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Local Quotations Corrected to Date by Local Dealers.

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DON'T go where you are not wanted. The advertisements in the Stock Yards Daily Journal are an invitation for you to call. Merchants who do not use these columns do not invite stockmen's business.

DID IT BY PROXY

Miss Hoyt Was Not Surprised With the Song the College Boys Sang.

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"Young and rich and good looking, too, I suppose," spoke Harvey Lane. His companion, Willard Price, young and rich himself unfortunately, for he was idle and without ambition, languidly drew a photograph from his pocket and extended it towards Lane.

"Pretty as a picture," voted the latter spontaneously. There was real and earnest admiration in his frank, open face. Then it clouded a trifle. He was too poor and humble in his own estimation to dare to aspire for recognition in the upper circle into which his companion had free admittance.

"I knew Miss Drusa Hoyt at Acton," explained Price. "She attended the seminary there while I was at the college. Those were great days—music, picnicking, rowing on the lake. My cousin Leona is a dear friend of Miss Hoyt. They met a few days ago, and Leona playfully told her she was going to send me around to give one of the old college serenades when I passed through the town here. Drusa is full of life and fun, and insisted she would be delighted with such a welcome reminder of the dear old school days."

"And you are going to twang the light guitar, eh?" smiled Harvey. "With your assistance on the mandolin. Oh, we can make a fine romantic occasion of it, don't you see?" and Price leaned back luxuriously and complacently on the rustic seat of the little village park. Then he added, with a keen look at Harvey, who was still studying the lovely face in the photograph. She hypnotizes you, does she? I say, not getting struck in that quarter, are you?"

If Miss Hoyt was in my own rather humble class," half satirically returned Harvey, "I wouldn't try to forget that beautiful face, as I must do for my own peace of mind."

There was a rustle in the path circling past them, and Harvey, turning slightly, observed a young girl arise



It was Miss Hoyt, Pale, Disturbed.

and leave a near seat. All that he noted was a graceful form and a long streaming blue veil. Then he handed the photograph back to his friend with the faint suggestion of a reluctant sigh.

He scarcely listened as Price told of obtaining the picture from his cousin, also of an item he had noted in a newspaper some time previous commenting on "the rare business success of John Hoyt, Esq." That must be Drusa's father, so "he was safe in spying out the land," and "getting in touch with possible millions."

Harvey had been always helpful to Price, and the latter had treated him pretty well. Harvey considered serenades an obsolete art, and felt rather ridiculous at the thought of posing as a Spanish cavalier. However, he wished to be accommodating, and there was a real element of romanticism in Price's plan.

"You see, I'll surprise Miss Hoyt with the song the college fellows sang many a moonlight night under the seminary windows—'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.' We'll practice up a bit, steal into the Hoyt garden and give this dead old burg a real sensation."

It was almost nine o'clock in the evening when the twain started out, each carrying his special instrument under his arm. Earlier in the day they had strayed past the Hoyt home, and Price indicated where they would post themselves in the garden when the appointed hour arrived. As they left the hotel Price discovered that he had run out of extra guitar strings.

"I'll get a supply from the drug store in case of accidents," he explained. "You go ahead and I'll soon join you."

Harvey reached the Hoyt home. He stepped in among the shrubbery and waited for his friend. Suddenly the lights were turned on in an upper room. There appeared at its window a feminine form. It was Miss Hoyt, pale, disturbed, and she drew close to the window, her hand crossed on her breast, as if to subdue some deep emotion. Her head bent towards the interior of the house, as if some disturbing sound alarmed her.

den beautiful apparition that he had not drawn out of the full focus of the flaming gas jet. She saw him, uttered a faint cry and then leaned from the window.

"Forgive me," she faltered, "you are a stranger, but—won't you—that I—I am all alone in the house, and some one is below, and I am afraid."

"At once," replied Harvey, swiftly taking in the situation. He swung the mandolin case, ready for use as a weapon, ran around to the front of the house and dashed up the steps, to find the door open. He stood still in the hallway and listened intently.

Harvey flared a match, found a gas jet and flooded the hall with light. Just then a timid, trembling form came down the staircase. It was Miss Hoyt. She bore a heavy cane.

"It is papa's," she said. "Please don't rush into danger—I am not afraid now."

For all that, she kept close to her intrepid champion as Harvey slowly advanced down the hall, armed with the weapon she had provided. Then, as there was a stir and then a crash, as of a chair thrown violently over, she clung to his arm. The next moment Harvey could not repress a jolly laugh.

"There is our formidable night disturber—no bargainer after all, Miss Hoyt!" he exclaimed.

A large Newfoundland dog darted from the library into the hall and scurried past them through the front doorway. He had evidently wandered in just as Miss Hoyt had run up the stairs to get a wrap before resuming her swing seat on the porch.

