

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

EXIRA, IOWA; THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1897.

\$1.00 PER

CHARGING THE HOSTILES.

A Brave Little Fellow Rides Through a Band of Indians.

In St. Nicholas, Gertrude P. Greble has a story of frontier life called "Danny and the Major." Danny was the 7-year-old son of an army captain, and the Major was a favorite horse. One day he was riding him, in company with his friend, a Scotch corporal, when the horses of the post were stampeded, and the corporal was thrown and injured. Danny started to ride for assistance, and this was his experience:

Way to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd. On every other side swept the tableland, empty and placid and smiling. And beyond, to the south, stood the fort and home. Danny took heart, settled himself in the saddle and put the Major into a smart canter, holding the reins firmly and trying to recall the corporal's instructions while he rode, thinking with an ever recurring pang of his friend's condition, happy that the distance to the necessary succor was diminishing so rapidly and totally forgetful of the anxiety which had agitated the veteran before the accident that had separated them.

Suddenly, at the end of some 15 minutes of tranquil riding, as the Major galloped along the edge of the timber which fringed the bluff, there was a loud crackling and crashing in the bushes, and a gayly decorated war pony scrambled through them, his rider grunting in surly surprise, while at the same moment, from the thicket beyond, three other half naked mounted figures appeared and lined up in the path which led to safety.

The child's heart stopped beating. His frontier training told him that all that had gone before, even the tragedy which had darkened the afternoon, was as nothing compared with this new and awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror he tried to stop Major—tried with all his small strength to turn him aside toward the open plain, to check his mad plunge into the very arms of the enemy. But for the first time the horse paid attention neither to the beloved voice nor to the tiny hands pulling so desperately upon the reins.

Whether it was the sight of an old and hated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the full extent of a peril of which the child was as yet only half aware, it would be hard to say. But little Dan found himself going faster than he had thought possible—and faster—and faster—till the tawny, sun-burned plain, and the pitiless, smiling sky, and the nearer, greener foliage of the willows and even the outlines of the dreaded savages themselves became as so many parts of a great rushing, whirling whole, and all his strength was absorbed in the effort to retain his seat upon the bounding horse.

And so, like some vision from their own weird legends, straight upon the astonished Indians swept the great bronze beast with golden haired burden. Down upon them and through them and away till by the time they had recovered from their amazement there was a good 80 yards between them and their flying prey. And that distance, hard as they might ride, was not easily to be overcome.

After that first wild rush the Major settled into a steadier pace—a smooth, even run, so easy to sit that the lad relaxed his clutch upon the animal's mane and turned his eyes to the horizon, where gathering swarms of savages showed like clusters of ants against the slope of the hills. In his track, with shrill, singing cries, like hounds upon a trail, came his pursuers. And far to the south there was a puff of white smoke from the walls of the fort, and a moment later the first heavy, echoing boom of the alarm gun thundered across the plains.

Occasionally one comes across persons who are to all intents and purposes utterly irresponsible. No matter what their acts, they have a plausible excuse, and when excuses are exhausted they dismiss the whole affair with a little flutter or a wave of the hand and declare that "really they don't know anything about it, or that they have done all they can, and that's all there is to it." Personal responsibility and the habits of accuracy, reliability, truthfulness and well bred frankness are among the most important items in the education of a child—above all, a feeling of accountability and the disposition to accept whatever belongs to one's share of the responsibilities of life.—New York Ledger.

Hamlin Department.

Mrs. Frank Ballou is just recovering from a siege of la grippe.

Rev. Cahill will preach at Old Hamlin next Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Smart is having a cozy cottage built in Highland Grove.

There was an ear puller in Old Hamlin this week. Look out, boys!

Miles Kness is shipping two ear loads of shelled corn from the Station.

The Methodist people held quarterly meeting at Old Hamlin, last Sunday.

Mrs. Prudence Boyer is at Lorah this week visiting her sister, Mrs. John Roberts.

Jim Elrod and Clark Wilson made pedestrian tours to Audubon, this week Tuesday.

When Harry Percy gets those glasses on he makes us think of our old Uncle Consider.

