GOOD POINTS OF POVERTY.

I do not curse my poverty,
It has its better points;
No gout has ever come my way
To embitter my joints.

I do not, all the long, long night
All anxious lie awake,
And wonder what the chances are
For the fool bank to break.

I do not go about with black
Hell gogsles on my nose,
My coat of arms a monkey wrench
And gasoline clothes.

I do not have to dress and go
Somewhere, o' nights and stay
'Till 12 o'clock, and stand it while
They talk me old and gray.

Ohoi, I put my feet upon
My old typewriter and
I smoke my pipe and thank my stars
That I can understand.

Why Providence all-wise has cast
My lot where sunbeams fall;
A boast to poverty! It has
Its good points after all!

—San Francisco Bulletin.

A STUDY IN VALUES

By ELEANOR WEST

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The train came to a standstill in front of the little, unpainted depot. Only one man stepped off, and with but a moment's pause the train steamed on again.

The stranger stood a moment, glancing half curiously down the line of old, wooden buildings that formed the one street. "Same old place," he thought with a half amused smile. "If old Rip Van Winkle had come back here after his twenty years' sleep he'd never have known he'd been asleep. It's the old town that has taken a twenty years' nap this time, though," he soliloquized. "There is not a new building and hardly a change of any kind since I left."

As he picked up his grip and turned towards the old weather beaten hotel, he became conscious that he was the center of interest to the loafers lounging about the platform.

An hour later he sat by the open window of his room meditatively smoking. The half amused smile returned to his face as he thought of the greetings he had just received. "I wonder who all the old codgers are, anyway," he reflected. "I've a dim idea that I used to know them, but I've had too much to think of in the last twenty years to remember them now.

"I wonder if Jack Strong is still in this little one-horse town," his thoughts ran on. "Poor old Jack. I haven't thought of him before in years. I used to think the sun revolved around Jack. Well, I suppose he has vegitated here until he is like the rest of those old fogies down there. It's a shame, too, for Jack was as bright, ambitious a boy as you will often find. If it hadn't been for that conscience of his that wouldn't let him leave home after his father's accident, he might have made his way in the world without any trouble." The lawyer puffed his cigar in silence for a while. Presently the door opened and the landlord entered with a pitcher of water. Grey lazily turned his head and inquired, "Does Jack Strong live here yet?"

"Jack Strong? You bet he does, Brownsville wouldn't be Brownsville without Jack. Poor fellow, he's been having hard luck this last year, though. The gossip-loving landlord perched himself on the edge of the table, glad of an excuse to talk, and rambled on for the next half-hour. By the end of that time his guest was in possession of the principal events of Strong's life during the past twenty years.

"Hum, lost everything he had but the old home in that fire, did he? Had to mortgage the homestead to get funds to stock up again, had his own family and the old folks to support, his old father and mother heart-broken at the idea of leaving the homestead. Why isn't he just the man I'm looking for in this little deal?" he soliloquized. "I can make good use of him and do him a good turn at the same time." He smoked on thoughtfully for some time, then looked at his watch. "Guess I'll look the old fellow up," he concluded. As he rose he glanced complacently at the prosperous, elegantly attired figure reflected in the cracked mirror and thought of the probable contrast between his appearance and that of his old chum.

He sauntered down the street and into the open door under the modest sign, "J. H. Strong." A man in a worn, ill-fitting suit fastened for-

"Same old place."

ward and wrung his hand heartily, exclaiming, "It does seem good to see you again, Dick, old boy. I heard you were in town and I knew you'd drop in. I've watched the door for the last hour."

Grey cordially returned the greeting. For the next half hour the two men recalled old times. The lawyer enjoyed a sense of conscious superiority over his old chum. "It's a pity he wasted his life here," he thought, pityingly studying the other's care-worn face.

At last he pulled out his watch and turning to the merchant with a smile remarked, "Now may I talk business to you for a few moments?"

Strong led the way to the little office at the back of the store. His friend carefully closed the door before he sat down; then he spoke in low, earnest tones for some time, carefully explaining his scheme.

The merchant listened silently with an expression on his face that Grey could not fathom.

"Do you see?" Grey asked at last.

"You say," Strong began in a queer, constrained voice, "that this Henderson has found out that there's a vein of coal running through the old Larner place. Old Mr. Barnes don't know it, and Henderson has offered you a big fee if you can get the place for him cheap. You've got Barnes where you can crowd him for money and compel him to sell, and you offer me a clear thousand dollars if I'll buy the place and then turn it over to Henderson; for you think maybe they'd guess about the coal if Henderson tried to buy it himself, and there are reasons why you don't want to appear in it. Is that the way of it?"

