

THE BIG-FISTED MAN.

Oh, here's to the man with a hand like a ham. And a fist just as big as his heart...

A Man of Many Mottoes

CAN'T be done, sir—cannot be done! Mr. Beamish, sitting before the fire in the library...

"I won't!" The visitor took the hint—and the hat. He had been rather pale; his lips took a grim twist now...

"My dear man, it's useless! Don't make me use a harder word. If there's one thing I detest, it's raking up old ashes..."

"Pardon me," he said, with a little break in his voice; "I'm not acting now. But I happen to know that you have a hundred times the amount lying idle, otherwise I would never have risked this snub..."

"I only hope, Mr. Beamish," said Lovell, as he turned at the door, "you'll never know what it is to pay the price that makes one a cynic!"

"Ah, that's a flash of your melodrama! No use, my boy. If you had paused to realize that money makes money, you wouldn't now be repenting at leisure..."

"Shouldn't have married!" he snapped. "I've no sympathy with actors, and less still for people who encourage them!"

"Such a gentleman!—with a cab, sir, and a silk hat and snowy beard!" she ventured. "I said you were in the library, Mr. Beamish, sir!"

"I'm glad to be able to tell you that there seems at last a chance of settlement with the opposing side. In that case—"

"I know it, sir! I knew it would come home to them sooner or later! Everything comes to him who waits. Why, I remember poor old Uncle Horace saying to me, when I took my little girl down to see him—"

"Ah, yes, yes! Great pity your Uncle Horace left his affairs so involved! I presume, of course, I am speaking to Horace Pettigrew Beamish, born at—"

"Born at Faversham in 1847? I hold the parish certificate, in case. Forewarned is forearmed. Oh, it's me, sir, undoubtedly! I was named after uncle; and I named my girl after his favorite sister—Bessie. You see—"

"I do fully. I simply wished to verify the various claimants. I wouldn't put too much store on the results, Mr. Beamish. The property has lain under a heart-breaking mortgage, as you know; and the ultimate realization can't be split up into more than a 20 note. One moment, though! Bessie! Ah, possibly you did a smart thing in naming your child so, and taking her down, as you say, Bessie, Bessie! Let me see!"

"Really!" Mr. Beamish rubbed his hands. "Yes; I fancied I might be destroying two feathered bipeds with one missile, as you legal gentry put it. Ha, ha! How—er—what—"

"Ah, just so! Erratic to the last—your uncle, sir. Those mining shares; here, here. They are worth now, with accumulated dividends, something like £4,000; and the will has been found in an old jackboot. Half of them are willed to Bessie Ada, daughter of Horace Pettigrew, and the remainder to the servant who nursed him before it was known he was likely to die—as he says. I must congratulate you, after all, sir."

"The servant! The—oh, the scheming hussy! You don't—! He sat very still, staring hard at nothing. Possibly he was trying to think out some axiom to fit the maddening occasion. "Why, half to my Bessie! It can't be! He'll go up. "That girl, sir—that girl has run away with a good-for-nothing actor fellow! Have I no power—"

"We can't alter the man's will, sir. There it is in black and white. If you will give me your daughter's address, I'll write to her to-morrow."



SHE KEPT ONE SECRET.

True Story of a Baltimore Woman Who Exhibited a Lifelong Dislike of Dates.

The one secret that women know how to keep is, according to unkind critics, that of their age. They will tell everything else that is entrusted to their keeping, but never, in a moment of expansive indiscretion, will they be induced to reveal the number of their years.

Of course, this isn't always true. Many females tell their ages and those of their women friends with as much freedom as their brothers would give the same intelligence concerning themselves, but one elderly lady who recently died was, in the matter of secretiveness, a marvel to her acquaintances.

No one except her own brothers and sisters knew her age. Her husband did not, though she was married to him 20 years or more. When the marriage license had to be bought the bride vouchsafed the information that she was "more than 18." That was all; so the husband never put her down as 25 years of age.

In the years that followed she never spoke of her birthdays. Once, when she was asked if she were born in June, she replied that she didn't remember. The natal days of others in the family were celebrated, but hers never. She would talk well on any subject in the world but ages; on this one she was absolutely dumb.

