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Friendship is said to be out of date. We certainly have not much time to spare nowadays, even to reflect on what the rush and hurry and bustle of modern life are costing us. Now and again, however, says the Chicago Record, there is borne in upon us the sad realization of the losses we sustain as we tear and scramble through what we now call life, and is not one of these the power of establishing close friendships? It is a sad reflection, but the more we think of it the truer we shall find it to be, that we no longer have time to knit together those bonds of true friendship and affection which bound our predecessors together and made life sweet to them. We are always in a hurry, rushing here and there; we meet and know many people in crowds, and yet never have time to understand them, to give them or gain from them sympathy; we can scarcely spare an hour that is unconnected with some form of entertainment or some business matter to those we call our closest friends. Letter writing has been reduced to its least common denominator, as time presses on us so heavily, and we have no pursuits that we can share with our so-called friends that enable us to study each other's characters. Friendship, in fact, has become a mere term with the general run of people.

No Time for Friendship.

The necessity of flowers at a funeral has been established by law, and Chicago florists and undertakers will be interested in the decision by the supreme court of Rhode Island to that effect. The case was an action brought by a florist against the administrators of the estate of a deceased citizen, who had refused to pay for the flowers furnished by the plaintiff. The court justified the expenditure, remarking that the custom of having flowers at funerals was almost universal in this country and that when not abused by extravagance or unseemly ostentation it was certainly to be commended as giving appropriate expression to one's feelings of respect and love for the departed.

A man burglariously entered a Baltimore house whose owner, with his family, was away on a vacation, ransacked the place and then sat down to the piano, on which he played ragtime for awhile. This reminded him that he intended to go to a vaudeville show that afternoon and he went, returning in the evening. After an hour's nap in the downiest bed he could find the burglar made up a bundle of clothing and left the place by the front door. He was arrested while trying to sell his plunder, and at the station made the confession outlined above.

Two golf enthusiasts in Pittsburgh disputed as to the possibility of making a course over certain city streets in 150 strokes. They finally bet $2,000 a side. William J. Patton offering to make the course (4½ miles) and Henry R. Rea betting he could not do it. The game was begun at Ave'oleck in the morning, starting in California avenue, in front of the Allegheny County club. The player crossed two bridges, hit two men and one dog, lost ever so many balls and finished in two hours, having only made 119 strokes.

A western wisacre gives utterance to this little gob of sapiency: "You can't ride many miles on a train without seeing some dog chasing the cars in a mad way. Wonder what the dog would do if it made the catch? The world is full of people whose chase is as fooling as the dog's. Most people chase too big game. The dog that tries to run down a few cars wouldn't think of stretching itself for a rabbit. And the man who has his aim on a million can't see a dollar around him.

The fractional paper currency used in the United States 30 years ago is still outstanding to the extent of $15,000,000. Most of this sum was destroyed, though a considerable amount remains in the hands of collectors and is equivalent in value to gold, like all of Uncle Sam's money. As an absorbent of dirt and habitation of microbes a paper dime has never been surpassed.

Dr. Henry J. Costello, a Philadelphia physician, committed suicide while of unsound mind. Knowing that he was becoming insane, Dr. Costello kept a journal in which are to be found most minute details as to the progress of his mental derangement. He was an enthusiast in his profession, and worked himself into a condition of mental and physical decrepitude.

It is said that the people of the United States spend annually $5,400,000 for golf balls. These figures look astounding, but just wait for the crowning thrill of astonishment that will come over you when some statistical crank figures up what they spend for "high balls."

Writing from a ship en route to Cape Nome, a Thayer (Kan.) man says: "This Sunday morning Rev. Mr. Scott is preaching a sermon up in the bow. Down below a stud poker game is the attraction, and 'aft' a dance is in progress."

Somebody in Kansas City has been reading a learned paper on "The Veracity of the Hexateuch." Those who do not know the definition of hexateuch will doubtless rest satisfied with the assurance that it is not a fisherman.

