OF UNCERTAIN MIND.

By MARY T. ELLIOTT.

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Mme. Tourget and her daughter Cecile were eating supper in their pretty cottage when there came a knock at the front door.

"Cecile," said the mother, "go and see who is there."

Cecile opened the door and revealed the figure of a stranger standing with his back to the cottage. The girl waited for him to turn, but since he did not she coughed to attract his attention. This failing, she said, "Monsieur, what can I do for you?" Since he still paid no attention to her, thinking him to be deaf, she touched him on the shoulder. Then he turned and looked her in the face. He was of small stature, and his countenance was intellectual. He looked at the girl with a puzzled expression, but did not speak. The girl repeated her question.

"I don't know," said the stranger at last.

"Well, come in. It is beginning to rain."

He entered the house and sat down by the fireplace, peering into the fire as one in a dream.

Mme. Tourget looked at him impatiently and was about to say something irritable when Cecile threw her a deprecatory glance. Then the latter said to the stranger:

"Have you supped, monsieur?"

The man, as if awakened from a dream, glanced up at her, smiled faintly—the girl thought it a very pleasant smile—turned his big eyes upon the supper, arose and took a seat by the table. Cecile served him, and he ate with the same preoccupied or, rather, somnambulistic air he had maintained since his arrival. When he had finished Mme. Tourget questioned him.

"From where do you come?"

"I started from B. this morning."

"From B.? On foot?"

"Yes. No. I believe I had a horse."

"You believe you had a horse?"

A puzzled look passed over the stranger's face. Then he arose and, going to the fireside, fell into the same dreamy condition as before. Cecile, beckoning her mother to follow her, left the room.

"I wonder if he is ill or"— the girl began.

"He is either a mental imbecile or is shamming in order to secure food and lodging. He may stay till morning, but no longer. We are too poor to take care of mental wrecks."

"He is no imposter, mamma. I am sure of that. Nor was he born mentally weak. We must keep him till we can find out who he is and can turn him over to his friends."

During the evening the mother sat by a table knitting, the stranger on one side of the fire, Cecile on the other. Now and again he would turn his glance from the flames and look at Cecile, who, by the way, was very comely. At 9 o'clock Mme. Tourget asked him if he would like to go to bed. "Not yet," was his reply. "I'm thinking and haven't got through."

Cecile gave her mother a glance that she would look after the poor man, and Mme. Tourget went to bed. The stranger sat for an hour peering into the fire, occasionally stirring the coals with a poker. Then suddenly he seemed to return to a normal condition. Cecile noticed the change and expected an explanation. Turning to her, he said:

"You're a nice girl. Would you like to marry me?"

Up to this time Cecile had hoped that after all the stranger might be of a healthy mental condition. Now she gave that up. He must certainly be insane. She realized the necessity of getting him to bed quietly. To humor him she said:

"I will consider your proposition and give you an answer in the morning—that is, if you will go to bed."

She arose, the stranger followed her, and she conducted him to his room.

The next morning Cecile, looking from her bedroom window, saw the stranger walking in the yard. His abstraction seemed to have left him. At least it was not so pronounced. At breakfast he was a new man, though his memory was evidently badly impaired. He remembered to have started from B. the morning before on horseback, but could not recall what had become of his horse. Cecile, with a palpitating heart, wondered if he would remember having proposed to her. Since his remarkable recovery she secretly hoped that he would. He manifested no disposition to proceed on his journey and during the morning sat by the fireplace with something of his previous abstraction, but now he spent a part of his time in making drawings in pencil on the backs of old letters he took from his pocket. Cecile spied upon them, but could make nothing out of them. They were neither figures nor landscapes. In the afternoon while he was thus engaged a horseman rode up to the house in a hurry and asked if they had seen anything of a man who was to have passed there the day before, describing the stranger. When taken to where he was sitting the new arrival seemed much relieved.

"We thought he must have met with foul play on the road," he said.

"Has he escaped from an asylum?" asked Mme. Tourget.

"An asylum! No. He is a great electrical genius. He has doubtless been solving a problem. When thus engaged he is lost to everything else."