Before she expired she made a single request of her husband. "Please don't allow any dates to appear in the obituary notices or on my tombstone," she asked. "I don't like dates."

And so her secret died with her, and though her women friends surmised that she must be at least ten years older than her husband to justify this sensitiveness, it is quite possible that she was nothing of the sort. She did not look it. She merely had a horror of being reminded of the passage of time.

This was, of course, a very unusual case, but it is sufficient evidence that a woman can keep a secret and she will—Baltimore News.

MISS MABEL HANNA.

Her Engagement to Harry A. Parsons, of Cleveland, O., Not Opposed by Her Parents.

Announcement that Senator and Mrs. Hanna will build a \$20,000 residence in Lake Ave., Cleveland, O., for their daughter, Miss Mabel, when she marries Harry A. Parsons, proves false the rumor that the old folks did not sanction the match.

SAD END OF ROMANCE.

Pretty Virginia Girl Who Was Maid, Wife and Widow in the Space of Ten Minutes.

Ten minutes was the brief space of time in which Miss Mildred Deuel, of Richmond, Va., counted the stages of life which most women reckon by years. In that short while she was a maid, a wife and a widow her dreams had been realized and shattered. She became Mrs. Richard Miles Stanton when her husband was dying, a victim of fever contracted in the service of his country in the Philippines.

Three years ago Miss Deuel, the daughter of a theater manager in Richmond, became engaged to young Stanton. She was but 17 years old, and the objections of her parents ruled the young people when they talked of marriage. A year later the young man obtained a commission as lieutenant in the volunteer army, and was sent to fight the Filipinos.

Love is not governed in its intensity according to distance, however, and the miles between Lieut. Stanton and Miss Deuel served but to increase the affection they entertained for each other. Their parents agreed to their marriage upon his return to this country, and with the sole purpose of getting her soldier hero Miss Deuel went to California a few weeks ago.

The transport came into the harbor at San Francisco, and Lieut. Stanton, emaciated almost beyond recognition and weakened to helplessness, was among the passengers. His arrival, through a mistake in the transmission of a telegram, was earlier than anticipated by Miss Deuel, and the greeting which Lieut. Stanton had looked forward to was denied him.

Nearly a week had passed, and Lieut. Stanton showed no sign of improvement. Then came a day when the hospital was being visited by a large party of San Francisco people. In the party was Miss Deuel, keenly sympathetic as she remembered the sweetheart for whom she was waiting. A pause by a cot, a faint exclamation of surprise, and Harry A. Parsons, who had been for a few days, and the doctors said he was on the road to recovery. His fiancée was his constant attendant, and the story of their romance spread through every ward in the hospital.

One evening a messenger summoned Miss Deuel from the residence of her grandparents with a message stating that Lieut. Stanton was sinking rapidly and could not live until morning. A few minutes after her arrival at the hospital the young officer, in the presence of his mother and sisters, expressed the desire to make Miss Deuel his wife, so that she might inherit his property. There was no time to be lost, and it was too late to summon a minister. Claspng each other's hands the young people took the vows of matrimony under a civil agreement, which was duly witnessed by the relatives of both, and a few minutes later Lieut. Stanton was dead.

TOO MUCH DRAPERY.

Curtains Should Be Used Sparingly as They Are Detrimental to Hygienic Safety.

"The crusade against the tendency of the modern housekeeper to swathe her windows and doors with paperies has not half been preached" is said a satirical expert the other day. "I go into houses, many of them, and into small flats, where a triple layer of curtains shuts out air and sunlight from the apartment about as completely as if the windows were solid wall. When I scold, the chatelaines say: 'We must be so artistic.' I will concede one set of thin curtains at certain windows of the house, with preferably none in bedrooms or nurseries. If thin curtains are needed in a bedroom they should be of a fabric that can be easily laundered, or of a weave of lace that may be kept free from dust by light brushing and shaking out of the open window. To persons with asthmatic or consumptive tendencies they are a menace that should not be permitted. Sanitation should be taught in schools of design for house furnishings. It is absurd to think that our clever artists cannot combine attractive effect with hygienic safety."—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Goldfish Versus Mosquitoes.