In the mountains near Wilkesbarre, Pa., a Pennsylvania judge has a summer cottage, and there he recently had an adventure. While out on a stroll he met a bear, also on a stroll. The judge says he first thought it was a calf, but when he found it was a bear he strolled more hastily. So did the bear, and in a short time the judge found himself on the edge of a cliff, while the bear sat down, ten feet away and eyed him curiously and—the judge thought—hungrily. Then an inspiration came to the judge, says a local informant. Lifting his voice to the utmost limit, he recited the declaration of independence, the bear was at first plainly amazed; then he seemed to be bored, and twice he yawned. Finally, he dozed, and then awakening with a start, assumed a look of disgust, gave another prodigious yawn and trotted back into the woods. It was a poor tribute to the judge's elocution, but he did not complain.

Some of those who are watching the Belgian hare craze (which is sweeping this country at present fear that when it subsides the land will be afflicted with a pest which will threaten the agriculture. T. S. Palmer, acting chief of the biological survey, has sent out warning letters in which he suggests that steps be taken to keep under observation the hares that have been liberated and that all possible measures be adopted to discourage the liberation of the animals. All countries have these crazes for animals not indigenous to them. Japan 20 years ago went daft over rabbits and pigs, and the speculators made vast sums of money out of them. The Chronicle two years ago was the first newspaper in the country to predict the coming hare craze. There are several thousand Belgian hares in and about the city.

Many Americans leave home to go to Europe every year to see sights which are discounted by those at home. They express great wonder at the cog railway up the Rigi Kulm which runs a distance of 4½ miles, while by going to Pike's peak they may ride on one 8¾ miles long. The ascent of the former is 4,072 feet; that of the latter is 8,100 feet, an average of 346 feet per mile, the maximum grade being 1,320 feet.

To all appearances Mrs. Eliza Walker, of Carthage, Mo., died one day recently. Preparations were made for the funeral, but no one thought of getting a burial permit. To this oversight Mrs. Walker probably owes the fact that she was not buried alive, for while a messenger was dispatched for the necessary document she opened her eyes and sat up. She is now as well as ever.

Near Binghamton, N. Y., farmers were recently digging baked potatoes from their fields. The fields adjoin a peat bog and the peat runs back under the land. Recently the bog took fire and has been burning ever since. In places the fire has worked back under the potato patches and the potatoes have been nicely roasted in the ground.

A costly example of building removal has just been completed at Newcastle, Pa. John Stevenson, a steel and iron magnate, took down, stone by stone, his $65,000 mansion in Newcastle and had it removed to Sharon. The cost of moving the distance, 22 miles, was about equal to the value of the house.

A medical society in Cleveland has started a movement for removing offensively deformed and crippled beggars from the street. The number has greatly increased in recent years and the doctors felt that the public display of deformity was injurious to the community.

A by-product of the alfalfa fields in the west is honey. Nearly all the farmers' wives keep hives of bees, which feed upon its purple blossoms.

The Cure that Cures
Coughs, Colds, Grippe,
WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION IS
OTTO'S CURE
Sold by all druggists 25&50cts

Uniform Examinations—1909.

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

November 8th and 9th, Friendship Teachers desiring to be ready to teach at the next school year, whose certificates expire July 31st, 1900, should take the first examination of the year. O. M. BURDICK, Com.

Fully one-half of humanity is impressed by the thoughts of the burdens that must bear, and lift the mind from contemplation of this means a panacea for a thousand and one ills. Life may be earnest and sincere without being morally and intellectually wearisome and disagreeable. We need, says Dr. A. S. Atkinson, in Woman's Home Companion, to take less conscious thought of our bodily and mental conditions, and to project our minds into the world's interest around us. So long as the mind is permitted to brood and dwell upon personal sorrows and burdens it will find abundant reason for a gloomy attitude toward things in general. The external world and the people in it are the rightful objects of our thought and consideration, and not personal ailments, idiosyncrasies and peculiarities. The cure for the brooding mind is to mingle more generally with other people, and to become interested in their thought and welfare. We must direct and control the mind and emotions in order to secure the greatest happiness in this world, and this is merely a matter of habit which we can all learn either early or late. But happy is the man or woman who forms this habit in early life, and then the bitter experience that many pass through needlessly will be avoided.

