

STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

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NO SHORTAGE YET.

Live Stock World: Temporarily, at least, no beef shortage can be detected. August supply will be heavy at all western points and a continuous heavy run is proving burdensome.

HOME BREAKING.

A certain western woman who got a divorce from a husband who objected to her escapades with a well-known rake, turned her four children over to their grandparents, who wisely insisted upon that arrangement.

Daddy's Bedtime Story—The Story Without an End



"I Don't Want to Hear Any More"

"DADDY," asked Jack one evening, "is everybody fond of hearing stories?" "Why, yes, son," said daddy, "most people are. Even kings and queens have been fond of hearing tales. Some of the most famous stories have been those that were told to kings. I will tell you this evening a story about a king who was very, very fond of hearing stories—too fond of it, in fact."

"Once upon a time there was a king who was very wealthy. He had only one child, a very beautiful daughter, who was the heiress to his throne and to all his wealth. The king's country was at peace with all the world, and the king had nothing to do but to listen to stories. He was very fond of them, but he had one fault to find with all of the stories that were told to him—that is, they were all too short. So the king sent out a proclamation as follows: 'If any man will come to my palace and tell me a story that has no end and shall marry my daughter, and after I am dead he shall be king and shall have all my wealth. But if any man shall try to tell a story without an end and shall fall he shall have his head cut off.'"

"Of course every one wished to marry the beautiful princess and be king and be very wealthy, but they were all afraid to try to tell a story without an end. One rash young man did try it. His story lasted three months. Then he could think of no more to say, so his head was cut off. The king thought he would never hear a story without an end. But one day a man came to the palace to try for the prize. His story was as follows: 'One day, O king,' he said, 'there was a king who was very greedy. He seized all the corn in his country and locked it up in a granary where the people could not get at it. But the locusts found out where the grain was kept and went for it. And one locust came and carried away one grain of corn. And another locust came and carried away another grain of corn. And another locust came and carried away another grain of corn. And so the king went on and on and on for a week and a month and a year. Then the king who loved stories said, 'Well, is not all the corn carried away yet?'"

IN WOMAN'S REALM

POINTERS TO REMEMBER.

- 1. Use a perfectly clean, bright pan, free from all suspicion of grease.
2. See that the scales used for weighing the ingredients are equally clean, for the least scrap of flour or grease is enough to cloud clear jelly.
3. Wash the egg shells and lemons for the same reason.
4. Use the best gelatine and sugar; inferior gelatine has an unpleasant flavor and is difficult to clarify.
5. If the weather is very hot, use a quarter of an ounce more gelatine than here directed, or the same quantity less in very cold weather.
6. Use a perfectly clean, coarse tea-cloth for straining purposes; and use it for nothing else. Never let it be washed with other articles or be touched with soap. Keep it for straining jellies only.
7. Let the jelly strainer stand in a warm place while the jelly is filtering through, as, otherwise, it rapidly cools, sets during the process, and requires re-heating.
8. Never stir the jelly while it is being strained, in order to make it flow through more rapidly.

A QUART OF CLEAR WINE JELLY.

- Required: One pint and a quarter of water. One gill each of sherry and lemon juice. Two and a half ounces of gelatine. Six ounces of sugar. The rind of two lemons. Half an inch of cinnamon. Two cloves. The shells and whites of two eggs.

Select a pan that will hold at least two quarts, so that the jelly will have room to boil up in it. Put into it the water, sherry, strained lemon juice, sugar, very thin sliced lemon rinds, cloves, cinnamon, the washed eggshells (crush these up in the hand before adding them), and the whites of eggs beaten to a fairly stiff froth. Next put in the gelatine then take a clean egg whisk and whisk all these ingredients over the fire until the mixture is very hot, not far off boiling point; then take out the whisk and let the jelly cool well up in the pan. Draw it aside, let the jelly sink down, then re-heat it up once more. Put the pan at the side of the fire,

STRAINING THE JELLY.

During this time, rinse the straining cloth in boiling water; place it under the hoop of a jelly stand or if there is not a stand, put a wooden chair upside down on the legs, arranging it so that it dips well down in the center. Tie the cloth securely round each leg with string.

Put a clean basin under the cloth on the upturned seat of the chair. Pour some boiling water through the cloth to heat it and the basin. Empty the basin, put it back, and very gently pour the jelly into the center of the cloth.

