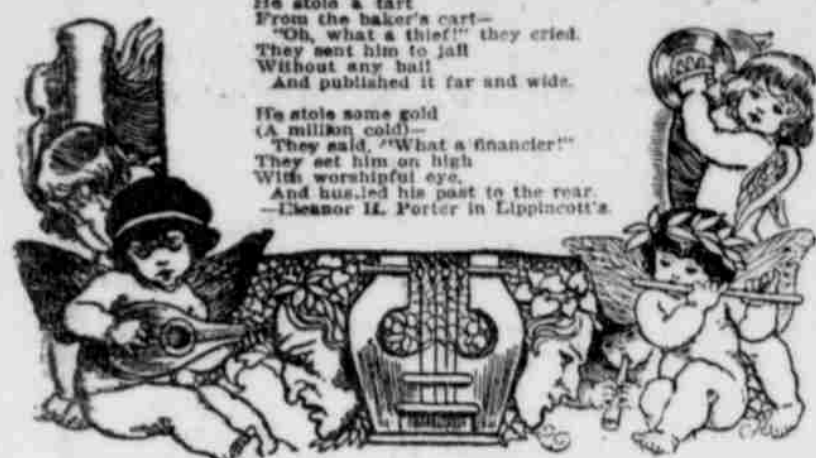


THE DIFFERENCE



He stole a tart
From the baker's cart—
"Oh, what a thief!" they cried.
They sent him to jail
Without any bail
And published it far and wide.

He stole some gold
(A million gold)—
They said, "What a financier!"
They set him on high
With worshipful eyes,
And buried his post to the rear.
—Eleanor H. Porter in Lippincott's.

The Yellow Streak

Ellsworth never knew until some time in March how near Mrs. Ellsworth came to marrying the other fellow. The other fellow's name was Gridley, but he hated him, and felt that nothing would make him quite so happy as to show him up in his true light. He did not know what Gridley's true light was, but he was confident it must be a bad one, and he wanted to shine by contrast.

He began the disillusioning process by making Gridley's acquaintance. Incidentally he inquired secretly into his pedigree, social and financial. This investigation, however, resulted in nothing discreditable to Gridley, with the exception of his having been in love with Mrs. Ellsworth, and that was a crime for which not even Ellsworth, when reflecting on the matter in his saner moments, could consistently blame him.

But the budget of testimony elicited in Gridley's favor did not alter Ellsworth's conviction that he was a rascal.

"All evidence to the contrary," Ellsworth declared, "I still think the fellow has a yellow streak somewhere in his make-up, and I am going to find it if it takes ten years."

It did not take ten years to get track of the saffron-tinted streak. One day in the latter part of April Ellsworth and Gridley happened to be in Philadelphia on business. They met in the Broad Street station and came over to New York together. On the way Gridley got confidential, and before they crossed Cortlandt Street ferry Ellsworth had found the yellow streak. After dinner he told his wife about it.

"I saw a friend of yours to-day," he said.

"Who?" she asked.

"Ed Gridley. He asked about you." Mrs. Ellsworth flushed him an inquiring glance out of the corner of her eye. She had never told Ellsworth that she had been engaged to Gridley, and she wondered how much he knew of that arrested romance.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Mr. Gridley and I are old friends. But I did not know you were acquainted with him. How do you like him?"

"Not very well," said Ellsworth. "I think he is a cad."

"That is strange," she said. "He never impressed me so."

"That is because you do not know him as well as I do. Just wait till you hear what he told me this afternoon, and you will change your mind. He told me a funny thing that happened three years ago, when he was courting some girl up in the country somewhere. He did not mention the exact locality, and I forgot to ask, but it doesn't matter. Anyway, he and the girl were getting sweet on each other, and one evening when they were out driving they made up their minds to get married. They were then several miles from the hotel where the party was staying. About halfway between the village and the point in the road where they happened to be when the matrimonial notion struck them was a paragon occupied by a young Baptist preacher, and they decided to stop there on their way back.



Get confidential.

He took the hotel and got him to perform the ceremony.

"They were in a hired rig. The horse was a big, long-tailed bay that was noted for his peaceful disposition. A woman could drive him. Although Gridley and the big bay had been on several jaunts together they had never got very well acquainted, so when Gridley in his anxiety to reach the paragon in good time on that particular evening, touched the whip lightly to the big bay's back, the bay re-

sented the familiarity. He quickened his pace, which was what Gridley wanted him to do, but he quickened it too much for comfort and safety. He did not actually run away, he just cantered along at a lively gallop, and no amount of whooping and jerking at the reins could induce him to slow up a bit.