The Cure for Brooding.

"Did you ever hear of a Chinaman named Smith?" asks the Columbus (O.) Press-Post. "No; nor an American named Wu Hop Shang," replies the Denver Post.

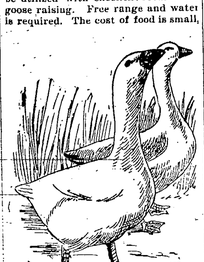
A little liver work should not make a woman's back ache—
And it wouldn't if the kidneys were right
Sick kidneys are to blame for three-fourths of the pain and misery in this world.
If all the kidneys in the world could be made strong and healthful, backache would disappear like magic.
Doan's Kidney Pills
Are making well kidneys just as fast as people let them. They never fail. Have cured thousands of men and women.
Read this testimony of their merit.
Mrs. L. French, dressmaker, of 250 Castle street, Geneva, N. Y., says: "I derived much relief from using Doan's Kidney Pills. I tried many remedies for that tired and weary feeling which haunted me, the dull, oppressive aching across my kidneys, those awful pains in the back of my neck, and that embarrassment that accompanies too frequent action of the kidney secretions, but they all failed. It was not till my case, however, with Doan's Kidney Pills I procured a box at a drug store to try them, having heard a great deal about them. I had so much running up and down stairs I thought it caused the lameness in my back and that it would be useless to try medicine. Although worse at this time than on any previous occasion, Doan's Kidney Pills positively cured me."
Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

POULTRY & BEES

GEESE ON THE FARM.

Wherever There Is Free Range and Plenty of Water They Can Be Raised with Profit.

Goose raising is not so extensively carried on as duck raising, the conditions under which they can be successfully raised being almost entirely different from those needed by ducks. There are many places on a farm that are worthless for cultivation that could be utilized with excellent results for goose raising. Free range and water is required. The cost of food is small,



A PAIR OF WHITE EMBDEN GEESE.

for geese will gather most of their feed from the range. The care required is small when compared with the returns. The simplest kind of houses are used for shelter.

The feathers are an important source of revenue and find ready sale. A goose will average about one pound of feathers a year. Geese are long-lived birds, and 15 to 20 years of age is not uncommon. Young geese are not considered good breeders, but are the only kind wanted in market. White Embden geese, the kind shown in the illustration, are considered very practical birds for farmers. They are snow-white and of large size, the standard weight of an adult gander being 20 pounds and goose 18 pounds. They are not as prolific as some other breeds, 20 eggs in a season being a good average. The eggs are large and white, and have a thick, rough shell. They have large heads, medium-sized bill and a long neck carried upright. The breast is round and full, and the body large, square and very deep, nearly touching the ground. The eyes are bright blue, and the bills flesh color, and the shanks, toes and webs a deep orange.—Farm and Home.

AUTUMN BEE HINTS.

Late Summer or Early Fall Is the Best Time for Requeening and Italianizing.

The best time to requeen and Italianize all colonies that do not come up to the standard of vigor during the late summer months, so that we go into winter with all good stock. It is impossible to get queens early enough in spring to thus put the bees in the best shape for the coming season, and as the honey harvest is past and out of the way we can now do this work without any damage in any way, and at the time when we have leisure, and the bees have the time.

Queens now are very cheap, so that if we do not care to raise them ourselves, we can buy them from breeders at prices that we can hardly afford to raise them. Young queens of the present season's rearing are the ones to buy and use, for we do not want old queens at any price.

