of money.

Explorers in the olden days, the pathfinders who led the march of civilization, were lured by hopes of El Dorado or the Fountain of Youth. In most instances their dreams were disappointed; the end of the rain-

bow still eluded them. Other adventurers, nations and individuals, followed in their wake and reaped golden harvests. The explorer might die in obscurity if not on the scaffold or in a prison cell.

In the nineteenth century the discoverer and explorer fared somewhat better. When the lure of the Arctic regions called brave men imperatively to endure untold hardships and sufferings in the cause of science governments were found willing to fit out expeditions. In another field Mungo Park, the traveler, was succeeded by Livingstone, the missionary, who in turn gave way to Stanley, the journalist. All three were pathfinders in the African forest; but to Stanley alone—the man in touch with the public—came fortune as the reward of his labors, insuring serenity and comfort in his honored age.

If there must be tumults and large noises for the fitting expression of a fine national enthusiasm, suggests the Des Moines Register and Leader, it would be so much more sensible to entrust officially delegated experts with the details of the hazardous ceremony. We can always have the noise and the fireworks, but the time is coming when we will learn to enjoy the privilege of letting off a justifiable exuberation in a satisfying manner and yet without paying for it in human life.

Mental void seems to be a requirement for jury service nowadays in order that the juror may be in a receptive mood, thinks the Boston Herald. But what sort of verdicts can be expected from mental machinery that never worked or that is rusty from disuse?

Charity begins at home, and so, unfortunately, observes the New York Telegram, does the lack of it.

A WHOLE "GILLION"

WAS THE NUMBER OF YELLOW JACKETS THAT STUNG HOPEFUL URCHIN.

How many units in a "gillion?" A ragged urchin who said his name was Prater Carp walked up to officer Gilmore on Ninth street this morning and exhibiting a pair of chubby arms and no less chubby nether limbs which were whelped and swollen, declared that he had been stung by a "gillion" yellow jackets. And, indeed, it looked as if there might be some truth in the urchin's assertion, for it seemed that a stinger had performed almost every inch of skin on the child's arms, legs and face. When asked to give some definite demonstration as to what a "gillion" might imply the boy took a pencil and paper and made something like this: 1000600000000000000—Huntington Advertiser.

SWAN CREEK MAN TELLS FISH STORY.

Andrew Jackson Kennedy, of Swan Creek, was here Saturday attending the Chautauqua and incidentally called to see us. Mr. Kennedy has been fishing during the quiet time on the farm and has had unusual luck. He used jugs as bobs and caught one channel cat that weighed 49 lbs., another at 22 lbs., and two others of 16 lbs., each, besides several smaller ones. The big fish gave him quite a race. When it seized the bait the jug went down and stayed down so long that Kennedy thought it had caught under a log and went to the house after his gaff. During his absence it came to the surface and was discovered by another party of fisherman, Ot Fisher, Morris McCauley and Dennis Haner, racing back and forth across the river and making Br'er Fox time. It finally tired and the boys landed it in their skiff. The fishermen say that since the county went dry, fishing with jugs is better than with the regular tin bobs. The fish will seize the bait, draw the jug under water and actually attempt to extract the cork. One of the fish was sucking the cork when landed and several corks were found in his stomach. The water is very deep above Swan Creek and the hole has long been known as the feeding ground of big cats.—Gallipolis Bulletin.

HER CHICKS SCRATCHLESS.

Rising Sun, Md., Aug., 15.—After experimenting for two years Mrs. William C. Riley has at last succeeded in raising one-legged chickens.

Several years ago rats ate a leg from each of several young chickens, two of which survived, a hen and a rooster. From this pair there have been hatched a nest of one-legged chickens, some with their left leg missing and some with their right.

Mrs. Riley considers that her fortune is made, for chickens that will be unable to scratch, particularly in neighbors gardens, will be in demand, thus preventing many exchanges of cross words over back fences.

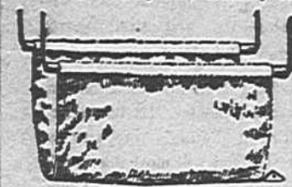
INSTRUCTION.

