

Some of the great Atlantic liners employ 150 firemen.

Japan is steadily increasing her exportations of Jhirikshas.

Everybody will rejoice to hear that the hens are laying only strictly fresh eggs this year.

Bulls created a scare lately in a street in Mexico. They do that regularly in a street in New York.

The anarchists' favorite way of defying society is to persist in going and staying where they are not wanted.

Lard is one of the chief Mexican imports from the United States. The figure for 1907 was nearly 7,000,000 pounds.

When a man says that he never objects to fair criticism he means usually that he doesn't protest against compliments.

We are glad to announce that in spite of the recent stringency the regular spring demand for fishhooks is as brisk as ever.

The famous automobile racers around the world seem to do pretty well when they are loaded into a railroad car or a steamship.

German leads the world in the production of beet sugar. British India in cane sugar and the United States in millionaire sugar refiners.

Judging by the thickness of the dust on the farmhouses so early in the season there appears to be no diminution this year in the popularity of the automobile.

At Maysville, Ky., high school students are striking because they do not like the new teacher. That unfortunate instructor should beware of juvenile night riders.

A large and very fine wildcat has been captured alive in eastern Ontario. This seems to put the quietus on the theory that all these animals are located around Cobalt.

Manchuria doubtless cherishes hopes of ceasing to be a bone of contention soon. There is no restriction placed on anyone's dreaming, but it is often dangerous to try to make dreams a reality.

Why not put the anarchists in a nice large field and give them plenty of bombs to play with? The field would be well plowed when they were through, not to mention such a thing as fertilized.

How is this for a verbatim copy of a personal in the Boston Transcript: "Italian duke, agreeable manners, desires continuous wireless correspondence with American lady of means. Object Maccaroni."

Announcement is made that the drought has so affected the Cuban sugar crop that the yield will show a marked falling off. As a result American refiners will be compelled to import large quantities of supplies from Europe, where the beet sugar industry flourishes. Is this not a hint to Americans? asks the Troy (N. Y.) Times. If the old world makes a conspicuous success of beet sugar production, why cannot our people do the same thing?

Plans are maturing for the erection of a statue of Alexander Hamilton in Washington. It is rather curious that the intellectual prodigy whom Mr. Bryce characterizes as "the greatest constructive statesman of the nation" should be represented at the capital by no monument, when so many lesser men appear in marble or enduring bronze. Perhaps, however, it will be hard to make a monument which would overtop his own great work, the "Federalist."

Are slovenliness and general lack of neatness in one's dress and person signs of irrationality and incompetence? If so, it behooves all testators to beware of their raiment and of their personal cleanliness. Future contestants of their last wills and testaments may be watching them and taking notes of their appearance and manner of comporting themselves. Besides, personal neatness in man or woman is an attraction, and it costs nothing but a little care.

Again is proof furnished that weather vagaries are not confined to the United States. Germany is having an extraordinary instance of winter lingering well into spring. Heavy snowfalls are reported in many parts of the empire, with cold more suggestive of January than April. Italy also is a sufferer in the same way, a Rome dispatch announcing that intense cold prevails throughout the country, snow having fallen in towns where ordinarily the climate is very mild, including Milan and Perugia. Sunny Italy appears to have lost its balminess for the time being.

J. M. Barrie recently headed a deputation representing a large majority of the dramatic authors of England who petitioned the British home secretary for the abolition of the dramatic censor. In introducing the deputation Mr. Barrie said it represented every movement for the better that there had been in the English drama for the last 50 years. Whether dead or alive, great or humble, English men of letters had been united as an almost solid body in passionate protest for nearly 200 years against the humiliation of the censorship.

THE OLD ROCKING CHAIR

A Memorial Day Story

By OLIVIA BARTON STROHM

On a bench on her back porch sat Mrs. White—very stiff, very uncompromising. The morning glory vines, blown by the wind, played in checkered light and shade over the porch; over her tense, upright figure, topped with its crown of silver hair; over the sunburnt face of a young man who stood near twirling his hat.

The May sunbeams stole as far as the door where, just within the screen, a girl was seated, cracking nuts.