It is but little trouble to introduce new queens, for the directions always accompany the queens if you get them from those who make a specialty of rearing them. Perhaps the most bother with the amateur is to find the old queens, for they must certainly be removed from the hives before new ones are introduced. After a little practice, one will never have any trouble finding queens. Those who have never seen a queen bee may not readily succeed in finding one in the hive, but can make the discovery without assistance by examining the combs of brood carefully, for the queen is always on the brood combs, unless the bees have been badly handled so as to become very much excited, when the queen may have left the brood combs. The queen is larger than the worker bee, and much longer; unlike the drone, that is short and heavy, she is long and slender. As there is but one queen in the colony, there is no other bee that looks like her, and anyone who can have the nerve to go into a colony of bees without fear, can succeed in finding the queen if he looks carefully on the combs. When found, she must be thoroughly caged, or killed on the spot, for if she gets her liberty she will return to the hive.—A. H. Duff, in National Rural.

OAT DIET FOR HENS.

When Fed with Corn Oats Is One of the Finest and Most Reliable of Egg-Producers.

In this day of scientific poultry handling we read and hear a great deal in regard to the best food for the hens to cause them to fill the egg basket. The various agricultural experiment stations have taken up the subject, and at considerable expense of both time and money have issued from time to time elaborate tables which they see fit to call a "balanced ration," which to the average farmer is no better than so much Greek, and is beneficial only to those who have every convenience at hand to follow out instructions as there made and provided. In their reasoning they take as a basis the constitution of the egg, hence foods that are rich in certain elements must from necessity when fed the hens, cause them to produce the egg. This is all very beautiful in theory, but when you get down to business and feed, "where are you at?" My experience has been almost universally that while the theory seems reasonable, the results obtained do not justify it. It was for a long time and is still considered by many that there was nothing in the way of a regular diet for laying hens like wheat. I have found this a fallacy, and have always had far better results, especially during the winter season, from a generous diet of corn, which as the weather becomes settled and warm was gradually reduced, and oats largely substituted; but corn never discontinued. One factor that (to use slang) cuts a considerable figure in the oat diet is a very great difference between their relative price, which must be taken into account and may throw the balance to the debit side of the ledger, instead of the credit without a corresponding benefit. To obtain the best results the oats should be fed in the sheaf, the hens compelled to scratch out what they obtain, and never placed before them all ready threshed, and they allowed to fill up on the grain without any effort. I always make it a rule all through the year, summer and winter, to feed largely of this grain, and with most satisfactory results. During cold weather the morning meal consists of a warm (not hot) mash, composed of ground oats 25 per cent., coarse corn or stock meal 50 per cent., bran 12½ per cent., and middlings 12½ per cent. At noon I give oats in the straw or sheaf, and at night a full feed of whole corn thrown in the litter of the scratching shed. Of course, with such a variety of nutritious food stuff or roots, fed raw, and ground green bone, and having proven the efficacy of such feed, I shall not change until something better is shown up. For the growing chicks I have never found a better feed than oatmeal fed dry. It comes high, but amply repays the extra expense in the rapid growth of the fowl, but once started right it continues, even after its full maturity, and a marked difference is plainly seen between the chicks thus fed and those otherwise. Should there be any doubt in your mind in regard to the efficacy of an oat diet, next spring plant a small tract where the hens can have free access to it, and I am confident all your doubts will vanish speedily.—F. V. Chapman, in Prairie Farmer.

SIZING UP THE CHICKS.

An Easily-Made Framework Under Which Birds of All Sizes and Ages Can Be Fed.

The cut shows a framework low at one end and much higher at the other, under which chickens of all ages and sizes can be fed and each one allowed

A FEEDING FRAME.

to eat in peace. All sizes of chicks fed together in an open space results in the big ones trampling on the smaller, and robbing them of their share. Some such arrangement as that shown is absolutely essential where chickens have to be hatched during a considerable space of time in the spring. An ideal condition is to have the chicks all early and all of a size, but few can accomplish this desirable end.—Orange Judd Farmer.

NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

The most vicious colony of hybrids may be controlled by using a little tobacco in the smoker.

Toads, skunks and mice are great enemies of bees; see that they do not have access to the apiary.

Increasing or dividing should be done as early as possible, but not until stores are coming in abundantly.

Drones are just as essential as any other bee, but too many are a nuisance. This may be controlled by cutting out drone comb and substituting worker comb or foundation.—Rural World.

Fowls Free and Confined.