Just before the two men departed the electrician said to Cecile, "Have you considered my proposition?"

"Yes."

"And your answer is?"

"Yes."

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Scenes and Figures In The News

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ELLIOTT NORTHCOTE.

THE revolution in the republic of Colombia puts the minister from the United States, Elliott Northcote, in a situation of some difficulty. The coming Colombian congress is expected to ratify the tripartite treaty between Panama, Colombia and the United States. Should the present revolution prove serious enough to endanger the success of this treaty the fact would be embarrassing to the interests of the United States. General Rafael Reyes, president of Colombia, is now in Europe, where he went to obtain relaxation from the strain of his official duties. He stopped in New York on his way thither. He expects to return to Colombia in about three months, and meantime the presidency is intrusted to General Holguin, who is considerd an able statesman. General Reyes says he does not believe the trouble in Colombia is in any way due to dissatisfaction over the tripartite treaty between Colombia, Panama and the United States now before the Colombian congress. He thinks the movement is simply the smoldering remains of the revolution that he quenched on assuming power, that the government is able to control all the troops and cope with the situation. General Reyes says he does not consider the news from Colombia serious enough to alter his plans for a sojourn in Europe before his return to the Colombian capital.

Minister Northcote is a resident of Huntington, W. Va., and was appointed to his present post about two months ago. He recently cabled the state department that Americans in Colombia were in no danger because of the revolution there.

The recent launching of the replica of the Clermont at a shipyard at Staten Island, New York, was one of the first ceremonies connected with the great Hudson-Fulton celebration of this year. The original Clermont started from New York on her memorable trip to Albany on Aug. 17, 1807.

LAUNCHING OF THE NEW CLERMONT.

But it was about two years later before navigation of the Hudson by steam was regularly established, so the celebration this year commemorates both the tercentenary of the discovery of the Hudson by the English navigator who gave his name to the river and the inauguration of steamboat travel on the stream through Fulton's inventions. The reproduction of the Clermont will go up the Hudson to Albany under her own steam on the day of the big marine parade, Oct. 1. At the launching a vase containing water from the well on the old Livingston estate on the Hudson was broken over her bows by Mrs. Alice Crary Sutcliffe, great-granddaughter of Robert Fulton.

In her farewell address as dean of Radcliffe college, Harvard, Miss Agnes Irwin said: "What have the women's colleges given to the country in return for the time and strength spent by them during the past twenty-five years? What had the country a right to expect? Certainly not women of genius. The universities have never made geniuses. They have reckoned them among their glories, and they have sometimes expelled one, but they have never made one, and I doubt if they have ever crushed one. It is not easy to know a genius at first sight. If there is one in the gown of any girl graduate of this year, bid her come forth, suffer herself to be admired and let her make sure of a hearty welcome from the world at large."

Head of the Family—at Times.

Bilkins—I called at your house to see you today, and I noticed that your wife referred to you as the head of the family.

Wilkins—Huh! Out collecting bills, weren't you?—New York Weekly.

Assisting Him to First.

"The caterpillar is the slowest thing on earth," said the young man, poking at the tree trunk with his cane.

"Oh, I don't know," said the young lady in the hammock, who hadn't as yet scored her first engagement for the summer.—Boston Globe.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

To Bring Water From a Dry Knife

Pass an ordinary knife for examination and then tell the audience that by sheer strength of your wrist you will cause a stream of water to flow from the blade.

Having received the knife back, with the assurance that it is entirely devoid of preparation, you proceed to squeeze the handle until the water is seen to be trickling down the blade.

Previous to performing this startling trick a sheet of tissue paper or a little cotton must be thoroughly soaked in water, and then this small wad of wet material must be secreted behind your ear.

Directly the knife has been returned to you it must be grasped in the hand while your arm is crooked upward so that your hand containing the knife rests upon your ear, and you then request anybody to place their first finger upon the joint of your elbow.

This peculiar request effectually masks the operation of securing the wad of paper or cotton. Therefore all that remains to be done is to squeeze the wet out, allowing it to trickle down the knife, afterward secretly slipping the paper into your pocket while the spectators are examining the knife.