The Creamery shipped twelve tubs of their excellent butter on the Wednesday noon train.

The Christian Endeavor Society, at Old Hamlin, has adjourned until the weather gets warmer.

They had jolly dancing parties at the homes of J. S. Warner and George Leifer, last Saturday night.

Alfred Stuart has rented his land to Simon Nelson and will farm the Andrew Smith land next year.

Mrs. Ed. Dryden and her daughter, Ethel, have both been under the care of the doctor the past few days.

Miss Lizzie Wright, the blind musician, gave a concert at school house No. 2, near the Station, last Monday.

Robinson, the shoe man, was at the Station, Tuesday, selling merchant Will McGuire a nice line of foot wear.

Frank Johnson now hauls milk on the George Smith route and Mr. Christensen hauls on the J. Nissen route.

Chas. Van Gorder, of Audubon, did the right thing when he cut off \$1.50 per acre rent on his land that Ln Roth farmed.

The directors of the Blue Grass Creamery held their monthly meeting last Tuesday afternoon and transacted routine business.

George Spencer presented his sister, Mrs. Lily, with a ten pound tub of our creamery butter when she returned to her Chicago home, last week.

Charlie Wells went to Audubon on Tuesday morning for Dr. Reedman to visit Alfred Bartlett. Mr. Wells tells us that Mr. Bartlett is confined to his bed, and has been for about two weeks.

The young folks of Old Hamlin indulged in a masquerade ball at the residence of A. W. Bradley, last Monday evening. White robes, red blankets and Mother Hubbard dresses served as their costumes.

J. L. Drew has donated lot 8, in block 1, to the Evangelical church association as a place to move their church building to but it is not a very desirable location and the building will, most likely, be placed on a lot farther back. Our people will take teams and go over south-west of Harlan, this week, and bring the building to the Station.

Roy Geunung, while playing about the school grounds some time ago, was accidentally tripped up by one of his playfellows, striking upon the back of his head and cutting quite an ugly gash. But little was thought of it at the time but now the hurt has developed into a running sore and demands much attention. The little fellow is only about eight years old.

Strawberries.

BY S. D. COONROD, OF HAMLIN. My first experience with strawberries dates from the setting I got from Horace Greeley in 1852 and were of three kinds, as follows: The Wilson, the Monitor and the Juliana, or Knox's 700. I gave them equal care and the Wilson gave good crops all the time; the Monitor soon dropped out and gave but little fruit and the Juliana did a little better but was not as good a grower and had not as good crops as the Wilson. I have tried all kinds but think the Wilson the best for all practical purposes. The Crescent is a good berry and has to be fertilized to get a crop and then you lose their identity. The Cotton Jack is a good grower but don't do as well as the Wilson, or has not for me. The Major Downing is a fairly good crop grower, but don't do as well as the Wilson with me. The Monarch of the West is a good grower but are usually barren with me. The Cotton Shaker is a good grower and a very large berry and has a large core as all large berries have that I know of, and so it is with all the best varieties. In some way they all fall short of the Wilson with me. As to quality the Juliana is the best in quality and is fair in size and light red in color. But for me the Wilson is the best for all purposes. As to mode of cultivation: Little ground should be used and well worked before the plants are set out. Then set them eighteen or twenty-four inches apart in rows and keep them free of grass and weeds and they will soon be thick enough. When they get too thick hoe out every other row and then let the runners re-set strip again. In the fall when it has frozen a little give a covering of slough or prairie hay to keep them from winter-killing. Not straw, it will bring mice in the bed and they will do harm.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, California, says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. For sale by C. Henson, Exira.

The Gray Pharmacy.....

Has just opened up with a complete and honest line of Drugs, Staple and Fancy Stationery, Paints, Oils and everything found in a first-class drug store. When you want a prescription filled, it is not necessary to go to Manning or Audubon as heretofore, as we are prepared to fill them promptly at any hour, day or night. We invite the patronage of the people of Gray and vicinity, and you will find our charges reasonable and work carefully done. We are here to stay and will try to satisfy.