There was a vacant rocking chair on the porch; suddenly it began to move in the wind, and reminded Mrs. White of her manners which, in the excitement of the interview, she had forgotten.

"Take a chair, Henry." But the young man, in no mood for a truce, ignored the invitation. "Then you won't let me have Eleanor?" he said.

She answered him as bluntly: "No, Henry; you're a good boy and all that, but you're not my choice."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Whose choice, did you say?"

At the sound of his voice the cracking of nuts in the kitchen ceased.

Mrs. White took up her shawl and ran her fingers through the fringes. "Don't be sarcastic, Henry. I mean what I say—my choice. Eleanor has given me her word of honor that she will not marry without my consent."

From within the wicket door there came a sharp sound of a pan falling. It made the youth start nervously; the grandmother laughed: "That is what the men all say. They never seem to realize that the girl who has a sense of duty toward an old woman is best worth winning."

Henry walked slowly to the porch steps, then turned. "You see, it's just this way, Mrs. White; it isn't a question of whether Eleanor's worth winning, or loves me, or anything else. All I know is, that I love her, and am too crazy to think of anybody or anything but her. I suppose I ought to say I'd quit, but—" he went to the other end of the porch from whence he could get a view of the girl seated within—the girl whose eyes met his.

"But I can't promise you; good-by." And although he addressed Mrs. White, he looked beyond her through the doorway, backing slowly to the steps. Then he turned and walked off down the garden path, attended by a sentinel row of sunflowers.

Eleanor went on with her work. Her grandmother pulled at the fringe a few moments, then she went to the door. "You heard what Henry said?" she asked.

Eleanor nodded. The silence, and a tell-tale redness in her cheeks and eyes, spoke volumes.

"Have you got enough nuts for the cake filling?" the old lady said after a pause.

"Yes'm, they're all done," and Eleanor, gathering up her apron full of shells in one hand, and the dish in the other, rose and went into the pantry, glad to escape conversation.

Her grandmother returned to the porch. The chair rocked in the wind, but she heeded not its invitation, taking instead her old position on the bench. There she sat alone for a quarter of an hour or so until Eleanor, passing on her way out to water the verbenas, stopped to say: "Grandma, you look drowsy; take this pillow," and she slipped a cushion behind the old woman's back.

Then as she started down the steps: "I'm going to the gate to watch for the parade," she said, "you know this is Decoration day, and the old soldiers are to march to the cemetery."

There was a twinge in the elderly conscience at sight of the young face with its drawn cheeks and heavy, pink-lidded eyes, but she only said: "Thank you, but I must not sleep; I want to see the soldiers, too," and the girl passed out into the garden.

After a few minutes, something set the chair to rocking again, but this time it was not moved by the wind. It was occupied by a tall, strapping man who twirled a hat in his hands. She looked closer—no, it was a cap, a blue cap and the man was in uniform.

He was big and broad shouldered, and blunt in speech and manner as he

said: "Well, 'Lindy, I'm here for the last time. We march to-morrow. I can get a furlough if I want it, but I don't want it unless—well, you know what I do want."

Strangely enough he did not wait for her words. She did not—could not speak.

He went on: "What have you got against me, 'Lindy? Is it because I seem rough? But I'm a soldier, and you don't find many softies in the army. But we boys are true—true as this uniform, and we aren't afraid of a battery—not even the kind that your eyes flash, 'Lindy."

The cap was thrown to the floor, and he clasped his hands, big, weather-beaten hands, and leaned toward her. "They tell you I'm a rover, and can't settle down, but it ain't so; I'll only fight as long as the flag needs me, and then—then home to you. I know—they're trying to match you with that old White because he's rich, aren't they?"

Something tied the woman's tongue; she could not utter a sound.

He rose. "I know you love me, 'Lindy, but you're afraid. I'm off—off for good—or bad. And when you hear of me dead, with a bullet in my body, you'll know whose fault it is. You're a coward, false and chicken-hearted."

He stood in front of her, pouring out the words in a storm. He was very red, his breath felt hot on her forehead.

Eleanor flew out the back way.