Game of Cockfighting.

This is a most amusing game, and, although only two boys can play at it at one time, they will keep the rest of the company in roars of laughter. The two who are to represent the "cocks" having been chosen, they are both seated upon the floor.

Each boy has his wrists tied together with a handkerchief and his legs secured just above the ankles with another handkerchief. His arms are then passed over his knees, and a broomstick is pushed over one arm, under both knees and out again on the other side over the other arm. The "cocks" are now considered ready for fighting and are carried into the center of the room and placed opposite each other, with their toes just touching. The fun now commences.

Each "cock" tries with the aid of his toes to turn his opponent over on his back or side.

The one who can succeed in doing this first wins the game.

It often happens that both "cocks" turn over at the same time, when the fight commences again.

Game of Warning.

This is an outdoor game for boys. One boy, called the "cock," draws a line on the ground at one end of the field or playground. This line is his boundary, and while he is there no one can meddle with him. He clasps his hands before him, calls out "Warning!" or "Warning once, warning twice, a bushel of wheat and a bushel of rye, when the cock crows out jump I." Then, with his hands clasped, he jumps out and runs after the others, trying to touch one.

If he unclasps his hands or if they are pulled apart he must run into bounds as quickly as possible, as any one who catches him must be carried pickaback by him into bounds, and both then sally out, clasping hands, and try to catch a third in the same way.

Each time one, called a "chick," is caught he, as well as those who started from bounds, may be ridden "home," and if the cock and chicks loose hands they also may be ridden home if caught.

A Test of Strength.

Perhaps you do not know how strong you are in some ways. Here is a trick which will show you that you have more strength in your arms than you may have supposed: Hold your hands straight in front of you, with the palms toward you and the middle fingers of each hand just touching each other. Then ask some one to pull your hands apart. You will be surprised to find that a much bigger, stronger person than you will probably not be able to pull your hands away from each other.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 50 years, and is so harmless we taste it. To prove it is properly made, Dr. A. L. Sarrin said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe.

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HISTORIC WEAPONS.

Trophies Wrested From the Crusaders Found in the Sudan.

Among the trophies of arms displayed on the walls of Windsor castle one of the most interesting of the long series is a group of weapons and armor sent to Queen Victoria by Lord Kitchener after the Dongola campaign on the upper Nile in 1896.

The trophy consists of a coat of chain mail, a number of spears and a long cross hilted sword. On the straight steel blade of the sword there is an inscription in odd fashioned letters: "No me saques sin razon. No me embaines sin honor."

The words are Spanish, but the same motto was inscribed on sword blades in the days of chivalry in most of the languages of Europe. Its meaning is the knightly rule for all who bear the sword: Do not draw me without reason. Do not sheathe me without honor.

The weapon was taken from the abandoned camp of Wad Bishara, the derrish general, after the battle of Hair (Sept. 23, 1896). How came a blade with such a motto to be found in a Moslem bivouac in the heart of the Sudan?

The presence of these crusader swords in the Sudan is not so difficult to explain. In the thirteenth century the Mohammedan caliphs of Egypt not only carried on successful wars against the crusaders in Syria, destroying the last vestiges of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, but also defeated two attempts of the Europeans to invade Egypt itself, one of them led by St. Louis of France.

Enormous quantities of western arms and warlike equipments must have thus passed into the possession of the Mohammedan conquerors.—Chambers' Journal.

BABY TALK.

An Infantile Habit That Sometimes Sticks and Breeds Trouble.

Once in awhile a rare stammering case comes to the laboratory where there's nothing the matter with the child—the matter is with his dear mamma. In 1905 Dr. Witmer examined a boy of twelve who talked baby talk—a bright, alert youngster, to all appearances normal. But nobody could understand a word he uttered—except mamma; she understood it all perfectly. "I—aw—ow—ay" was to her ear "I want to go out to play" as plain as anything could be. It was her tender custom to reply likewise, and she took pride in the thought that she had never allowed her Willie to associate with the children on the block. She had encouraged him to be her baby and "kept him from growing up too soon" by prattling to him.