Yours respectfully, C. EUGENE MERTZ, REGISTERED DRUGGIST, GRAY, IOWA.....

Gray Department.

That Jersey calf is thriving.

Mrs. Hepp is again distributing mail.

Sunday evening's train was very late.

Emerson Shelley has a New Damascus bicycle.

Dr. Kegel of Shelby, expects to open an office here March 1st.

Mrs. Moller enjoyed a visit from her friend Mrs. Mosier of Earlring last week.

Rev. Woods had business here last week connected with the M. E. church.

Nels Christiansen bought a nice bunch of cattle for feeding purposes this week.

George Bald is a very busy man these days hauling lumber for his new house.

Supt. Repas was interviewing the teachers at the Greenlee, Brookfield and Gray schools last week.

M. M. Kennels and his estimable wife drove over from Jefferson and Sundayed with Mark's brother, Harlan.

The Coming Men of America is a society for boys. The question of joining is much agitated among our juveniles.

Miss Thoul, Miss Eva James, Mr. W. H. and Miss Belle Lancelot were passengers for the teachers meeting at Exira Friday evening.

The M. W. of A. of Manning will initiate nine new members Tuesday next. Quite a number from this place will assist the boys.

Another old landmark disappearing. This time it's not the "blizzard" but Mr. Schroeder's saloon. That gentleman finds it ceases to raise the rent, so he is removing it to his farm west of town.

F. C. Hepp, our village smith, is very busy now-a-days. The icicles of January drawn out by the zephyrs of December are so numerous that traveling by team is almost impossible unless they are sharp shod.

Mr. and Mrs. John Crow started for Exira by team, but the weather was so severe, they concluded to finish the trip by rail. On the return trip Mrs. Crow awaited the Sunday train while John drove the rig home Saturday night.

Wm. Suiter, of northwest Lincoln township, fell from the steps of Rogers' law office, in Manning last Saturday, striking on his head and shoulders and sustaining injuries from which he died in fifteen minutes. Mr. Suiter was about fifty years old and has long been a resident of Lincoln township and a very prosperous farmer. The funeral was held from the home of the deceased last Monday, Rev. Ehler conducting.

Persons who are troubled with indigestion will be interested in the experience of Wm. H. Penn, chief clerk in the railway mail service at Des Moines, Iowa, who writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For two years I have suffered from indigestion, and am subject to frequent severe attacks of pain in the stomach and bowels. One or two doses of this remedy never fails to give perfect relief. Price 25 cents and 50 cents. Sold by C. W. Houston, Exira, and C. L. Bism, Brayton.

Farm For Rent.

The south-west quarter of Section Four, Greeley township, now occupied by Thos. R. Egan. For particulars enquire of George Campbell on section 36, Melville township. Will rent for one or five years.

Consumption can be cured by the use of Shiloh's Cure. This great cough cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. Sold by C. Henson.

Insure with the Continental Insurance Company. Theo. Patten, agent, Exira.

Scrofula

Makes life misery to thousands of people. It manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the

One True Blood Purifier. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion.

Ross Department.

Chris Keenapple is shelling corn.

J. F. Luse received a car of flour and a car of lumber Wednesday.

Thompson & Finch left Wednesday for Marion county to buy cattle.

John Wagner shipped two carloads of cattle to Chicago from Audubon last Saturday.

Dr. Jewel, of Viola Center, recently returned from a visit with his parents in Illinois.

Miss Emma Reid was taken ill while attending to her school duties in No. 1, Cameron township.

Jake Ruhs baled thirty tons of hay for Al Miller the first of the week. He also baled for F. L. Miller.

Since harvest time Thompson & Finch have bought and sold over 600 head of cattle, always reaping a good profit.

Tom Kelley and Tom McGovern, of Brayton, bought 39 head of feeding cattle of John Wagner Monday of this week.

W. B. Davis is building a 7,000 bushel corn crib on his north Cameron township farm to be filled with rent corn.

Oyster supper at the Somers school house last Friday night. It was a sociable affair and all had an excellent time.

We understand that Mary Doll will move to Defiance next spring, but did not learn whether she intends to stay.

