

County Clerk May's Landing Atlantic Record.

Filed Oct. 6-1906
Lewis P. Scott, Clerk.

VOL XXX

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1906

NO. 4.

PREMIUMS PAID \$3,990.50
DIVIDENDS RECEIVED \$660.95
LIFE INSURANCE FOR 10 YEARS \$5,000

A prominent Newark citizen ten years ago [then 53 years of age] took out an Endowment Policy in The Prudential to mature in fifteen years, or at previous death. It costs him \$399.05 annually. On this policy he has drawn two cash dividends, the first one, five years ago, amounting to \$310.20, and the second, quite recently, amounting to \$350.65.



A safe bet is the one you are going to make and didn't.—Philadelphia Record

Another motto for the packer: *Dumque possunt omnes (We all can do anything).—Punch.*

A Dry Duck.—"What is a dry duck?" a lady asked of Mark Twain. "A dry duck," replied the humorist, "is a hypocrite."—Johnny.

A Hypocrite.—Teacher—Johnny, what is a hypocrite? Johnny—A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face.

Did you run across anybody in that automobile tour? "We ran down town and then ran across 'em."—Baltimore American.

Senator, a political job is pretty hard to work, isn't it? "Not very," replied Senator Badger, "but getting it is—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Beating Necessities.—"It is necessary to endorse stamps?" asked the poet. "More necessary, even, than to endorse poetry," responded the editor.

The Happy Man.—Pessimist—You haven't had all that you wanted in life, have you? Optimist—No; but I haven't had all that I didn't want, either.

General Uncle—I will make you a monthly allowance, but understand me, I will pay no money to my nephew. All right, uncle. Neither will I.—Tales.

Tommy—Pa, what is the Isthmus of Panama? Pa.—The Isthmus of Panama, Tommy, is a narrow strip of land connecting Central America with the United States Territory.—Life.

Where It Would Do Most Good.—Tailor—Well, my little man, will you have the shoulders padded? Bertie—No. If you're going to put any padding in the suit put it in the pants.

What, Indeed.—Sarah Gamp (announcing the happy event)—Please, sir, it's a little girl. Absent-minded Father (looking up from his writing)—Eh? Oh—ab—ask her what she wants, will you?

But," protested Mrs. Newlived, "I don't see why you ask it? I've got a half peck for your beans. The other man only wanted 10 cents." "Yes," replied the huckster; "but these here beans of mine is all hand-picked."—The Grocer.

"Here, you, sir," cried the irate old gentleman, "didn't I tell you never to enter this house again?—How was that?" replied the persistent suitor. "You said not to cross your threshold, so I climbed in the window."—Philadelphia Press.

"Young Jolien always says the right thing, doesn't he? He never seems at a loss for the proper reply." "Well, I'm thinking of it," replied the other man. "Miss Keene asked him if he thought she looked as old as he was."—Cleveland Leader.

Definition.—May—Girls, what do the papers mean when they talk of the seat of war? Ella—I don't know any more than I do what a standing army is for? Belle—Why, how ignorant you are, dears. The seat of war is for the standing army to sit down on when it gets tired.

Her Father.—But, sir, you are not the sort of man I should like for a son-in-law. Young Man—Oh, that's all right. You are not the sort of man I should like for a father-in-law, but I'm not going to make your daughter miserable for life by refusing to marry her on that account.—Chicago Daily News.

"I suppose," said the old-time friend, "that your folks no longer feel that anxiety about social matters that they once experienced." "Yes, they do," answered Mr. Cumroy; "mother and the girls are now as busy keepin' other women out of society as they once were gettin' in themselves."—Washington Star.

Fireworks.—Fireworks originated in the thirteenth century, along with the evolution of powder and cannon. They were first employed by the Florentines, and later the use of fireworks became popular in Rome at the creation of the Papacy.

The first fireworks which resemble those which we see nowadays were manufactured by Torre, an Italian artist, and displayed in Paris in 1764.

TROUBLE WITH HIS EYES.

For a man of age Grandfather Sampson had remarkably good sight but the time had come when he could no longer see well enough to read ordinary print. Yielding to the inevitable he went to an optician and had his eyes fitted with a pair of spectacles.

"He wore them only while reading but his deluge of his new aids to vision was unbounded. To be able to read once more was like having a new lease of life. At the end of a week, however he began to have misgivings. The spectacles were hurting his eyes. The words on the printed page grew blurred and dim.

"The trouble is," he said to himself "that I have been overdoing it. My eyes haven't got used to the things yet." For a week longer he used the glasses less frequently, but this did no good. His powers of vision seemed steadily to fall, and in great distress he went back to the optician's shop.

"See here," he said, "when I got these things they were all right but now I can't use them at all. What do you suppose is the trouble?" "Let me see the glasses," said the optician.

Grandfather Sampson handed them over. The optician wiped them carefully and put them back on his eyes. "What do you think is the trouble Mr. Sampson?" he asked.

"Nothing—now!" exclaimed the old gentleman, picking up a scrap of a newspaper. "Neither will I—Tales." Tommy—Pa, what is the Isthmus of Panama? Pa.—The Isthmus of Panama, Tommy, is a narrow strip of land connecting Central America with the United States Territory.—Life.

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THE PATH TO THE PASTURE.

The narrow path that we used to tread— Led straight away from the farmyard gate, And on the land to the paddocks led. When for our coming the cows would wait. Between its borders of grass and weeds It bore the prints of our restless feet. That stepped so blithe through the early dew, Or lagged along in the pulsing heat.

Above our heads curved a roof of blue, Where once we saw the ghost of the moon Go drifting by with the sun-tipped clouds. That sailed away to the port of noon. From nodding thistle and poplar stalk. The meadow larks through the summer sang, And from the stubble of harvest fields The bob white's call through the stillness rang.

O little path of the long ago, I've wandered far from your beaten dust, And stumbled oft in my journeys wide, And lost the key to my childish trust; But now and then in my waking dreams I stand once more by the pasture wall, And hear again from the harvest fields The cheerful sound of the bob white's call.

—New York Sun.

ONLY A GOVERNESS.

An advertisement that appeared one day in the Morning Post informed an interested world that Mrs. Mandeville Jones required a governess for her younger daughter, aged 13, with the mention of a salary of £100 a year. The advertisement was signed by Mrs. Mandeville Jones, and her name was prominent in some of the papers.

Reggie Fulwaton, who knows everybody, spotted the advertisement at once, and in the smoking room of the Hookah Club, called the attention of one of his pals to its seductive offer.

"What! You don't know Mrs. Mandeville Jones? Why, she's the proprietor of some patent medicine or other. Regular old bouncer. And she's so awful for words! But he's safely planted underneath the daisies, while she's got a house in Berkeley square and plenty of the needful! So there you are!"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Mandeville Jones had plenty of answers to her advertisement from applicants to undertake the education of Miss Irene Mandeville Jones at 18 a year.

Among the rest was a dark girl of about 20, very simply dressed in mourning, whose appearance attracted the attention of Miss Irene, because she looked so meek and amiable, and was neither too good looking nor too well dressed for a governess person.

Mrs. Mandeville Jones, who was sitting in the parlor, noticed the fact that her name was Mrs. Carew; that her father, who had been a carrier of a remote Cornish village, had lately died, leaving her mother and herself very badly off; and that she had decided to take a situation as governess.

"What a lovely girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Mandeville Jones, who was sitting in the parlor, "I have a letter from Lady Chedgrave, said Mrs. Jones, handing it to the lady as she spoke, elicited the fact that her name was Mrs. Carew; that her father, who had been a carrier of a remote Cornish village, had lately died, leaving her mother and herself very badly off; and that she had decided to take a situation as governess.

"You infernal idiot! Of course, I am still—as you gracefully put it, 'Only a governess.' She refused me!" "All right. Supposing I could tell you where she is?" "You don't really mean it, Reggie?" "Well, look here. You know the Mandeville-Jones lot?" "I've heard of them."

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OLD Favorites

A Family Portrait. Grandmother's mother; her age, I guess. Thirteen summers, or something less. Oh! Mah best, but womanly air; Smooth, square forehead with uprolled lips; Lips that love, has never kissed; Taper fingers and slender wrist; Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade; So they painted the little maid.

O, Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q! Strange is the gift that I owe to you! Such a gift as never a king— All my title to house and land; Mother and sister and child and wife. And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago Those close-shut lips had answered No! When forth the tremendous question came That asked the work of the work of a carpenter and seriously undertook to learn the trade. For her it was only a step from the saw, hatchet and nails to the art work of the old masters of machinery and then came the skill and the conception of a wood carver.

It touched the woodworker's solid wing, And said: "O bird, awake and sing!" And o'er the farms: "O chautiquer, Your clarion blow; the day is near!" It whispered to the fields of corn: "Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

SECRET STORE CODE. Warnings Used to Signal Presence of Splitters in Big Emporiums. There was a crowd of customers before the woman's hooley counter. The salesgirl who said "Two on ten" to the clerk next to her had been busy for twenty minutes with a customer, a handsomely dressed young woman, to whom she had been showing expensive silk bosery.

