

County Clerk May's Landing Record.

Filed Nov. 5 1904

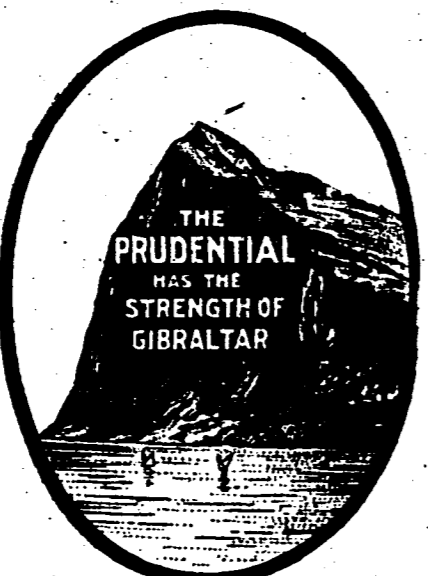
VOL. XXVIII

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904

NO. 8

A Boston Newspaper

asked its readers what they would do if told they were to die within seven days? A Contented Man replied: "I don't think I should worry—I have provided for my family through Life Insurance."



The Prudential
INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA, Home Office, Newark, N. J.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. EDGAR B. WARD, 2d V-President.
LESLIE D. WARD, Vice-Pres. ROBERT F. DRYDEN, 3d V-President.
EDWARD C. GRAY, Secretary.
A. H. Higbee, Asst. Supt., Martin's Block, Shore Road and Turnpike, Pleasantville, N. J.

OLD FAVORITES

Tubal Cain.
Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Babel was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace
bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glow which mounted high,
Till the sparks rushed out in scintillating
showers.
As he fashioned the sword and spear,
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handi-
work!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword,
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield
them well for their kind,
For he shall be king and lord."
To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel
blade.
As the crown of his desire,
And he made them weapons sharp and
strong,
Till they shouted loud for him,
"Give him give of steel and iron."
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the
And hurrah for the metal true!"
But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the smoke of the anvil
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood
they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind,
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men, whose
joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"
And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
But his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low,
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
To him our praise shall be mounted high,
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handi-
work!"
The red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright
steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plowshare.
And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on
the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be mounted high,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"
—Charles Mackay.
Let a man talk with married women
about the freedom enjoyed by widows,
and he will be shocked to note that
they seem to like the idea.
It is no sign that a woman is pleas-
ant, at home because she is disagree-
able in society.
God's designs promise us more than
our desires.

HOW TO COOK MEAT.

Oven Rules Determined by Scientific Investigation.
The cook book compilers have adopted certain empirical laws regulating the cooking of meat, but as these are largely the result of casual observation, they do not accurately represent the facts, says the Philadelphia Record. For several years the University of Illinois, working in co-operation with the State experiment station, has been studying the question of losses in cooking different kinds and cuts of meat, consequent changes in its nutritive value, the development of flavor, etc., and the results of their experimentation have just been published by the government.
As regards temperature, authorities on cooking agree quite generally that meat should be subjected at once to a degree of heat which will seal the outside of the roast, so that the juices may be retained. The experiments just concluded show that with oven temperatures ranging from 182 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit the losses in weight, due principally to the evaporation of water, varied from 8 to 20 per cent, and, generally speaking, the higher the temperature the greater the loss.
"However, in order to develop the characteristic flavors of cook meats at a temperature of at least 482 degrees Fahrenheit is necessary. When meat is baked for a short time at a very high temperature—500 degrees—the outside layer is apt to be overdone and the center too rare for use. When baked slowly, at a comparatively low temperature, the roast is evenly cooked throughout and the juices well retained, but the savortness and flavor produced by higher temperatures are lacking. In regard to the length of time required to attain any desired degree of cooking, as indicated by the color, it was found that thirteen minutes per pound and thirteen minutes to the oven gave that degree of cooking known as "rare." Fifteen minutes to the oven and fifteen minutes to the pound produced the degree of cooking known as "medium." Twenty minutes to the oven and twenty per pound gave that degree known as "well done." It is evident that the time element is an important one as regards the degree of cooking and the losses incurred in the process.
The effect of different shapes and sizes of pans was also observed. Closed pans, while effecting a saving in weight, produced a meat of inferior flavor and lacking in attractive appearance. The average loss in a large number of experiments was about one-sixth the original weight by the color and flavor of the drippings appear to be influenced considerably by the area of the pan, the smaller area giving the lighter colored drippings.
Drove 60,000 Miles.
T. Seymour Smith, of Franklin, Ky., is probably the only man in the world who can boast of having driven the same team of horses 60,000 miles. Mr. Smith was in business for seven years, and was required to drive over the entire United States. He figures that every day he worked he drove that team twenty miles, making a total in seven years of 60,000 miles. He started at Boston and drove through New England, the middle and Southern States, and the West.

UNSEEN.

"And where is God?" the Doubter asked,
"I do not see Him anywhere.
Behind what creature is He masked,
In sea, on earth, in clouds, in air?"
"Where are the violets?" asked the child—
"I do not see them, yet I know,
Although the winds are blowing wild,
They are alive beneath the snow."
—Donahoe's Magazine.

HOW THE BABY SAVED THE SUNBURST.