"By and by they drew near the paragon. Gridley sawed on the lines with all his might so as to pull the bay to a dead stop by the time they reached the front gate. But the big bay's temper was up. He had been insulted by the application of the whip, and while he was very careful about where he went and gave Gridley and the girl to understand that he did not mean to break their necks, he was also careful to let them know that he intended to keep on going till he got sent the familiarity. He quickened his pace, which was what Gridley wanted him to do, but he quickened it too much for comfort and safety. He did not actually run away, he just cantered along at a lively gallop, and no amount of whooping and jerking at the reins could induce him to slow up a bit.



"I am more firmly convinced now than ever, that he has a yellow streak."

ready to stop, and they might as well make the best of it. He carried them right past the paragon and never let up trotting at his dead level gallop till he reached the hotel, and then he turned in at the driveway and stopped in front of the porch as unconcerned as if that was where Gridley had headed him for at the start.

"Gridley was hopping mad. He wanted to thrash the big bay and then hire another horse that was not prejudiced against matrimony and go back to the paragon and get married after all. But the girl wouldn't do it. She was inclined to be superstitious, and she argued that Fate had directed the maneuvers and that the bay horse had been inspired by Providence to break off the proposed marriage. Gridley didn't agree with her. He gave her the devil the credit for the performance rather than the opposing power, but the girl was set in her opinion and wouldn't give in, so they never got married."

Ellsworth paused and looked at his wife curiously. Her face was flushed, and his expressions ran the gamut of emotions from surprised indignation to hysterical mirth.

"But I don't see," she said presently, "why you should dislike Mr. Gridley on that account. Perhaps it was not exactly honorable to propose a sudden marriage as he did, but the girl seemed willing, and I don't see why you should put all the blame on him. Many other men—indeed, I may say most other men—would have done the same thing."

"Oh, I'm not finding fault with him for that little escapade in itself," said Ellsworth. "What I blame him for is the fact that when he was trying to persuade that girl to marry him on the sly he was engaged to some one else."

Mrs. Ellsworth's eyes opened wide, then narrowed ominously. "He was?" she cried. "How do you know that?"

"It is easily figured out. That took place in the late summer of 1900."

"Well," she said, "what does that prove?"

Ellsworth stood up and looked at her fixedly. "Prove?" he echoed. "It proves everything. It proves that Gridley's got that yellow streak I always credited him with. I've never said anything to you about it, but—I know lots of things you think I don't know. I know Gridley was fond of you. In short, I know you were engaged to him at that very time, and I—oh, hang it all, can't you see what I mean? I don't so much mind your having been engaged to him—a fellow expects a girl to figure in two or three little affairs of that kind before she finally settles down with the right one nowadays. It is the fact that he was about to play you a mean trick and go off and make love to some other girl

and marry her while you were down here in New York or some place else believing him steadfast as Gibraltar all that time that makes me hot. You were a million times too good for him, and when I think of the way he was about to play you false I could wring his neck with real pleasure."

Mrs. Ellsworth spread her hands before her face and peeped at her husband between her fingers.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "what a great big goose you are. And what a good fellow into the bargain. When you began that story I thought you knew what you were talking about, but it seems you didn't. I never meant to tell you, but I can't help myself now. Mr. Gridley wasn't engaged to anybody else at all—at least, I don't think he was. I was the girl he tried to marry, and if it hadn't been for that horse—"

The revelations took Ellsworth's breath away for a few minutes.

"Well," he said, when he finally got it back, "he came nearer getting you than I thought. I must say that under the circumstances the fellow had gall to tell me about it, and I am more firmly convinced now than ever that he has a yellow streak."—Emma M. Wise, in New York Times.

BRAVERY OF AMERICAN SAILOR.

Here of One of Most Notable Deeds Ever Performed.

What threatened to be one of the worst disasters in the history of shipping was the burning of the Ocean Monarch. The fire was discovered in her fore hold an hour or two only after she left the Mersey. There was a strong breeze and she was headed for the Welsh coast.

By some unlucky accident an anchor was dropped and the big ship was brought up all standing, head to the wind. The flames came roaring at, where 600 passengers and crew were crowded.

A Brazilian frigate, a yacht and a pilot boat were near, but they only attempted to pick up those who jumped and swam. Suddenly up came an American clipper, and rounded into the wind barely 200 yards away. In her first boat was Frederick Jerome, only an able seaman, but one of the bravest seamen that ever lived. In a flash his boat was alongside the burning ship and he climbed on deck amid the scorch and smother. There he stayed until the last soul of 600 was saved. His clothes were on fire seven separate times, and he was searched almost beyond recognition.—Exchange.