The young woman had been more than ordinarily difficult to please, and the space in front of her was strewn with silk. She did not seem satisfied with any that were shown her, and described several designs, each of which necessitated more or less search through the stock on the part of the clerk.

It was perhaps three minutes before the salesgirl again faced the customer with several more boxes. Still apparently dissatisfied, the handsomely dressed young woman examined them indifferently, thanking the clerk, and said she would look farther.

Just as she rose to go Miss Brown reminded Miss Smith of the new lot which had just been received, but which had not yet been placed in stock.

"Are you sure?" asked Miss Smith. "Yes, I saw them," replied Miss Brown. "Just wait a moment; I'll ask the floor walker to show them to you."

"Two on ten," Miss Brown's surety was well. This way, madam, said the floor walker, beckoning Miss Brown to follow them.

"I see her finish," remarked another of the women customers to her companion, nodding her head in the direction of the floor walker. "The young woman had gone. I used to work in a dry goods store before I got married, and it seems kind of good to hear that familiar expression, 'two on ten' again."

"What does it mean? Why, two eyes on ten fingers. That woman was absolutely deaf. The girl suspected her and gave the signal and had her deaf to rights in no time."—New York Post.

Spitting Back with Ais. The expansive force of compressed air is employed in a very interesting way by a North Carolina granite company. On a sloping hillside, composed of granite which shows no real planes but splits readily in any direction when started, a three-inch bore is sunk about eight feet, and the bottom is enlarged by exploding half a stick of dynamite.

WOMAN TAUGHT CARPENTRY.

From Saw and Hatchet She Advanced to Wood Carving. When Hortense Tafel, daughter of a former mayor of Cincinnati, proposed to teach carpentry and join in the manual training schools of Philadelphia, educators here simply smiled.

The Drexel Institute is a unique proposition in the world of education. It teaches the mechanical arts, but the students who come to Philadelphia are not the usual workmen who come to pay for an elaborate wardrobe. The tone of the place is registered in high C and above, so that everything has social significance. It was in this place and amid rich yet exclusive surroundings that Miss Tafel took up the work of a carpenter and seriously undertook to learn the trade. For her it was only a step from the saw, hatchet and nails to the art work of the old masters of machinery and then came the skill and the conception of a wood carver.

No sculptor working in marble ever lavished more interest upon his creations than did Miss Tafel upon the soft lumber first given her to waste. She spoiled nothing, she wasted nothing. She just worked and studied and studied and yet greater effort and finally a space was cleared up for the work of the display of Miss Tafel's work.

HOW DIFFERENT NATIONS SLEEP. Wooden Neck-Rests Serve as Pillows in Japan. It is evidently custom that makes comfort, even in the most necessary rest. The feather bed is no necessary in the last generation and little less than actual torments to this while the Japanese tomlaws would find even our firm, fat mattress too soft, after their custom.

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Plans Landing Record

H. W. SHANKS, Publisher. \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1906.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS—SECOND DISTRICT. HON. JOHN J. GARDNER, OF ATLANTIC COUNTY.

Township Ticket.

Assessor: HARRY JENKINS. Tax Collector: CLARK W. ABBOTT. Township Committee: CHARLES D. WALKER, HARRISON WILSON, JAMES C. DUBERSON, HOWARD RUMSEY, ANSEL B. CROWELL, JOHN SCHUBERT.

The Republicans of Atlantic County are united and harmonious and that means the triumphant election of all the candidates of the party.

No member of the New Jersey delegation in Congress has done more for the laboring man than Representative JOHN J. GARDNER.

His thorough understanding of the needs of the working classes, and the interest he has taken in matters pertaining to their welfare, brought about his appointment on the National Labor Commission, and he has signally distinguished himself in the performance of his duties. His record since he became the representative of the Second Congressional District is highly creditable to him. He has been active, energetic and sincere in the work required of him, and his untiring recommitment Tuesday for an eighth term is a fitting tribute and a sign of appreciation for his faithful and selfless services to the Nation and State.

Republican County Convention.

Republican County Convention for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for Congress and a candidate for Sheriff, to be held November 5, will be held at Aurora Hall, Egg Harbor City, on Saturday, October 21, at 10 o'clock A. M. In further compliance with said duty hereby designate Tuesday, September 18, 1906, as the day for holding the election of delegates to the Republican County Convention, to be held at Aurora Hall, Egg Harbor City, on Saturday, October 21, at 10 o'clock A. M. In further compliance with said duty hereby designate Tuesday, September 18, 1906, as the day for holding the election of delegates to the Republican County Convention, to be held at Aurora Hall, Egg Harbor City, on Saturday, October 21, at 10 o'clock A. M.

HERMAN G. MULLOCK, Chairman 1906 Convention. EDWARD R. DONNELLY, Secretary.

Delegate Representation to the Republican County Convention.

The primary election to be held through the County, Tuesday, September 25th, for delegates to the Republican County Convention, and County Convention, the representation to each will be as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Ward, Delegates, Votes. Lists wards from Atlantic City to South Township with corresponding delegate counts and vote percentages.

At a Young Mother at 70. My mother has suddenly been made young. Twenty years of lifetime suffering from rheumatism and other ailments, but after six months of treatment by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, she has completely recovered and is now as young as she was at 50.

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LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

DOINGS OF A WEEK AT THE COUNTY CAPITOL.

Broads Paraphrased, Personal and otherwise, Gathered by Record Representatives, and Bunched Together for Quick Reading.

Mr. D. H. Frazer was a visitor yesterday. Mr. J. J. Jumbo came here better than ever.

The Board of Trustees of the M. E. Church will meet in the Lecture Room of the church this evening at 7:45.

The many friends of Mrs. A. M. Barrett, and throughout the County, will regret to learn of her continued serious illness.

Preaching at 10:30 in the M. E. Church tomorrow morning. In the evening at 7:45 Rev. G. W. Tidout will preach a temperance sermon.

Members L. B. Corson, Daniel McClure and Joseph Bauer, comprising the Township Committee inspected the New Lake City water works last Monday.

The residence of the late Capt. S. S. Hudson is offered for sale. Apply to M. R. Moran, May's Landing, N. J.—Adv.

Contractor Benjamin, of Atlantic City, has been awarded the addition to the County Clerk's office and County Jail. The improvements will cost \$45,000.

Mr. Moses Jolin, of Rosebury, N. J., was a visitor yesterday. Mr. Jolin was a resident of May's Landing for many years and was cordially greeted by his old-time friends.

The County Board of Freeholders has ordered the iron bridges spanning the Great Egg Harbor River, the head of the Great Egg Harbor and the bridge spanning the Bay Point.

For sale, a one-horse wagon and harness, also one light road wagon and driving harness, all in first-class condition. Address, W. A. Barrett, May's Landing, N. J.—Adv.

Word was received here yesterday that Mr. Joseph Sutton, formerly bookkeeper for the May's Landing Water Power Company, was being critically ill at his home in Atlantic City.

Members Martin Ingersoll, William Wier and James Hoover will represent Hamilton Township in the Republican County Convention, which convenes at Egg Harbor City this morning at 10 o'clock.

Mr. George Abbott entertained Capt. Harrison Cramer, Capt. D. Vanugh, Capt. Harrison Thompson and Mr. Ed. Schmidt aboard his handsome yacht, Wednesday afternoon, on the Great Egg Harbor River to Catawba.

Members Moore & Boers announce sale of garden plots the past week to the following: A. P. Peck, George D. Badford, Thomas Johnson, George Gerrie and John Trempy.

Canvass call boat 15 ft. x 3 ft. Can be sailed or pedaled. Cheap. Write for catalogue and for a good row boat. Address, V. B. Roullin, Route No. 1, May's Landing, N. J.—Adv.

Mr. Benjamin Vaughn, for many years an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad, died at his home in May's Landing, N. J., on Saturday, September 23, at the age of 70 years.

Mr. William M. McClain, son of Mr. Daniel W. McClain, of this place, was united in marriage to Miss Mary E. McClain, daughter of Mr. Daniel W. McClain, at the residence of the bride's parents at Chester, Pa., Wednesday evening, the 28th inst.

In the achievement of Congress for the good of the people, the work of United States Senators John Kean and John P. Dryden in the upper branch of the National Legislature, and the work of Representative John J. Gardner in the lower branch, has been a most successful one.

When a horse is so overworked it lies down and in a short while it is unable to get up, and you would consider it criminal to expect such a horse to do any more work. It will not willingly bear a kilted, or guilty of cruelty where his own stomach is concerned. Overworked, when what it needs is something that will digest the food eaten and help the stomach to recuperate. So nothing like Kodol For Dyspepsia that is sold by Water Power Co.—Adv.

The College public school was dedicated to the people of this place on Tuesday, September 25, at 10 o'clock. The exercises were held at the school building, which was opened for the first time. The school was dedicated to the people of this place on Tuesday, September 25, at 10 o'clock.