Except for his unintelligible language, the examination did not reveal a defect, physical or mental, in the boy, and Dr. Witmer was forced to the conclusion that the trouble lay in the persistence of an infantile habit of articulation for which the mother was solely responsible. Through sentimentality and overindulgence she had almost ruined his chances for a useful and possibly successful life." (Psychological clinic, March, 1907.) Months of painstaking, expert labor had to be expended upon him to break up the habit his mother had carefully developed before he could even begin to make himself understood by any one else.—Dr. Witmer of Yale in McClure's Magazine.

His Transformation.

Little Harold, aged six, felt very proud when he donned his first pair of trousers. Taking his three-year-old brother behind the door, he was overheard to say, "Willie, Willie, do you remember me?"—Delineator.

All is not false which at first seems a lie.—Southey.

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WOMAN GOING TO CONGRESS

Effort to Elect Mrs. S. P. Decker in Colorado

TWO YEARS FROM NOW

She Believes it Would be Good for the Country.—Conservation of the Nation's Children Would be Her Hobby if Elected.

Denver, July 24.—The women of Colorado are to make a stubborn effort to send one of their sex to Congress two years hence. Such was the announcement made to the visiting delegates from the International Council of Women by one who spoke for the women's associations in the state.

"Of course it is difficult to tell whether we will be successful in our efforts or not," said Mrs. Harriet Wright, former member of the state legislature, "but we are looking forward to landing a woman in the halls of Congress, and we certainly are going to make a determined trial."

Lady McMilan, who talked suffrage to the House of Lords for four hours and then stopped only because they ordered her to, brought out the statement. She put this question to the Denver women who were entertaining her: "When are you women going to send a woman to Congress?"

The reply was quick and decisive: "In two years."

All are agreed that Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker is to be the candidate.

Mrs. Decker herself says she has never considered the matter seriously owing to her belief that there is a federal statute or constitutional provision that women cannot be members of either house of Congress.

She believes, however, that they should be entitled to seats in the national legislature, and is confident that their presence there would be beneficial to the people.

One of her chief hobbies is a drastic anti-child labor law, and she says she has become almost hopeless of securing its passage by men, either in state legislatures or in Congress. She thinks if women could get into these legislative bodies they would quickly pass laws to conserve the nation's children, which she deems of far greater importance than the conservation of natural resources.

Uncle Joe Cannon Is Not Worried by The Prospect.

Washington, July 24.—Congress is "all hot up" at the prospect of a woman member from Colorado. Speaker Cannon alone is undisturbed.

"Whether we have to cross on a bridge in a buggy, an automobile or afoot, or whether we have to swim or to get over in an aeroplane, is unimportant, and we needn't worry, because we don't have to cross the stream until we come to it."

Thus the Speaker dismisses all thought of the coming to Congress of Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker of Denver, the suffragettes' choice for election to the House two years hence.

A DREAM STORY.

The Startling Vision That Saved the Life of Lady Vernon.

The following dream story is told in "The Story of My Life," by Augustus I. C. Hare. The story was told to Mr. Hare in Rome in 1870:

Lady Vernon dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, crossing the entrance hall, and she awoke with a great start. After awhile she composed herself to sleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, on the middle of the staircase, and she awoke with a great shock. She got up. She thought she could not be quite well, and she took a little sal volatile. At last she fell asleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, standing at her bedroom door, and she awoke in a great terror, and she jumped out of bed, and she said, "I'll have an end of this; I'll have an end of these foolish imaginations." And she rushed to the door, and she threw the door wide open. And there at the door stood the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other. And when he suddenly saw Lady Vernon in her white nightdress, with her hair streaming down her back, he was so dreadfully frightened that he dropped the candle on the floor and rushed off down the staircase and off to the stables, where there was a horse ready saddled and bridled, on which he meant to have ridden away when he had murdered Lady Vernon. And he rode away without having murdered her at all, and he was never heard of again.

Almost Disbelieved Her Eyes.