When the pan is empty, put it down, slip another heated basin under the cloth, draw out the first basin and pour its contents gently back again into the cloth, because that runs through first is rarely clear. If not satisfied with it, put it through a third time, but each time rinse out the basin with boiling water. Remember, you must not disturb the sediment in the cloth, and the jelly must be covered over during the filtering process to keep it free from draughts or dust.

TO TURN UP JELLIES.

It's all very well to be able to make a nice jelly, but you want to be able to turn it out neatly, too. It is useless to turn a mould over and beat it violently with your hands, as I have seen some people do.

Dip the mould into a basin of warm water, not hot water. Move it about in this for a second or two; lift it out, dab it over with a clean cloth to dry; turn it down onto your left hand, holding the top of the mould firmly with your right; give it a sharp shake downward (not up and down) you should then feel the jelly slip down onto your left hand.

Place hand, jelly mould and all on the dish and gently withdraw the hand; then when you can see the jelly is resting on the dish, gently draw off the mould. An earthenware mould requires hotter water, and must remain in it for a second or two longer than a metal one, as the sugar does not penetrate so quickly through it as through tin.

LITTLE HELPS.

When making angel food cake try mixing almond and rose flavoring together. It is delicious. A little vinegar put in the water in which eggs are packed will keep them white and prevent them from spreading.

CANDY.

Fruit Fudge.—Fruit fudge, something new and delicious: Three cupsful of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cupful of nut meats, one-half cupful of figs, dates or raisins, and one-half cupful of shredded coconut. Boil sugar, butter and milk until a soft ball forms when dropped into water. Remove from fire and set in a dish of cold water after vanilla has been added. Cool until—cold. Beat rapidly, adding nuts and fruit. Pour into platter and cut into squares.

Butter Fudge.—Six six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of butter, and twelve of corn syrup in a pan till it forms a soft ball when tried in water. Take from fire and beat till creamy. Pour on a buttered platter and cut in squares.

A year's output of cotton piece goods in England is over 7,929,000,000 yards, or 3,997,500 miles.

SURPRISED VISITOR TO CITY

Good Old Uncle Josh Wondered at Liberty Displayed by "Them Oprey People."

A few days ago a resident of Shamong township came over from Jersey to lay in a supply of seed potatoes, cultivator teeth and other things, and after looking over the cut glass and picture display in one or two life-saving stations, he rambled over Market street to see the city.

While making the tour Uncle Josh ran across a building operation where an old structure had been torn down to make room for a more modern one. The bricks which had been taken from the old building were piled several feet high and many yards long in the street, and, of course, were covered from one end to the other with theatrical posters.

Uncle Josh let his eyes play on the brick pile for several minutes while an expression of mingled surprise and admiration floated over his countenance. Finally he turned to a policeman on the corner.

"I jes' tell you what it is, constable," he remarked in a confidential tone, "them oprey people don't mind their expense when they start to do a thing, do they?"

"I don't know," was the wondering response, "what do you mean?" "Why, jes' look at that," said Uncle Josh, pointing to the brick pile, "who would think that they would go to all their trouble of puttin' up a brick wall as thick as that jes' ter paste them actin' picturs on it?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

HAD FUN WITH PRESIDENTS

Children of the White House Seemingly Had No Fear of Chief Executives.

Agnes Carr Sage, in her book, "Boys and Girls of the White House," has included some stories of children who, without living in the presidential mansion, were privileged to have their fun at the president's expense. Among them was the adopted daughter of Dolly Madison. Who was the president is not told, but the chances are in favor of Van Buren. The little maid stood a good chance of knowing Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler and Polk in the White House. Van Buren is the one who would have enjoyed the joke most heartily.

Miss Dolly's closing days would have been desolate, indeed, but for Anna Payne, the child of a brother in Kentucky, whom she adopted late in life. This young girl was her constant companion after the death of Mr. Madison, in 1855, and a veritable sunbeam in the home which she made at Washington within a stone's throw of the White House.

A prankish little creature was Anna, and up to all sorts of mischief. Thus, one first of April, she invited the one who was then president to dine, without mentioning the fact to her aunt.

When that worthy lady was horrified by the unexpected arrival of so illustrious a guest, Anna flew in and laughingly informed them both that it was only an "April fool."—Youth's Companion.

A Strange Hairpin.

"This," said the gay bachelor, leading his visitors through the flat, "is my famous collection of hairpins." The hairpins, 100 or more, filled a Louis Quinze cabinet. Some were of shell, some of silver, some even of gold.