Miss Anna French and Miss Emma Reid boarded the evening train Friday at Ross, bound for Exira to attend the Sabin lecture.

Fern Anderson contemplates moving to Ross to permanently reside. This is getting to be a retired farmers' town and a thrifty community it makes.

Albert Jings, up in Viola township, has a fine drove of swine—120 head—and as Albert is a feeder of much judgment they will net him a neat sum.

Aug. Netzel and Carl Dude sold horses to buyers at Audubon last week. Through a pretense of lameness the buyers forced August to take his horse back.

Born.—Last Saturday at Viola Center, to Dr. and Mrs. Jewell, twin boys,—perfect "jewels" and Grandpa John Bonwell and Papa Jewell are beyond control.

Will Norton is visiting at the home of Wells Ferguson. Mr. Norton has accepted a position as foreman of a ranch near Defiance. He will move there next spring.

Mrs. Haggy, of Geneseo, Illinois, arrived last week to visit at the home of her son, J. L. Somers, of Viola township. Mr. Somers is also receiving a visit from his brother-in-law, of Payton, Iowa.

On the Tuesday morning special train Viola township was represented thus: Cy Sampson, 2 cars cattle, average 1460; Dan Sampson, 1 car, 1350; Nels Olsen 2 cars, 1350. The gentlemen accompanied the stock.

The renters of the W. S. Pingree and B. W. Brown farms in Cameron township are congratulating each other. Messrs. Pingree and Brown having informed them through their agent, D. L. Reid, that payment of half the '96 rent will do.

Friday of this week Emil Burkowski and Miss Louise Krueger will be married at the home of the bride, in Lincoln township, by Rev. Ehler. The contracting parties are both residents of Lincoln township—excellent German people—and the Journal wishes them a happy and prosperous future.

A French gardener recently hit upon a novel idea in the way of clocks. He drew a large circle of about ten yards in diameter on a lawn and divided it like the dial of a clock into the 12 hours. The circle was laid out with plants of ornamental leaves in different shades of color, while the figures denoting the hour were formed of white, light blue and bright yellow flowers, which showed up plainly upon the dark groundwork. In the center of the circle a hole was made in the ground to inclose a clockwork movement of large dimensions worked by a reservoir of water maintained at a constant level. Two large hands covered with pretty flowers were set in motion by the central mechanism, and at the hours and half hours the ears were charmed by the sound of chimes.—New York Times.

Poor Polly. "Fine piece of work," said the visitor. "S-sh" said the proprietor. "What's the matter?" inquired the visitor. "I was simply complimenting the work."

"That's + The work-

Cameron Township.

Bob Hoffman will move onto his new place next spring to permanently reside.

The meetings at the Sands are still in progress. Twelve accessions up to date.

E. A. Carver, of Bayard, was visiting friends in this vicinity a few days last week.

Last week Amos Posseben purchased a new set of harness of Harp Wilson, price \$33.

Chas. Pangburn, of Bear Grove, visited at the Walker home part of last week.

Mr. T. Winters, of Viola, has sold his eighty-acre farm to T. A. Miller, price \$30 per acre.

Mr. and Mrs. John Aldrich, of Dedham, are the parents of a big boy, born Christmas morning.

Mr. Albert Schraeder, of west Viola township, is working for Mr. A. E. Allen for a few weeks.

Mr. Robt Smith, of Viola, will move to Templeton to follow his new trade—blacksmithing.

Mr. E. A. Allen is feeding sixty-five head of fine steers, which he will ship when the market suits.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Smith are the parents of a fine girl baby born at their home in Viola recently.

Lee McCuen is one of the best swine raisers in Cameron township. He has sixty-five little fellows doing nicely.

Dave Hart and Fred Mizer shelled corn for Wm. Turner and Tom Jordan, Friday and Saturday of last week.

Wm. Scott, of Douglas township, has rented the Joe Leonard place and will farm the same the coming season.

About February 1st Miss Emma Schraeder will leave for a visit with friends and relatives in Poweshiek county.