Since the cessation of the Chesapeake and Delaware ship canal a movement for a ship canal across the many farmland of New Jersey, taking in May's Landing, has received a new impetus. It was furnished by Miss Edwina Adams, president of the Atlantic City Oceanic, Corset and Rev. Jackson, of Atlantic City, who presented a plan for a ship canal across the many farmland of New Jersey, taking in May's Landing, has received a new impetus.

At the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the old settlement of May's Landing, the exercises of the day were in charge of Mr. E. D. Riley, of Aberdeen, and a message was furnished by Miss Edwina Adams, president of the Atlantic City Oceanic, Corset and Rev. Jackson, of Atlantic City, who presented a plan for a ship canal across the many farmland of New Jersey, taking in May's Landing, has received a new impetus.

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GARDNER RENOMINATED.

UNANIMITY MARKED THE CONVENTION PROCEEDINGS.

Gov. Stokes Paid an Eloquent Tribute to the Worth of the Nominations—Resolutions Ring With Praise for Him.

The Republican Congressional Convention of the Second District, comprising the Counties of Atlantic, Burlington, Cape May and Cumberland, which convened in the auditorium of the Tenth Regiment Armory last Tuesday, unanimously re-nominated that distinguished lawmaker, Mr. John J. Gardner, of Atlantic City, for the United States House of Representatives.

The nomination of Mr. Gardner was unanimous in all the four counties, and was the result of a long and interesting convention. The convention was held in the auditorium of the Tenth Regiment Armory last Tuesday, and was attended by a large number of delegates from the various townships of the district.

Gov. Stokes, who was present, paid an eloquent tribute to the worth of the nominations, and re-nominated Mr. Gardner for the United States House of Representatives. He also re-nominated Mr. Gardner for the United States House of Representatives.

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ATLANTIC CITY NOTES.

MINOR HAPPENINGS DOWN BY THE SEA.

Newspaper Paragraphs of Interest Gathered by a Representative of the "Echo Record" and Presented in Condensed Form.

Travel on the electric railway is increasing. Mr. Jumbo are as good as they are big.

Law Judge Higbee, presiding in the Municipal Court Tuesday, granted judgment to the plaintiff, Mrs. J. J. Gardner, in her action against the defendant, John J. Gardner, for the sum of \$100.

The County Bar Association will give a complimentary dinner to Supreme Court Justice Thomas W. Randolph at the Hotel Wiltshire on Tuesday night. Law Judge Higbee will be the guest of honor.

Keep the bowels open when you have a cold and use a good remedy to allay the inflammation of the mucous membrane. The best is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is a reliable and tastes good. Sold by Water Power Co.—Adv.

Fifty-two delegates in the Republican County Convention Thursday night nominated Albert DeBer for City Treasurer by acclamation. Former Senator Lewis Evans made the nomination. The convention was in session from 7:30 to 11:30 p. m.

The Republican County Convention for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for the Assembly and a candidate for Coroner will convene in Aurora Hall at Egg Harbor City on Saturday, October 21, at 10 o'clock A. M.

If an article is invited, the original is held by the publisher. If it is not used, the author will be notified. If it is used, the author will be notified. If it is used, the author will be notified.

The vote two years ago was as follows: 1,000—Gardner, Republican, 4,930; Perry Democrat, 13,028; Lanson, Prohibition, 1,497; Smith, Socialist, 42; Owen, Prohibition, 881, 807.

Real Estate Exchanges. The following exchanges of Atlantic City real estate were recorded at the County Clerk's office on Tuesday, September 25, 1906: Jacob William Keyport to Treasa Fenner, 177 1/2 South side of Hummock Ave. 200 ft. West of Ohio Ave. \$700.

Barth M. Price to Augustus Cramer, 222 1/2 feet of land on corner of Pacific and Delaware Aves. \$900.

Augustus Cramer et ux. to John P. Tompkins, 242 1/2 feet North side of Pacific Ave. 100 ft. West of Ohio Ave. \$700.

John P. Tompkins et ux. to Albert A. Howell et ux. to Samuel D. Howell, 242 1/2 feet North side of Pacific Ave. 100 ft. West of Ohio Ave. \$700.

Wood C. Worrell et ux. to Atlanta Realty Co., 100 ft. West of Ohio Ave. \$700.

Frank Wells to Alice S. Crane, 100 ft. West of Ohio Ave. \$700.

John Lloyd et ux. to James J. Martin, 100 ft. West of Ohio Ave. \$700.

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Fifty-two delegates in the Republican County Convention

"A Small Thing."

Do you believe in progress? Do you believe that all the wonderful achievements of the nineteenth century—the telephone, the telegraph, the telephone, electric light, kerosene, sewing machine, agricultural machinery, steamships, tractor cars, etc.—have made life easier and better worth living? I do. I believe that more than lives forty years under modern conditions has experienced more life and better life than Methusalem, though he had lived twenty centuries of his time.

The triumphs of the nineteenth century were triumphs of human service—the placing of knowledge and the fruits of knowledge within the reach of the common man. Every man's life is better, happier, more comfortable, more agreeable, lives in better and more comfortable houses because of them. Even the hopeless dweller in the worst city slums is more comfortable in his physical conditions than the middle-class citizen of the days of George Washington.

In little things as in great, comfort and convenience have been the legacy of the "Century of Improvement." Paint, in a certain sense, is a minor matter, yet it is a matter of healthfulness and durability to our dwellings. Fifty years ago painting was a serious proposition, a luxury for the owners of stately mansions who could afford the expense of frequent renewals. Today ready-made and cheap, so good and so universal that no house owner has an excuse for not keeping his property well painted.

A small thing, indeed, yet several hundred large factories employ thousands of chemists and skilled workmen, are running every day in the year to keep our houses fresh, clean and wholesome.

A small thing, yet a can of good ready mixed paint, such as one may buy from any reputable dealer, embodies the study of generations of skilled chemists, the toil of a thousand workmen in mill, laboratory and factory, and the product of a long and arduous process of invention and designed just to make that can of paint and to furnish us an infinite variety of tints, colors and shades.

It was a wonderful century, that at least of its wonderful gifts was that same commonplace can of paint.

Stop Winking.

"We are told in our sanatorium," said the cheerful inmate, a Boston Globe man, "to save all the energy possible, as energy causes temperature, temperature burns up tissue, burned up tissue is hard to replace, etc. There is one way to save strength.

"Did you ever stop to think how much energy is spent in winking? Count how many times you wink in one minute, multiply it by sixty, again multiply the number of hours you are awake on an average each day, multiply once more by the weight of the eyelid, and you will find out how many pounds of energy are being used up each day in winking.

"Did you ever realize that fully one-half of this is wasted? What's the use in using more than one eye? With that you can see all that is necessary, and thus you need wink only one eye—the one you happen to be using.

"Think of the tons of energy that is saved by this simple process in a single year! Just go about with one eye open. I expect by this process to save enough energy so that I will be pronounced a cure some six or seven extra hours before I would be otherwise."

DISFIGURED BY ECZEMA

Wonderful Change in Night—In a Month Face Was Clear as Ever—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"I had eczema on the face for five months, during which time I was in the care of physicians. My face was so disfigured I could not go out, and it was going from bad to worse. After I had used Cuticura, the first night after I washed my face with Cuticura Soap and used Cuticura Ointment and Resolvent I changed wonderfully. From that day I was able to go out, and in a month the treatment had removed all scales and scabs, and my face was as clear as ever." (Signed) J. J. Smith, 317 St. Louis Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, PRESIDENT OF CUBA.

President Palma, with whose regime the Cuban insurgents are dissatisfied, has shed his blood and suffered imprisonment for the Queen of the Antilles. He took part in the Cuban revolution of 1895, was president of the Cuban republic during that year, and was imprisoned for a year in a Spanish prison. For many years he conducted a school for Cuban boys at Central Valley, N. Y., and when Cuba was turned over to its people by the United States became its President. A few months ago he was re-elected, and since he declares they have not had a fair show at the polls, he has plotted to bring about his downfall.

Exciting Sport.

Last winter the Norwegians varied the excitement of ski running by yoking the runner to a motor cycle by a long leather strap, which he grasps with his left hand. The speed attained is enormous, and great skill is required to avoid being flung. The pastime is growing very popular.

Church Town.

The town of Willis has 158 inhabitants, and 176 of them belong to the church. Four of the seven who do not belong are town loafers and the other three are infants, who will be taken in as soon as the weather warms up and they can be baptized.—Kansas City Journal.

We have decided that between the ages of sixteen and twenty a girl knows more about life, fudge and friendship than any one else in the world.

TWO FROM WASHINGTON.

Horse Trading at the White House

The President was talking about the miserable White House stable, which is built on low ground behind the White House, is antiquated and so damp. The horses kept in it are affected, he said, that he does not keep his own riding horses there at all, but boards them at a private stable.

"You see," said the President, "the place is damp and unhealthy. My horse Wyoming fought colds and died. Wyoming kept there. They all get the leaves—every horse but one," almost shouted the President. "Think of that!"

"How many horses are there in the stable, Mr. President?" somebody asked.