"This is the strangest," said the bachelor, "this hollow glass one. See, there is a fluid in it, a perfume. And here is a tiny hole, so that, when the pin lies obliquely in the hair, the perfume is emitted slowly in delicate drops."

"It is a Japanese hairpin," he concluded. "A geisha in a Yokohama tea house gave it to me. I can still see her as she sat on her cushion, playing the samisen, while very slowly, in drops resembling tears, the perfume fell on her amber-colored cheek."

Advantage of the Blind.

A correspondent, writing on the illiteracy of the native classes, points out a strange anomaly. In devising the "Oriental Braille" alphabet for the use of the Indian blind it was found that the 63 combinations of the six Braille dots will serve to give the blind one code for the whole of the languages and dialects. With this code the Indian blind are being taught, and no difficulty has arisen in any vernacular. The ordinary native blessed with sight is more unfortunate. The complicated nature of the native syllabary is such that it requires from 500 to 1,000 sorts of type to print a book even in simple language. Originally the letters of Asoka were simple in form, but the modern varieties of Asoka's letters have become elaborate and complicated.—Allahabad Pioneer.

Had to Find His Man.

"Mark Twain," said a magazine editor, "liked to tell, as an illustration of persistence and push, a story about a sheephead bay race. He said that at the end of an important race a young man shouted so savagely, 'Hats off! hats off, there!' that every one in hearing distance obeyed him and stood bareheaded. A moment later the young man hastened towards an elderly gentleman, shouting as he ran, 'You can put on your hat again now. It's all right.' Some one asked him later why he had made all the people take their hats off. 'Well,' he replied, 'I bet fifty with a bald-headed man, and I had to find him, hadn't I?'"

JOB FOR THE FOOL-KILLER

Had He Been on the Lookout Inquisitive Passenger Certainly Could Not Have Escaped.

It all took place on a car the other day. Most of the passengers had made a mental note that the man with his jaw tied up was suffering from the toothache. The ever-present individual with the never-absent interest in the other fellow's ailments leaned over and spoke to the apparent sufferer.

"Does it keep you up nights?" he spoke. The toothache man never replied.

"I'll bet it's a double tooth," continued the inquisitor, "and that the dentist couldn't pull it out without an awful lot of trouble and that—"

"You fool," muttered the man around the corner of the bandage.

"Oh, all right," replied the stranger. "If that's the way you feel about it I won't say another word, but you are old enough to know that you shouldn't be riding on a car, for the cool air striking an exposed nerve causes an ache and that there are thirty-five hundred nerves radiating from your gums and that the exposure of any one of those is liable to cause more trouble, and furthermore every time you bite down on a piece of food you use enough force to close a door—why I knew a man who actually went crazy with the toothache—he looked a bit like you, too, and I often told him that the best way to stop a raging toothache was to go and take a—"

By this time the man with the aching molar had signaled the conductor, left the car and was rapidly beating it to the sidewalk.

"Strange," muttered the inquisitor to another passenger sitting alongside, "how unfriendly a man with the toothache is!"

BAD BOY FOOLED OLD LADY

Got Away With Toy and Left Helper in Somewhat Embarrassing Situation.

When a kind old lady, in walking along a residence street, beheld a small boy struggling vainly to reach something between the gratings of a tall iron fence surrounding a palatial residence, she paused to watch his operations. The object of his quest she discovered to be a handsome mechanical toy, an automobile that would run when wound up. The boy had a stick with which he was trying to pull the machine toward him, but as he could barely reach it, the struggle was well-nigh hopeless.

"Let me try it," said the old lady. "My arm is longer than yours." "All right," replied the youngster, relinquishing the stick.

Getting down on her knees the old lady, by dint of much stretching and careful manipulation, gradually worked the machine toward the fence and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the little boy grasp it with eager fingers.

"Now," she said, "you must be more careful and not let it get away with you again."

"Gee," said the boy, "it never got away from me, an' it ain't goin' to neither."

"Wh-wh-why," faltered the old lady with the dawning of a horrible suspicion. "Isn't it yours?"

"You bet it's mine now," said the kid and away he scampered, leaving the good old lady alone with her conscience.

Invisible Animals Alive in the Sea.