A MAID across the way, who, at the moment, was engaged in pulling down the blind preparatory to the lighting of the lamp, is ready to testify that the young man was dressed in a summer suit of light gray, tan shoes and a straw hat with a blue ribbon; that he approached the cottage of the Kingsleys, opposite, without hesitation, opened the screen door without ringing, and—that is all she knows about the case.
She is perfectly correct, as far as she goes. After closing the screen door behind him, he tripped up the stairs, with his straw hat in his hand, went to the rear end of the upper hall, and entered the bedroom on his right. Near the threshold he stopped, gazed intently into the large mirror over the dresser, smiled, and then continued on his way direct to the dresser, after arriving at which, he looked at himself in the mirror as he pulled his reddish mustache, and arranged the stray hairs of his head at the part (which was in the middle). He then opened the upper drawer of the bureau, took out a brush and comb—the former of which he tried on his light hair; took out a pair of lady's gloves, which he tossed back again; took out a purse, which he examined and threw abruptly in one corner of the drawer, and turning about crossed the room and disappeared behind a gay curtain that hung over a doorway.
At the very moment that the young man disappeared from the bedroom, Mrs. Kingsley's voice might have been heard—probably in the lower hall. It was not a monologue. Another voice penetrated the stillness of the seaside cottage—an infant's voice, which Mrs. Kingsley strove to subdue by a reiterated reference to a chattering party of young people who were in the parlor.



"I am well as I can be."

ing party and prepare the lower part of the house for their entertainment.
The veranda was already thronged by a chattering party of young people, the lawn was strewn with their bicycles, and Chinese lanterns were being suspended from the many inviting scrolls and pendants between the pillars. The interior of the cottage was quickly decorated and turned over to the merry-makers, and the committee on refreshments was given possession of the kitchen.
It has been said that when Mrs. Kingsley laid her baby down the first time that evening his face was toward the gay curtain. He knew that after he had sufficiently enjoyed the bottle, he was expected to close his eyes in infant slumber for at least an hour or two, and he intended doing it; but just as he was about to begin the end of that day's consciousness, he saw the gay curtain move aside, and he saw a young man, dressed in a summer suit of light gray, tan shoes, and a straw hat with a blue ribbon, enter the room.
The young man stood still, for a moment, near the bed, and looked at the baby, smiling. The baby dozed the picture painter and it included scores of portraits in oil of men and women with distinguished looking features. A great many people wondered, what value such portraits could have to people who had no personal interest in them and who did not even know who they were.
"But they had a value that was known to some of the wiser ones. They were bought up at cheap prices and all ready adorn the homes of some of our citizens who were a little shy on family portraits. A dozen or so portraits in oil of distinguished looking men and women do not go begging when their value in adding to the social standing of a family is considered.
"I once heard of a funny instance of a family that had a liberal display of family portraits. A friend of mine was visiting their home and glancing around the room he spied a portrait that he had painted of himself, but which he had declined to accept because it failed to portray his likeness well enough for his most intimate friend to recognize it.
"Whom does that portrait represent?" he asked his friend.
"Well, you see," he replied, "our family portraits are so old that I cannot now tell who they all are. They have been in the family a long time, you know. But they are all numbered and noted on a list that is filed away somewhere. That, I think, however, is not a picture of my great-grandfather on my mother's side of the family. The picture was painted when he was 40 years of age by a celebrated artist."
By that time the guest was so great interested in a number of portraits that he heard no more. Later he learned that the rejected portrait of himself and many more of the same kind had been bought up by his host to do duty as family portraits at his home.

Perfectly satisfied.
"Every man I've told that I had rheumatism has offered me a cure. Except Jeppson."
"What did Jeppson say?"
"I told him I had it and he said he was glad to hear it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The expected happiness often enough to allow the wretched man to hold his job.
Kerped Up to It.
"Gee whill! Stibel!" exclaimed the young lady's beau. "This toothache is simply frightful."
"Oh, George, it's too bad," said the dear girl. "Of course, you won't speak to papa tonight."
"Went I, thought I'm just in shape for it. Bring on your old man! I care what happens to me."—Pittsburgh Courier.

END OF THE STRAW HAT SEASON.

