HE KNEW HIS FACTS

"John," she said, "I will be a sister to you, but—"

"So it's a throwdown, eh?" asked the young man with the rosebud in his buttonhole.

"Yes," she admitted, frowning. "If you want to talk about it that way, I suppose it is."

"All right," he said, "don't get warm. Wait a bit."

He arose to his feet and consulted a slip of paper which he took from his pocket. Immediately thereafter he threw his shoulders back, shot his cuffs and made a comprehensive gesture.

"Madam," said he, "are you aware that according to the last government census there was, in the state of New York, an excess of 65,000 females? Do you know that if every single male was married to-morrow there would be 65,000 females left over? Were you aware of this?"

She tapped her little foot upon the carpet, but answered him not.

"And you, madam!" he cried, wiggling his index finger at her, "What guarantee have you that you would not be one of the 65,000?"

She sniffed the air, but that was all.

"Madam!" he continued. "Are you aware that when a woman has reached the age of 25 her chances of matrimony grow less and less each year until they disappear altogether? Did you know this?"

He pointed his finger at her again.

"And you, madam!" he cried. "What ground have you for supposing that your chances are better than those of the girl next door or the girl across the street?"

"Twenty-five, eh?" she asked.

"Yes, '25!'" he said, eyeing her sternly.

"Twenty-five, eh?" she sniffed.

With an impatient movement he returned to his oratorical manner.

"Do you know," said he, "that on account of the unprecedented rise in rents, food and clothing, the number of marriages is falling off daily? That every day a woman's chance of matrimony grows distinctly less, to say nothing of the decrease in her chances on account of the increase in her age? Have you been advised of this?"

He ppinted his inexorable finger at her and cried—

"And you, madam! What right have you to suppose that you are an exception to the rule?"

She tried to pass it off with a laugh, but nevertheless she batted her eyes in a thoughtful manner.

"Do you regard an honorable proposal of marriage as an every-day occurrence?" he declaimed. "Do you know that there are thousands of old maids in this broad land to-day, lonely and in despair, each of whom would give ten years of her life to recall her light refusal of the first and only proposal she ever received?"

He folded his hands behind him and leaned forward impressively.

"And you!" he solemnly exclaimed. "Could you make oath that you will ever receive another proposal of marriage?"

He straightened himself with an abrupt motion and shot his cuffs again.

"Do you know," he demanded, "that there are more than 1,000,000 old maids in these United States and that the number is increasing every day? Ah, think of them! Think of them with pity!"

He leaned forward again impressively, almost tenderly.

"What girl knows," he whispered, "but that she will be one of these millions? Do you?"

Was it a tear that glistened in her eye?"

"Do you know," he continued with a gentle mourfulness, "that the number of old ladies' homes is increasing in geometrical progression? That every day, every hour, lonely spinsters are obliged to seek the refuge offered by these fast-growing institutions?"

He sat down beside her.

"Mary," he whispered, "are you aware that the average adult male's income is less than nine dollars a week—that I am getting $40. Don't cry, little girl! It's all right. I—I'll have you."

And when mother, wondering at the silence, looked in a few minutes later he was measuring her for the ring in a lordly sort of way.

No Entrance There.

There is one door in the big State, War and Navy building which is sacred to the presence of one cabinet officer. He alone gets in and out of it; every other person connected with the United States navy or with the government of the United States has to go around.

The door leads into the office of Secretary of the Navy Meyer. He enters through it and leaves by it, but all other times it remains locked.

One day Mrs. Meyer visited the department. She was in a hurry, and as soon as she reached the corridor in front of her husband's office she headed for the sacred door.

Mrs. Meyer tried the door; she twisted the knob, and then knocked. She knocked again. The answer came from Private Secretary Taylor's door in the form of a big colored messenger. He spoke to Mrs. Meyer, and she followed him through the circuitous path which leads to her husband's desk.

Fifteen minutes later she came out; this time she used the private door of Secretary of the Navy Meyer.

NO LOSS POSSIBLE

EVERY CARE IS EXERCISED IN UNITED STATES MINTS.

The Smallest Particles of Gold and Silver That Escape in the Minting Are Recovered Through Various Processes.

It has been aptly said that no miser guards his treasure more religiously than Uncle Sam watches over the precious metals that pass through his mints. Then, too, the precautions against waste are almost innumerable.