The shore of the sea permits the study of more than the poet's horizon or tinted shell. There are tiny animals that live and move among the plants of the sea, and these may be observed clinging to any favorable ocean object. "A small fragment of bark, streaming with fine plant-like growths," says Howard J. Shannon, in the June Harper's, "is cut from the water-worn timbers which the receding tide has exposed; and this apparently insignificant fragment, populous with curious life, is placed in a glass of water beneath the microscope. . . . Verticillate miniature forests appear, endless vistas open, teeming with curious interest and populated by creatures more strange and more wonderful than any the imagination can conceive."

Wistaria Trained into Trees.

The wistaria tree is the latest Japanese effect sought by expensive gardeners. To train one into any kind of shape takes three years of patient pruning, but the result is well worth waiting for, so foreign and artistic and unusual. The vine is first allowed to grow to a height of four feet, and then all tendrils are nipped at the top and those at the sides made to train out over stakes. These are kept pruned, as they grow into branches. When strong enough they are permitted to bloom, and clusters of pale violet flowers soon hang in profusion from the spreading, miniature trees.

Tricks Any Husband Can Learn.

To tell yellow from green in matching silk. To wash the dishes without breaking more than two. To keep quiet when he's spoken to. To face the cook when she's angry. To find out what all the gas range. To stand in line an hour for two trading stamps. To set up his wife's brother in business. To get up winter nights to investigate "robbers." To smile when his old sweetheart's pictures are burned up. To prefer Palma at home to billiards at the club. To drop his old friends because they are "vulgar." To give up coffee because it disagrees with his wife.—Puck.

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HER HASTY JUDGMENT

By ANTOINETTE PATTERSON

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Isabel Stevens had been out of boarding school somewhat less than a year when she married Fred Carrington...

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she could do would be to find some active employment. There was an old desk which had come down to Fred by inheritance from the colonial days...

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thought of suicide, she pictured Fred coming home and finding her lying cold and still across the threshold of their room...

But, on second thought, that would not do at all; for it would only make it possible for him to marry the dancer. And a divorce would have identical the same advantage.

And now what was it that had happened to make Isabel's pretty, fair face look years and years older, and had marked it with the lines etched only by a breaking heart.

After Fred had gone she locked herself in her room, and, silly, childish thing that she was, cried for a whole hour. Afterward, but only because she had promised Fred, she went to the next house and spent the rest of the day with the charming friends who were her neighbors, also.

OLD-TIME AUCTION SALE One still On Which Has Lasted for Nearly a Quarter of a Century.

An auction sale, which has already lasted nearly a quarter of a century, is still far from finished at Sotheby's in London.

It is the sale of the most extensive collection of ancient manuscripts in the world—the Bibliotheca Phillips, the collector of which, who died 40 years ago, devoted a long life and a fortune of \$500,000.

The disposal of the vast library, which packed his country manor, Thirlestane house, Cheltenham, from basement to attic, began in 1885, and the sales will continue at least another generation.

The French and German governments have bought in many national manuscripts, which Sir Thomas Phillips acquired while ransacking Europe for his unmatched collection.

Anything written on vellum, whatever its nature, was purchased by this eccentric collector, who described himself as "a vello maniac," and gave any price that was asked for old manuscript.

The Pacific Codfishers. The codfish is a sacred bird in this section of the world, and anything that has to do with his ultimate fish-bait destination is of interest at the Sunday breakfast table.

Cordial Greeting. "One of my acquaintances is much interested in the Chagrin Falls Hunt club, and is an onlooker at most of the functions of that organization," said Ward Jackson to the Cleveland Leader.

But the bitterest thought of all was that Fred had not only received it, but had cherished it all this time. And had kept it in a place where she would be most unlikely ever to see it.

LIFE IN A COAL BREAKER

Dark Picture Drawn of Employment to Which Young Boys Are Bound.

Practically every boy graduates from school to the coal breaker before he is fourteen—some boys as early as ten or eleven years. The coal breaker is a gaunt, tower-like wooden structure, at the top of which the coal is broken into the required size for use and then sent in a continuous stream down chutes which empty into waiting coal cars or pockets.

My days are in the yellow light. The flowers and fruits of love are gone. At this moment, and while she was assuring herself that "thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on," there was a knock. But nobody must see her until she had time to compose herself, so she asked what was wanted without opening the door.

OLD AIDS TO THE HAT TRADE

Severe Laws Have Been Passed in England to Protect Various Makers of Headgear.