IS A SERVICEABLE INVENTION.

New Discovery Which Will Greatly Help Builders.

A new building material which promises much for the future is called urallite. It is the invention of a Russian artillery officer and chemist, named Imshentzky. Urallite is composed of asbestos fibre, with a proper proportion of silicate, bicarbonate of soda and chalk, and is absolutely fire-proof. In a soft form a sheet of urallite is like an asbestos board; when hard it resembles finely sawn stone and has a metallic ring. Besides being a non-conductor of heat and electricity, it is practically waterproof (and may be made entirely so by paint), and it is not affected either by atmospheric influences or by the acids contained in smoke, which rapidly destroy galvanized iron. It can be cut by the usual carpenter's or wood-worker's tools; it can be veneered to form paneling for walls or partitions; it can be painted, grained, polished and glued together like wood; it does not split when a nail is driven through it; it is not affected when exposed to moisture or great changes of temperature, and it can be given any desired color either during the process of manufacture or afterward.

Down On the Farm.

When fiercely smites the brazen sky,
And pavements parched, and scorching lie,
'Tis then the countryside invokes
His pilgrimages of "city folks."

The loudest, through the golden days,
His strident hurdy-gurdy plays;
His fretful fustian, through the nights,
Their myriad electric lights.

The flow'rs that deck the meadows o'er
Eclipse the gayest milliner store;
They're wholly free to all who pass—
No copper yells "Git off the grass!"

The cows that "milk the pastures walk
Are fed on buttercups, not chalk!
No song they ring, but gently moo.
The milk they serve is white, not blue!

Here winds no plodding caravan
With half "Free-e-sh fish!" "Banana" ban-

But here strut forth on sturdy legs
And kindly cackle, "Eggs! Fresh eggs!"
—Edwin L. Sabin in the Four Track News.

First Schoolhouse Flag.

It is claimed that the first flag raised on a schoolhouse in this country was hoisted on Catamount Hill, Colerain, Franklin county, Mass., in May, 1812. Recently a party of patriotic citizens of the town placed a stone slab on the site of the old log schoolhouse, and it is to be suitably inscribed and "unveiled" with appropriate ceremonies. The flag raised in 1812 was made by Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Shippee, Mrs. Alden Willis and Mrs. Stephen Hale, from material spun and woven in the different homes of the neighborhood.

Ahead of Time.

Little Richard, a 5-year-old West Philadelphia boy, who has arrived at the dignity of first trousers, was disgusted when he saw a little neighbor, aged 3, arrayed also in the garments of distinction. "Now just look what they've done to that Wilson baby!" he exclaimed. "They've gone and put him in pants before they know whether it's going to be a boy or a girl!"

DAIRY

Pastures Profitable.

From Farmers' Review: During our 40 years of experience we have used pastures and find them profitable. We find a cow to be a creature of education. If one dries off a heifer and lets her go dry for four or five months she will be inclined to repeat the habit. Most farmers depend wholly on pastures and make their calculations to use so many acres to a certain number of cows, and when the flush is over or a dry time comes their rations are curtailed, and hence the yield is shortened, and when a cow falls in her yield for a few days it is almost impossible to get her back to a normal yield again. A cow is simply a machine to be governed by a manager, and to be the most profitable she must have all she can eat and be taken good care of to do her best; hence, it is necessary absolutely to provide proper rations in case of short pastures to keep the machinery running profitably. This can be most economically done by providing silage for such emergencies or some succulent food such as alfalfa or sweet corn or green clover. The profit comes from the food used after a ration necessary to maintain the machinery and keep it in use; then whatever feed is used runs to profit and the yield is kept up much longer. We do not want to keep cows that are non-paying boarders for four or five months.—J. F. Converse, Jefferson County, New York.

Selling Cattle.

From Farmers' Review: Referring to the profitability or otherwise of selling milk cows, I would say that so far as we have pursued the practice of selling our cows, we have done so chiefly for lack of sufficient pasturage for all the stock we were keeping. Our pasture land is partially woodland and other unutilized ground, which would be waste if not pastured. Through selling and semi-selling (that is, feeding a good lot of green stuff morning and night at the barn, in addition to the grain) we have undoubtedly been able to carry more stock, keep up the milk flow better, and kept the stock in better condition, than if they depended upon the pasture entirely. We think that there can be no universal rule as to whether it is profitable or not to sell milk cows or other cattle. If, as in our case, a man has land he cannot till but can pasture, it is certainly more profitable to pasture it than to have the ground idle. We periodically through the pasturing season, take the milk cows out of the pasture and sell them for a week or two until the pasture gets "caught up" again. When we do this, we generally leave the young stock (and dry cows, if any) on the pasture.—Eugene E. Stevens.