Every evening in each of the mints of the United States the floors of the melting rooms are swept cleaner than a New England housewife's kitchen. The dust is carefully put aside and about once in two months the soot scraped from every flue is transferred to the same precious dust heap. This is then burned, and from its ashes the government derives no inconsiderable income. The earthenware crucibles used in melting are employed no more than three times. They are crushed beneath heavy rollers, and in their pourous sides are found flakes of the precious metal.

In the melting room, when the casters raise their ladles from the melting pots, a shower of sparks fly from the molten surface of the metal. For the most part they are bits of incandescent carbon, but clinging to the carbon is often a minute particle of metal. Lest such particles should escape, the ashes and clinkers below the furnaces are gathered up at night. This debris is ground into powder by means of a steam crusher and then is sold to a smelter, like ordinary ore, at a price warranted by the assayer.

The ladles that stir the precious metal, the big iron rods, the strainers and the dippers, all are tested in a most curious fashion. After considerable use, they become covered with a thin layer of oxidized silver, closely resembling a brown rust. The implements are then laid in baths of a solution of sulphuric acid, which eats away the iron and steel and leaves the silver untouched.

Gradually the ladle, or whatever the implement is, will disappear, and in its place remains a hollow, silver counterpart of the original, delicate as spun glass. These fragile casts reproduce the ladle with perfect accuracy in all its details, although their surfaces are perforated with innumerable little holes. Scarcely have they been molded, however, before they are cast into a crucible, to become in time dollars, quarters and dimes.

In one corner of the melting room there is a large tank, into which newly-cast silver bars are dropped and left to cool. Infinitesimal flakes of silver scale off and rise to the surface of the water, which acquires the metallic luster of a stagnant pool. Here is silver that must not be lost, so beneath the pipe through which the tank is emptied is banked a thick layer of mud. As the water filters through it, the mud retains the precious residuum. Four times a year this mud is removed, and each experiment discloses the fact that some $50 has been saved.

Wet and Dry Moons.

There is an old superstition, which dies hard, that the position of the horns of the new moon tells what the weather will be; if the horns of the crescent are on the same level, it will hold water, and hence it is a dry moon; but if it is tipped up, then the water will run out, and it is a wet moon.

One thing has helped keep this belief alive; the moon is "dry" in the part of the spring that is usually fair, while it is "wet" during the season of autumn rains.

If this were a sure sign of the weather we could have our predictions years in advance, for an astronomer can predict the exact position of the moon at any time in the future.

The cause for the different positions of the crescent is simple: The moon is south of the sun in the autumn and north of it in spring. The crescent is found by the light of the sun falling on the moon, and the horns are naturally in a line perpendicular to the direction of the sun from the moon. That is all there is to it.

Farms Without Children.

Seventy-two houses, 13 of them empty, on 11 miles of road through excellent farming country, is what a correspondent in Moravia regards in his lecture as a typical situation in this state. The farmers down that way are in a large measure elderly men. Among the original families deaths are more common than births. The problem of getting help on the farm is a distressing one. Mr. Parker suggests that men must be hired from the city or village.

And of all the unhappy details of the unhappy situation the most so is the fact that in the 11 miles there are only 25 persons less than 21 years old. Homes in a city where children might be, but are not, are deplorable, but such homes in the country are not only lacking in one of the things that make home happy, but are without one of the greatest sources of the farmer's wealth, and are denying to the nation what has been the basis of its greatness, farm-bred boys and girls.—Syracuse Post Standard.

Never Dined There.

"I understand you dine with Comeup very often, and I know he keeps a good table. But has he a good cellar to go with it?"

"I don't know. They always put the table in the dining-room when I'm there."

SHE WAS WARNED

"I've discovered it," announced the young man, sitting on the end of the small seat behind the palms and ferns.

"What?" asked in alarm the pretty girl who sat next him. "Is there too much powder on my nose, or do you think this is a last year's party dress made over? Because it isn't!"

"Nothing so banal," said the young man. "I don't quite know what banal means, but I like the sound of the word. No, what I've discovered is your New Year's resolution! You resolved to make me as miserable as possible!"

"How funny!" cried the pretty girl. "You aren't rehearsing for a parlor play or anything like that, are you?"