If you are thinking of having your horses shod right you should not fail to consult Albert Fancher. All work warranted.

Henry Wise and Wm. Young, of Poweshiek county, are visiting at the home of Geo. Pfeister, in north Cameron township.

"My daughter, when recovering from an attack of fever, was a great sufferer from pain in the back and hips," writes Louisa Grover, of Sardinia, Ky. "After using quite a number of remedies without any benefit she tried one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and it has given entire relief. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. Sold by C. W. Houston, Exira, and C. L. Bism, Brayton.

A POSTER TRAGEDY.

A purple moment of bright blue bits on a blue, oh, green haired maid, when from your lips a rivet came I slipped in the dark red shade.

The corn moon hung on a tree. We sat by a vertical brook. You were laughing in olive plink glee And reading the edge of a book.

And I was singing a lavender song, Speeded and mingled with blue. But I stopped for a moment, perhaps not too long.

And kissed you, I took perhaps two. By the red hills topped with golden snow, By the trees bearing holes in the sky. I rose the red world I would overthrow For your love, or his down and die.

But away from my vow I was rudely snatched And thrust far, far from you. The soler I wore with the landscape matched, And that would, alas! never do.

And now among the blue hills adrift On a sea of brown and red I sit on the edge of a rivet green boat And hold my pea green head.

—London Figure.

Pitiny tells a story of Africans, which he says was well known in his time, the members of which had ears so large that they lay down upon one as on a mattress and used the other for a cover, first carefully stopping up the aural orifice with cotton or wool to prevent the rain from entering.

Why He Did Not Start. A lazy man is seldom so very lazy as not to be able to invent some excuse for his inactivity. Harper's Round Table tells a story in point.

Patrick was the captain of a schooner that plied between New York and Haverstraw on the Hudson. One day his schooner was loaded with bricks, ready to start for New York, but Patrick gave no sign of any intention to get under way. Instead of that, he sat on deck smoking a pipe.

The owner of the brickyard, who was also the owner of the schooner, and who had reasons for wishing the bricks landed in New York at the earliest possible moment, came hurrying on board and demanded of the captain why he did not set sail. "Shure, your honor," said Patrick, "there's no wind."

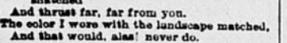
"No wind! Why, what's the matter with you! There's Lawson's schooner under sail, going down the river now."

"Yes, I've been watchin her, but it's no use my gettin under way. She's got the wind now, and, faith, there isn't enough of it for two."

Air Used by a Human Being. Dr. Radcliffe Hall makes the following interesting calculation on the amount of air a human being of the average size and proportions will consume in the space of one minute when in repose, and also when in the different degrees of activity. When at rest, we consume 500 cubic inches of air per minute; if we walk at the rate of one mile an hour, we use 800; two miles, 1,000; three miles an hour, 1,600; four miles an hour, 2,300. If we start out and run six miles in an hour, we will consume 3,000 cubic inches of air during every minute of that time.—St. Louis Republic.

The best cough cure is Shiloh's cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop

Miss Maggie Hannah DANVILLE, ILL. Long Suffering from Headache Cured by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.



HEADACHES are the bane of woman's life. Frequently relieved but seldom permanently cured, the ultimate result is continual misery. Miss Maggie Hannah, 221 Chestnut St., Danville, Ill., says in June 1896: "I cannot add to my testimony of last year except that I am well and strong. Two years ago I had such a pain in my head that I ate nothing, was desperately nervous and could not sleep. Other complications peculiar to my sex set in and our physician called another in consultation. They decided I had consumption and must die. I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and the second night obtained the first night's rest sleep in four weeks. I know that Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine saved my life. Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on Heart sent free to all applicants. 3 MEDICAL CO., Elkhart

HELEN KELLER.

The Manner in Which She Was Taught to Speak and to Read Speech.

Helen Keller is a household name both in America and foreign lands. She is blind as well as deaf. That the walls of silence and darkness which shut her from the world have been broken down, that her soul has been set free and the seal of silence taken from her lips, seems miraculous to those who know not how it was done. The limits of this article will permit only the briefest outline of her story.