Fowls kept in confinement will do as well as fowls having a free range, provided they are given an ideal ration and care. Fowls are usually kept for two purposes, viz., for eggs and for the table. If one wishes to raise fowls for the table, they do by far the best on a free range, or, at least, a large range. The man who makes a business of poultry raising with advantage keep his fowls confined. He will give them the attention they need. Also the man that has children that are enthusiastic in poultry raising can safely keep his fowls confined, provided he can depend on the children to do the necessary work.—Farmers' Review.

Raise Some Choice Queens.

Raise some queens from your choice colonies. It does not pay to buy queens from the general run of colonies for some stocks of bees are good objectionable and in no wise as good as others. If we were more careful than to improve our stock of bees, we would get much better returns from them. During swarming time is the best time to secure queens, for we can get the natural cells in many of the best colonies, which will produce the best of queens.—Rural World.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES
should always be kept in the house for the following reasons:
FIRST—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.
SECOND—Because, if the children are pale and sickly, it will make them strong and well.
THIRD—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.
FOURTH—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.
No household should be without it. It can be taken in summer as well as in winter.
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York.
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CURED —BY—
White Ribbon Remedy,
Tasteless, Odorless.
Can be given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee, Without Patient's Knowledge.
Dr. Brown's White Ribbon Remedy is the only reliable, safe, quick and permanent cure for intemperance that can be given to the patients without their knowledge. It is PURE, CLEAR, ODORLESS, TASTELESS.
White Ribbon Remedy will cure, or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants. Whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate or a "tippler," a social drinker or a drunkard, White Ribbon Remedy will cure. *It is impossible for any to acquire alcoholic liquors after using this specific.* By mail, $1.00. Trial package free.
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Remember Major's RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

GRAY'S 25c BALSAM
DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH but dissolves it, renders the necessary and heals effectually. is the best cough remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Throat Irritation, Bronchial Throat and Lung troubles generally. Sold by all dealers.

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Rooms opposite Woodward & Young Main St.
Shaving and haircutting done in modern style.

G. W. Smith,
has located in the building south of WOODWARD & YOUNG'S on Main street, Greenwood, N.Y. where he keeps a line of
Drugs,
Toilet Articles,
Patent Medicines,
Confectionery,
Ice Cream,
Tobacco, Etc.
He also has on hand a supply of the German Medicine Company's Medicines.

Elizabeth, the poet queen of Roumania, better known to the reading world as Carmen Silva, shares with Queen Victoria a dislike for electric lights, and opposed their use in her apartments until quite recently. Her boudoir was lighted by crystal flowers, in the heart of which gleamed pale, colored lights. The place is filled with panel pictures and verses, all written by the queen or painted by one of her gifted court ladies. The great dining hall is ornamented with tall panels illustrating the principal works of Carmen Silva's novels, romances and poems. The room is very sombre, being furnished with black oak and cordovan leather and lighted only by stained glass windows, brilliant in color and representing court balls, wedding bouquets and other royal festivities, but nevertheless they prevent the sun from penetrating the gloomy grandeur of the apartment. And this is why the queen, who loves beauty and harmony, strictly forbids the wearing of black or dark dresses at her table. She prefers a uniform to conventional evening dress and does not shrink from any fancy dress if it be gay and pretty.

ST. VITUS' DANCE
Dr. R. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.
"We have sold many dozens of your St. Vitus' Dance Specific. It gives universal satisfaction. It has cured a blind horse." ALLEN-CLARK DRUG CO.
SURE AND QUICK CURE.

O PERT AND PUDGY BABY.

O pert and pudgy baby, sometime you and I
Will take a trip to Fairyland where wonderous blossoms grow.
There little folks are merry nightly, though somewhat flip and flighty,
And silkened dandy-dandies dance wave strange patterns to and fro;
Where all the folks are smiling, where nothing is defiling,
Where children outrank grown-ups with the brownies and the elves,
Where make-believe is forbidden, no ambushed hurts are hidden,
Where people are contented to be just their simple selves.