The young man smiled, and seating himself on the bed near the baby, held up to his distant gaze a magnificent "sunburst" diamond pin.
There was a murmur of voices on the veranda, which seemed to the young man to be pouring into the house.
There seemed to be other jewels in the box, to which he turned his attention, at the same time holding the diamonds before the baby, whose little arms were extended, and his fingers working. Suddenly the baby made a desperate grab for the gem, and before the young man could prevent it, he had put it in his mouth.
At the very same instant, a lady's voice was heard calling up the stairs: "You'll find it in the closet behind the red curtain, in the baby's room, the first door on the right."
"All right," answered another voice half way up.
The young man did not disappear behind the gay curtain this time, but, snatching the living casket with its match, he sprang into the hall and ran down the back stairs.
The young ladies who were dishing out ice cream in the kitchen were surprised by the sudden appearance in their midst of a young gentleman carrying a baby. He was a smart-looking young man wearing a light suit of summer clothes, tan shoes and a straw hat with a blue ribbon. He seemed anxious to reassure them.
"Excuse me, ladies, for thus unceremoniously coming into your midst; but I am Mrs. Kingsley's brother, Tom. The baby was crying, and I had to call it mother away from her garters. So I slipped down the back way. Baby and I will take a turn about under the trees."
The young man had his hand on the knob of the outer door, when that leading into the dining room, was abruptly opened and Mrs. Kingsley entered, with blanched cheeks.
"This is carrying the joke a little too far. Somebody has taken my 'Baby'!" inquired the refreshment committee, in chorus.
"You are all welcome to the house; but if you can get along without the baby, I'd rather you would."
"We don't want the baby," cried the committee. "It was all your brother's doing, bringing the baby down."
"My brother? What brother?" transcribing the young man with a look.
"Your brother Tom, there," said the committee, pointing to the young man who held the infant. "Wasn't it your idea?"
The young man bowed assent.
"I have no brother Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Kingsley, indignantly. "What do you mean, sir, with my baby in your arms; and who are you?"
"I had a brother Tom, I thought you had a brother Tom. The baby was suspicious and a good evening, ladies," said the young man, setting the baby in its mother's arms, and passing out into the night.
"That baby's choking, Mrs. Kingsley," said one of the young ladies; "he's growing black in the face."
"Mercy on us, what next!" exclaimed the poor mother, nursing her forefinger down the infant's throat, and bringing up—the diamond pin! "That baby must be brought down to me, over to the merry-makers, and the committee on refreshments was given possession of the kitchen."
It has been said that when Mrs. Kingsley laid her baby down the first time that evening his face was toward the gay curtain. He knew that after he had sufficiently enjoyed the bottle, he was expected to close his eyes in infant slumber for at least an hour or two, and he intended doing it; but just as he was about to begin the end of that day's consciousness, he saw the gay curtain move aside, and he saw a young man, dressed in a summer suit of light gray, tan shoes, and a straw hat with a blue ribbon, enter the room.
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Pergrinationate Pets—These will come in handy when I go South for the winter.—Gibson's Pet.



BOYS AND GIRLS
LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS
That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

Billy's Rainy Day Fun.
"Oh, dear," said Sully, "I don't see why I should rain today of all days when I had just planned to go out with Susan and Kitty. I think it's just too mean. What can I do to pass the time?"
"Billy," replied his mother, "you make a great mistake to complain about the weather. Remember that every day that is sent to this world is sent for a purpose; and we all have only a limited number of days to live, and should learn to enjoy each one, whatever the weather may be."
"Now, I will show you a game that Susan and Kitty can play with you. It's a make-up game and brand new. I've just invented it for you."
"Goody!" cried Sully, and turned to the telephone to call her two friends. When they arrived, Mrs. Chaloner had cleared off the library table and had spread a map of the world.
"Now," said she, "this is the travel game. You must each plan a trip across the world, to go here and there, and visit interesting places. You must start from New York. Sully will go east from New York. Sully will go east from Philadelphia. Each of you must have her own program to see any towns and places you may prefer."
"Now let me see the map of the world and each one trace her route and how often you will cross each other's way and how often you will actually meet."
"Oh, Mrs. Chaloner," said Kitty, "it will be like a real trip."
"Yes," said Mrs. Chaloner, "and when you happen to get very tired, you may stop anywhere you like and telegraph, and then each of you must find out just how to travel to reach the meeting place on which you may agree."
The three girls had been playing for an hour when the sun came out, and Mrs. Chaloner listened, expecting to hear them rushing out of doors; but as she expected did not come, she looked into the library and found them laughing and interested, poring over the map, quite oblivious of the sun beams that fell on the atlas.
"The rain has stopped," said Sully, "and you can go out, girls."
The girls looked up and then at each other. Finally Susan said: "I'd rather play this game a little longer. It's the best world."
"So would we," cried Kitty and Sully.
almost "because," said Sully that night day soon, when Sue and Kitty and I have planned a race to the Philippines, each of us to choose a different direction, and the steamships we take are to be selected from the sailing announcements in the newspapers. Then when the ships really arrive we can see from the papers which one reaches the place first, and then we will see who made the best selection. Oh, mamma, dear, there's no end of the things we can do with your clever travel game idea."

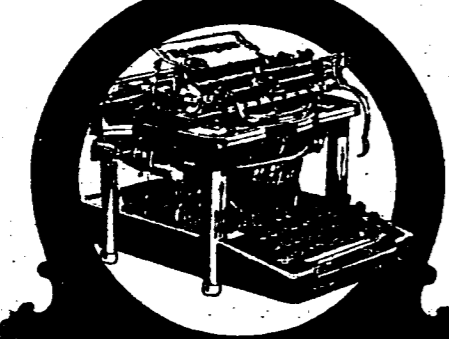
A TRIP TO THE MOON.