As through this vale of tears I tread, I notice many a curious thing; the crow that's squawking overhead would teach the robin how to sing; the mule will teach the racing mare just how to trot around the track; he who hasn't any hair knows how to bring your ringlets back. The fan who couldn't throw a ball with vim enough to hit a church, when on the bleachers knows it all, and calls the pitcher from his perch. The loafer who has not a cent, who draws his rations from the town, knows all the curves of government, and calls the House and Senate down. The blacksmith pauses long enough to tell the preacher how to preach; the grocer drops his prunes and stuff to teach the pedagogue to teach. The poet claws his wooden harp, and fumbles with its broken string, until some life insurance sharp comes up and tells him how to sing. Some woes of life would quickly fade and bores would be less thick, perhaps, if every fellow knew his trade as well as he knows the other chap's.—Walt Mason.

SLING FOR COLTS.

A Rest For Those Injured So That They Cannot Lie Down.

"I recently had a ten-months-old colt suffer a severe wire cut on its breast and forearms so that it could not lie down, so I set about to devise a sling to ease the animal," says a breeder. "I had none on hand, so I made one as follows: "For the cloth part I secured a large cottonseed meal sack wide enough to support the entire undersurface of the colt's body. The ends of this sack I stitched securely over ordinary one-



FOR INJURED COLTS.

and a half inch steel tubing, allowing the ends of the tube to project from the ends several inches.

"As I did not want to cut the rope I had on hand for hanging this sling from the ceiling, I threw one end over a beam just above the colt's withers and shoved each end through the gas pipe and drew them up so the sling rested snugly against the colt's chest. The ends of the rope were then thrown over a joist above the colt's loins and drawn up so as to bring the other end of the sling against the colt's abdomen and then fastened securely.

"In a few minutes the colt caught on and was soon resting comfortably in the sling."

A Good Feed For Hogs.

A successful Kansas breeder has experimented with hogs in feeding various rations and thinks he has found a feed that does the work just a little more satisfactorily than anything else. "In feeding hogs," he says, "I let them run with the cattle, as usual. But I do not believe that hogs do just the best kind in following cattle and getting nothing else but corn. They need some variation from that and will do better when they get some other feed besides the corn they get with the cattle in the feed lot.

In feeding a recent carload of hogs that brought top prices I gave them a slop composed of water, shorts, linseed meal and tankage. I make this slop thin and salt it pretty freely. I put in shorts to the same amount of weight as both the tankage and linseed meal. It makes a very fine feed and one which hogs relish very much. I give it three times each day and find the hogs ready for it each time. It sort of sharpens up their appetites and at the same time acts as a laxative, keeping them in the best condition.

"The cost of this feed is not very much, so that in fattening this carload of hogs from the very start they cost very little and represented a large profit in my spring feeding."

Early Maturity in Swine.

This is an exceedingly desirable quality in most animals, but is particularly so in hogs. If the spring pigs can be made to grow rapidly, lay on the right kind of flesh and fat and be marketed in the fall, the profit is sure to be considerable. Most of the growth and weight are put on while plenty of pasture is available. This makes it possible to secure gain at a very low figure. Breeds like Poland-Chinas, Essex, Thin Rind, Small Yorkshires, etc., seem to be quite desirable for early maturity.

The Breeding Sow.

The breeding sow should be selected on account of her fitness for her maternal duties. She should be long and deep of body and have many teats. She should have short legs well placed, level back, true head, ears and coat and a good disposition.

A Popular Drafter.

The popularity of Percherons continues to grow in this country, and there is always a good demand for these great drafters. The breed takes its name from the district of La Perche, in France, which is now the chief draft horse breeding and handling center in that country. The modern Percheron stands sixteen hands high and over, weighs



A FINE TEAM OF PERCHERONS.

from 1,700 to 2,200 pounds and is white, gray or black in color. He has an intelligent head, of a type peculiar to the breed; rather small ears and eyes; short, strongly muscled neck; strong, well laid shoulders and chest; a plump, rotund body, strong back, heavy quarters and somewhat drooping croup. He usually is low down and blocky, on short, clean legs, devoid of feather, and has well shaped, sound hoofs.

SAVED BY A CONVICT.

While Mark Mold, convict, still waited on deck for the officers to stow him in the dark hold with his fellows a boat from the Liverpool dock came alongside with several passengers, among them a handsome lady of thirty. Mrs. Howland, wife of Colonel Howland, quartered with his regiment near Port Jackson, Australia, where she was going to join him, and her little daughter Grace, a beautiful child of six years.

As Mrs. Howland was assisted up the gangplank she noticed Mark Mold and shuddered.

"You need not be afraid, ma'am," said the captain. "The criminals will be kept in the hold chained. They can do you no harm."

"Can you not send them away from here? I wish you would."

"I regret that I cannot, as I have agreed to take them."

