

### THE SHORTEST SOLDIER.

Now a Young Kansan Under the Re-quired Height Got into the Army. Charles L. Dagan of Keats, Kan., a young army recruit who enlisted in Kansas City and left with a squad of recruits for Jefferson barracks, near St. Louis, is probably the shortest soldier in the United States army. His height is 5 feet 2 inches. He was accepted only on the recommendation of President Roosevelt, to whom he wrote explaining the situation after he had been rejected on account of his height at the auxiliary recruiting station at Topeka early in April.

Dagan had entertained the hope of becoming a soldier for a number of years. He is now twenty-two, and, having no one dependent upon him, he went to the recruiting station to enter the service. He passed a rigid examination save for his height, but the news that for this reason he could not become a soldier did not deter him. He had decided to become one, and promptly wrote to President Roosevelt, explaining the situation. He made an earnest appeal to the chief executive, and the frank, earnest manner in which he couched his plea seemed to strike the president as that of a man who would make a good soldier.

This is probably the first instance of an acceptance of an application for enlistment in the army when a discrepancy of two inches in the required height existed. The minimum height, as stipulated by the war department, is 5 feet 4 inches.

Dagan is of almost perfect build, weighs 130 pounds and has a five-inch chest expansion. He expressed a desire to enlist in the cavalry and be sent to the Philippines. At Jefferson barracks he will be assigned to a regiment of cavalry under orders or preparing for orders for Philippine service.

### ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN WESTERN CANADA.

There Are Thousands of Opportunities in the Land of Opportunity.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir: The following experience of an Illinois man who went to Western Canada six years ago is but one of the thousands of letters that could be reproduced showing how prosperity follows the settler on the fertile lands of Western Canada. This letter was written to the Chicago agent of the Government of the Dominion of Canada and is dated at Everts, Alberta, April 8th, 1907:

"It is six years the 5th of this month since I and family landed in Red Deer, family sick and only \$75 in my pocket. Bought a \$12 lot, built a 12x14 shack and went to work as a carpenter. Next-May sold for \$400 (had added 16x18 building to shack). Purchased two lots at \$70 each and built a 23x28 two story building and sold for \$950. Filed on a quarter section 33 miles N. W. of Red Deer and have spent three years on it and am well pleased. Quarter all fenced and cross fenced, wire and rail, 2 1/2 miles of fence. House 29x31 feet on stone foundation. Last year was my first attempt to raise grain, 1 1/2 acres of fall wheat, yield grand, but was frosted August 2nd, was cut August 16th and made good pig feed. Had 1 1/2 acres fall rye that I think could not be beat. A farmer from Dakota cut it for me; he said he never saw such heavy grain anywhere. Straw was 7 feet high. I had 4 acres of 2 rowed barley on fall breaking that did not do so well, yet it ripened and gave me all the feed I need for stock and seed for this spring. I did not have grain threshed, so can't give yield, but the wheat would have gone at least 25 bu. to the acre. Have a log stable 31x35 feet, broad roof and two smaller buildings for pigs and chickens.

"I have lived in Harvey, Ills., and know something about it. I have been hungry there and though able and willing to work could get none to do. One Saturday evening found me without any supper or a cent to get it with. A friend, surmising my situation, gave me a dollar, which was thankfully accepted and later paid back. Wife and I are thankful we came here. We were living near Mt. Vernon, Ills., as perhaps you remember visiting me there and getting me headed for the Canadian Northwest, and a happy day it has proved for me. I have not grown rich, but I am prospering. I would not take \$5,000 for my quarter now. The past winter has been a hard one, but I worked outside the coldest day (52 below) all day and did not suffer. We are getting a school started now that is badly needed.

"Our P. O., Everts, is about 15 miles; there is another office 6 miles, but it is not convenient to us. Wife and I would not exchange our home here for anything Illinois has to offer.

"Yours truly,

(Sd.) E. EMBERLEY."