"You—you seem to know my name," she began, and then, looking straight at the now somewhat embarrassed Harvey, she flushed all over her face. And just then, too, Harvey noticed a hat with a great blue veil on a hall seat, and understood. This was the young lady he had noticed at the park. Had she overheard the conversation between himself and Price? He wondered, as he retreated to the porch.

"I—I had better explain how I came to be here," he observed—"in the garden, I mean."

"I think I know," smiled Drusa. "I had an intimation of a serenade. I saw Mr. Price today, but did not wish to spoil what he intended as a surprise. Mercy! What is that?"

It was a shot, shouts, a crash—then the jangling strings of some musical instrument. Both rushed out to the porch. A crash of glass made the still night echoes hideous. A man was dashing madly across the glass-covered garden beds from the next lot. He carried a guitar, madly brandished. He disappeared hatless and frantic, but not until Harvey had recognized Willard Price.

A little investigation brought out the facts of the case. Price had gone into the wrong garden—that of a jealous, crusty old bachelor, just married. He had observed the guitar-armed serenade, had gone for a gun, and Price had run for his life.

Of course Miss Hoyt had overheard Harvey's enigmisms in the park. It turned out that it was her uncle who was so wealthy. This smoothed out Harvey's path. Price, bored at his mishap, did not linger on the scene. And of course the serenade by proxy eventually married Drusa Hoyt.

SWAT SPARROW AS A PEST

The Biological Survey Calls the Common Bird Useless and Harmful.

"The rat of the bird kingdom" is the label attached to the English sparrow by the United States biological survey.

Sparrows were introduced into America about 50 years ago, and have multiplied with such rapidity that they are a pest in nearly every part of the country.

According to the biological survey, they "not only serve no good purpose, but consume great quantities of useful insect life, in addition to millions of dollars worth of grain." They are pugnacious and drive away many useful and ornamental birds. They are unclean and litter up the premises. They are said to hatch young every month in the year, operating the only automatic incubator in existence, the young of the preceding hatch incubating the eggs as they grow to full-fledged sparrowhood.

Nearly every small boy has the instinct to kill. Properly directed this instinct might be allowed to run through its natural development without being harmful. Teach the boys to confine their shooting to undesirable birds. They are few, and the sparrows is the chief among them.

Teach the boy to set traps only for birds and animals which ought to be trapped and destroyed. Encourage him to catch the mice, the rats and the weasels, the raccoons and other poultry destroyers in the country. Teach him to value the catbird, the mocking bird, the brown thrasher, the oriole, the robin, the blue bird, and many other varieties that are musical, ornamental or useful.

New Tag to an Old Fable.

Young Tony of the Italian quarter had been greatly interested by the teacher's story of the fox and the grapes. Arriving home from school, he repeated it to his excited, broken English to the family, following the teacher's version pretty closely until he reached the climax. Tony's conclusion was this:

TO STUDY SPOOKS

Chair of Spiritualism to Be Established in Harvard.

Investigation of "Psychic Phenomena" in New England, Where Witches Were Burned—Bequest of \$10,000 for Research.

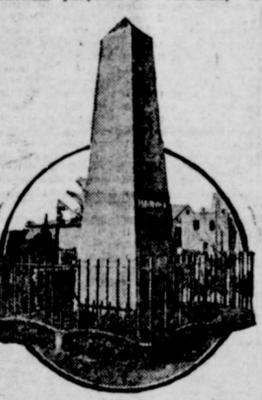
Cambridge.—Harvard university has seriously contracted to enter upon an investigation of what is technically described as "psychic phenomena," but which our parents (ever since the days of the Fox sisters) called "spiritualism," writes Julian Chambers. This, to my way of thinking is one of the most startling innovations in pedagogy that several centuries have furnished. Indeed, it is an event that could only have followed the coming of the wonderful era of telephone, airships, radium, wireless messages and phonographs. It will not do to treat this incident lightly or to cover it with ridicule.

Such is far from my thought when I frankly declare that the acceptance of a \$10,000 endowment fund for psychic research by that time-honored university at Cambridge encourages the hope that Francis L. Wellman's fond wish to found a school of draw poker at Harvard may be ultimately realized.

Seriously, however, comparatively few are as believers in spiritualism, the acceptance of this bequest by so conservative a body as the trustees of Harvard brings the study of psychic phenomena to a stage never previously attained in this country.

The language employed by the benefactor is quite explicit. He gives the money—which can only be regarded as the nucleus of a much larger fund—for "investigation and study of mental or psychological phenomena, the origin or expression of which appears to be independent of the ordinary sensory channels."