Eleanor flew out the back way.

head as he bent over her. "But I love you, 'Lindy, and when I come back again—when the war is over—be true—be true—"

The words came in choppy, disjointed sentences, then they suddenly ceased.

The chair began to rock again—sedately this time, and another speaker took up the thread where it had been abruptly cut off—took it up in a thin, cold voice. He was a gray-bearded man with a Bible in his hand, and Joe, her soldier-lover, had gone.

"Miss Melinda," the newcomer was saying: "I deemed it proper you should acquaint yourself with the marriage service beforehand. Your family and myself have decided on a church wedding; I know you prefer a home ceremony, but we have decided otherwise. You are young and these matters may safely be left to older heads."

He took her hand in his own palm, which was cold, and with a formal good-by he, too, disappeared.

But the chair kept on its rocking—more violently this time, and in it sat an old nurse, holding a peevish baby tight against her breast. She was saying: "I tell you, Mrs. White, it's a good thing you didn't marry that soldier, Joe Cooper. Just see how nice you're fixed now. Here you have a good, reliable husband—some older, to be sure, but you gals all need tight reins. I was young and giddy once, myself. And think if you'd married that soldier; you'd a ben a widow woman now, for they're decoratin' his grave this minute—it is Decoration day, you know. They do say as Joe Cooper had promised his mother not to go back that last time, and then all of a sudden he up and went—a love affair, they say. Killed? 'Course he was—first thing—"

Grandmother White sat up very stiff and opened her eyes.

Eleanor came rushing on to the porch. "Granny, dear, what's the matter? Did the gun frighten you? It was only the salute. The parade has started. You must be uncomfortable on that bench, come, sit here," and she led her to the rocking chair—vacant now, but still swinging—swinging—

"No, no, not there, not in that chair, Eleanor."

Grandmother White rose and went to the edge of the porch from whence she could see the line of men with flags waving here and there between the trees.

When the last soldier had filed out of sight and while the drum was still sounding in her ears, the old lady said: "Yes, yes, it was a bad dream, Eleanor, child—but did you say there was enough nut filling for a big cake?"

"Yes, grandma," the girl replied, trying not to show surprise at the irrelevant question.

"Then we'll invite that young Henry over for dinner."

Eleanor grew pink as the bunch of bleeding-hearts at her belt—"But, Granny, you said—"

"Never mind what I said. Run over to his mother's and tell him to come here; send him to me."

As Eleanor flew out the back way, bareheaded, eager, her grandmother called after her: "Tell him he'll find me on the porch—in the old rocking chair!"

MISSOURI NEWS

Cow Drags Boy to Death. Independence—Henry Smith, 10 years old, left home in Independence to take a neighbor's cow to pasture.

Around the cow's horns a long rope was tied. The other end the boy knotted about his waist and drove the animal in front of him. The cow became frightened and began to run. Henry was thrown to the ground. His screams only added to the cow's terror and she ran faster. His skull was fractured. The cow ran about a quarter of a mile before it stopped, exhausted, in front of a greenhouse on the Spring Branch road. When men found the boy he was breathing, but died a few minutes later.

Would Disfranchise Blacks. Kansas City—At a district convention to elect delegates to the Jefferson City convention, Mayor Crittenden introduced a resolution demanding legislative action to limit the franchise of negroes. This was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted. The Crittenden resolution declares that southern restriction is "sending hordes of vicious and criminal blacks to Missouri, and to protect not only our political institutions, but our homes, the legislature of Missouri should be asked to deny the right of suffrage to the ignorant, vicious and criminal of the negro race."

Put Wife's Head in Bucket. St. Louis—James Campbell of 925 High street was fined \$500 and costs in the Dayton street court on a charge of shoving his wife's head in a bucket of water and striking her with a hammer. Mrs. Campbell, a bride of less than a year, testified that she used a rolling pin on her husband after freeing her head from the bucket handle. The fight followed Mrs. Campbell's demand for her husband's wages for the week.

Woman Leads the List. Jefferson City—In the names of the applicants for license who successfully passed examinations before the Missouri state board of law examiners, Miss Lydia Lee of St. Louis has the distinction of leading the class of 135 applicants, her average grade being 91. Miss Caroline G. Thummell, also of St. Louis, came next, with an average grade of 87.