"Among the memories of my boyhood," said a New York man, "there is one odd episode that is particularly vivid. It is a conversation that I overheard one morning as I walked toward the Boston high school between two women.

"The women were talking about babies—their size, weight, health, and so forth.

"'Why, when I was a week old,' said the first woman, 'I was such a little baby that they put me in a quart pot and put the lid on over me.'

"The other woman was amazed and horrified. 'And did you live?' she asked.

"'They say I did,' her friend answered.

"'Well, well, well!' exclaimed the second woman. And she glanced at the other almost doubtfully."

Ceresota Flour

sales outstrip the records of brands old enough to be its great grandfather, because extraordinary merit is found in every bag. You need only the first sack to tell you why.

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The dairy herd will do better at the pail when pasture is short and flies are bad if they are stabled during the heat of the day and given a ration of green corn or hay.

Even in the dairy business misery loves company, this truth probably accounting for the fact that poor cows and poor and improvident dairymen are so often to be found on the same premises.

Peas, beans or any other legume plowed under not only contribute a considerable supply of available nitrogen to the soil, but add a supply of humus in the shape of decayed vegetable matter.

Kansas dairies seem to be suffering from transportation rates which are so adjusted as to give decided advantage to the big centralizer plants through less rates for long hauls. Twelve years ago there were 300 creameries in the state, while there are at present but 59. In contrast to this state of affairs, low rates on short hauls in the state of Minnesota have been in part responsible for an increase in the number of creameries from 300 to 920 in the same period.

Those orchardists who are receiving the largest returns quite generally follow the practice of hand thinning the fruit on overloaded trees. This not only relieves the heavy pull on trees which set too heavily, but insures a larger and more uniform size and better quality of fruit. This thinning, which is done when the apples are about an inch through, makes possible the elimination of dwarfed and defective fruit and reduces the work of picking by just so much at harvest time. In the thinning process no care is required in the handling of the apples, and the work can be done rapidly.

Any man who is able to walk for a living, as the Weary Willies do, can usually muster enough energy to do a little work for the meal he calls for at the back door. If he isn't willing to do this, introduce him to the dog and show him the highway.

It is estimated that it would take 200 or more of the poor dairy cows to be found in most any state to give the annual profit from their milk and butter yield that is realized from the one cow Jacoba Irene. Besides this, there is the job of milking the 200.

The average farm implement man can hardly view with aught but a feeling of satisfaction the carelessness which so many farm owners exhibit if the matter of putting their machinery under cover, as it means an increased trade in repairs and new machines.

The Kansas fruit grower is in trouble from the operation of the pure food laws of the state, which require, among other things, that a quart berry box shall contain a quart of berries and not seven-eighths of a quart. Under the new regulations the growers will be compelled to stamp seven-eighths of a quart on the short measure boxes.

There are thousands of farms the country over which would be transformed and the life thereon made immensely brighter if eight or ten dairy cows were purchased, a silo installed and clover or alfalfa grown. This trilogy might well be called the faith, hope and charity of the agricultural world and will do more to save soil sinners from the wrath to come than any other virtues in the category.

Pure Food Commissioner Wright of Iowa has had an interesting problem shoved at him for solution—whether the sticking of a pin point through the shells of eggs, a practice followed by poultry fanciers to prevent the eggs they sell on the common market from being used for hatching purposes, is a violation of the state pure food law. This would seem to be getting the pure food law down to a pretty fine point.

New and old potatoes have been on a good deal of a soar the past couple of months. Spuds that were priced at 60 cents a bushel last fall brought $1.75 by spring, while this year's crop wholesaled in May for $1.55 per bushel, the local grocer charged about 5 cents a pound, or close to $3 per bushel. This year's high prices are the result of a 40 per cent shortage in the Texas crop and a belated spring which delayed three weeks the marketing of the new grown crop.

Patriotism

The stomach is a larger factor in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than most people are aware. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. The confirmed dyspeptic "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder.

A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness.

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

The dealer who offers a substitute for the "Discovery" is only seeking to make the little more profit realized on the sale of less meritorious preparations.

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