And there are wondrous glories, you've heard of them in stories,
A million marvels covering us with mystery and amaze;
Odd craft that sail on crystal seas from fragile barks to derbies,
The skies with changing colors and designs just all ablaze;
Where no one has to labor, where no one hates his neighbor,
Where little folks are loving and the big ones just the same;
Where countless playthings please you, where nobody may tease you,
Where gorgeous insects flutter like gay jewels all aflame.

Where freely lamps are living, good bees a much honey giving,
No colics and no agabocs to tie kids into knots;
Where fruit has extra slickness, in it no lurking sickness,
And babies frolic freely in beds of forgetme-nots;
Where streams are ever flowing, all folks extremely knowing,
The babes consulting wiser than the solon or the sage,
Where lady slippers are the sort in tinted beauty growing,
And not the kind which paddle pets and put them in a rage.

Where no one counts his money, long-faced folks counted funny,
Each person packed with happiness from his head to his toes;
Where none read books and papers, but all cut joyous capers,
And wind which rain with frostiness and chilblains never blows;
Where juveniles are jolly, no kidling melancholy,
Where tempers sour are ever weak and O pert and pudgy baby, we can remain there may be,
And sing duet together in that summer land of song.

I. EDGAR JONES.

JIM DORSEY'S PUPS

By Edith Keeley Stokely.

MAJ. LOWRY'S home was one of the finest in Binghamton. The old mansion, with its many widening wings, glittering windows and heavy columned porticoes, painted always a creamy white, was a treat to the eye; but the spacious lawns that stretched about it were the overwhelming theme which townspeople and strangers alike stopped with exclamations of delight.

There were stately trees from northern climes shedding their cones and needles with that soft rustle, and standing ever green and beautiful through the coldest months. There were flowering shrubs from the far south that burdened the air with their fragrance through the summer.

The gravel walks twisted away, past the fountain where a marble boy stood ever catching the heavy spray with outturned hands, past handsome beds of verbenas, glowing clumps of gladiolluses, and away to the stables in the rear where three fine carriage-horses arched their necks and whined to their painstaking groom. Yet despite the delights of all this, the major's grandson was the most miserable little boy in the world—and all because Jim Dorsey's dog had pups!

Jim Dorsey was a dog boy that lived in the little tumble-down house adjoining the major's handsomest lawn. The major thought seriously of buying the grounds on which the little shanty stood, at an outrageously high figure, too, simply because he considered it a blot upon the face of nature.

Not a blade of grass dared to rear its head on that 40-foot lot. If it did, Jim Dorsey, or Bill Dorsey or Jerry Dorsey or one of the other five Dorseys ran or leaped or turned handsprings upon it, and promptly ended its miserable existence. Mrs. Dorsey was not nervous. Maj. Lowry was. And this brings us back to Jim Dorsey's pups.

They were beauties: Two jet black, one marked with a white star upon its forehead, the other two spotted liberally with white and a brick-colored red. The breed was—well, never mind, the Dorseys didn't care anything about that, and for that matter neither did the major's grandson as he stood over the pups, with a kindling feeling of jealousy and adoration, and a feigned expression of indifference and patronage, doing battle upon his face.

"Hey, what are you going to keep?" asked Benjamin Lowry Hargraves, thrusting his small hands into his velveteen pockets and stretching his small legs apart, after the manner of a connoisseur.

"Keep! Keep 'em all, of course," said Jim Dorsey, fondling the pups with a fearfully grimy hand.

"If I was going to own one," observed Benjamin, slowly, with the faintest perceptible quiver in his voice, "I'd take the black one with the spot on its head."

Mrs. Dorsey put her head for a moment through the door of the "leanto." She was a large woman with a wide mouth, a decidely upturned nose, but withal a kind, motherly face.

"If you want one of the pups, Benjamin," she said, "Jim will spare you one when it's old enough; won't you, Jim?"

"Yep," said Jim, still absorbed in fondling his treasures.

Benjamin swallowed hard. "I'd like one," he said, "but I don't know. My grandpa doesn't like dogs. I'll ask mamma."