As day after day passed the bright little cherub Grace spread light and joy throughout the vessel.

Soon she noticed on deck the convict, Mark Mold, who, having been taken ill in the confined air below, had been relieved of his chains and led up to breathe the fresh air. A pleased look crossed his haggard face as he inhaled the pure breeze and looked out on the broad, blue, rolling ocean.

"Won't you have some? Here, take it. You may have it all," fell a childish voice on his ear, and, looking down, he saw Grace at his knee holding up her cake.

He seemed about to put his hand on her head when Mrs. Howland gently but quickly drew the child away.

The man showed no emotion at this action of the lady.

"You must never go near that bad man again," said Mrs. Howland.

Just as she spoke a heavy squall struck the ship, hurling her down and almost on her beam ends and driving her through the water with everything humming.

Suddenly there was a wild shriek from Mrs. Howland as little Grace, who had attempted to run into the cabin, was literally blown to leeward into the sea.

"My child! O God, save my child!" screamed the distracted mother, whose voice, however, was nearly drowned by the booming thunder of wind and ocean, the rattling of canvas, the slatting of sheets and ropes and the swashing, hissing noise of the sweeping spray.

The sailors looked with appalled faces on the form of Grace as she was borne along by the merciless waves. Not one of them dared to venture overboard in that tempest, and, as to lowering a boat, it was simply impossible, as no boat could live in such a storm.

"Save her! Will no one save my child?" screamed Mrs. Howland, confronting the seamen with clasped hands and frenzied, beseeching eyes.

They looked at each other, and not one moved, for all felt that certain death awaited the man who should plunge into that wrathful ocean, but Mark Mold plunged overboard, and the mother clung to a backstay, eagerly watching for his reappearance; but, seeing nothing of him, she bowed her head on the rail, moaning and raving like a maniac.

Still raged the storm and on tore the ship farther and farther from the place where the man and child had gone overboard. The seamen exchanged ominous glances and shook their heads.

Soon the squall swept far away to leeward, the ship righted and the sun gleamed from a clear sky upon a clearing sea.

From the captain, who, having now brought his ship to, with main topsail aback, and run aloft, a wild cry went ringing to the heavens, sending an electric thrill of joy to the hearts of all on deck.

"I see something two miles off the lee quarter. God grant it be the man and child!"

His boat was soon down with good oarsmen in it, with Mrs. Howland, full of wild, anxious hope, in the stern sheets. Nearer to that distant speck drew the boat.

"There he is!" cried the watchful captain at last. "I think—I believe—but am not certain—be—yes, yes, thank God—hooray, hooray—he has the child!"

Yes, there was the convict in the water, holding up the child that the mother might see it.

Such a scream of joy as burst from that mother's lips it would have done you good to hear.

A few minutes later Grace nestled on her bosom, weak and faint, but showing signs of rapid recovery, as the happy woman strained her to her breast, showering kisses after kiss upon her face.

Almost exhausted to unconsciousness, Mark Mold lay in the bottom of the boat, scarcely hearing the mother, hardly feeling the pressure of her lips upon his hands, when at length she turned to him, warmly expressing her gratitude.

On arriving at Fort Jackson Mrs. Howland related to her husband, the colonel, the gallant conduct of Mark Mold, who thereafter was constantly befriended during his hard prison life by the grateful officer.

This kind treatment, the first he had ever received from a human being; since he became an outlaw, had a softening effect on Mark's character, and he conducted himself so well that the colonel at length succeeded in obtaining for him a commutation of his penalty, which had been for twenty years, to half that time.

When at last the prisoner was discharged the colonel procured him employment, and the liberated convict became a steady, honest man.

Mason County Fair

THURSDAY and FRIDAY,



SEPTEMBER 1st and 2nd, '09.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d, 1909.

Most Beautiful Grounds in the State. Floral Hall to be in best of hands and to be a vision of Beauty and Unrivalled Exhibit.

The Agriculturalist, Horticulturist and Stock-Raiser will compete for prizes and add luster to Mason County's reputation for the best of everything.

The Races for two days will be the best ever held in the State. Our Mr. R. P. Litter knows every good race horse and owner in the state and besides the big string here, you can't afford to miss any of these races.

Sprinkled track as well as the road from Point Pleasant to the grounds will add to your comfort.

For further particulars write the secretary, Geo. W. Cossin, Point Pleasant, W. Va.

W. S. Tully, President, Judge Byrd Stone, Vice President,

Wallace B. Barnett, Treasurer, Miss Lillie Lee Hogg, Supt.

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