While this leaves the range as wide open as spookland, it also confines it within scientific scope. Plenty of persons have seen ghosts—or believe they have, which, for practical purposes of "research," is



John Harvard's Grave.

the same thing. For example, although a complete disbeliever in so-called spirit phenomena, I have seen with my own eyes ghostly shapes—not resultant from Welsh rabbits and disordered liver, but the fabric of an apparently sound mentality.

There are houses known to me that have supernatural occupants, as well as human beings! Azala, there are houses that harbor quaint, queer, inexplicable noises, by night and by day.

Personally, I doubt not, rational and natural explanations can be found for all such noises. I am not sufficiently interested—curious were a better word—to seek the solution of such problems of the natural world.

There are phases of mental science that are accepted. There is probably something in telepathy—as every one must concede if he or she have sufficient mental power to compel another person seated in church or theater to turn and bow.

No more interesting mental test can be made than to sit at distance from two persons well known and to attempt to learn, by telepathy, what they are talking about. You will be amazed how often it can be done. Try. You may fail utterly; but some people are able to do this very thing!

Some kind of intangible, inexplicable intercommunication is at times established between intimate friends far distant.

Most men of the world—especially active mental workers or travelers—believe in premonitions. When one reaches that stage, why not have confidence in dreams?

An intimate friend always has a serious illness whenever he dreams of snakes—I am not joking, the man always has been a total abstainer. The dream may be responsible for the sickness, you will say. Possibly so. But the same person never dreams of seeing washing hung upon a line without finding therein a premonition that he is to move his habitation.

Young Lion Claws Boy. Rome.—The young lion which Princess Radziwill, nee Miss Deacon, of Boston, recently took to a fancy ball in a chariot, was being exercised in the zoological gardens when he broke loose and sprang on the infant son of Count Macca, formerly Italian minister at Buenos Ayres, inflicting serious wounds on the boy's forehead with his claws.

BREAD THAT'S ALWAYS FRESH

Scientists Have Come Forward With Valuable Contribution to Food Supply of the People.

What man in the street knows or cares anything about valency? Or perceives in, let us say, the allotropic modifications of sulphur an analogy to anything of practical interest to him? Yet these things have much to do with our daily bread, and may figure largely in the statement of some bakers' strike.

Thus Prof. Katz of Amsterdam, in studying the question of what chemists call valency, has been investigating the influence of temperature upon chemical reactions. He finds that the fresh bread which most men prize and the stale bread which only some dyspeptics tolerate are simply modifications of the same substance, comparable with the aforesaid allotropic modifications of sulphur. But what causes the change? Nothing but the change of temperature. If bread is kept at a high temperature it remains unchanged. Or if it is immediately reduced to a very low temperature and is kept there, the chemical changes are so slow and slight as to be negligible.

It is therefore proposed in Holland to utilize this discovery through the establishment of large storage warehouses, either hot or cold, in which reserves of bread shall be accumulated and kept perpetually fresh, for use in case of such emergencies as a general strike of bakers or a temporary scarcity of supplies of grain. There could scarcely be a better illustration of the relationship between some of the most abstruse researches in science and the most familiar needs of everyday life.—New York Tribune.

NOW THE JEWELLED STOCKING

Split Skirt Reveals Tassels of Pearls and the Like for the Ultra-Fashionable.

The celebrated lady of Banbury Cross apparently has set the fashion for some of the ornaments of the present time.

Bells for use on the feet have not been adopted, but the "click" on the stocking is being superseded in Paris by jeweled devices from which hang tassels of pearls and similar ornaments, which swing with the movements of the wearer, and there seems to be no reason why golden bells should not be introduced.

The attention devoted to footwear is of course the direct result of the new skirt, which is narrower than ever and has to be split to permit movement at all.

In consequence a distinctive shoe is looked upon as a necessity, says the London Standard, particularly for evening wear, and cross gartering is being affected also by some smart Parisiennes.

Pale pink, blue and gold evening shoes are decorated with paste buckles and have streamers of broad black velvet ribbon, studded with brilliants, which are crossed over the instep and wound around the leg of the wearer, forming a lattice pattern on a pale groundwork of silk.

A west end shoemaker, however, gives it as his opinion that the idea is not likely to find much favor in England. "We are asked for fewer light colored shoes," he declared. "English women have not as a whole very small feet, so that anything which tends to accentuate the size is not likely to be popular."

Obeeyed Orders.

"Now remember, Mary," began Miss Belle, "I am at home this afternoon to no one but Mr. Van Brownkins. If any one else should call I am not at home. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, miss," replied Mary. Half an hour later Mary reappeared evidently worried about something. "If you please, miss," she began, "I've told three lady callers and one gentleman caller that you were at home to none except this Mr. Van Brownkins and they all went away very angry indeed, miss. Will you—"

But the "not at home" had faintly

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The Stock Yards Daily Journal South St. Joseph, Mo.

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