Hats have in England been subject to very severe protective enactments. The blocked beaver hat, for instance, imported by Sir Walter Raleigh from the low countries, won its way so rapidly that in 1571 Queen Elizabeth passed an act to protect the making of "thrummed" caps, made from wool for the advantage of the landed proprietors, whose sheep furnished the material.

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posed on all hats, which were a cially marked inside where the maker's name now appears. The penalty for selling a hat without a stamp was £10, and the penalty for forging a hat stamp was—death!

To Be Taken Into Account. "You seem to be pretty well pleased with yourself. What's happened? Been hitting it right in the stock market?"

"No, my doctor has ordered me to go to Europe for my health." "That doesn't strike me as a thing that should make a man step high and bulge with self-satisfaction."

Luxury of Law. "I haven't the vestige of a case," said the crafty client to the craftier lawyer, "but I have money."

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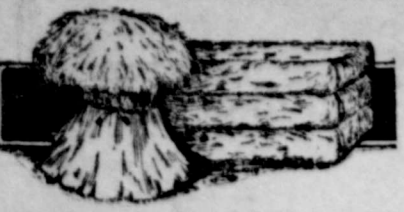
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SET FUDGE ON HIGH

THE STANDARD OF CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN SET.

Femininity in Absolute Accord on the Subject—Inventor Merits More Approval Than She Has Yet Been Accorded.

At last a standard of civilization—of feminine civilization—has been set, according to the Cleveland Leader. The masculine one has not as yet been reached, and the difficulty of arriving at a general standard is at once apparent.

With femininity, however, there was little or no trouble. The sex unites upon a single test. That made, the examination is passed with honors.

The case of the Misses Chang, whose father is the new Chinese minister to the United States, is a most pertinent illustration. According to their governess, who has had a wide experience with outside barbarians; these young Chinese girls are the most intelligent students of English she has ever known and are showing marvelous results. Most significant of all, they have not only fallen a victim to fudge, but they are experts in its manufacture.

Nothing more is needed to admit them to equality, social, moral, religious and intellectual, with the girls of this nation. They have become Americanized in the biggest sense of the word. And they will stand in the very first rank of feminine civilization, because the records show that they make fudge three times a day, and only heaven knows how often they nibble at it.

It doesn't need this celestial approval to show the heavenly qualities of fudge. It is the most popular course in every feminine boarding school or college, and while not officially recognized in the curricula of public schools, it is there just the same.

History knows that Dolly Madison invented ice cream, and a grateful world talks of raising a statue to her. But all that is known of the discoverer of fudge is the slight fact that she was a Vassar college girl and that she hit upon the delicious compound, like so many other inventions of great moment to the world have been made, in a casual way.

From another point of view her discovery is unique. Improvements have followed upon other inventions; the basic idea has been expanded and developed. But the original fudge is still the best of all, though there have been countless variants of it.

To a mere man it seems that there is an unconscious ingratitude on the part of fudge lovers, not at all consistent with the big-hearted appreciation we expect from the sex. If there should be concerted action to discover the girl who invented the delicacy, and to reward her as she deserves, it would be better than a number of the other plans which women are agitating.

And as a slight beginning, as an earnest of the reverence womankind should feel for fudge and its inventor, we would suggest that the exclamation: "Oh, fudge!" so common among co-eds, be dropped altogether or robed of its sneering irreverence. After that, the pension for the discoverer and then a statue.

Why Ruskin's Wife Left Him.
Here is an interesting glimpse of Ruskin's wife from Ada Garland's "Ruskin and His Circle."
"A young, gay wife, fond of dress, excitement and social life, was no helpmeet for him. He went with her to court, taking pride in the compliments paid her, but society bored him. She often went out alone. Not a wise thing to do, perhaps, but she was very young, and the home must have been dull—her husband absorbed in architecture and his spare time claimed by the old people. Materially, young Mrs. Ruskin had all she could desire; was always well dressed, had splendid jewels and all the advantages of wealth. But her husband could do without her; Mrs. Ruskin, senior, would not abdicate; the wife's position in the household must have been that of a handsome figurehead."
She was conversing with some gentlemen, one of whom asked:
"Where is Mr. Ruskin?"
"Oh, Mr. Ruskin?" she replied. "He is with his mother; he ought to have married his mother!"