Admirers of goldfish as house pets and ornaments for aquariums and artificial ponds may be able to show that their favorites have something besides their beauty to recommend them. Prof. W. L. Underwood, of the Massachusetts institute of technology, reports that mosquito larvae are favorite food for goldfish. He has made many experiments that prove the fact, and he suggests that the introduction of goldfish in many small bodies of water where mosquitoes breed would be preferable to the use of insecticides in destroying the pests. Goldfish, he finds, will thrive in our natural northern waters, and can easily be bred in any sheltered pond, where the water is not fed by too many cold springs.

The First Woman Doctor.

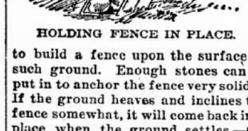
America leads in the matter of women practicing medicine. The first was Elizabeth Blackwell, who graduated as a physician in 1849. Three years later there were six in Philadelphia. In 1899 there were 600 women doctors in the United States; in 1906 there were 4,555, and now there are probably 6,000, some of whom have a very lucrative practice.



FENCES IN SPRING.

How to Care for Them in Case They Have Been Overthrown by Winter Frosts.

There are rods of fence on almost every farm that are thrown down every spring when the frost comes out of the ground. Stakes cannot be driven into such soil with any assurance of permanency and a fence once thrown out of the ground is very hard to get back into place. The cut shows a way to build a fence upon the surface of such ground. Enough stones can be put in to anchor the fence very solidly. If the ground heaves and inclines the fence somewhat, it will come back into place when the ground settles.—Orange Judd Farmer.



HOLDING FENCE IN PLACE.

FERTILITY OF SOIL.

Some Authorities Believe That Green Manuring is the Best Way to Maintain It.

The good business man does not permit his stock in trade to depreciate by neglect or careless handling; neither will a thrifty farmer let his land run down. If the farm is to be a paying one, the fertility of the soil must never be out of sight. Our grandfathers have a proverb, "enrich the soil in the barn by scattering the manure from the barn and barnyard. From actual experience, without knowing the cause, they knew that profitable crops of grain followed where clover sod had been plowed under.

Commercial fertilizers were used to some extent, but they were expensive and little was known regarding the varying needs of different soils and crops. The farmer of to-day has the benefit of all the various state experiments made by the government at the various stations. The experts of these stations, realizing the great need there is for knowledge of soil fertility, have given this subject exhaustive study. The subject of green manuring should be most carefully studied by farmers.

T. B. Terry attributes to plowing under heavy coats of green clover the high degrees of fertility of his farm. This method enables the farmer to specifically add humus to the land. A crop of cow peas will in a few months be ready to plow under for a grain crop to follow. If your land is not yielding the return it should try green manuring as a fertilizer. Sow cow peas. If sown early a first crop may be harvested and a second one sown to plow under. A rye crop may be sown in the late fall which will furnish some late fall and winter pasture. The rye will act as a winter cover and will prevent the leaching of the land. The advantage of rye covering is in its saving of fertility. The thrifty farmer will study every phase of this problem. There are times when commercial fertilizers are profitable, but above all will the farmer study how to make the farm produce its own plant food.—Rural World.

LITTLE ODDS AND ENDS.

Instead of staking tomatoes put straw around them. This will keep them moist and clean. Elder bark scraped off and fried in fresh lard or mutton tallow makes a salve that will cure burns and sores. For earache dissolve asafetida in water. Warm a few drops and drop into the ear, then cork the ear with wool. For catarrh take one-half ounce of borax, and one ounce of loaf sugar pulverized. Mix and snuff five or six times a day. For cabbage worms dissolve one-half teaspoonful of saltpeter in one quart water. Sprinkle on the cabbage in the cool of the day. For roup in chickens mix together a half ounce of carbolic acid, one ounce of sweet oil, and one ounce of Jamaica ginger. Swab on the throat two or three times a day, confine the sick chicken by itself, and feed soft food. Put iron into the drinking water. I clean my hen house with whitewash and sulphuric acid, and am never troubled with lice.—Mrs. Annie Baker, in Epitomist.

Grass Mixture for Meadows. There is much evidence to show that a judicious mixture of grasses for permanent meadows is better than one or two varieties. The chinks are better filled, and in the event of one or two species dying out there is a chance for others to fill the space. The following has been found very good for average upland. The quantities are for one acre: Four pounds red-top, 16 timothy, 4 tall meadow oat-grass, 5 sheep fescue, 1 white clover, 1 red clover, 4 alsike, making 40 pounds an acre. Any first-class seedsmen can make up the above mixture. The clovers should be mixed and sown separately.—Rural New Yorker.