#### The Bachelor's Script.

Life's little ironies generally wear petticoats. Politics is a masculine game, but the first boss was a woman. The woman who is no spring chicken will usually lay for you. Love laughs at locksmiths, but the goldsmith is a serious matter. The husband's day: Eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work and eight hours for explanations.

If women should get the ballot would they be willing to compromise by giving up the gun?

There is a great deal of talk about a great many things that there is mighty little in.

## SISTER ROSE.

### A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

#### CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

"Perhaps we shall tide over to-night, after all—who knows?" said Lomaque, ringing his hand bell for lights. They were brought in, and with them omnisciently returned the police agent Magloire with a small sealed packet. It contained an arrest order and a tiny three-cornered note, looking more like a love letter or a lady's invitation to a party than anything else. Lomaque opened the note eagerly and read these lines, neatly written, and signed with Robespierre's initials—M. R.—formed elegantly in cipher:

"Arrest Trudaine and his sister to-night. On second thoughts I am not sure, if Danville comes back in time to be present, that it may not be all the better. He is unprepared for his wife's arrest. Watch him closely when it takes place, and report privately to me. I am afraid he is a vicious man; and of all things I abhor Vice."

"Any more work for me to-night?" asked Magloire, with a yawn.

"Only an arrest," replied Lomaque. "Collect our men, and when you're ready, get a coach at the door."

"We were just going to supper," grumbled Magloire to himself, as he went out. "The devil seize the Aristocrats! They're all in such a hurry to get to the guillotine that they won't even give a man time to eat his victuals in peace."

"There's no choice now," muttered Lomaque, angrily thrusting the arrest order and the three-cornered note into his pocket. "His father was the saving of me; he himself welcomed me like an equal; his sister treated me like a gentleman, as the phrase went in those days, and now—"

He stopped and wiped his forehead; then unlocked his desk, produced a bottle of brandy, and poured himself out a glass of liquor, which he drank by sips, slowly.

"I wonder whether other men get softer hearted as they grow older?" he said. "I seem to do so, at any rate. Courage! courage! what must be, must be. If I risked my head to do it, I couldn't stop this arrest. Not a man in the office but would be ready to execute it, if I wasn't."

Here the rumble of carriage wheels sounded outside. "There's the coach!" exclaimed Lomaque, locking up the brandy bottle, and taking his hat. "After all, as this arrest is to be made, it's as well for them that I should make it."

Consoling himself as he best could with this reflection, Chief Police Agent Lomaque blew out the candles, and quitted the room.

#### CHAPTER X.

IGNORANT of the change in her husband's plans, which were to bring him back to Paris a day before the time that had been fixed for his return, Sister Rose had left her solitary home to spend the evening with her brother. They had sat talking together long after sunset, and had let the darkness steal on them insensibly, as people will who are only occupied with quiet familiar conversation. Thus it happened, by a curious coincidence, that just as Lomaque was blowing out his candles at the office, Rose was lighting the reading lamp at her brother's lodgings.

Five years of disappointment and sorrow had sadly changed her to outward view. Her face looked thinner and longer; the once delicate red and white of her complexion was gone; her figure had wasted under the influence of some weakness which already made her stoop a little when she walked. Her manner had lost its maiden shyness only to become unnaturally quiet and subdued. Of all the charms which had so fatally, yet so innocently, allured her heartless husband, but one remained—the winning gentleness of her voice. It might be touched now and then with a note of sadness, but the soft attraction of its even, natural tone still remained. In the morning of all other harmonies, this one harmony had been preserved unchanged! Her brother, though his face was care-worn, and his manner sadder than of old, looked less altered than his former self. It is the most fragile material which soonest shows the flaw. The world's idol, Beauty, holds its frailest tenure of existence in the one Temple where we most love to worship it.

"And so you think, Louis, that our perilous undertaking has really ended well by this time?" said Rose, anxiously, as she lit the lamp and placed the glass shade over it. "What a relief it is only to hear you say you think we have succeeded at last!"