Health Certificate for Hair.
Any woman who changes doctors no doubt has her own reasons for making the change. The woman in this case was threatened with fever. Her first question was: "Shall I lose my hair?" "Most likely," said the doctor.
The next day he found a man with a pair of shears standing at the bedside.
"Doctor," said the man, "I wish you would write out a certificate that this hair is healthy. The lady wants to sell it."
"She says if she's bound to lose it in for she might as well get rid of it now while it will bring a good price. If she waits till it falls out nobody will buy it. Women with nice hair and not much money are smart enough nowadays to sell their hair as soon as they fall ill. Most dealers take it and no questions asked, but I'm too conscientious. I want a doctor's certificate every time in a case like this. I hope you'll be obliging."
The doctor was not obliging, and the next day a new doctor was called in.

Good Time to Turn Farmer.
In theory there never was a better time than right now for a sensible man to move from city to country. The movement has been away from the farm until prices of all kinds of food and fiber are high. There is nothing in sight to indicate that prices will be greatly reduced by increased production. A crop well grown and handled with good business judgment will be reasonably sure of sale at a fair price. There never was a time when it was so easy to learn new methods and the principles of scientific farming. A man starting now may receive at once the benefit of 20 years of the experience and study of good farmers and scientific experts. For example millions of acres of land in the eastern states are almost nonproductive and thrown on the market at a low figure, simply because they are waterlogged and sour. When these farms are drained and limed they become at once productive and double in value for farm purposes. They are naturally strong and drainage available.—H. W. Collingwood, in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Last Stage.
Mrs. De Fashion—My dear, late hours, late suppers and general social dissipation have ruined your constitution.
Miss De Fashion (belle of six seasons)—I know it, ma.
"And your health is miserable."
"Yes, ma."
"And you are losing your beauty."
"It's all gone, ma."
"It really is. And so is your plumpness."
"I'm nothing but skin and bones."
"There's no denying it, my dear, you are a mere wreck of your former self."
"Too true."
"What are you going to do about it?"
"Get married."—New York Weekly.

Nothing Subdued About Her.
Fuddy—Do you believe that people acquire mental qualities from what they eat?
Duddy—Hardly think so. My wife's mother eats crushed oats, mashed potatoes and whipped cream, and yet she's very pugnacious.
Looking Up Father.
"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of 1877."
"Certainly, my boy. What for?"
"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."

OIL MAGNATE OWNS A GHOST

It Was the Prize Package Given With Mexican Palace That H. Clay Pierce Bought.

H. Clay Pierce, St. Louis oil magnate, is now the owner of the Borda Gardens at Cuernavaca, Mexico, and may be said to be the custodian of the ghost of the Borda Gardens. Nothing was said about it when Mr. Pierce paid \$15,000 for the historic spot which was the favorite summer haunt of Emperor Maximilian and Queen Carlotta in the days of Mexico's splendor as an empire.

But it is to be supposed that the ghost, having occupied the gardens without leave these many years, will continue to do so, and an occasional glimpse of the ghostly intruder may be vouchsafed to the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce after Mr. Pierce has spent \$100,000 in restoring the gardens and they are ready to entertain their friends there.

Mrs. Pierce, who will be the mistress of the mansion of the mad empress, is an Edwardsville (Ill.) woman, the daughter of Maj. William M. Russell Pickett. Before her marriage to Mr. Pierce she was Mrs. Virginia Pickett Burrows.

The mansion, in recent years, has divided into several suites and has been let to tenants. These say that they often see the ghost.

Whose ghost is it, and why it haunts the Borda Gardens nobody pretends to know, but it is the belief of the locality that the ghostly appearances have some relation to buried treasure and a dark crime of the long ago.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

How Hay Wrote "Little Breeces."
On the train, as I journeyed to New York, I entertained myself by writing "Little Breeces." The thing was done merely for my own amusement, without the smallest thought of print. But when I showed it to Whitelaw Reid he seized the manuscript and published it in the Tribune. By that time the lit and swing of the Pike county ballad had taken possession of me. I was filled with the Pike county spirit, as it were, and the humorous side of my mind was entertained by its rich possibilities. Within a week after the appearance of "Little Breeces" in print all the Pike county ballads were written. After that the impulse was completely gone from me. . . . There were no more Pike county ballads in me and there never have been any since. Let me tell you a queer thing about that. From the hour when the last of the ballads was written until now I have never been able to feel that they were mine, that my mind had anything to do with their creation or that they bore any trace of kinship to my thought or my intellectual impulses. They seem utterly foreign to me—as foreign as if I had first encountered them in print as the work of somebody else. It is a strange feeling.—Letter from John Hay to G. C. Eggleston, quoted in "Recollections of a Varied Life."