Rendered both deaf and blind at 19 months by severe illness, she passed the first seven years of her life in silence, darkness and ignorance. Who could have suspected the exquisite soul imprisoned in that mute and darkened body? A bright, patient, loving woman came, and the miracle began.

There was only one possible avenue of approach to the beleaguered soul. The sense of touch remained, and to that the teacher, Miss Annie M. Sullivan, addressed her efforts. Through finger spelling the child at length obtained the idea of language, and with this key other doors could be unlocked. Having naturally a fine mind, she learned rapidly when once started and developed a phenomenal memory.

While Helen received information only through spelling and in limited amount, she never forgot. To tell her something was like writing it in a book. When you wished the fact again months or even years afterward, you had only to ask for it. But later, as she began to read books, to meet more people and to receive impressions through more channels and in larger numbers, her memory ceased to be so absolutely reliable.

Until she was 11 years of age her only means of communication was by finger spelling. Then, at her own urgent request, she was given lessons in speech by Miss Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann school. The rapidity with which she acquired the ability to speak was unprecedented. She soon abandoned finger spelling as a means of expression and has ever since used speech alone.

But others still had to communicate with her by their fingers. She then expressed a strong wish to learn to read the lips by touching them with her fingers. For the purpose of attempting this difficult task and to get special training in speech she came to the Wright-Hamason school in New York city. During the two years that she remained there she succeeded in acquiring the power of understanding people when they spoke to her, and at the same time pursued regular courses of study in arithmetic, history, physical geography, French and German. She has read much of the best literature and is very intelligent on the topics of the day. Her own speech is now excellent, and she has entered a girls' school in Cambridge, Mass., where she is taking a course preparatory for Radcliffe college.

When being spoken to, she places her index finger lightly upon the lips, while the other fingers rest upon the cheek, the middle one touching the nose. Her thumb is upon the larynx. This position gives her the greatest possible information concerning the elements of which speech is composed.—John Dutton Wright in Century.

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FOOLS OR KNAVES.

Which of the Two Is the More In the Domestic Circle? An old question often asked: Which do most harm to the fools or knaves? But, old, no one has yet answered it so torily to all—that is, as, ar-ly and decisively. And for it is one of those ques depend on circumstances those cessaw conditions one is uppermost and now and no one can say wh. preme.

The fools, who are many the best intentions in the work infinite mischief even to they love best and would serve loyally. For one thing, as a they are chatterboxes and everything they ought to ke themselves. If they are your g meaning no harm, they gossip a your domestic affairs, discuss character, tell all the little cir stances of your daily life, and ing fools, unwittingly dist they relate and exaggerat portance the veriest trifles have occurred. A sharpens in a hasty contradiction—ev folk are given to these pur of irritation—is made in sign of deep seat-d disg and you and your husband, like turtle doves in the ma just an occasional, very occa peck, are presented to soci profoundly inharmonious as ways quarreling. You cannot qu understand what your sympathetic friends would be at when they speak to you compassionately, sigh and say, "Poor dear!" You do not know why you should be jotted, not hav ing overheard your fool she reported that little sc ble where you had perhaps ingly, perhaps obstinately, tained that the shield was re. your husband declared it was Thus the little spurt came, and fire died down as soon as it was died, like a match that catches does not burn. But your fool it into a serious conflagra only one of many like with all your domestic cor detail, if you have a fool guest—one who does not the very alphabet of in the reticence: are admitted into family.

A fool is a fool after remedy. In gossip mongering world of our needs but the slightest push t the snowball a-rolling, when it ers as it goes till it is out of a' portion with the original n. A great many of those dis surmises and those evil which fit about the world l' ters in the twilight are li signed work of fools—fool ish as was that silly km used his master's formula t a demon water carrier t not quite after the pattern old 'sathen Gunga Din—ar not lay him again, though v drowned by the creature h voked. Between a fool and then, as a guest, the worst, because the kna more harm, and the that, having brains at the cost and the gain of tions, he will refrain f about lies which will good and may come sm on his own pate in the action for libel, with follow.—Philadelphia Tri