"I said I hoped," replied her brother. "Well, even hoped is a great word from you, Louis—a great word from any one in this fearful city, and in these days of Terror."

She stopped suddenly, seeing her brother raise his hand in warning. They looked at each other in silence, and listened. The sound of footsteps going slowly past the house—ceasing for a moment just beyond it—then going on again—came through the open window. There was nothing else, out of doors or in, to disturb the silence of the night—the deadly silence of Terror which, for months past, had hung over Paris. It was a significant sign of the times, that even a passing footstep sounding a lit-

tle strangely at night, was subject for suspicion, both to brother and sister—so common a subject that they suspended their conversation as a matter of course, without exchanging a word of explanation, until the tramp of the strange footsteps had died away.

"Louis," continued Rose, dropping her voice to a whisper, after nothing more was audible, "when may I trust our secret to my husband?"

"Not yet," rejoined Trudaine earnestly. "Not a word, not a hint of it till I give you leave. Remember, Rose, you promised silence from the first. Everything depends on your holding that promise sacred till I release you from it."

"I will hold it sacred; I will, indeed, at all hazards, under all provocations," she answered.

"That is quite enough to reassure me—and now, love, let us change the subject. Even these walls may have ears, and the closed door yonder may be no protection." He looked towards it uneasily while he spoke. "By the by, I have come round to your way of thinking, Rose, about that new servant of mine—there is something false in his face. I wish I had been as quick to detect it as you were."

Rose glanced at him affrightedly. "Has he done anything suspicious? Have you caught him watching you? Tell me the worst, Louis."

"Hush! hush! my dear, not so loud. Don't alarm yourself; he has done nothing suspicious."

"Turn him off—pray, pray, turn him off, before it is too late!"

"And be denounced by him, in revenge, the first night he goes to his Section. You forget that servants and masters are equal now. I am not supposed to keep a servant at all. I have a citizen living with me who lays me under domestic obligations, for which I make a pecuniary acknowledgment. No! no! if I do anything, I must try if I can to entrap him into giving me warning. But we have got to another unpleasant subject already—suppose I change the topic again. You will find a little book on that table there, in the corner—tell me what you think of it."

The book was a copy of Cornelle's "Cid," prettily bound in blue morocco. Rose was enthusiastic in her praises. "I found it in a bookseller's shop yesterday," said her brother, "and bought it as a present for you. Cornelle is not an author to compromise any one, even in these times. Don't you remember saying the other day that you felt ashamed of knowing but little of our greatest dramatist?" Rose remembered well, and smiled almost as happily as in the old times over her present. "There are some good engravings at the beginning of each act," continued Trudaine, directing her attention rather earnestly to the illustrations, and then suddenly leaving her side when he saw that she became interested in looking at them.

He went to the window—listened—then drew aside the curtain, and looked up and down the street. No living soul was in sight. "I must have been mistaken," he thought, returning hastily to his sister; "but I certainly fancied I was followed in my walk to-day by a spy."

"I wonder," said Rose, still busy over her book, "I wonder, Louis, whether my husband would let me go with you to see 'Le Cid' the next time it is acted?"

"No!" cried a voice at the door; "not if you went on your knees to ask him." Rose turned round with a scream. There stood her husband on the threshold, scowling at her, with his hat on, and his hands thrust doggedly into his pockets. Trudaine's servant announced him, with an insolent smile, during the pause that followed the discovery. "Citizen-superintendent Danville, to visit the citoyenne, his wife," said the fellow, making a mock bow to his master.

Rose looked at her brother, then advanced a few paces towards the door. "This is a surprise," she said, faintly; "has anything happened? We— we didn't expect you." Her voice failed her, as she saw her husband advancing, pale to his very lips with suppressed anger.

"How dare you come here, after what I told you?" he asked, in quick, low tones.

She shrank at his voice almost as if he had struck her. The blood flew into her brother's face as he noticed the action, but he controlled himself, and, taking her hand, led her in silence to a chair.