Former Missouri Mayor Weds. Holden—Mayor O. G. Boisseau and Miss Jennette M. Smith were married at the residence of the bride in this city. Rev. J. O. Hough, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiated. The bride is the only daughter of the late W. C. Smith, one of the early attorneys and a former mayor of this city.

Mail Agent Found Dead. Macon—Richard M. Holt, aged 73, was found dead in his bed. Holt was mail agent on the north Missouri train held up by Bill Anderson's gang at Centralia on Sept. 27, 1864. With the death of Holt there remains only one survivor of the crew on that train, James Clark, the engineer, who now lives at Columbia.

Wagon Drops into Stream. Richmond—A spring wagon in which four persons were riding slipped off a bridge into a flooded stream 10 miles northeast of here. Three of the occupants of the vehicle were drowned. They are Carl Johnson, 10 years old; James Patton, 36 years old; Cora Patton, 12 years old. The bodies were not recovered.

Kirksville Wants Joint Depot. Jefferson City—The state board of railroad and warehouse commissioners set a hearing at Kirksville for June 2, on complaint of the prosecuting attorney of Adair county that the Wabash and the Quincy, Omaha & Kansas City roads do not maintain a joint station.

Battle with Brickbats, One Dead. St. Joseph—In a battle with brickbats as weapons, John Smygelski, 21 years old, received a broken skull and Tony Garoboski was seriously injured at 923 South Twenty-third street. Smygelski died later and Garoboski made his escape.

Requisition for Missourian. Jefferson City—Gov. Folk issued a requisition on the governor of Utah for the extradition of A. W. Gregor, who is wanted at Cape Girardeau for trial on an indictment charging him with seduction.

Two Held on Murder Charge. Aurora—Edward Killen and Frank Shelton were held to the Christian county grand jury on the charge of murdering William Bowen, the old gardener, who was found in his cabin near Nixa with the back of his head crushed.

Reward on Alleged Slayer's Head. Jefferson City—The governor has offered a reward of \$100 for the apprehension and conviction of John A. McIntosh, charged with killing John W. Zig in New Madrid county, April 14, 1907. The reward stands good for one year.

Lake Contrary Fire. St. Joseph—Fire, caused by crossing electric wires, caused \$50,000 loss to the Midway at Lake Contrary, a summer resort about two miles from St. Joseph.

JESUS RISEN FROM THE DEAD

Sunday School Lesson for May 31, 1908

Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—John 20:1-18. Memory verses 15, 18. GOLDEN TEXT.—"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore."—Rev. 1:8.

EVENTS OF THE RESURRECTION.—The earthquake: Matt. 28:2. The flight of the guard: Matt. 28:4, 11-15. The women reach the tomb: Matt. 28:1; Mark 16:1, 2; Luke 24:1; John 20:1. The stone found rolled away: Mark 16:3, 4; Luke 24:2; John 20:1. Mary Magdalene runs and greets Peter and John: John 20:2. The other women meet the angels: Matt. 28:5-7; Mark 16:5-8; Luke 24:3-9. The women tell the apostles: Matt. 28:8; Luke 24:10, 11. Peter and John visit the tomb: Luke 24:12; John 20:3-10. Jesus is seen by Mary Magdalene: Mark 16:9-11; John 20:11-18. TIME.—Sunday morning, April 9, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—The tomb in a garden near Calvary. The houses in Jerusalem where the disciples were staying, especially that where John and Mary, and perhaps Peter, abode.

The Stay in the Tomb.—We have only the obscure reference in 1 Pet. 3:19, 20: 4:6, to Christ's preaching "unto the spirits in prison." He descended into hell, the famous sentence in the Apostles' Creed, means only that Christ went to the abode of the dead. During that time our Saviour had some gracious and helpful message to proclaim to the souls of the departed, but what it was we are not told.

The probable order of events on Easter morning is indicated above. That there should be some confusion in the accounts is natural, when we remember that it was dark in the early morning, that the disciples were in different parts of the city and came at different times to the tomb, that they had no clocks or watches, and that their minds were amazed and bewildered. The very fact that slight discrepancies exist in the narratives proves that they are the honest records of independent witnesses.