Be Cheerful.
Enlarged faces are more often the result of habit than the marks of Time, that professional etcher, who usually receives all the credit for feminine ugliness. Woman is not content with expressing herself in words; she must needs make little noses and funny faces to give completion to her ideas. If you wall about your lack of beauty, watch yourself for one short day. You will be surprised to find what wonderful things you will do with your own face. If countenances were not so substantially built they would sooner show the wear and tear imposed upon them.
Wrinkles and lines are indexes to one's life book. The fretter has a signboard on her forehead and she advertises her profession of official worry by growing box plaits between her eyes, by allowing her mouth to droop at the corners and by taking on the plaintive portrait of misery in which she really rejoices.
But the optimist, the individual of good cheer and laughter, sails serenely along the high seas of existence with a smooth, nicely ironed face, which makes her remain so young that she never really outgrows her happy days of mud pies and pin-flores.—Woman's Life.

Sovereigns Who Died on Saturday.
Authorities on things supernatural may be able to explain why Saturday has been a fatal day to the rulers of England. William III died on Saturday, March 8, 1702; Queen Anne on Saturday, August 1, 1714; George II on Saturday, October 25, 1760; George III, on Saturday, January 29, 1820, and George IV on Saturday, June 26, 1830. George I just missed Saturday by two hours, dying at 2 a. m. on Sunday, and the late King Edward breathed his last just a quarter of an hour before midnight, Friday night, May 6.

Not to Be Led.
Clerk—You told me not long ago to lead a better life, sir.
Employer—I believe I did.
Clerk—I want to lead your daughter to the altar.
Employer—Impossible, young man! If you go to the altar with her you follow; I know I'm better than that.—Boston Herald.

ON THE SKYSCRAPER

STRENUOUS LIFE IS THAT OF THE IRONWORKER.

Well Styled "Cowboys of the Skies," the Men Who Erect City's Tall Buildings Always Have the Crowds.

In the past they were a boisterous, swashbuckling lot. They "floated from New Orleans to Vancouver, lived in freight cars, built bridges and dropped off of them with a grin and a choking "good-by." A hero among them was a man who had the longest fall to his credit, or who could toss a white-hot rivet the greatest distance. They lived hard and died easily. Today they know that a man stands highest on the pay roll who takes his work and its danger most seriously, who also watches the man next to him—for in this calling one man's error often means another's life, Harper's Weekly says.

Even so the bridgeworker of today has not lost his romantic side. He is still the cavalier of the workaday world. See him now, clinging like a fly to the ring of that lofty derrick, or swaying a midair with one leg wobble carelessly about a dangling cable, or standing upright alongside a dizzy column, hundreds of feet above the ground, with nothing more substantial than his clinging toe than an inch-wide bolt! The plumber laying pipes in the dark basement gets just as high a wage and his work is quite as important. But the ironworker gets the eyes of the crowd and knows it. "Cowboys of the skies" they have been styled, and aptly so. They have many characteristics in common with their brethren of the plains. They love a dare and a scampering race. Often they make and have them—when the boss is not watching. Just recently two skyscrapers in New York raced up side by side—a Veritable Marathon of the skies!—and prodigies of daring and foolhardiness were done by the rival gangs facing each other across the intervening side-street. They stole each other's hats and wrenches as they sailed up atop the loads of iron, danced giddy hornpipes on the ends of projecting beams, tried to "best" each other taking chances amid the pandemonium of whip-snapping cables and swinging iron.

They affect extravagances and peculiarities of dress. That athletic-looking fellow with the grimy face and hands appears on idle Sundays in white flannels and silk hose. The man beside him is a favorite at bridegroom's dances and has been known to wear and grace a frock-coat. They made no serious complaints over the new order of things—the rush of the work. "Sure," said one, "it's all right, only it's over nowadays before you get your second wind."
Said another: "This going up at a story a day interferes with me social life. On that 13th street building there was a hotel within arm's reach, and one day I got to talking with a pretty maid—through a window. Next day I had to talk down to her and next I had to yell to her, and in two days more I had to say good-by."
"Good-by!" says she. "Sorry to see you go; but I'll introduce you to my friend Katie who works on the tenth floor."