"I forbid you to sit down in his house," said Danville, advancing still; "I order you to come back with me! Do you hear? I order you."

He was approaching nearer to her, when he caught Trudaine's eye fixed on him, and stopped. Rose started up, and placed herself between them.

"Oh, Charles! Charles!" she said to her husband, "be friends with Louis to-night, and be kind again to me—I have a claim to ask that much of you, though you may not think it!"

He turned away from her, and laughed contemptuously. She tried to speak again, but Trudaine touched her on the arm and gave her a warning look.

"Signals!" exclaimed Danville, "secret signals between you!"

His eye, as he glanced suspiciously at his wife, fell on Trudaine's gift book which she still held unconsciously.

"What book is that?" he asked. "Only a play of Cornelle's," answered Rose; "Louis has just made me a present of it."

At this avowal, Danville's suppressed anger burst beyond all control.

"Give it him back!" he cried, in a voice of fury. "You shall take no presents from him; the venom of the household spy soils everything he touches. Give it him back!" She hesitated. "You won't?" He tore the book from her with an oath—threw it on the floor and set his foot on it.

"Oh, Louis! Louis! for God's sake, remember!"

Trudaine was stepping forward as the book fell to the floor. At the same moment his sister threw her arms round him. He stopped, turning from fiery red to ghastly pale.

"No! no! Louis," she said, clasping him closer. "Not after five years' patience. No—no!"

He gently detached her arms. "You are right, love. Don't be afraid; it's all over now."

Saying that, he put her from him, and in silence took up the book from the floor.

"Won't that offend you even?" said Danville, with an insolent smile. "You have a wonderful temper—any other man would have called me out."

Trudaine looked back at him steadily, and taking out his handkerchief, passed it over the soiled cover of the book.

"If I could wipe the stain of your blood off my conscience as easily as I can wipe the stain of your boot off this book," he said quietly, "you should not live another hour. Don't cry, Rose," he continued, turning again to his sister, "I will take care of your book for you until you can keep it yourself."

"You will do this! you will do that!" cried Danville, growing more and more exasperated, and letting his anger get the better even of his cunning now. "Talk less confidently of the future—you don't know what it has in store for you. Govern your tongue when you are in my presence; a day may come when you will want my help—my help, do you hear that?"

#### CHAPTER XI.

RUDAINE turned his face from his sister, as if he feared to let her see it when those words were spoken. The man who followed me to-day was a spy—Danville's spy!" That thought flashed across his mind, but he gave it no utterance. There was an instant's pause of silence; and through it there came heavily on the still night air the rumbling of distant wheels. The sound advanced nearer and nearer—advanced, and ceased under the window.

Danville hurried to it, and looked out eagerly.

"I have not hastened my return without reason. I wouldn't have missed this arrest for anything!" thought he, peering into the night.

The stars were out, but there was no moon. He could not recognize either the coach or the persons who got out of it, and he turned again into the interior of the room. His wife had sunk into a chair—her brother was locking up in a cabinet the book which he had promised to take care of for her. The dead silence made the noise of slowly ascending footsteps on the stairs painfully audible. At last the door opened softly.

"Citizen Danville, health and fraternity!" said Lomaque, appearing in the doorway, followed by his agents. "Citizen Louis Trudaine?" he continued, beginning with the usual form.

Rose started out of her chair; but her brother's hand was on her lips before she could speak.

"My name is Louis Trudaine," he answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### THE LEGS KICKED.

Surprise of an English Visitor Who Thought He Was Rescuing a Man.

Frank Hyatt, who has long enjoyed an income of £3,000, derived principally from his vocation as a "booking agent" for London Theatians, two weeks ago landed in the American metropolis for the purpose, as he said, of seeing what on earth Mr. J. A. Bailey could do with so many men and beasts as he had been shipping to him. New York and its ceaseless rush amazed him. Mr. Bailey's winter quarters at Bridgeport were past his belief, the swiftly moving Broadway cars, a lot of trams pulled by a string," surprised him, says the New York World.