"Why, I don't know, but I'll find out," and the president punched a button for Secretary Loeb.

"Loeb," he said, as the secretary came in, "how many horses are there in the stable now?"

"Twelve," said Loeb, explaining that two of those are white horses and two are of other kind, and going through the list.

"How many of them have the heaves?" continued the president.

"One has the heaves," Loeb replied.

"Why, Loeb," said the president, "I have been telling you that every horse here but one has the heaves, and now you come in here and say only one of them has the heaves. How do you explain that?"

"But, Mr. President," said the thrifty Loeb, "I traded off all those with the heaves for healthy ones and died."

The president laughed.

"Well," he said, "I guess after this nobody can say this administration is not run on business principles."

Wilbur J. Carr, of the State department, had occasion to call at the stable of a neighbor at night. He rang the doorbell. After a long wait a head was poked out of a second floor window.

"Who's there?" asked a voice.

"Mr. Carr," was the reply.

"Well," said the voice as the window was opened, "what do I care if you missed a car. Why don't you walk and not wake up people to tell them about it?"—New York World.

TIRED BACKS.

The kidneys have a great work to do in keeping the blood pure. When they get out of order it causes backache, headaches, dizziness, languor and distressing urinary troubles. Keep the kidneys well and all these sufferings will be saved you. Mrs. S. A. Moore, proprietor of a restaurant at Waterville, Me., says: "Kidney Pills I suffered everything from kidney troubles for a year and a half. I had pain in the back and head, and almost continuous aching in the loins and felt weary all the time. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills brought great relief, and I kept on taking them until in a short time I was cured. I think Doan's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Webster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Titles to Arctic Lands.

The voyage of the Canadian government cruiser Arctic to the far north suggests for consideration the question of the ownership of some far northern lands. For many years explorers of various nationalities—British, American, Scandinavian and others—have ventured into the frozen wilderness lying between the Dominion of Canada and the north pole and have there discovered lands hitherto unknown and have named them and planted flags upon them. There has been much international rivalry in the work of exploring the Arctic map and of pushing on toward the pole.

But there has been little thought in the minds of the adventurers or in that of the public of the delimitation of international boundaries in the realms of paleo-geologic ice and eternal snow. But now the Canadian government brings that thought to mind in the instance that the dominion extends near to the north pole and that all the lands which have been discovered and explored in those regions, no matter by whom, are under the British flag.

Academically the question is somewhat complicated and might form the subject of interminable argument. There are those who hold that discovery give title to new lands, while others insist that title is not perfected without actual occupation and permanent settlement. But how if the lands in question are not fit for or susceptible of settlement?—New York Tribune.

OLD CHINA TOWN IN CHINA.

Nothing but Pottery Made There for Nine Hundred Years.

For at least 900 years the town of Chingtechen has been devoted to the making of pottery. Walter Glennell, a British consul, describes the place. He says that everything in Chingtechen belongs to the porcelain and earthenware industry.

The houses are for the most part built of one time part of either of old kilns or of the fire clay covers in which the porcelain is stacked during firing.

The river bank is for miles covered with a deep stratum of broken china and chips of the fire clay and the greater part of the town and several square miles of the surrounding country are built over or composed of a similar deposit.

Chingtechen is unlike anything else in China. There are 104 large pottery kilns in town. The greater part are in use only for a short season in the summer.

During the busy season the population of Chingtechen rises to about 400,000 souls, but of this total nearly half are laborers drawn from a wide area of country, who come for the season. In rows of families with them, and bring the families with them.

Visitors to Chingtechen pass along street after street where every shop is occupied by men, women and children, all engaged in designing, molding, painting or distributing of pottery.

Potters' sheds, where the clay is mixed and molded on the wheel, are innumerable. The river bank is crowded for three miles by junks either landing material and fuel or shipping the finished product.

Loose Teeth.

Made Sound by Eating Grape-Nuts.

Proper food nourishes every part of the body, because Nature selects the different materials from the food we eat, to build bone, nerve, brain, muscle, teeth, etc.

All we need is to eat the right kind of food slowly, chewing it well—our digestive organs take it up into the blood and the blood carries it all through the body, to every little nook and corner.

If some one would ask you, "Is Grape-Nuts good for loose teeth?" you'd probably reply, "No, I don't see how it could be." But a woman in Ontario writes:

"For the past two years I have used Grape-Nuts Food with most excellent results. It seems to take the place of medicine in many ways, builds up the nerves and restores the health generally.

"A little Grape-Nuts taken before retiring soothes my nerves and gives sound sleep. Because it relieves the irritability of the stomach nerves, being a pre-digested food."

"Before I used Grape-Nuts my teeth were loose in the gums. They were so bad I was afraid they would some day all fall out. Since I have used Grape-Nuts I have not been bothered any more with loose teeth.

"All desire for pastry has disappeared and I have gained in health, weight and happiness since I began to use Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the famous little book, "The Best of Wellville," in plain. "There's a real...

Kindly Warning.

Woman—Now, if you don't love me I'll call my husband, and he's an old Harvard football player.

Tramp—Lady, if you love him don't call him out. I used to play with Yale.

LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA

ST. JACOBS OIL

Penetrates to the Spot Right on the dot.

Price 25c and 50c

RAM'S HORN BLASTS

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

HE saints who are poor are not all poor saints. Prejudices are not even related to principles.

There are no great souls without great sorrows.

Fretful preaching never leads to faithful practice.

There is nothing humiliating in true humility.

Money talks, but not half as loud as manhood.

The authority of the Bible proves its authorship.

Righteousness is the response of the soul to God.

If Jesus is not immanent, judgment is imminent.

No man excuses himself by accusing his neighbor.

Home-made crosses fit like home-made clothes.

Some men try to walk to Heaven as somnambulists.

They whom God claims do not become calloused.

His likeness is seen in those who live in His love.

Learning without love is like light without warmth.

One man's reputation cannot be built on another's ruin.

God wants more than the majority of your affections.

There is no hidden consecration without open confession.

Smart sayings are not known by making others smart.

Obstacles are never so high on the further side as on this.

No policy will be profitable that is not steered by principle.

If this is the world's night, all the better time for your light.

Even sardons cannot pluck up by its roots the sun.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"3.50 & 3.00 Shoes"

W. L. Douglas's \$4 Gift Edge line cannot be equaled at any price.

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He Knows

the kind of Waterproof Oiled Clothing that stands the hardest service.

Do You Know?

MADE FOR ALL KINDS OF WET WORK OR SPORT

SOLD EVERYWHERE

GREATEST NOVELTY.

Patent Applied For. Will hold in position without adjustment. Price 10c to 25c.

Ladies' Vail Holder

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY!

Winn's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

It Makes a Difference.

It makes a difference in the way you feel. It makes a difference in the way you look. It makes a difference in the way you live.

Care of Obedience.

Obedience should never be a stiff brush or washed. Remove all dirt, soap, and water. Wash with soap and water. Wash with soap and water. Wash with soap and water.

WOMEN WHO CHARM

Health is the first essential.

It helps women to win and hold men's admiration, respect and love.

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, love, honor and admiration. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.

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Mrs. Chas. F. Brown

A Paper Magnet.

A simple and interesting electrical experiment may be made with a sheet of ordinary brown paper, illustrating in a remarkable manner how the most astonishing effects may be produced by the simplest means. Take a sheet of coarse brown paper, and after holding it before the fire until it is perfectly dry, fold it up into a long strip about two inches in width. That makes your magnet. To show its attractive power, cut some strips of writing paper about three inches in length, and one-eighth of an inch wide, and put them on the table, three or four together. Now take your paper magnet, and draw it briskly under your arm three or four times; this will instantly develop its electricity, and if you hold it over the little strips of paper, they will fly up to meet it. In other words, the electricity that you waken in the strip of brown paper will attract the smaller strips of paper just as a regular magnet attracts a needle.

Visit to the Moon.

"Mr. Moon, I just came up to ask if you won't sign the pledge; I hear folks say bad things about you every month."—Chicago Daily News.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"3.50 & 3.00 Shoes"

W. L. Douglas's \$4 Gift Edge line cannot be equaled at any price.

W. L. Douglas's \$4 Gift Edge line cannot be equaled at any price.

W. L. Douglas's \$4 Gift Edge line cannot be equaled at any price.

He Knows

the kind of Waterproof Oiled Clothing that stands the hardest service.

Do You Know?

MADE FOR ALL KINDS OF WET WORK OR SPORT

SOLD EVERYWHERE

GREATEST NOVELTY.

Patent Applied For. Will hold in position without adjustment. Price 10c to 25c.

Ladies' Vail Holder

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY!

Winn's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

It Makes a Difference.

It makes a difference in the way you feel. It makes a difference in the way you look. It makes a difference in the way you live.

Care of Obedience.

Obedience should never be a stiff brush or washed. Remove all dirt, soap, and water. Wash with soap and water. Wash with soap and water. Wash with soap and water.

WOMEN WHO CHARM

Health is the first essential.