Bad Roads Hinder Traffic. The marketing of hogs, of corn and wheat and other products of the west is at present greatly hampered by the bad condition of country roads. A little of the abundant wealth of the country districts, if applied to the construction of good roads, would greatly facilitate transportation and cheapen its cost, returning large interest for the investment. There are railroads enough, but traffic is hindered because country roads are so bad as to be almost impassable at times in seasons of heavy rain.—Country Gentleman.

BETTER ROADS NEEDED.

Government, Thinks This Writer, Should Have Supreme Control Over Highway Building.

The season again approaches when, superior to all questions of education, politics or religion, "How shall we get where we want to go through this mud?" engrosses the attention of a large portion of the population of the United States. Even in the longest settled portions of our country, one would suppose time, population and wealth has given opportunity to establish proper foundation for comfortable locomotion for the wet as well as the dry season, we find the condition nearly as deplorable as in more recently settled areas.

Why is it that with fine farms, with substantial buildings for man and beast, with railroad lines cutting the country in every direction, and with billions added each year to the permanent wealth of the country, there is so little in the permanent improvement of our roads? We vote in this country as high as five mills for road purposes, and at the end of a decade after spending \$50 out of every \$1,000 there is little permanent improvement.

After failure from the time of settlement of this country till now it would seem as if we should be ready for some change, especially when we reflect that nearly every civilized portion of the old world has successfully established proper highways. Under the system prevalent here the citizens of many districts spend their time and occasionally some misdirected energy on the roads, when they run out of a job at home, regardless of the voice of the "road" to "come and meet me and I will be your benefactor." The ordinary individual would much rather make two dollars to jingle in his pocket or add to the value of his private wealth than to make ten dollars in public improvements, even for his own benefit, so he seeks every advantage to make dollars for himself and rarely hunts work for the public, and his neighbor, the supervisor in the circumscribed road district, often disregarding his official duty, fails to call out his men at the proper time, and when called out fails to work them in the proper manner, and we call this a road system and how because we have poor roads.

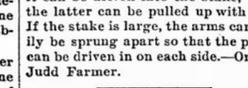
With any system that depends upon the material through which the road passes we cannot have good roads all the time, but they can be vastly improved. In my judgment, after large experience, I am convinced that the township is about the proper unit for a road district—that is, for the building and mending of our common dirt roads. The size and amount of labor to be performed in this area gives a man a permanent position and takes him away from local influences, and much more competent men can be secured to fill the position of supervisor than if the district is small.

But this country is much too enlightened and wealthy forever to be subject to a halt of its traffic during prolonged humid conditions, and we must soon make a start for permanent roads. How? By the inauguration of a road system by the government of the United States and the yearly appropriation of not less than \$50,000,000, this money to go to localities which would supplement it with an equal amount, the whole to be spent under the direction of government engineers.—Thomas Gay, in Chicago Record-Herald.

STRONG STAKE PULLER.

How to Make an Effective Implement Which Enables One Man to Do the Work of Two.

The illustration shows a simple, effective and very convenient implement for pulling up stakes when removing an old fence. A stout pry bar, two round iron arms attached to its ends, as shown. The iron has its ends turned in and drawn to a point so that it can be driven into the stake, when the latter can be pulled up with ease. If the stake is large, the arms can easily be sprung apart so that the points can be driven in on each side.—Orange Judd Farmer.



SIMPLE STAKE PULLER.

Food Stuffs from Trees. Chestnut groves, with full-grown trees, produce six times as much food per acre as any cereals, and Humboldt estimates that a banana orchard will feed 25 human beings, where a potato field of the same size would support two and a wheat farm only one. A time may come when the staple of human food will be chiefly derived from trees, thus increasing the life-sustaining capacity of our planet more than five-fold, not to mention the saving in drudgery, nor the beneficial climatic influences of tree plantations. No plowing, hoeing and mowing, no worrying about winter food for hungry cattle, no deserts overspreading vast areas of tree-deprived territories.