Some of the Odd Things One Might Find on Such a Voyage.
How would you like to take a trip to the moon? It would be a long journey, taking more than six months. If you went with the speed of an express train; or if you traveled with the swiftness of a ball from a modern cannon, it would take about as long as a trip across the Atlantic in a fast steamer. Under average atmospheric conditions, a large telescope gives you a view of the moon as it would be without the telescope at a distance of 800 miles from us.
The necessary outfit for the journey must be much more extensive than for any trip to the earth, even the long journey to the North Pole. There will be no chance "to live off the country." In addition to warm clothing and food you must carry with you all you need to drink, and the problem of keeping it from freezing or thawing it out is solved. There is practically no air on the moon, and you must take along a supply for breathing. If you expect to make a fire and cook your dinner you must take, in addition to fuel, an additional supply of air to keep your fire going.
But suppose that in some way you are landed on the moon with a supply of things necessary for sustaining life. If you are on a part of the moon on which the sun is shining you will marvel, perhaps, first of all, at the dazzling brilliancy of the sunlight and the intense blackness of the shadows. Everything in the shade will be in almost total darkness, as there is no air filled with little dust particles to scatter the sunlight so that it may illuminate the places out of the direct path of its rays.
And what a sense of desolation will present itself to your view! The Desert of Sahara would look like a luxurious landscape in comparison with the lunar landscape. Not a blade of grass, not a tree, or brook, or lake—nothing but a vast, stony silent desert. There are plains, not quite as level as our Western prairies and great numbers of mountains, most of them much steeper than those on the earth; they are not grouped in long ranges, as our terrestrial mountains generally are, but are scattered all over the surface, singly and in irregular groups. Most of them are shaped more or less like our terrestrial volcanoes, and they probably were volcanoes ages ago, before the moon cooled off.
If you happen to land on a part of the moon where it is early morning, you will have plenty of time for explorations before night comes on. The sun rises and sets as it does on the earth, but the time between sunrise and sunset is nearly fifteen or more days. Then during the long lunar night our earth will act like the moon, and will light up that part of the moon's surface which is turned toward it. Only there will be this curious difference: It will not rise and set, but will remain nearly stationary in the same region of the sky. From the side of the moon which is always turned away from our earth, of course, can never be seen at all.

A MATTER OF HEALTH



In families where household pets are allowed to be the daily companions of small children, parents should take the greatest care to see that these pets are always in perfect health and kept clean. Many of the small animals and birds most frequently chosen as pets are very likely to fall victims to various diseases, especially tuberculosis and diphtheria. It is natural for birds and animals to live in the open air, and confinement is a constant cause of their great proneness to consumption. It is certain that very few city dogs get nearly enough exercise, and therefore are generally troubled with indigestion and foul breath. Cats, even often than dogs, are victims of tuberculosis. This disease is extremely vague in its earlier symptoms, and often slow. It does not require much thought to see how dangerous it must be for young children to romp with and caress a consumptive pet. The sight of a tiny child seated on the floor and playing with a constantly sneezing kitten of doubtful physique is a shocking sight, but is witnessed too often. Parasites constitute a great danger, especially from cats. Many cases of ringworm in children may be traced to the cat. Therefore, where the pet habit is ingrained and cannot be overcome—indeed, it is not well to deny children their pets—very careful watch should be kept for the first slight symptoms of indisposition.
FIRST MELONS IN KANSAS.
They Were Planted Fifty Years Ago by a Pioneer.
Judge W. B. Hammond, of Westport, was the first man to eat watermelon in his own growing in the State of Kansas, according to the Kansas City Star. Judge Hammond is 77 years old. He settled in Westport in 1847.
"Where Kansas City now stands," said Judge Hammond, "there was a tangled virgin forest of oak trees. I was the official interpreter of the Sac Indian tribe. Their reservation was near the site of Ottawa, Kan. I also had a contract with the government to freight supplies to the Indians.
"When making a freighting trip I was often accompanied by a selection of mercantile houses in New York and Boston and several times had with me correspondents of Eastern periodicals who went out to get material for stories about the Indians and the great West. I often tricked these correspondents. When I started out across the plains I always took with me a lot of watermelon seeds and at every camping place I'd stroll off a few hundred yards from the trail and turn over a patch of sod and plant a few of these seeds. The best place in the world to plant watermelon seeds is under an upturned soil of the Kansas prairie. In those days the prairies were covered with short buffalo grass, so there were no weeds to choke or hinder the growth of the melons. In the latter part of the summer there would be scores of delicious melons in my patches.
"The first summer I planted these patches I had with me a correspondent for Harper's Weekly. The first evening after we left Westport we camped upon the open prairie beyond Shawnee mission and after the oxen had been curried, the buffalo chips gathered and a fire started for supper I said to the correspondent:
"Well, I guess I'll stroll out and see if I can find a ripe watermelon."
"Watermelon?" asked the Eastern man in surprise.
"Yes, watermelon," I answered.
"He laughed heartily, but I sauntered away and in a little while returned with a huge ripe watermelon under each arm. The way the eyes of that tondelooked buffed out was very gratifying to me. It was the first time he had ever heard that watermelons grew upon the Western plains; and it was the first time they had ever grown there, too.
"At that time we had watermelon at every meal until we got to the reservation."
—New York is to have an "Earth's Anniversary" that will rival the "Centennial Anniversary" that has just passed.
"The anniversary is to be celebrated with a great display of fireworks, and a grand ball. It is to be held on the 1st of January, 1905, and will last for a week."—New York Herald.



One Distinguishing Feature of the Remington Typewriter is that it LASTS
It does good work when it is new, and continues to do good work when it is old.
Remington Typewriter Company
45 Broadway, New York

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1924.

Public Records of Stokes and Black

EDWARD C. STOKES CHARLES C. BLACK
1880-Elected by the people as...
1891-Appointed by the governor...
1904-Still the advocate of the...