It helps women to win and hold men's admiration, respect and love.

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, love, honor and admiration. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.

Mrs. Chas. F. Brown

WHAT JOY THEY BRING TO EVERY HOME

as with joyous hearts and smiling faces they romp and play—when in health—and how conducive to health the games in which they indulge the outdoor life they enjoy, the cleanly, regular habits they should be taught to form and the wholesome diet of which they should partake. How tenderly their health should be preserved, not by constant medication, but by careful avoidance of every medicine of an injurious or objectionable nature, and if at any time a remedial agent is required, to assist nature, only those of known excellence should be used; remedies which are pure and wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, like the pleasant, laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Syrup of Figs has come into general favor in many millions of well informed families, whose estimate of its quality and excellence is based upon personal knowledge and use.

Syrup of Figs is also met with the approval of physicians generally, because they know it is wholesome, simple and gentle in its action. We inform all reputable physicians as to the medicinal principles of Syrup of Figs, obtained by an original method, from certain plants known to them to act most beneficially and presented in an agreeable syrup in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to promote the pleasant taste; therefore it is not a secret remedy and hence we are free to refer to all well informed physicians, who do not approve of patent medicines and never favor indiscriminate self-medication.

Please to remember and teach your children also that the genuine Syrup of Figs always has the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package and that it is for sale in bottles of one size only. If any dealer offers any other than the regular Fifty cent size, or having printed thereon the name of any other company, do not accept it. If you fall to get the genuine you will not get its beneficial effects. Every family should have a bottle on hand, as it is equally beneficial for the parents and the children, whenever a laxative remedy is required.

Mica Axle Grease

Makes the Load Lighter

An ounce of grease is sometimes the only difference between profit and loss on a day's teaming. You know you can't afford a dry axle—do you know as well that Mica Axle Grease is the only lubricant you can afford? Mica Axle Grease is the most economical lubricant, because it alone possesses high lubricating property, great adhesive power, and long-wearing quality. Hence, the longest profitable use of your outfit is to be had only when the lubricant is Mica Axle Grease.

Mica Axle Grease contains powdered mica. This forms a smooth hard surface on the axle, and reduces friction, while a specially prepared mineral grease forms an effective cushioning body between axle and box. Mica Axle Grease wears best and longest—one greasing does for a week's teaming. Mica Axle Grease saves horse power—consequently saves feed. Mica Axle Grease is the best lubricant in the world—use it and draw a double load. If your dealer does not keep Mica Axle Grease we will tell you one who does.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

CURES

Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds and Sore Throat.

The standard remedy used for generations.

25 Cents, 50 Cents, \$1.00 per bottle; the largest size, \$2.00. All druggists. Retail everywhere.

FOR SIXTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

For Children's Coughs, Colic, and all the ailments of Infants and Children.

It is the best remedy for all the ailments of Infants and Children. It is the best remedy for all the ailments of Infants and Children. It is the best remedy for all the ailments of Infants and Children.

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\$57,333⁵⁷ Paid in New Jersey Claims in Ten Days by The Prudential.

In the ten days beginning June 9, 1906, The Prudential paid out in claims to policyholders in New Jersey alone, \$57,333⁵⁷. This shows how families of Jerseymen insured in The Prudential are benefitting through the thrift and economy displayed by the holders of Prudential Policies.



Sarcasm: Guest—Walter, bring me a beefsteak. A real large one, as my eyesight is very poor.—Ex. Economical Robbie: "Do you say your prayers every night, Robbie?" "No; some nights I don't want any thing."—Ex.

Yeast: "It's hard to keep a good-man down." Crimsoneak—"That's why they put such heavy monuments over some of them. I suppose."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sottish: Are you quite sure Miss Banks is not in? The Mald—Of course I am. She gave me one of your photographs in order to make me doubly sure.—Chicago Daily News.

Bryan still seems to think he's very much like Thomas Jefferson. "And so he is." "Nonsense." "Fact. The only difference is that Jefferson is buried."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. (John)—"What beautiful floors! How do you keep them so nicely polished?" Mrs. Gaswell giving her the key glare—"I don't. I leave that to the housemaid."—Chicago Tribune.

Lawyer—"Have you ever seen the prospector at the bar?" "Witness—"No, sir; but I have seen him many times when I strongly suspected he had been at it."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Mrs. Watts-Trumps—Oh, yes, we had a delightful time. We played cards the whole evening. Mr. Watts-Trumps—Nonsense, Lucie; we only played between the anecdotes.—Tit-Bits.

Lady Caller (to old family servant)—Well, Bridget, did Master Arthur shoot any tigers in India? Bridget—Of course he did. Sure we have the horns of the crayfishes hung in the hall.—Punch.

Progressing.—She—"How's the motor car getting on, Sir Charles?" He—"Well, fact is, I've seen very little of it. You see, I've only had it three months, and when it isn't in the hospital, I am."—Punch.

"If you kiss me again, sir, I shall call my mother." "What's the use of that?" said Chloffe Fresse; "if you know I'd prefer to kiss you, and, besides, your father might object to my kissing the old lady."—Baltimore Herald.

A Vision of Bliss.—Rastus—"Ah, dreamed of heaven last night." Zeke—"Am that so?" "An' what did it look like?" Rastus—"A most'n't big chicken roose in de middle ob a watermelon patch."—San Francisco Bulletin.

Subbubs—We've got a new girl at our house. Backlotz—Hah! It's easy enough to get a new girl, but can you keep her? Subbubs—The doctor thinks so. He declares she weighs nine pounds at least.—Philadelphia Press.

Blessed sleep: "Supposing you woke up some day and found yourself a millionaire—what'd you do?" "Go right to sleep again, so that the knocking of the tax assessors on the door wouldn't annoy me."—Baltimore Herald.

Satisfied Quite.—Nervous Old Lady—"I hope your horse is quiet, cabman. What's she laying back her ears like that for—look!" Cabby (complacently)—"Oh, that's only her feminine curiosity, mum. She likes to hear where she's a-goin' to."—Tit-Bits.

Why John Was Absent.—The following brief but explicit telegram was sent from a nearby State to Georgia recently: "Reason John didn't get home for Christmas week—he stopped in a hotel for the first time in his life, an' blowed out the gas."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Dramatic Cure. "I've heard it said, doctor," remarked a patient, "that you had your picture drawn by a painter." "Yes, that's true," replied the doctor, "but I had it painted by a doctor."—Punch.

TROWMART INN OF GOTHAM.

Home and Club for Young Women

Down on the lower side of New York facing the park of green called Abingdon Square, is a big red building with the words "Trowmart Inn" carved over the door, says the World's Work. From it every morning hundreds of young women go to their work. At night they return there to find amusement and recreation. It is their home and their club.

It was built by William R. H. Martin, as a memorial to his son. In the course of philanthropic work he became interested in the living problem that confronts the host of untrained young women without homes making their way in New York.

The manager, the clerks, even the elevator operators are women. The only men on the place are the engineer, the freeman, and the porter. Any woman between the age of 18 and 30 years who goes out to work and whose income is less than \$15 a week may live there. The guest is required to give a reference before coming to the inn to live, but any young woman who wants shelter for the night, no matter how late she applies, can get lodging for 50 cents and no questions are asked.

The board is \$5 a week for one person in a room and \$4.50 for each when two share it. Breakfast and dinner only are served on weekdays, but on Sundays and holidays luncheon may be had for 15 cents. Everything has been provided to enable the girls to live cheaply. For example there is a free laundry where they may wash their own clothes. They are required to furnish only the soap. There is a sewing room on each floor equipped with machines which every one may use. There is a woman house physician who cannot charge more than 50 cents a visit. The inn is within easy walking distance of the big department store district where most of the girls are employed.

There is a very pleasant social life. Mr. Martin had a number of small reception rooms built on the main floor. Here a young woman may receive her visitors with some privacy. There is nothing "institutional" about the hotel, and no Puritanic rules are imposed. The girls dance and play whist or checkers. The elevators stop running at 11 o'clock. The girls who come after that time must walk up the stairs.

He Had His Wish. The late Carl Schurz had no consideration for hypocrites or pretenders. Upon literary pretenses he was particularly severe.

At a dinner in New York one night a man of wealth who had written a volume of poems sneered at politics.

"I wouldn't give a penny," he said, "for a senatorship or a cabinet office. To be even President wouldn't tempt me. I, for my part, would rather be known any day as a third-rate poet than a first-rate statesman."

"Well, aren't you?" said Mr. Schurz. —New York Tribune.

He'd Up. Jimmy Doree—Yes, I cracked a lawyer's house de udder night an' de lawyer wuz dere wid a gun waitin' fur me. He advised me ter git out.

Bill Clymer—Gee! you got off easy, Jimmy Doree—Not much I didn't. He charged me \$25 fur de advice.—Philadelphia Press.

Power of the Automobile. Hostetter—Do you believe the automobile will eventually cause the horse to become extinct?

Bigger—Yes, and every other living being.

Proales. The idea of public likeness was discovered purely through chance. In 1830 a man had his picture drawn.