Guard the Public Roads. A rich Philadelphia syndicate proposes to buy the bankrupt trolley systems of northern Ohio. Safe to assume these shrewd capenests will look out for their own interests in the way of liberal or utterly free franchises through country districts traversed by the railways. With the rapid spread of the trolley systems in our eastern states the greatest care should be exercised that the farmers' rights in the matter of appropriating public highways are fully guarded.—Farm and Home.

Government Farm Reports.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, the total number of publications issued by the United States department of agriculture was 606 different kinds, with a total number of copies of 7,899,381.

IMPURE BAKING POWDER SEIZED.

The New York Board of Health Find It Contains Alum and Roq4, Declare It Dangerous to Health and Dump It Into the River.

The New York papers report that the Health Department of that city has seized as dangerous to health nearly two tons of cheap mixtures sold for baking powder, and dumped them into the oftal sew to be destroyed. More of the powder was found in a Sixth ave. department store. The report of the analysis of the Health Department stated that it was "an alum baking powder" containing alum and pulverized rock.

The different Health Authorities seem to have different ways of repressing the sale of bad baking powders. In England they have prosecuted the grocers under the general law and broken up the traffic. In Missouri the sale of alum baking powder is actually prohibited by law. In New York they seize the unwholesome stuff and cast it into the river, without any discussion. The latter way is certainly effective.

The alum baking powders are usually offered at a low price, ten to twenty cents a pound, or with some prize, as a temptation to the housewife. Consumers can protect themselves by buying only high-grade baking powder of established name and reputation. Do not be tempted by the grocer to take something else as "just as good" or "our own brand," for the trials show that the grocer himself is often deceived by unscrupulous makers and is selling an alum powder without knowing it.

There are several good powders on the market; let the housekeeper insist on having what she knows is right, and not be induced to risk the life of the family for an imaginary saving of a few cents.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The strike of the diamond polishers in Amsterdam is still on. Mr. Carnegie objects to being photographed in evening dress. Hotel and restaurant employes have organized at Birmingham, Ala. Arkansas will erect the first state building at the St. Louis World's fair. Metropolitan police of London look after 8,200 miles of roads and streets. Polo is probably the oldest of athletic sports. It has been traced to 600 B. C. John D. Rockefeller has been giving money to Washington and Lee university. The city government of De Soto, Mo., has agreed to hire none but union men. The two tunnels most needed in Europe now are for the Caucasus and the Pyrenees. Rome is to be electrically lighted with power from the Marmore Falls, 70 miles away. Prince George of Prussia, 76 years old, is the oldest member of the house of Hohenzollern. After two years of effort the workers in the paper mills at Lockport, N. Y., are to organize. In capacity the fad of the famous Apache chief, Geronimo, is the culture of watermelons. A dromedary race between Biskra and Tagarta, Algeria, is being arranged. The distance to be covered is 140 miles. Thirty steel manufacturers of Great Britain are said to be planning a combination. The capital is said to be \$100,000,000. Maine has two citizen who voted for Andrew Jackson in 1832—W. H. Chisham, of Augusta, and Capt. Joshua Moulton, of Scarborough. In Java there is an orchid all the flowers of which open at once, as if by the stroke of a fairy wand, and they also will wither together. The agricultural department now requires a larger appropriation for its administration than any other department, except the treasury. By the census of 1900 only two states had more foreign-born than native-born male residents of voting age—Minnesota and South Dakota. Living expenses in Japan have increased 75 per cent. within a few years.

CHANGE OF LIFE.

Some Sensible Advice to Women by Mrs. E. Sailer.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I passed through what is known as 'change of life,' I had two years' suffering—sudden heat, and as quick chills would pass over me; my appetite was variable and I never could tell for



MRS. E. SAILER, President German Relief Association, Los Angeles, Cal. a day at a time how I would feel the next day. Five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound changed all that, my days became days of health, and I have enjoyed every day since—now six years. "We have used considerable of your 'Vegetable Compound' for you have proven yourself a true friend to suffering women."—Mrs. E. Sailer, 756 1/2 Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine. No other person can give such helpful advice to women who are sick as can Mrs. Pinkham, for no other has had such great experience—her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice free—if you are sick write her—you are foolish if you don't.