The women's report seemed "idle talk" (Luke). The Gospel writers "show their honesty in relating things discreditable to themselves. What better proof can there be of candor?"—Prof. George P. Fisher. A notable evidence of the resurrection is the fact that the disciples did not expect it, and were convinced of it with difficulty.

Peter and John, as soon as Mary Magdalene told them the astonishing news, hastened to investigate. They were perhaps staying together, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, was probably in the same house. In their great eagerness, they ran both together; and the other disciple (John, who always refers to himself in some modestly obscure way) outran Peter, for he was a young man and Peter was well along in years.

As yet they knew not the Scripture with its many prophecies of Christ's death and resurrection (Luke 24:25-27, 44). See especially Psa. 16: 10. Christ had attempted to instruct them in these matters (Matt. 20:17-19), but they needed the actual fact to impress his teachings upon their minds.

Mary did not recognize Jesus at once, because her vision was blurred with tears; she was not at all expecting to see him; probably she did not look up at his face but only at his garments, which, as the soldiers had his own clothes, were probably the simple dress of a gardener; and in addition, Jesus himself was altered in appearance (Mark 16:12), as he must have been by his long agony.

Mary recognized Jesus by the voice, always the last to change. She heard her name "uttered with a well-remembered accent which recalls Galilee, Jesus, ended madness, passionate love, a thousand hopes and fears, the beautiful and tragic history of a lifetime! One word leaps to her lips, one word alone is possible, uttered in overwhelmed and rapturous surprise: 'Rabboni, Master!'"—W. F. Dawson, D. D.

"In this exquisite story, Peter promptly entering the sepulcher, is faith; John outrunning Peter, hesitating and peering in, is hope; Mary standing without and weeping, is love; these three; and love wins."—Noah K. David, Ph.D.

"Touch me not." Because probably by this time she had bowed down at his feet to worship him, and would have taken hold of them, as the women in Matt. 28:9. "The verb primarily means to fasten to, hence it implies here, not a mere momentary touch, but a clinging to."—Prof. M. R. Vincent.

"For I am not yet ascended to my Father." 1. To imply that, since he had not yet withdrawn himself from earth, there would be time enough for expressions of affection, and she would not lose the opportunity by going quickly now to his brethren, the disciples, with the glad news. 2. She need not touch him to be assured that it was the same Christ. 3. She felt that he had now returned according to his promise to be forever with them; but "Jesus checks her with the assurance that much had yet to happen before that."—Expos. Greek Test.

"Matthew dwells chiefly on the majesty and glory of the resurrection. Luke insists upon it as a spiritual necessity; and John as a touchstone of character."—Rev. G. H. Morrison.

Christ left the material body and rose into the spiritual world that we might the more really and effectively touch him and enjoy his presence.

The resurrection of Jesus is the sufficient confirmation of our immortality. "Because I live," said Christ, "ye shall live also" (John 14:19). Therefore no truth can be a more powerful influence toward noble living.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves woman from surgical operations.

Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:

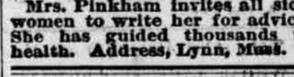
"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Sperring, of 154 Cleybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I suffered from female troubles, tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

Why don't you try it? Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



GALLANTRY. Weary William—Excuse me, miss, but I see that you have had a bit with your lover, and he has left you. Allow me to escort you home, please.

Selfish Etiquette. Some rules in an old book on etiquette seem to encourage a practice commonly called "looking out for number one." Here are two of them:

"When cake is passed, do not finger each piece, but with a quick glance select the best."

"Never refuse to taste of a dish because you are unfamiliar with it, or you will lose the taste of many a delicacy while others profit by your abstinence, to your lasting regret."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running ear or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, also cause of deafness is caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

He Was Practical. "Young man, you write a good deal of poetry to my daughter."

"Yes, sir."

"It takes a practical man to support a wife."

"Well, it's this way. I have to write her an occasional letter, and I'm so busy at the office that I just copy the poetry to fill in."

The explanation was satisfactory.—Exchange.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

His Satanic majesty has learned the art of getting something for nothing.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.