HIS MEN FIRST.

This is the story, says a writer in the New York World, that he told among the ships of the first squadron of the Atlantic fleet.

It is of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans' determination to give two terribly wounded men every possible chance for their lives. One was an officer, the other a bluejacket, but they fared alike.

Among those wounded by the explosion of ammunition in the turret of the Kearsarge off Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, on April 13, 1906, were Lieutenant Graeme of the Maryland, who was acting as umpire, and William King, A. B., of the Kearsarge. They were taken to the sick-bay of the Kearsarge, frightfully burned.

Orders had been issued for the squadron to report at New York on April 20th. Meantime target practice had to be finished.

"Too bad we have to go to sea," said one of the officers.

"Have the wounded men any chance?" asked the "Old Man."

"Very little," the surgeon replied. "Lieutenant Graeme is very low. King has a temperature of one hundred and five, pulse one hundred and fifty, respiration fifty-five. It doesn't seem possible."

"Well," interrupted the "Old Man," "the first division will lie at anchor as long as there is any chance of saving those lives. I'm not going to weaken the men with the noise and concussion of gun-firing."

Lieutenant Graeme died on the sixth day. "Bill" King, A. B., a burly comicaler from Pennsylvania, still hung on to life with a marvelous grip.

Admiral Evans went in to see him. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine, sir, thanks," Bill replied, in a tinny voice, broken by pain and quick breathing. "They all think I'm going to die, but I know I can beat it. I'm going to see my mother. She'll be anxious."

The "Old Man" had left the sick-bay. Some things are too much even for the autocrat of the squadron.

King lived four days more. On the tenth day after the accident he breathed his last. They buried him on the hill back of the bay. Then the first division of the first Atlantic squadron put out to sea, went through target practice, and sailed for New York.

WEALTH FROM JUNK.

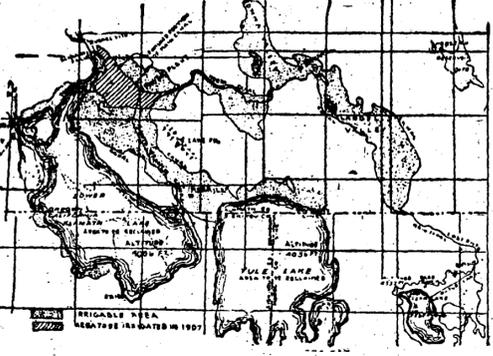
Thieves Are Reaping a Rich Harvest from San Francisco Ruins. Copper wire to the value of \$500 was stolen from the Postal Telegraph Company's former office about 12 o'clock Wednesday night. A gang of five men carried fifteen coils of wire to a wagon, which was driven by a member of the gang, and before the arrival of a patrol wagon loaded with policemen, under Detective Sergeant Ed Gibson, the thieves escaped with their booty.

Not only the telegraph companies but the United Railroads, and Telephone Company have been heavy losers from the depredations of a well-organized band of junk thieves, who determine in favor of the more valuable junk, such as copper wire and brass findings.

A ready market is found for this loot, some junk dealers making no scruples about purchasing all that is brought to them. The wire is melted into crude ingots and sent to the Eastern smelters.

The method of the thieves in looting the ruins of the burned district are extremely simple. Several members of the gang search the ruins, and after selecting such pieces of junk as will command the highest price, cast it into the street. It is an easy matter for others to gather the junk without attracting attention.

VAST IRRIGATION PROJECT WELL UNDER WAY.



Work is being pushed on the vast Klamath, Ore., reclamation scheme, well under way, to make productive 230,000 acres of land now useless. Of that area there will be 15,000 acres ready for the plow of the irrigator next spring, says C. M. Hystell in the Portland Journal.

The main canal, which leads from the lower end of the upper Klamath lake to a point in the desert nine miles east of the town of Klamath Falls, is being rapidly constructed. The water is carried from the upper lake through a tunnel under a hill just north of the town. This tunnel is being rapidly constructed. It is being driven from both ends, and also by drifting from shafts sunk along the right of way. The tunnel will be completed during the coming winter. It will be 3,300 feet long, 12 1/2 feet wide on the bottom and 14 feet 4 inches high, with an arched roof. Through it will flow a volume of water 11 feet high.

The nine mile section of the main canal to be completed in next February will cover about 13,000 acres of first-class agricultural land that is now semiarid, excepting for one-third of this area that is already susceptible of irrigation from an old project, known as the Ankeny canal, now owned by the government.

A large part of the remainder is covered with sage-brush and still held in private ownership, although subscribed by the present owners to the government project and subject to sale under the formula prescribed by the irrigation law. Each private owner is allowed to retain 160 acres. He must sell the rest of his holding or ultimately submit to having the Water Users' Association sell it at public sale.

Ultimately there will be hundreds of miles of canals and ditches. Through this whole project and extending from Klamath Falls to Tule lake, will run the channel of the Klamath river, providing perpetually water transportation for the farmers. While the lakes will be lowered nearly 15 feet by the irrigation plan, the present river channel will be dredged and deepened, forming a canal for navigation uses.

THE FARMER'S DOG.

How to Raise and Train Him for Usefulness. A good dog is of almost inestimable value to a farmer, but a useless cur is worse than a nuisance. There are comparatively few dogs in the country that are worth their keep.

Nearly every farmer owns a dog, sometimes three or four; but few are in any way trained to be useful. Dogs are intelligent creatures, and will often pick up enough of their legitimate work about the farm to be useful, but the average cur rarely does. In the dog, as in all other animals, blood tells. The popular idea seems to be that a dog is a dog, and more or less of a nuisance. To pay a good price for a pup would call down the scorn of the neighborhood. And if the dog grew to be a big, fine-looking fellow, the chances are that he would be poisoned by some one who cannot realize that a dog is the noblest of animals. A neighborhood is certainly the better off for being rid of a cur, but to willfully murder a fine, good-tempered animal simply because he is large and strong is nothing less than criminal. In our home town in the past two years there have been no less than half a dozen Newfoundland, St. Bernard and mastiff dogs poisoned. Not one of them was vicious or ill-natured and all were very fond of children. No one can keep a large dog in the town, yet the streets are full of mongrels and curs at all hours of the day and night. It is but rarely that these animals meet an untimely end.

Every one should raise his own dog. Do not accept one that is grown as a gift, but buy a pup, and select it with as much care as though it were a hog or other farm animal. Make up your mind as to the use you wish to put him to, and select the best breed for that purpose. If you want a noble, intelligent pet, one in whose company you will be perfectly content to trust the smallest tottler of the home, choose a Newfoundland or St. Bernard; but if you wish a dog that will run to the ends of the farm and bring up the sheep or cows, that will return a breechy animal to its lot, that will save the farmer more steps in a day than four boys would and be more trusty than any hired man, purchase a shepherd dog. Train him in the way he should go, and there will not be a home or cow upon the farm that you would not part with sooner than with the dog.

There must be a foundation character in a dog as well as in a person. The rest is all in training. It is easy to train a child by ill treatment, and it is the same with the dog. There are but

STING UP A STINGY MAN.

Two dollars that had been taken into a till were holding a conversation together. This was not an unusual circumstance, because everybody understands that money talks. "I would hate to be the wife of the man who owns us now," said one dollar to the other.

"Here, too," said the other dollar. "If he squeezes her as he does as he will break every bone in her body."

"I notice, however," answered the other coin, "that the man who squeezes a dollar hardly ever squeezes his wife." —Council Grove (Kan.) Guard.

FIRST AUTOMOBILE IN ENGLAND.

It was next morning after breakfast that Mr. Carson took Parker partially into his confidence.

"Parker, I have discovered what looks like a reasonable opportunity for replenishing our somewhat depleted exchequer; but the success of the effort will depend in some degree upon yourself."

"Yes, sir," said Parker. "I want you to call upon Mr. Mander shortly before 12 o'clock, Parker," proceeded Mr. Carson, airily, "and engage him in conversation on any suitable topic that occurs to you. You might suggest to him that you desire to insure your life, or that you have a friend who desires to insure his, or that you propose to take out a fire insurance policy. I confidently leave the exact choice of a topic to your own judgment."

THE LOWLY WAY.

The lowly life's the best life—not wantin' any wings; The princes have no pleasure; It's killin' time for kings! The king takes off the big crown, but never rests his head; The powder's on his pillow—the bomb's beneath his bed!

The nightmare comes to haunt him in the darkness o' the night; The horses that he'd like to drive are shed with dynamite! He makes the cook taste o' the soup—the cook coils up an' dies; He tries to carve a cabbage an' it blows him to the skies!

The lowly life's the best life; Old Poverty comes 'long, But we meet him with the banjo an' we greet him with a song! An' thankful for our bread an' meat, though sorrows never cease, We ask a blessin' over it in patches an' in peace!

We ain't despisin' riches—if they come, they're welcome all! More folks aroun' the table, more music in the hall! But if it's Poverty—no strife you'll ever find us raisin', Bless with a little love an' life an' joy an' grace amazin'! —Atlanta Constitution.