That evening at his mother's knee Benjamin's prayer contained a supplementary request, done the less sincere for being whispered within his own little heart, that blended in this wise: "Bless everybody, and make me a good boy. Amen. And, God, will Clara, please make grandpa like dogs. Make him like that one of Jim Dorsey's with the spot on its forhead, forever and ever. Amen."

Something kept sleep out of Benjamin's eyes for very long time after this prayer was whispered, while his mother mended the pockets of the small velveteen trousers by the softly shaded lamp. Then a small voice spoke from the little white bed:

"Mamma, why doesn't grandpa like dogs?"

The sweet-faced lady bent her head a little lower over the needle. "I don't know, dear," she answered, softly. "All people do not like dogs. Grandpa likes a great many other things—flowers and trees and—"

"I hate flowers!" said the small voice, passionately. "They don't know anything—they ain't alive!"

"Clara is proud of his horses, too," went on the soothing voice.

"I don't like 'em," said the small voice, decidedly. "They don't follow a fellow when he calls 'em, and they don't sit up and beg, or carry baskets in their mouths. They don't like a fellow the way a dog does."

"Go to sleep now," said his mother, gently.

Two brown eyes shut tightly for a moment, then opened wide again. "Mamma, didn't papa like dogs?"

"Yes."

"And if he had lived wouldn't I have had a dog?"

"Perhaps. Go to sleep, Benjamin." The gentle face was bent still lower over the needle.

But sleep was impossible with the thoughts that surged through Benjamin's rebellious brain. "Jim Dorsey is going to give me a pup. They have five. They have the old dog, too, and three rabbits and a pair of white rats and a coon. But I wouldn't want a coon. Do poor people always like dogs?"

"Perhaps. But I wouldn't take the pup, Benjamin. Not now. We love grandpa too well to cause him any annoyance." The lady folded up the trousers and drew a chair beside the little white bed.

"Once, a long time ago," she went on, "when I was a little girl, I loved dogs, too, and used to weep and be very angry because my father would not allow me to have one. But now I am glad that I did not disobey him. I am glad that I have never disobeyed him—and so will my little boy be when he is older. We will buy Jim Dorsey's pup, if you wish, and give it to some poor little child who has no other pleasure. We will talk about it to-morrow, dear. I am going to take the lamp out now. Good night."

"Good-night," said Benjamin, very near to tears. "But if you please, mamma, if I can't have that pup I'd rather just leave it with its mother." Yet as the light receded, a trustful little heart prayed again: "Please, God, make grandpa like dogs."

The major was a handsome, erect old gentleman, past 60 years of age. His mustache, his flowing side whiskers and his hair were quite white, but his eyes were as alert and his tones as decided as a man in earlier prime. Jim Dorsey's pups were three weeks old when he announced to his daughter one morning at breakfast:

"Maude, the governor of the state, and as you know, an old school friend of mine, will be in town to-morrow for the purpose of inspecting the state asylum. Tell the mother dog there's seem so fine."

"Tut, tut!" said the major, sharply, "the pup has a pedigree, rest assured. My friend, the governor, would buy nothing else."

In the early dawn of the next day Benjamin made his way to the Dorsey lean-to. "Yep," said Jim, "I sold the pup. The gentleman that was here that day wrote for him and went five dollars. He was a good pup," added Jim, meditatively.

Up in the stillness of their own chamber Benjamin whispered the secret to his mother.

"And in spite of the silver collar, mamma," he whispered, "I knew he was my own pup."

But the major never knew.—Youth's Companion.

TALISMAN AGAINST ALL EVIL.

A Strange Prayer in Use Four Hundred Years Ago as to Ward Off Danger.

This prayer was found in the fifteth year of our Lord and again in the year 1315. It was sent by the pope to Emperor Charles V. when he was going to battle for his safety, and whosoever shall repeat this prayer, hear it read, or keep it about him, shall never die a sudden death, or fall into the hands of his enemies, or be burnt in any fire; or be overpowered in any battle; being read over by a woman in labor, she shall be delivered in child-birth; if you see a dead man, lay this prayer on his right side, and he shall rise up and thank you, and he who shall write this from house to house shall be blessed by me, says the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and he who laughs at it shall suffer. Cross of Christ, ward off from me a dangerous death and always give me life.