Selling Milk Exhausts Land.

From Farmers' Review: For the last seven years I have sold my milk at wholesale to the Boston contractors. Previously for a time I sold cream, and before that butter. I consider it now more advantageous for a farmer to sell cream if possible than any other method of disposing of his product. Next I prefer butter, the small additional price secured for selling whole milk is not sufficient to make up for the value of the skim milk to the farmer, both for feeding and fertilizing purposes. The milk producers of this vicinity have been shipping the fertility of their farms to Boston for years; hence there is a general complaint of worn out lands. I sell whole milk because I am obliged to, not because I prefer it.—J. B. Marsh, Worcester County, Massachusetts.

An Iowa Decision.

The Iowa courts have just decided a very interesting point in regard to oleo having a slightly yellow color. It has been asserted and believed that butter could be incorporated with oleo, thus giving it a color legally. Some oleo very slightly yellow was seized in Iowa and the sellers prosecuted. The oleo men argued that the little color in the butter did not come in as a result of artificial coloring. The prosecutors contended that it made no difference how it got there as long as it was present. The judge and the jury took this view of it.

Night Pasturing.

From Farmers' Review: I have tried both the yarding and pasturing of cows in summer and have found out that our cows did a good deal better by letting them run at night, as they like to take a bite after milking and sometimes one can hear the bell-cow grazing as late as nine o'clock and later. If a farmer had a place to give them some feed, yarding would be all right, but otherwise they will give better returns by letting them run.—Fred Tachud, Green county, Wisconsin.

A Community Bull.

From Farmers' Review: I think the benefit to a community would be great, if the leading farmers that have dairy cows would combine and buy a first-class dairy bull to be used on their herds. He would soon pay for himself and the farmers would soon have some good cows. It would also be a good plan to make a change every two years.—James E. Gray, Clay county, Iowa.

An Illinois woman claims to have driven ants away from her lawn by sprinkling their haunts with a mixture of equal parts of tartar emetic and sugar.

LIVE STOCK

Starving Cattle Ticks.

A bulletin of the Mississippi Station says: The longest time that we have been able to keep them alive is about three months. Prof. Morgan succeeded in keeping them without food from September 14th, 1897, until January 26th, 1898, about four and one-half months, and during warmer weather about two months—from July 20th to September 15th. Dr. Schroeder, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, collected a number of female ticks February 3d, 1897. Eggs from these had hatched by March 11th, and many of the seed ticks remained alive until July 21st—four months and ten days—when they were placed upon a cow. A number of these were matured by August 13th, when they were collected. We thus see that these ticks remained alive more than five months. If we suppose, that tick eggs can retain their vitality five and one-half months and the seed ticks live five and one-half months without food before dying, we see that eleven (11) months would be the maximum time that a pasture could remain infested after removing all cattle. In this estimate, however, we make no allowance for their chances of being killed by cold, sunlight and heavy rains.

Polled Herefords.

In 1898 Gen. W. W. Guthrie of Atchison, Kan., showed a group of cattle at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha that attracted much attention. These cattle had Hereford characteristics, minus the horns, and General Guthrie called them "Polled Kansauns." They had been produced by crossing Hereford bulls on "muley" cows, in-breeding being avoided by resort again to Hereford stock. The bull shown was said to get a good percentage of hornless calves. Since then the interest has grown, the name Polled Hereford has been adopted, and recently the American Polled Hereford Cattle Club was organized, with headquarters in Des Moines, Iowa; Warren Gammon, secretary. The polled variation is not so common among Herefords as among Shorthorns, and this imposes a considerable disadvantage on one who attempts to fix it; but there are occasional registered Herefords that have never developed horns. An effort is now being made to collect these animals into one herd and thereby form the nucleus for more extended operations. Such work is commendable and will be watched with interest.—Bulletin 34, Bureau of Animal Industry.

Soaked Feed for Horses.