"Why should you jest with me?" the young man asked, reproachfully. "I don't have to rehearse set speeches with you—my remarks are spontaneous. They bubble forth of their own accord without any effort or control on my part."

"I should think it would make you terribly nervous," sympathized the young woman. "Never knowing what you were going to say, I mean. Why, you are likely to make all sorts of rash assertions or promises—and it's so hard to explain to people afterward!"

"I'm never that way with anyone but you," explained the young man.

"Oh, well, it's all right, then'" said the girl. "Of course I never pay any serious attention to what you say!"

"I'm quite aware of that fact," said the young man. "It's the thing which really worries me. I think you do it on purpose, as I said before, just to keep me unhappy."

"Why," said the young woman in a grieved tone, "I wouldn't make a fly unhappy if I could avoid it!"

"Of course you wouldn't," said the young man. "There aren't any flies at this time of year, and you know it. Besides, I'm not at all interested in the emotion of flies. What is engaging my attention wholly at present is the state of my own feelings, and they are what you might call harassed. Or harrowed."

"You speak as if you were a cornfield," remarked the pretty girl. "What have I ever done to you?"

He shook his head gravely. "I couldn't begin to tell you in the limited time at our disposal," he said. "Besides, if you had a particle of sympathetic tenderness in your nature you would know without any definite arraignment. Your conscience would be curling up in agony and making you so uncomfortable that you couldn't avoid saying, 'This is the result of my inhuman treatment of that deserving young man! It serves me perfectly right!'"

"You have plenty of self-conceit, haven't you?" remarked the young woman, with interest.

"Well," admitted the young man, "I couldn't stand being with myself so much if I didn't admire me. And really I'm an exceptional young man. I don't see why you shouldn't be kind to me. It isn't as though I went home Saturday nights and beat my mother and broke the furniture. I tell you I'm a worthy—"

"Well," cried the pretty girl, "what can I do more? Am I not sitting here in a secluded corner devoting my time and thought to you when the next waltz has started and there's a distracted man out there searching for me?"

"Exercise is good for him," declared the young man. "He'll feel better for a half-dozen sprints around the room. It's Spangden, I suppose. It must be Spangden, because every time I've seen you this evening you've been dancing with him—"

"I have not!" denied the pretty girl.

"Well, deny it if you choose," said the young man, with stern sadness. "One can't always believe what one sees. That's why I said you had resolved to see how miserable you could make me. Every time I saw you with Spangden I rushed off and pounded my head against the wall in baffled fury. If you keep it up there's no telling what will happen to me."

"As though it made any difference," scoffed the pretty girl, getting to her feet and shaking out her skirts.

"You don't know anything about it," said the young man with tremendous gloom. "Isn't that Spangden coming for you now? Oh, this is adding insult to injury!"

"We part friends, I hope?" said the young woman, with a prettily worried arch to her eyebrows.

"On the surface, yes," said the young man. "For your sake I promise not to dash out from behind these palms and things and strangle Spangden before he reaches you. But, girl, beware!"

"I think you're perfectly lovely!" laughed the pretty girl. "This talk has been real fun!"

"For you, perhaps!" amended the young man, darkly. "Hello, Spangden!"

A Trained Rooster.

Walter Adams, of Skowhegan, has a rooster which has been trained to do many odd and interesting things. The bird comes at Mr. Adams's call and when told to crow puts its head on one side and sends out a ringing challenge. Mr. Adams has trained the rooster to jump through his hands, and after he does any trick he is as proud as a child would be and will immediately crow. The rooster appears to delight to have his picture taken and will stand on a box or table and pose in a very knowing way. —Kennebec Journal.

THE POULTRY RAISERS

Enthusiasm Characterizes the Movement, and as Result Poultry Show Is Assured.

Local poultry raisers are growing enthusiastic over the call for a meeting to be held Monday evening, March 21, at the city hall, police chamber, at which a permanent organization is to be effected. Every pet stock fancier in the county is invited to attend and participate. It is expected that a poultry show will be the outgrowth of the meeting and organization, and if so it will prove one of the best movements inaugurated here in some time. There are great numbers of fancy chickens, and other pet stock here, that could be used in a splendid exhibit.

If you are interested attend the meeting Monday evening.

EXTENSIVE RENOVATION

For the Brown & Conaway Barber Shop, on Main Street.