SHERIFF'S SALE
By virtue of a writ of fieri facias...
SATURDAY, THE TENTH DAY OF DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR.

SHERIFF'S SALE
By virtue of a writ of fieri facias...
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ATLANTIC CITY NOTES.

Minor Happenings Down by the Sea.
Newspaper Paragraphs of Interest.
Hotel men are already booking orders...

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

Program of Exercises Was Varied, Instructive and Entertaining.
Annual Convention of the County Association.
The thirty-eighth annual convention...

LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

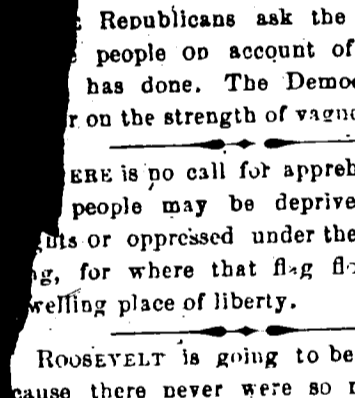
Doings of a Week at the County Capital.
Short, Brosey Paragraphs.
Rabbits Are Reported More Prolif-

NIMRODS MAKING READY.

Full Gunning Season Opens Thursday.
Rabbits Are Reported More Prolif-
Than for Many Years Past--

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
FOR PRESIDENT.
HON. CHAS. W. FAIRBANKS,
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.



HON. JOHN J. GARDNER,
OF ATLANTIC COUNTY.
FOR SENATOR.
HON. EDWARD S. LEE,
OF ATLANTIC COUNTY.

OUR PRESIDENT.
(Tune--Maryland, My Maryland.)
One name is now on every tongue.
Roosevelt, our Roosevelt,

Dedication of New Primary School Building and Flag Raising.
Fully two hundred citizens assembled...

Orange Bismesses.
A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Prater...

Atlantic City Realty Transfers.
The following exchanges of Atlantic City real estate were recorded at the County Clerk's Office for the week ending...

Republic County Platform
The Republican party of Atlantic County...
WORLD'S FAIR EXCURSIONS.
Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Last Month of the World's Greatest Show.

Public Records of Stokes and Black
EDWARD C. STOKES,
Rep. and Nominee for Governor.

GEOGRAPHY MADE INTERESTING.

"In the good old times" geography was a much more fascinating study than it is today. Stanley had not then followed Livingstone through Africa; the English had discovered nothing interesting about "the roof of the world," nor had they begun to speculate on the probable identity of the chief Tibetan river with the Brahmaputra. Pike had not found his peak, nor Lewis and Clarke the "Stony Mountains." So little was positively known about the distant world and so much depended on the tales of seamen that each geographer chose his facts to suit himself. Thus, says the author of "Outlines of Geography," there was a never-ending variety about the geography books.

"The joint snake," declared the author of "Geography Made Easy," more than a hundred years ago, "is a great curiosity. Its skin is as hard as parchment and as smooth as silk. It is so stiff it can hardly be bent into a hoop, and so brittle that when it is struck it breaks like a pipe-stem. You may wish to break it into pieces, but the least fracture of blood.

"In California," runs a later paragraph, "there falls in the morning great quantities of dew, which, settling on the rose-leaves, becomes hard like manna, having all the sweetness of refined sugar, without its whiteness."

"In the Friendly Islands," the student was told, "their great men are fond of a singular kind of luxury, which is to have some one sit beside them all night and beat on different parts of their body until they go to sleep; after which they relax a little of their labor, unless they appear likely to wake, in which case they redouble their exertions until they are again fast asleep."

"The diversions of the Scots are dancing, golf and curling. The golf is a species of ball-playing performed with a bat and a ball, the extremity of the bat being loaded with lead, and the party which strikes the ball with fewest strokes into a hole wins the game."

In answer to the question, "What curiosities are there in France?" appears this incredible "fact": "A fountain near Grenoble emits a flame which will burn paper, straw, etc., but will not burn gunpowder. Within about eight leagues of the same place is an inaccessible mountain in the form of a pyramid reared."

So the writers ranged ahead, describing the odd manners of the inhabitants of the earth, from Guinea to New England.

Our social distinctions. "But," said the forefinger, "you have nothing here to exhibit your social distinctions. You all herd together everywhere. Your upper and lower classes are on the same footing. We have sanctuaries and lunatic asylums."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How's That? We offer one Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Remedy.

Match Frames and Walls. Artistic Effect Obtained by Harmonizing Picture Mats with Calcomines. One woman who is successful in getting good effects in her house uses the trick of framing, or mounting, her pictures in a color to match the wall in her bedroom. "I find," she says, "that when one uses such a color, the picture gets stiff and rigid so that when one finally gets to the bedrooms there is a collection that is hardly worth rebanging. Without some special treatment, it would be to the artistic interests of the room in question to banish them to the basement or attic, until such time as they can be made to fit."

In a room in which this plan was followed, new photographs of both deep brown and terra cotta were bound in passe-partout edge. The larger ones being done close to the edge with brown binding, and the smaller ones in the same way after being artistically mounted, with a terra cotta paper and some on brown paper with a little edge of the terra cotta paper-between mat and photograph. Even a little old-fashioned print in autumn tints was brought into harmony not only with its own color, but with the rest of the surroundings by this treatment.