It is often claimed that soaking feed, especially hard grain, renders it more easily masticated and improves its digestibility, says bulletin 139 of the Department of Agriculture. It is doubtful if the matter is as important with horses as with some other classes of farm animals. It has been found in experimental tests that healthy horses with good teeth digested dry beans and corn as well as the same material that had been soaked in water for 24 hours. Soaking or wetting feed may sometimes be of importance as regards the health of horses. According to the experience of an English feeder, chaffed straw, which was fed on account of a shortage in the hay crop, gave better results when soaked than when dry. The dry material caused colic and constipation. It was also observed that the horses relished soaked grain. It is believed that the soaked in hay causes heaves, and, to avoid such trouble, both long and cut hay, especially clover, is very often dampened before feeding, to lay the dust.

The Original Angorzo.

The opinion of Mr. Schreiner, the South African authority, of a pure-bred Angora is as follows: I think it is certain that the original pure-bred white mohair goat was a small, very refined, delicate animal, of great beauty, clipping at twelve months' growth of fleeces about from two to four pounds (according to age and sex)—kids considerably less) of dazzling white, fine, soft, silky, very lustrous mohair, curling in ringlets from 10 to 18 inches long, with merely the minimum of oil in its fleece requisite to the growth of hair of the highest excellence, so small in amount as to be inappreciable to the unskilled observer. It was perfectly clothed in every part; it had short, silky, curly hair about the face and down the lower parts of the legs to the hocks; a soft, silky, curly "kuff" (tuft on the forehead), and small, thin, light-colored horns. The ewe was, of course, smaller and finer than the ram, and had only one kid at a birth (of this there is abundant evidence).

Death of Missie 165.

Shorthorn breeders will learn with regret of the great loss sustained by Mr. E. W. Bowen of Delphi, Indiana, in the death last week of his celebrated cow, Missie 165, one of the finest examples of the best type of Shorthorn that ever entered the show ring. At the great International Exposition of 1901 and 1902, where were gathered the flower of the breed from all parts of the world, Missie was awarded second premium, her competitor for first place being the undefeated Ruberta, who has yet to meet her match.

When green peas are not particularly tender, a little bicarbonate of soda and a few mint leaves will improve their quality and flavor.

NEW WORDS IN OUR LANGUAGE.

Coined Expressions Guaranteed to Puzzle the Ordinary Citizen.

New words, many of which are not found in the dictionaries, are cropping up to puzzle proofreaders. The introduction of the automobile has developed the term "garage," which is frequently used. It signifies a place where automobile parts are stored, to be assembled, or brought together when required.

"Greg" is a term used by builders to designate broken brick.

"Savage," as a verb, originated on the race course, and is now used in courting circles. It signifies to make a vicious, unprovoked attack—usually by a stallion or a dog.

"Racket store" is used in commercial circles to designate a store—often opened for temporary use—in which cheap goods are sold at "bargain prices." It some times includes what are usually termed "rotions."—Typographical Journal.

Why Du Chailu Was a Bachelor.

The late Paul du Chailu was on one occasion asked why he had never married. "Well, once upon a time," he answered, without a smile, "an old African king who was very fond of me offered me my choice of 853 women as a wife. 'Your majesty,' I replied, 'if I should marry one of these beauties of yours there would be 852 jealous women here.' 'Well,' replied the king, 'that is easily settled. Take them all.' That was a little too strong for me, however, and, as I have never had such a field to choose from since, I am still a bachelor."

A Good Story.

Frederika, Ia., July 13th.—Mr. A. S. Grover of this place tells an interesting story showing how sick people may regain their health if they will only be guided by the experience of others. He says:

"I had a very bad case of Kidney Trouble, which affected my urinary organs so that I had to get up every hour of the night. I could not retain my urine and my feet and limbs began to bloat up. My weight was quickly running down.

"After I had tried many things in vain, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a medicine which had cured some other very bad cases.

"This remedy has done wonders for me. I have gained eight pounds in two months. The bloat has all gone from my feet and legs, and I don't have to get up at night. I took in all about ten boxes before I was all sound."

Those who suffer as did Mr. Grover can make no mistake in taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are a sure, safe and permanent cure for all Kidney urinary disorders.

Transport on a Reef.

Manila cable: The United States transport Sumner, having on board the Fourth infantry, struck an uncharted reef and her forward hold filled rapidly, necessitating the vessel being beached.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Swollen, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Nothing pleases a busy man more than to set two chronic bones to boring each other.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

The source of all passions is sensativeness—it is the errors of imagination that transform them into vices.



Fibroid Tumors Cured

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

"Some time ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and today I am a well woman."

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. Hayes, 253 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt in the minds of fair people.