Brown & Conaway have leased their present premises for a term of years, and the building they occupy will undergo a thorough overhauling in the immediate future. A new open front of folding doors will be substituted for the present arrangement, and there will be a flat hanging awning with transoms above, so as to give the best light obtainable. The interior of the shop will be renovated, with steel ceiling, new lighting (gas and electric), and new inside finish. With the new fixtures that are to be installed this shop will be in line with the best in the city.

RIGGS IS DANGEROUSLY ILL.

Lecturer Forced to Cancel His Palestine Engagement.

The following telegram was received by the local Lyceum Committee yesterday:

"Nashville, Tenn., March 17, 1910.—Riggs dangerously ill. Compelled cancel tour. Give you Spragues twenty-third."

There will be no entertainment, as advertised for next Tuesday night, but later announcement will be made in regard to the matter, as soon as the authorities can have the proper correspondence.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Published By Authority of the Secretary of Agriculture.

For Palestine and vicinity until 7 p. m. Sunday: Partly cloudy weather tonight and Sunday.

Minimum temperature, 56.

Maximum temperature, 72.

Weather Conditions.

A disturbance of moderate intensity over the lake region has caused light rain in Northern Michigan. Another depression is entering the Pacific states, attended by rain in California, Oregon, Washington and Nevada. Light showers have also occurred in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. Anti-cyclonic conditions prevail from the lower Mississippi valley eastward to the Atlantic coast. There has been a marked rise in temperature over the lake region and in the New England states. Partly cloudy weather prevails over Texas, with temperatures ranging from 50 degrees in the Panhandle to 66 degrees at Corpus Christi.

T. R. Taylor,
Official in Charge.

A Fire Chief There, Maybe.

One day a sympathetic old German gentleman was leisurely strolling past one of the city firehouses when he was moved by the tears of the captain. Stopping to offer consolation, he said:

"Say, for what you grief?"

"Oh," replied the captain with a fresh gush of tears, "my poor father is dead. If he had lived just one more day he would have been chief of the whole fire department, just think."

"Do not so bad feel," said the friendly old German, patting the fellow on the shoulder, "maybe he is a fire chief now."—From Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

Alaric the Goth.

Alaric, the first of the barbarian kings who entered and sacked the Eternal City, and the first enemy who had appeared before its walls since the time of Hannibal, is said to have received as the price of his departure from the city (during the first siege in A. D. 408) 5,000 pounds weight of gold, 3,000 pounds weight of silver 3,000 silken robes, 3,000 pieces of scarlet cloth and 4,000 pounds of pepper. In order to furnish a portion of the ransom it became necessary to melt down some of the statues of the ancient gods.

To Cure a Cold In One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25 cents.

PRATT'S BUSINESS IS HELPING TROLLEY MEN WHEN THEY STRIKE.

Organizing street railway employees into unions and helping them to fight for higher wages is the business of Clarence O. Pratt, who has had charge of the big strike in Philadelphia. Pratt is considered one of the country's ablest labor leaders. He is an Ohio man by birth and residence, but his vocation takes him to all sections of the country. Pratt has taken an active part in managing a score of strikes.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

Free to You and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases, and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H - - - Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

The 27th of March is EASTER

EASTER comes early this spring so it is up to you to order that EASTER suit early. Get ready for an early Spring. Call and see our new 3500 select samples. All of the new gray shades, tans, blues and the latest fashion plates. Fashions that will appeal to young men and old. They are up-to-the-minute, and prices are low. Call in and convince yourself. You can save money on a suit by buying from us.

Tippen & Gilbreath,
Merchant Tailors.

Cor. Oak and John Streets—The Red Front.

L. W. MEREDITH ABSTRACT CO.

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Accurate, reliable and responsible work guaranteed.

Office with the District Clerk and County Treasurer in the court house For the present phone No. 107 where orders may be left for abstract work which will receive prompt attention. We also write deeds and other instruments and take acknowledgments, etc.

Yours to serve,

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MACHINERY.

Should you need Cotton Ginning, Cane Grinding, Saw Mill, or other Machinery, or repairs for same, it matters not by whom made, Dilleys' can save you time, trouble or money, perhaps all, if you will consult them. You are desirious of building up Anderson County—give proof of it, by first giving home factories, employing home labor, an opportunity to serve you; and then, all things being equal, give them the preference.

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