THE BURNISHED BRASS PLATE.

PARKER, said Jude Carson one morning. "I want this bit of metal polished. I want it made bright. I want it made to shine like burnished gold."

The emphatic manner in which these instructions were given, combined with their somewhat unusual character, excited Parker's curiosity.

"Yes, sir," he said, and took up a small metal plate about the size of a lady's visiting card, or perhaps a shade larger.

For upward of an hour Parker was very busy with emery cloth and brick dust and charcoal leather, and as he worked and scrubbed and polished his brain was just as busy as his hands, trying to conceive what possible use Mr. Carson could have for a bit of brass plate.

"Excellent," said Mr. Carson. "I couldn't have done it better myself."

"Yes, sir," said Parker, in confusion. "It was a morning of surprises. On a table beside the easy chair in which Mr. Carson reclined was set out an array of genuine working tools. There was a riveting tool, and a boring tool and a graving tool, and a pot of enamel paint, and a file, and a hammer, and a packet of short spikes with points as fine as needles. At the sight of them Parker's curiosity rose to fever pitch."

On one pretext or another for the rest of that morning Parker made it his business to be in and out of Mr. Carson's room, and in the course of it he saw a great deal that interested him and augmented his curiosity, but nothing whatever that satisfied it.

For instance, he saw Mr. Carson using the boring tool, then he caught him busy with the riveting tool, and then it was the turn of the graving tool, and it was an undoubted fact that Mr. Carson was engraving certain letters or characters on the burnished surface of the plate.

But the reason for all this activity remained a mystery, and by lunch time the tools and the brass plate and the paint brush had been put away without a single word of explanation.

After lunch Mr. Carson was engaged in studying the floor plan of a great block of office buildings designed to be let out as offices.

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"He couldn't have done it; he hadn't the time. He's holding it."

They pulled till the veins on their foreheads stood out like knotted cords. They pulled for two minutes, and still the door refused to budge.

"Here, a second! Samson!" gasped Saunders, mopping his face. Whilst untying his handkerchief, Jenkinson accidentally pushed the door, and the door instantly swung open.

"Well, of all the fools!" ejaculated Saunders. "But his feelings were really too deep for speech. He broke off abruptly, and entered the room. Jenkinson followed him in silence.

There was nobody there. The windows were wide open. They peered down into the central well of the building and saw that an iron ladder ran right up to the roof from the ground—an iron ladder which was evidently intended to be used as an emergency exit in case of fire.

"Hallo! Anything I can do for you?" inquired a voice behind them. It was Sidney Mander, the insurance broker.

"Yes; you might tell us what you mean by that word 'Pull'?" "What word 'Pull'?" "They showed him. The door being wide open when he entered, it, Mr. Mander hadn't noticed it.

"I am sure I don't know. It wasn't there a quarter of an hour ago, when I went out."

Mander, as he spoke, picked it off quite easily with his finger and thumb. Then the detectives understood.

It was the identical piece of brass plate which had so keenly aroused Parker's curiosity.—Answers



Weariness. She couldn't be treated, she wrote if I'd been a man's agent.



Snake-Bites. Notwithstanding the fact that there are many poisonous snakes in this country, cases of snake-bite are not common. They occur frequently enough, however, to make it worth every farmer's or country roamer's while to familiarize himself with the poisonous effects upon the body of snake venom, and the best means to overcome those effects.

The most common of the poisonous snakes in this country are the coral-snakes, the copperhead, the water-moccasin, and many varieties of rattlesnakes. The symptoms of poisoning vary somewhat according to the variety of snake, and also to the state of the weather and the condition which the snake is in at the time. The poisonous effects are more marked, the better the weather at the time; and the bite of a well-fed snake is more harmful than that of one which is fasting.

The symptoms of snake-bite are both local and general. In the case of rattlesnake-bite, the local symptoms consist in severe pain and very great discoloration about the wound, due to the confusion of blood under the skin. The part becomes greatly swollen, and may even mortify.

The general symptoms come on quite rapidly. Sometimes within ten or twenty minutes of the bite there is a rapid and weak pulse, the victim is nauseated, often vomits, staggers as he walks, and suffers from marked and increasing prostration. Death may occur directly from the action of the venom, or it may follow later, and be due to pneumonia resulting from the progress occurring at the site of the bite.

Recovery, which occurs in about three-quarters of the cases of rattlesnake-poisoning, even when untreated, is very prompt. The symptoms of depression disappearing as rapidly as they came on.

When one has been bitten by a poisonous snake, the first thing to do is to prevent the entrance of the poison into the general circulation, which is to be done by tying a cord or a strip of cloth as tightly as possible about the limb above the bite; then the patient should be put to rest, and the wound washed with two per cent. solution of iodine.

Such a patient should be kept in a room where there are only two doors, one of which should be kept closed, and the patient should be kept in a room where there are only two doors, one of which should be kept closed, and the patient should be kept in a room where there are only two doors, one of which should be kept closed.

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The old folks say... The old folks say, "The Maytime weather... Play, children, to your hearts desire... But leave us hand in hand together... Beside the swiftly falling fire... For earthly chains are near their breaking... And eyes are dim and locks are gray... But Love's a dream that knows no waking... So the old folks say... —Pall Mall Gazette.

A Lesson in Love Tactics

THE full realization of her love for Meredith came to Helen as she watched him enter the drawing room with the avowed intention of proposing to her cousin Gwendith. In her eyes still lingered the incredulous smile with which she had listened to his announcement, but at the door closed behind him came the appalling conviction that he had meant what he said. Life without Meredith—her Meredith—the husband of Gwendith; such ideas were inauspicious. With her hand pressed to her wildly beating heart, she turned and flew upstairs to the work room. Her brother was busy there carpentering and not in the mood for interruption. "Shut the door, please," he cried, without looking up; "the winds blows the shavings about."



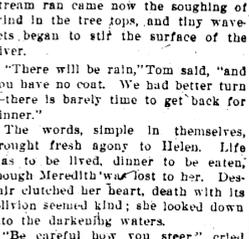
"THERE WAS ALWAYS GWENDITH."

Helen complied, then sat down at his side. "Tom," she said in a strangled voice, "something dreadful has happened. Meredith has gone to ask Gwendith to marry him—he told me so himself." This sudden information proved disconcerting to the young man; his hand swerved and he cut a deep notch in the board he was planning for carving. "Gammon!" he cried, with twofold disgust; "what will you tell me next? Then he got up and caught sight of Gwendith's face. His own changed instantly and he put down his plane. "The truth is," he said sternly, "you have been playing the fool with Meredith. I gave you credit for more sense. He is not a boy to be attracted by gilded caprice. Meredith is a man of the world and my best friend. He has made no secret to me of his fondness for you. It was quite understood between us that the object of his visit this week-end was to elicit matters with you. You cannot say," he concluded, with some reproach, "that I did not give you a hint as to his intentions." Helen flinched. "That's just it," she said miserably. "You see—I knew why he was coming." "Quite so," her brother replied; "but was that I ask you, any reason why you should have led him a dog's life ever since he arrived?" "You may condemn me," Helen said, meeting his gaze with some dignity; "but most girls under the circumstances would have done the same." "Girls?" cried her brother, almost beside himself with chagrin and disappointment. "Yes—you are right there; it is not enough for them to have a man's honest love; they must make a fool—a spectacle—of him to their friends. Pshaw!" "Don't," Helen faltered, in a choked voice. "My heart's broken; it is not that enough? She was silent, then she looked up with tears in her lashes. "Tom, dear," she said, "try to understand me; think—if you were about to propose to a girl—would you like her, by her manner, to say you anticipate your doing so?" Tom's brown eyes met his sister's at last comprehensively. "No," he said stoutly. "I don't know that I should."

me," she said. "Let us go on the river. I may feel better there." Her brother threw on his coat. Downstairs they caught sight of the much-discussed couple standing together on the veranda. Gwendith had for once dropped her knitting, and was holding a flower in her hand, and Meredith was near her talking in a low voice. Tom felt his sister's fingers tighten on his arm. They hurried down the garden path unobserved. Near the bank the boat lay unmoored, the cushion and oars ready therein. A moment or two more, and the brother and sister were going swiftly down stream, and the house was out of sight. Helen took advantage of the gloaming, and when her attention was not claimed by steering cried softly unobserved. "They will say," she declared presently, "that Gwendith has cut me out."

Under the Trees with Grandpa.

Grandpa is stretched in the hammock. "What a beautiful morning in space; Grandpa is peacefully sleeping. With a newspaper spread on his face, Grandpa is snoring serenely. There is peace, I suppose, in his breast; His hands are contentedly dangling. And a wasp has just lit on his vest.