"Oh, adorable Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, dying on the gallows tree of the cross for our sins, adoration be to thy cross of Christ, see how I believe in thee; oh, holy, cross of Christ, tie up in me all the good and truth; oh, holy cross of Christ, will I be on the right way to happiness, oh, holy cross of Christ ward off from me a dangerous death and always give me life; oh, crucified Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me; that the enemy may keep off from me now and for evermore, in honor of Jesus Christ, in honor of His blessed and sacred passion and unmerciful death, in honor of His holy resurrection and Godlike ascension, through which He lives to bring us in the right way to Heaven. True as Jesus was born on Christmas day in a stable in Bethlehem; true as the three kings brought their offerings to Him on the twelfth day; true as He ascended into Heaven, so the honor of Jesus Christ will spare me from all enemies to be seen and not seen.

"Now and forever into Thine hands, O Lord, I offer myself, amen; O Jesus, have mercy on me; O Mary and Joseph, pray for me through Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who took Him down from the cross and buried Him; O Lord Jesus, through the bitter agony Thou hast suffered on the cross, in particular when Thy soul was parting from Thy body, have mercy on my poor soul when it parts from its mortal body and this sinful world; O Lord, save me, that I may carry my cross with Thee, and teach me that I may make my dangers all good. Amen."

Imperialistic Trees.

A regiment of 1,000 men could readily find shelter under a single banyan tree. In Indian there is one of these trees which has 400 main trunks and over 3,000 smaller ones.

In these days when appendicitis is so common an ailment the doctors are putting forth every effort to arrive at a clearer understanding of it. The time has long gone by, says a writer in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, since the grape seed and the toothbrush bristle were held accountable, and we may now eat our grapes and brush our teeth quite without the menace of a month in the hospital. Medical men generally agree that appendicitis is due to the presence of a bacillus. One of the latest and most ingenious theories to account for the malady is that put forth by a medical man who believes that it is caused by the habit of sitting with the legs crossed. Nine men out of ten—leaving tailors out of the reckoning—spend many of their sedentary hours with the right leg crossed over the left. As the vermiform appendix is on the right side it requires no great stretch of the imagination to believe that a cramped and contracted condition of the parts may cramp and contract the parts to an extent sufficient to cause trouble. Whether or not this explanation be accepted there can be no doubt in crossing one's legs the other way about.

BOY CUT OFF HIS QUEUE.

Small But Revengeful Chicago Citizen Does Not Wait for the Powers to Act.

That nothing arouses youthful ardor so much as war has been demonstrated so often that it has now become an axiom. For this cause the inhabitants of the opponents of the United States are the enemies de facto to the lads who tramp the streets of Chicago. This has been shown of late in their antagonism to the Chinese because of atrocities committed in and around Peking, says the Chicago Chronicle.

They have made faces at the Celestials, pulled their pigtails and thrown stones through their windows. It remained for a Clark street lad, however, to take summary vengeance on a Chinaman against whom he held a fancied grudge.

Ye Kee is a rotund Chinaman, who lives back of one of the stores that line the east side of Clark street. In the afternoon he is in the habit of stretching himself on the little 2x4 porch in the rear of his home for a nap. The other day he lay down without anticipating any untoward incident that might cause him to wish he was in some other country.

Dreams of the flowery kingdom and the delights of seeing his enemies suffer were infesting his brain when a dull thud brought him to a sitting posture. He saw a boy running away with a hatchet in his hand. He grabbed for his queue immediately and found it lying near where his head had rested while he was sleeping. The mischievous lad had clipped the beloved pigtail very near to its base.

Representatives of nearly every large publishing house in America met in New York the other day and took steps for the formation of a national publishers' association. It is claimed that books are becoming too cheap, and the object of the projected organization is to maintain prices.

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