His idle moments "at home" are spent upon the race-courses of England and there, in times past, he has met many of his friends. Recently, at an uptown Broadway hotel, as he glanced out into the street his kindly blue eyes seemed to start from their sockets. Rushing into Broadway he shouted:

"Hold on here! Don't start that car! Here, somebody, call an ambulance!" Then Mr. Hyatt plunged almost headforemost under the car and began tugging away at a man's legs that were lying across the rails beneath the center of the car. As he did so the legs began to kick vigorously. The rescuer felt himself pulled away violently, saw the brawny fist of the conductor shaking close to his nose and he heard the angry voice of the conductor saying:

"What do you mean, sir, by trying to keep that man from fixing the car? Do you think we want to block Broadway all day?"

Mr. Hyatt turned toward the hotel and was greeted by laughter from the crowd that his cries had attracted.

"Base for the Goggles."

A western baseball team has signed a poet as a pitcher. This tends to even up matters with certain magazines who apparently sign pitchers as poets.—New York Press.

### SPITE CHURCH TO GO

A MINIATURE STRUCTURE IN BROOKLYN WILL BE RAZED.

Built to Defeat a Saloon Keeper, But Failed of Its Purpose—Complete in All Details.

Brooklyn's so-called "Spite church" is to be dismantled. Just what use the tiny piece of ground upon which the little church now sits will be put is not known.

The "little spite church" is at No. 21 Lenox road, just off Flatbush avenue. It is in a district inhabited by Brooklyn's best class of citizens, and not a few of them will be glad when the tiny structure is torn down, for it is a reminder of a "trick" that they do not take particular pride in.

The news that the little church is to go has revived a discussion that was rife in the Lenox road district about five years ago. It waxed acrimoniously at the time. Sides were taken and many former friends became enemies. Though most of the people living along the road sympathize with the purposes of the party who had the church built, they did not sympathize with the means that were adopted, and most of them would be glad to forget it.

The spite church was built by well-meaning church people in order to prevent the installation of a saloon on Lenox road. About five years ago a large structure with stores on the ground floor and flats above was started on the southwest corner of Flatbush avenue and Lenox road. Members of the Park Side church, then in the hands of a Methodist congregation, learned that Henry Hesterberg, at that time sheriff of Kings county, intended to put a saloon in the corner building. There was no saloon on Lenox road then, and most of the residents on the street did not want one on it. Particularly did the members of the Park Side Methodist church, many of whom lived on the road, object.

After trying by appeals and protests to prevent the opening of the saloon, they decided on a new tack. According to the laws of the state, a saloon cannot be opened within 200 feet of a church. The Park Side



Brooklyn's "Spite Church."

church was further down the street, on Lenox road, and did not come within the prescribed radius, so no objection could be made to Hesterberg's saloon on this ground. So, to forestall Mr. Hesterberg, it was decided to build a church on a narrow little plot which would bring the saloon within 200 feet and thus prevent its opening.

The church was duly built. It was completed in every detail, but was a joke as to size, being merely a miniature. It is about 15 feet wide and about twice as long. When packed to its capacity it will hold about 50 souls. But it was a church. It had a steeple, Gothic windows, and all the usual details. Hence when Mr. Hesterberg tried to open his saloon the matter was carried into court, but to the chagrin of the church members, the Supreme court, Justice Gaynor presiding, held that the miniature religious structure was a church according to the letter of the law, but not according to its spirit, and that as regular church services were not and could not be held therein, it was a piece of spite, and not a church in fact at all.

So the Hesterberg saloon opened in triumph and the little church became known as "the spite church," and as such often has been pointed out. The Park Side church is now Presbyterian, and sometimes uses the little church as an annex for Bible and Sunday school classes, but it is not regularly needed, and Lenox road as a whole will be glad to see it go.