Biggest Dam in the World.
The secretary of the interior has directed the reclamation service to take up immediately the extensive preliminary work on the Rio Grande project in New Mexico and Texas, so that actual construction on the foundations of the Eagle dam shall be finished by July, 1911.
The Rio Grande project, of which the Eagle dam is the most important engineering feature, will provide for the reclamation of 180,000 acres of land lying in New Mexico, Texas and Mexico, in the valley where irrigation began before the discovery of America. It is estimated that the entire project will cost approximately \$5,000,000. The Eagle dam as planned by the reclamation service will be one of the most remarkable structures of its kind in the world. It will be of rubble concrete, gravity type, with a maximum height of 265 feet, length of crest 1,400 feet, and will contain 410,000 cubic yards. The reservoir created by it will be the largest artificial body of water in the world, having a capacity of 2,538,000 acre feet, or enough water to cover that many acres a foot deep. Its capacity is nearly double that of the Roosevelt dam in Arizona and is considerably greater than that of the famous Assouan dam, constructed and recently enlarged by the English engineers on the Nile.

When founded on fact, the malicious hint often does vastly more harm than the full disclosure. It has about it an air of mystery which brings on a train of imaginings and begets groundless suspicions which would quickly melt into thin air were the whole truth known. More especially is this the case when the evil hint is blended with words of commendation. "He's an honest and a temperate man, etc., but—" Oh, that mean, vile, hypocritical little "but" that has severed so many friendships and befouled so many a fair name! Where so much of good is spoken and the mean little "but" uttered with a regretful sigh it often looks like real pity. In reality it is but decking out and garlanding the victim for the sacrifice. The encomium is used only as a means of attaining a dastardly purpose; "With colors fairer painting their foul ends." The slanderer is frequently but a clumsy blunderer. Not so the skillful innuendo man. He at least is no bungler. He is a real tactician, a genuine strategist. He is verily the refinement of cruelty.

Couldn't Fool That Boy.
An uptown minister, interested in social work, is still laughing over a recent experience with one of the small boys whose reclaiming into the paths of virtue he makes his special province.
It was a freckle-faced little urchin whom he had in hand, the leader of a gang of tiny terrors. With a saucy leer, the youngster asked him what he "did for a livin'?"
"I am a messenger of God," replied the minister, solemnly.
The urchin looked skeptical.
"Where's your bicycle?" he said.—Philadelphia Times.

Disapproves Noise in Charity.
Clara Barton says that in her work she never solicited a penny, and she is inclined to criticize that kind of charity which adopts the brass-band style of procedure. She does not think it is the proper way in which to arouse the sympathy and interest of the people.

PAYS TO ENCOURAGE BIRDS

Assertion Made That Farmers Would Find It to Their Interest to Protect Songsters.

What may be done in the encouragement of naturally migratory song birds to remain north during the winter has been demonstrated at the farmhouses of George E. Hoxsie during the last winter, where a colony of 11 bluebirds have contentedly lived and apparently enjoyed their quarters in the bird houses where they were reared last summer.

It is quite interesting to watch their modes of living, as their habits of procuring food have to be entirely different from what they are in summer.

Every fairly pleasant morning by the time it is light they fly away and are not seen again until near sunset, when they return individually and go into the bird houses, several occupying one house, and all on the same building.

Mr. Hoxsie has about his place 22 bird houses, all of which were occupied last season, there being two nests of bluebirds and 20 nests of stump swallows.

Besides these there were raised about the buildings four nests of barn swallows, one nest of chimney swallows, and seven nests of eave swallows. As these would average four young birds to each nest, the number raised, with the old ones added, would make approximately 200 birds.

Then there were within 500 feet of the house ten robin nests, one oriole, one waxwing, one house wren, two chipping, two ground sparrows and one king bird, making in all 18 nests, and with these young and old added would make a total of 800 insect-destroying songsters that were not only a continual joy, but a source of rare profit in the great number of gnats, flies, bugs and worms daily consumed.

Mr. Hoxsie attributes a big yield of apples last season to the destruction by the birds of the insect pest that infests the apples from bloom to finish. If every farmer would put up a few suitable bird houses it would soon make a vast difference to the raising of farm products.—Westerly Sun.

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- \$2.50 Lace Curtains, choice styles. For 2 days, per pair. \$1.75
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- \$1.25 Couch Covers, Persian stripes. For 2 days. 90c
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