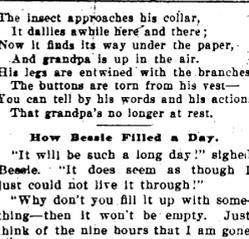
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Tom's endurance had run out. "I may," he said, with suppressed wrath, "lack imagination, and I am not a woman, but even did I suffer from both infirmities, I'm hanged if I'd care ainker's curse for a man who had behaved in such a manner. But, he concluded loftily, "I do not understand women." From the woods through which the stream ran came now the soothing of wind in the tree tops, and they waved began to stir the surface of the river. "There will be rain," Tom said, "and you have no coat. We had better turn—there is barely time to get back for dinner." The words, simple in themselves, brought fresh agony to Helen. Life was to be lived, dinner to be eaten; though Meredith was lost to her. Despair clutched her heart, death with its oblivion seemed kind; she looked down into the darkening waters. "Be careful how you steer," cried Tom, as he turned the boat—"the light's queer." Carefulness and Helen were at that moment antipodal—a watery grave at the bottom of the stream did the narrowness of the boat ran into the opposite bank with an ominous grinding sound. Tom swam horribly. Helen put her fingers to her ears. "Save yourself, dear," she cried; "don't mind me—I prefer to die." "Catch that oar and don't be an idiot!" yelled Tom. Something white glided by swiftly and was lost in the darkness. It was useless to go on with one oar and the stream against them. Having exhausted his imprecatory vocabulary, Tom discovered the water to be shallow enough, and in sullen displeasure assisted his sister to the bank above. Further investigation proved that the best plan would be to tow the boat home. "We shall be horribly late for dinner," Tom grumbled, as they at last set forth. Helen was feeling disappointed at finding herself still alive. The misadventure had ended tamely in mud and discomfort. "Some one from the landing stage hailed them as they approached. It was Meredith, and Helen's heart leaped at the sound. "Are you right?" he cried, and there was a queer ring in his voice. "Thank God you are back! I was horribly afraid that something had happened." "Thank you," Helen said, trying hard to appear dignified, and not to shiver. "I am quite all right. Where is Gwendith?" "Your cousin," said Meredith, making an attempt to release the hand that Helen was striving to free from his grasp, "went to her room some time ago."

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Home Comforts.

"The boarders don't seem to like our country vegetables," said Mrs. Cornstossel. "That's funny," responded the farmer. "They ought to 'preciate 'em. They was bought right in the same town they come from."—Washington Star.



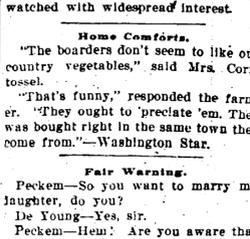
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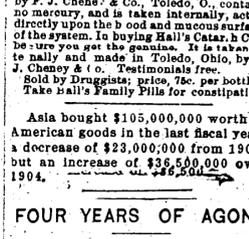
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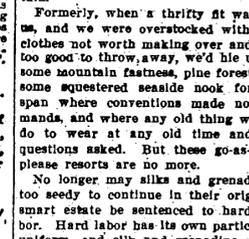
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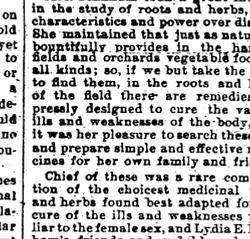
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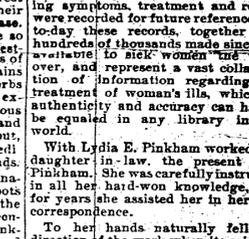
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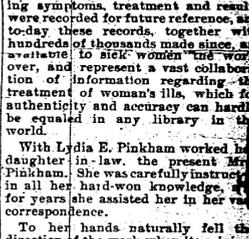
Lydia E. Pinkham

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 23, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature. In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter. In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in especially urgent cases of illness, and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs. Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest, fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds, so, if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ills and weaknesses of the body, and it was her pleasure to search them out and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends. Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ill and weakness peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured and it became quite popular among them. All this so far was done freely, without money and without price, as a labor of love. But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business men were not accustomed to the depression, so when the crisis dawned it found their source of income had to be found. At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world. The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world. The Pinkhams had no money, a little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn. The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, and an accession of the enterprise were assigned, until to-day Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture. Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work, she passed her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done herself. During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are well stored in the Pinkham Compound office, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world. With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her correspondence. To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham took up the mother of a large family, to do it. With woman assistants, some capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health, and their suffering relieved, and their lives made more comfortable. It is freely given, if you only wish to ask for it. Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

June this summer the new lake rose more than eight feet, and the inflowing water broke fair to fill the saltion sink. This sink is a great saucerlike depression, 187 miles wide, which at its lowest point is 288 feet below the sea level. The great Colorado River has hitherto been flowing along the vein of this great hollow. In the summer of 1904 an irrigation company dug a ditch to connect the river with an irrigation canal. This ditch and the canal, scooped out deep and wide by floods, has become the channel of the river. Desperate attempts to turn the river back into its former channel, by driving piles and use of sand bags and brushwood mats, have failed, and the entire water of the river instead of passing on with gentle flow to the Gulf of California are pouring into the Salton sink and have already transformed it into the Salton sea. This sea is rising steadily at the rate of six inches a week. At Salton the water is thirty feet deep. The Southern Pacific Railroad has had to change its line, which ran through the Salton sink, and whether the engineering operations in progress to regain control of the river will succeed is an unsolved problem. If not, it is estimated that the entire depression will be filled in about three years, making a lake nearly 2,000 square miles area, the overflow of which will eventually reach the Gulf of California by some wholly new channel.

Walking Gents.

"Oh, yes," said the first actor, "Hamm has been in the profession for some years." "Indeed?" replied the second actor. "Comedian or tragedian?" "Well a pedestrian, mostly."—Philadelphia Ledger.



"THERE WAS ALWAYS GWENDITH."

When she returned her mother began. "First, I think it would be very nice to gather Aunt Helen a large bouquet of wild flowers—she loves them so well—and that will take you on a pleasant journey down the road. When you have enough you can put them in that large bowl and set them in the corner on the piazza. Next, I would take a pile of those old picture books up in your room, and paste the new leaves very carefully, and carry them down to that little lame boy who lives by the church, for he has nothing to read and the days are very long on him. After that, I would sit down on the piazza with Aunt Helen a while, and very likely she will want you to arrange all the spools in her basket and look after the stray threads, just as you fix mother's sometimes." "Then there is gingerbread," broke in Bessie, eagerly. "Oh, yes, there will be that and the glass of milk. But I see the carriage coming. I'll just say that Mrs. Lorens baby is almost never taken out in his carriage, because the mother has no time; and there are the letters to write for the mail, and you would love to be read to and good-by—there are those lovely poppy seeds, and no one to gather them—good-by!" and the carriage turned out of the yard. It was just nine hours before she saw her mother again, out now they were, and the day, was full of surprises, but because she was looking for pleasant things to put in her hour-dishes. "Tole Henry said that his men in the open meadow had nothing to drink, and there was lemonade made for them as an extra treat, and Bessie rode down in the hay-rack to carry it. She had kept her list tucked under it. Beside the piazza, whenever she was inclined to look at the clock she can see what she could do next. She met her mother with a beaming face. "They are just beaped!" she cried. "I don't believe I could crowd a more one thing in my hour-dishes." "Then they must be ready for the frothing," said her mother, giving her a dainty and mysterious package done up in white tissue. "There is just a little gift for frothing, and a plum for the top." "Good! good!" cried Bessie. "But really the hour-dishes were nice, anyway." And so they were, for Bessie had learned the best recipe for making lumpy days.—Youth's Companion.

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CHINESE TEACHING.

A description of Chinese schoolroom methods, taken from "A Corner of Cathay," is of interest as showing the contrast between schools in the Orient and schools in this country. Many elderly people will recall the time when practices in the district schools of the United States had some of the Chinese thoroughness and dependence upon the memory. The beginner takes his book to the teacher and hears him read a column or more, after which the pupil returns to his desk and cons this lesson aloud until he can recite it without looking at it. He then takes his book again to the teacher, turns his back to the master, and recites what he has learned. This is called "backing the lesson." In this way the pupil commits the whole book to memory, and he is expected to learn it so thoroughly that he can at any moment repeat the whole of any passage the initial words of which are mentioned to him. Just before the noonday recess the teacher writes a sentiment, a proverb or a proposition upon a slip of red paper and pastes it upon the door. Each boy, as he goes out, reads the lines, and in the afternoon renders to the teacher another line which will, with the first, make a couplet. In China all honors, social, pecuniary and official, await the scholar; and the teacher has always at hand illustrious examples to hold up for the emulation of those who become discouraged. Among the ancients, as among the moderns, many who were poor or stupid rose to eminence by sheer diligence and self-discipline. The teacher tells of So Chin, who being afflicted with drowsiness when at his nightly studies, thrust a needle through his flesh so that pain might keep him awake; and of the restless Bai Lin, whose active body revolted against sitting at his books, and who cured himself of a constant disposition to rise and leave them by placing a pail of cold water where his feet would be immersed in it whenever he stood up. A warning is given in the career of the unscrupulous Pang Kien, who cut off the ends of the straws that his teacher told him to arrange evenly, while the careful and honest Sung Pin separated a similar bundle and laid the straws straight, one by one, and

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