#### A Market Wedding.

Some quaint wedding festivities were witnessed in the Ledds market. The bridegroom was a market potato merchant and his bride the daughter of another potato merchant. Their wedding was marked by a free breakfast to more than a hundred poor people, dispensed from the bridegroom's stall, which was tastefully decorated and laden with sandwiches, buns and tea.

Two turnips and a saw formed the centerpiece on the stall, with potatoes and rubarb arranged around them. The festivities proceeded while the bride and bridegroom were preparing for the wedding, which was followed by a journey to Morecambe for the honeymoon.—London Daily Mail.

### TESTED WITH DROPS OF WATER

Number That a Skeptical Student in Paris Could Stand.

A drop of water, even three or four drops, falling on the head seems a thing unworthy of attention; nevertheless in China a slow and continuous dropping of water on the head has been found to be a method of torture under which the most hardened criminal abjectly howls for mercy.

When a professor in the Sorbonne stated this to his class the other day, says the London Chronicle, one of the students laughed incredulously, and said it would take a good deal of that sort of thing to affect him.

The professor assured him that even one quart of water dropped slowly onto his hand would be beyond his endurance. He agreed to experiment.

A quart measure filled with water was brought in, a microscopic hole was bored in the bottom and the performance began, the professor counting.

During the first hundred drops the student made airy remarks. With the second hundred he began to look less cheerful; then gradually all his talk died away, and his face took on a haggard, tortured expression. With the third hundred the hand began to swell and look red. The pain increased to torture. Finally the student cried out.

At the four hundred and twentieth drop the skeptic acknowledged his doubts vanished and begged for mercy. He could bear no more.

#### Left Her Dog With the Police.

The guard room at police headquarters is becoming the tethering place for dogs. A handsome collie followed four women down street last evening, and as they "just couldn't take time to take him back home" they brought him into police headquarters and asked that he be taken home by a policeman. One of the women, who lives in State street, owns the dog and she explained that she was on her way to a whist party and couldn't go back home with the dog because she might miss "a couple of hands of whist at the party."

The dog remained in the quarters till the woman came after it late last night.

#### Very Poor Habit.

"No," growled Jigsby, "I don't like the coat at all. I don't want it."

"But," protested the tailor, "the only trouble with it is that it's too large for you. I can alter it; make it smaller for you."

"If you do that you'll merely contract a bad habit, that's all."

SHIP YOUR CREAM to Crescent Creamery Co., St. Paul, Minn. Write to-day for tags and prices.

#### More Than One.

"Your husband evidently had a finger in this pie."

"Yes; he put in the brandy."

"Three fingers!" explained her husband in a stage whisper.

DACOTAH BRAND PANTS, SHIRTS and Mackinaws, guaranteed to wear. We replace them if they don't, demand them of your dealer. Dacotah Mfg. Co., St. Paul.

Modest men are earnestly hoping the peeks in the peekaboo waists will be no larger this summer than last.

WE PAY TOP PRICES FOR CREAM. Cash every day. Write for prices and tags MILLER & HOLMES, St. Paul, Minn.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who didn't like to put on his Sunday clothes?

#### No Headache in the Morning.

Krause's Headache Capsules for over-indulgence in food or drink. Druggists, 25c. Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

The average man's love for the Old Flag is about as much talk as his other love affairs.

DR. J. H. RINDLAUB, (Specialist), Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Fargo, N. D.

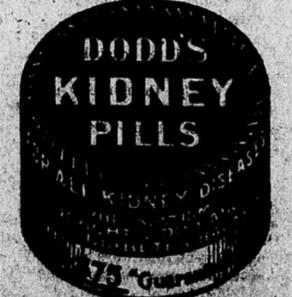
The man who wants to sell it is usually the one who has the least political influence.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Use a bottle.

Necessity usually knows a good thing when it sees it, even if it does fall down on a law examination.

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A great many people see themselves as others see them, but they don't believe what they see.



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