HAPPY WOMEN.

Mrs. Pare, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent resident of Glasgow, Ky., said she had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banishing the irritation which caused the scalding sensation. "I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way."

MASTER OF THE PACK.

"Jack" was a magnificent St. Bernard dog that E. R. Young describes as possessing all the good qualities of the Eskimo dogs and none of their thievish habits. Jack's place was second dog in the train. He could lead splendidly, and would respond to the various calls as promptly as a well-trained horse responds to the reins. In the work of breaking in obstinate young dogs, Mr. Young found that Jack was his best assistant. He delighted in the work, and it was really marvelous at times to see the dog at work and thoroughness with which he executed his master's orders.

The plan I generally adopted in breaking in a dog, was to harness him up in a train with three strong, well-trained ones in front of him, and Jack in harness behind him. When I shouted the word for "Go!" he would spring to his feet and forward, and would generally attempt to prevent by stubbornly backing. Most dogs are not so easily broken in as Jack, but he held his ground against the efforts of the dogs in front. This was Jack's opportunity to bring the young dog speedily to his senses.

"Go for him, Jack!" was all I had to say. With a rush and a roar Jack would spring at the stubborn dog, and with more noise and fury than any other dog I ever saw, he would attack the stubborn dog and keep him from coming back.

As long as the youngster kept going on straight in the trail, Jack did not molest him, but if he attempted to turn a stubborn dog hated to yield quickly, and tried various other tricks. Every trick or ruse of the young dog would be so promptly met and defeated that it was not long before the training lessons were completely learned, and the young dog was thoroughly fitted for his work.

It was amusing to watch Jack's kindly, patronizing way toward these dogs as soon as they were conquered and then let out of their harness. While they were being broken in he had appeared to be the personification of sternness, but if they were allowed to surrender, in doglike fashion he was admirably affectionate.

Some of them were, at first, not much inclined to receive these friendly advances; but eventually, perhaps after he had fought a battle or two in their behalf, the cause to be made attached to him as their friend, while they never questioned his title as their master in the pack.

Rebuked the Barber. Dr. Edward Everett Hale was strolling the beach at Narragansett. "I perceive," a friend said to him, "that you have had your hair cut." "Yes," said Dr. Hale. He smiled and added: "Why do barbers so often cut your hair in a manner directly opposite to the one you have requested, and then say to you complacently, at the end of the operation, 'Does the hair cut suit you, sir?' You have to answer that it does. Why say it doesn't? It is too late for any change to be made."

BY PROXY. What the Proxy Needs. I suffered from nervousness and headache until one day about a year ago it suddenly occurred to me what a great coffee drinker I was, and I thought that this might have something to do with my trouble, so I shifted to tea for awhile, but was not better, if anything, worse.

At that time I had a baby four months old that we had to feed on the bottle, until an old lady friend told me to try Postum Food Coffee. Three months ago I commenced using Postum, leaving off the tea and coffee, and not only have my headaches and nervous troubles entirely disappeared, but my children, and I hope all who have children will try Postum and find out for themselves what a really wonderful food drink it is. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period—how to avoid pain and suffering and remove the cause by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds."

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 35 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."

THE MONTHLY SICKNESS reflects the condition of a woman's health. Anything unusual at that time should have prompt and proper attention. Fifty thousand letters from women prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regulates menstruation and makes those periods painless.

READ WHAT MISS LINDBECK SAYS: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has greatly benefited me. I will tell you how I suffered. My trouble was painful menstruation. I felt as each month came that I was getting worse. I had severe bearing-down pains in my back and abdomen."

A friend advised me to try Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I did so and am now free from all pain during my periods. —JESSIE C. LINDBECK, 1201 6th Street, Rockford, Ill.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN. Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., her advice is free and cheerfully given to every ailing woman who asks for it. Her advice has restored to health more than one hundred thousand women. Why don't you try it, my sick sisters?

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove Mrs. Pinkham's words true. —Lynn, Mass.

REMEDIES FOR TRUST EVIL. Four Measures Which May Convert the Trust into a Friendly Agency.

We know of at least four things to which we must put an end if we are to convert the trust into a friendly agency. First, we must stop discriminating by railroads. Carrying the big shipper has to command the plausible argument that makes the railroad less trouble that does the smaller shipper, for a given amount of freight; but this argument becomes shallow enough when it is made to justify a policy of helping the big shipper to crush the small one. Equal rates for carload lots of goods of a common kind will have to be established.

Another-thing that will have to be stopped is flooding a particular locality with goods offered at cut-throat prices for the sake of crushing a competitor who is there operating. Economists point out difficulties in the way of this policy, and lawyers point out others. The policy is indeed a difficult one, but it is an impossible policy. We should have to make a way to success in adopting and enforcing it; and there is very little doubt that, with wisdom and determination we can do it.

There can be no such thing as education without ethics. Many preachers expect to unlock hearts with steel smiles. That for which anything is good enough is good for nothing. It is always the other man's track that looks smoother than our own. It is hard to comprehend God's ways while you are walking in them.

The Professional Term for It. "The finest young man of your age," said the base-ball magnate to his lovely child, "has been flirting outrageously with the Van Snickerbee girl."

La Grippe. The headache and lassitude, as well as the aching that reaches to the very marrow, during an attack of LaGrippe may be quickly relieved by the use of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. The only perfect pain remedy. Easy to take, easy to buy; contain no opiates, sold on guarantee, non-laxative. Never sold in bulk. Sold by all druggists.

A HOME COMING.

I would go home and be a little boy / Safe on the far hill-path, and that / Gray shore / Whereby the ships, slow passing, ever / Leaned low to wish me joy. / Once, once there was a boy—my wonder / Is / If I could find the way he knew, and / bring / To light some priceless way-side of the / spring / That was so freely his. / They say the white sands long ago have / swept / All that the home-path, and there's / little / doubt / A new, strange life awakes and moves / about / Where my brave pastures slept. / But, should I venture yonder for an hour / And find one strip of shore the same, / That something of the old enchantment / bath— / A wayside still in flower. / With that one glimpse of home, then / would I fare / Forth to the new way, satisfied to / Some herb-god faithfully had kept / aglow / A tiny ember there. / —Boston Transcript.

A CASE OF KIDNAPING.

DORA pushed back her sunbonnet, and looked up, with furrowed brows, at the stalwart figure gazing the finishing touches to the huge load of hay. "Ethel had to help about dinner and couldn't get away, but she made me come. She said it was too bad for you to have no company for the last load."

"I am sorry you were compelled to come," she replied, a little stiffly. "Oh, I wanted to; I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I was never on a load of hay. But mercy! how shall I ever get up there?"

He gazed at her warmly, but with a brief "I'll help you up," he held to the ground, placed a short ladder against the load, preceded her, and reached for her hand.

With little shrieks of alarm, and declarations that she never could do it, Dora at last gained the top of the ladder and put her hands in his. His hand, leaped forward, and he paled a little under her quick glance within him.

And she was as well aware of it as he, but with malicious intent, clung to him in affected fright, noting, with pleasure, his suppressed agitation. It was a short ride from the field to the barn, besides, he had the horse to attend to, so there would be no chance for him to go beyond the limit she had set for him, and ask the question she had been fencing for weeks. She was not sure that she was ready to be bound; but she was certain that she did not want to give him a negative answer she would not postpone her besides, there were "others," and she being a born coquette was enjoying herself and did not want a definite change.

"With much skill she had played him over her hand, his efforts to obtain an opportunity to bring matters to a crisis. She meant him no harm; she reassured that a little suspense would perhaps do him good, and she loved the excitement of the game and revelled in the narrow escapes she contrived to experience.

"This is the last of the hay, now there is nothing to prevent your joining our tennis party this afternoon," she said, cuddling down in the hay at his side, while he stood easily and firmly, guiding the team through the gate into the big road.

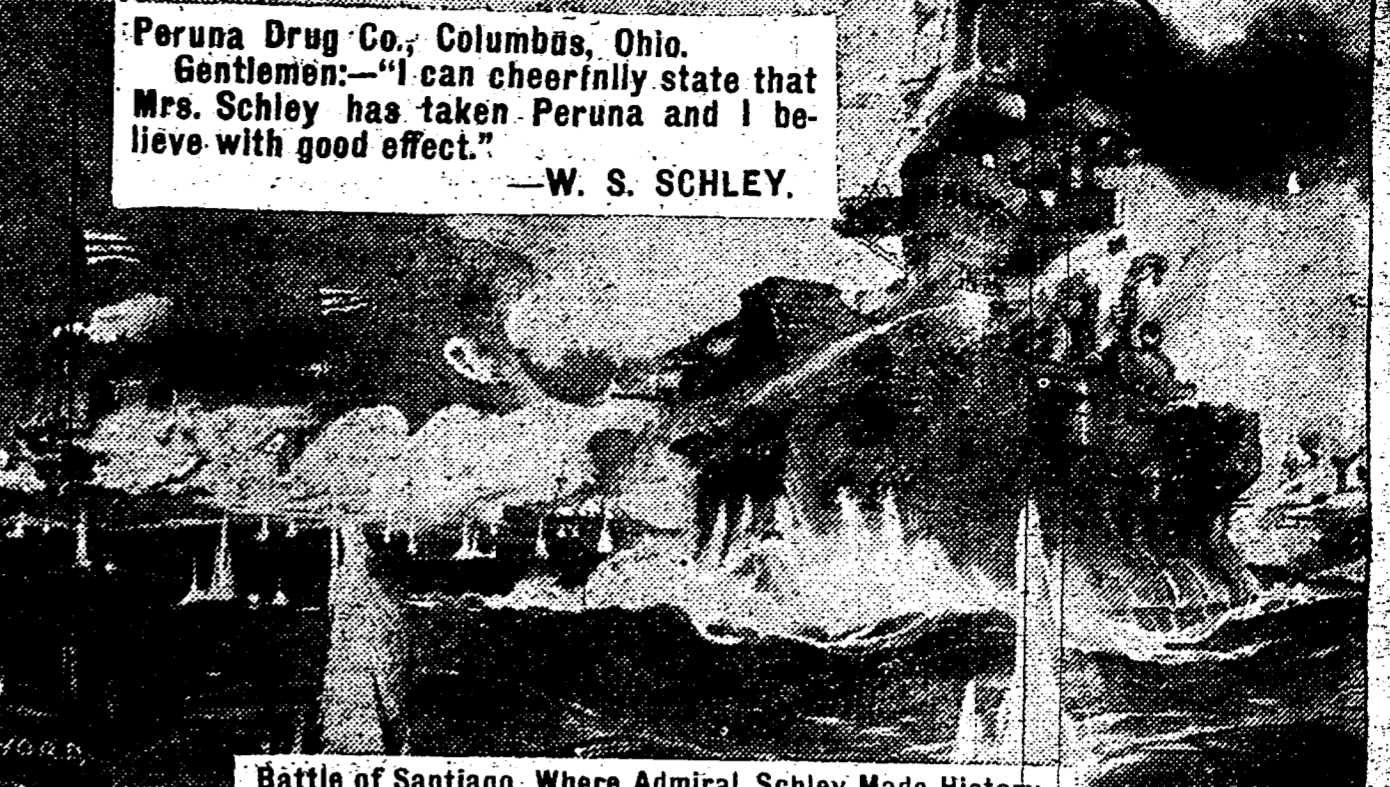
"It will be my partner," he replied, sitting down beside her, letting the horses, now they were through, go their own gait.

"But I've promised Harry Payne; and Jessie Carpenter plays much better than I—besides, she is always trying to get you," she insinuated, demurely.

"Hang Harry Payne, and Jessie, too, for that matter! See here, Dora—"

"Oh, there's Ethel on the porch waving to us," she interrupted hurriedly. "Harvest home! Harvest home!" she shrieked, as they passed the house, scrambling to her feet, with one hand on his shoulder. The wagon lurched, and she dropped down again, flushed and laughing, and began scattering hay over him. He did not respond, but sat with averted face.

Admiral Schley Uses Pe-ru-na



Peruna Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio. Gentlemen—"I can cheerfully state that Mrs. Schley has taken Peruna and I believe with good effect."

ONE of the greatest naval battles in the world was the Battle of Santiago, never since the dispersion of the Spanish Armada. It was a great naval battle, without a moment's warning. It was a great naval battle, without a moment's warning. It was a great naval battle, without a moment's warning.

blistering heat and the presence of his pretty and unwilling passenger. The silence was suddenly broken by a storm of sobs from Dora. He withdrew anxiously, until he could bear it no longer, and burst out: "Don't cry, Dora! darling! I'm a brute, a perfect brute! I don't know how to treat a girl, even when I love her so—you did right to refuse me."

"But—but I haven't refused—you!—I—I said cousins—couldn't marry—I didn't say."

"Dora!" he spoke sternly. "You must not play with me any longer, I can't bear it."

"I'm not playing now. But if you don't want to understand—or if you think I'm going to say 'Yes' any plainer—"

She sobbed the rest on his shoulder.

A surprising statement comes from the Bureau of Education. It is that there are in the United States 1,757,028 males over 30 years of age without education. The Bureau does not go far enough. It should follow that army to the poorhouses, the jails, the haunts of petty poverty, to the lives of the tramps. For one of the main springs of poverty and crime is ignorance. Education pays. More education pays better. A study of the book of statistics, "Who's Who," shows that out of 10,000 men considered successful, 7,000 had college educations. If parents would only stop to consider the matter they would realize that it isn't what a boy earns in the yards before he is 21 that counts. It is to that time his life is preparatory. He should be getting ready for a struggle that will be strenuous. He can afford to be pinched for spending money for clothing, for luxuries of all kinds, but if he steps into himself, without at least a good common school education, well soaked in, he is going to wear a ball and chain the rest of his life. He is going to have a handicap that no amount of worldly wisdom can entirely overcome.

Perhaps, in your own experience, you have seen the young man who cannot write, who cannot spell, who cannot frame a sentence without violating grammatical laws. They are not wanted. Society does not excuse them, and their field of endeavor is narrowed down to a point where the thousands struggle for a living. Ignorance means a bare living at the hardest, most killing kind of toll. The money earned by a child often means the sacrifice of a future. Education pays. In these days of keen competition it is due to every young man that he go into the world fully equipped.

Peruna permanently cured. No His own grossness after first day's use of Dr. Cassell's Peruna. He had been suffering from Dr. R. H. Knapp, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

There is \$300,000,000 worth of English money invested in submarine cable. Peruna's Cure is the best medicine ever used for all affections of throat and lungs. Dr. O. E. Squire, Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 10, 1900. O. E. Squire, Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 10, 1900. There are 322,190 separate farms, more than any other State.

Japan the swordsmiths turn out weapons whose blades are fully as keen as any made in any other country. Then he turned his back in a steady advance. "It's all right," he said, "I'll be back in five minutes." "It's all right," she said, "I'll be back in five minutes."

St. Jacobs Oil. Rheumatism and Neuralgia. PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. For the Laundry.

Don't Be Too Late. How often does the examining doctor have to say to applicants for life insurance: "If you had applied a year ago you would have passed. Don't you be too late. Shall we send you some literature?"

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. PHILADELPHIA. TOWERS BROTHERS' WATER-PROOF OILED CLOTHING.

FOR SIXTY YEARS. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It is the best remedy for children's ailments.

WANTED. Thompson's Eye Water. Praeching Without Practice.