Grey nodded. Jack was rising to the last quicker than he expected. He had been a little doubtful about disclosing his hand. Strong was so likely

"But I ain't so poor that I need to sell my self-respect."

to have queer notions. But he seemed to comprehend the situation, if he did state the case somewhat bald-ly.

"Do you remember when old Barnes lent you the money to start out in life?" Strong presently inquired musingly.

"Certainly I do and it was paid back with interest long ago. I've loaned a good many people money in the last ten years, but I don't expect them to hold me in everlasting gratitude for it." A sardonic smile flitted over his face. No, the people to loaned money to didn't usually hold him in grateful remembrance. He didn't lend it to penniless young chaps without security—such as he once was, either, but it was not necessary to explain that to Jack.

"It would break the old people's hearts to have to leave the old place, and they're too old to begin life over again. It would mean the poorhouse in a few years." Strong still spoke in a constrained voice.

"Bosh! That has nothing to do with the question. My dear fellow, you must learn to leave sentiment out of business or you will never get along in the world. All that twaddle about heart strings and blighted lives and the rest of that stuff doesn't count when it comes to a matter of business." Gray smiled patronizingly across at Strong, with his most worldly wise air. "Besides," he went on after a moment's pause, "when it comes to a question of heart strings I guess your father's and mother's are twined about as securely about that old place of yours as old Barnes' and his wife's are about theirs, and I understand that your place goes if you don't take this chance to save it." Then he added: "Well, do you take my offer?"

The merchant's face had grown white. He slowly rose to his feet and stood looking down at Grey, measuring him with honest, indignant eyes. Grey dimly wondered why he seemed to tower up under that clear gaze; why he who had towered so far above this country storekeeper when he entered the door had someway shrunk until he seemed a pigmy beside a giant.

Strong's voice was low and controlled, though intense when he spoke. "No," he said, "I won't! Yes, I'm poor, but I ain't so poor that I need to sell my self-respect and every finer feeling in my nature." Suddenly his expression changed. He held out his hands with a quick, impulsive movement toward the man who had been his boyhood's chum and hero, while his face took on a look of yearning pity. "Oh, Dick, old chum!" That was all he said, but the words held a world of dispolutment. They were the requiem over a shattered ideal.

Grey stared wonderingly. The man who should have been awed by his manifest superiority and have envied him his prosperity was looking at him with pity struggling against contempt in his face.

Someway, he couldn't adjust his thoughts to their former complacency.

"That's all these confounded village ers know about business, anyway," he thought, contemptuously, as he reached for his hat.

BEAUTIFYING A STATE.

Two Californian's Imported Birds and Turned Them Loose.

"Whenever I see any of these propagandas for beautifying a city," said Senator Perkins of California, the other night, "I always think of the work done to beautify the State of California by a citizen of Altadena, which is hard by Pasadena. The man's name is Andrew McNally, and when he came to California there were few birds at Altadena, and those few were hardly what we would call beautiful. Mcnally made up his mind that he land needed birds, so he built him an aviary and imported many hundreds of his feathered friends. Once a year he would open the doors of his aviary and let the young birds fly whithersoever they would, and in a short time the whole country was populated with feathered creatures of every variety of hue and song. His example was followed by Joseph Grinnell and Mrs. Grinnell both of whom were ardent ornithologists, so that now the country around Pasadena is a garden spot for birds of beautiful plumage. Many of the birds that were imported came from Japan and China. So you see there are more ways than one of beautifying a city or a state."—Philadelphia Press.

Woman's Happiest Age.

When a girl is eighteen she thinks the best time of a woman's life must certainly be when eighteen is to twenty-two. When she has passed her twenty-second year she is decidedly of opinion that from then until the age of twenty-eight really marks the limits of the best time, and when thirty comes on the scene she is ready to give way to all those who believe a woman to be then at the zenith of her life.

It is generally maintained that after twenty-five the average woman begins to attain her physical and mental perfection, and that for some eight or ten years after this she still retains her charms undiminished. After this time, of course, it depends entirely upon the woman whether she chooses to advertise her years or by her charming personality and clever dress she conceal all ravages of time.

The Allusion Classical.

The agricultural appropriation bill was before the House. Representative Riley of Virginia was advocating an increase from $15,000 to $25,000 for the experimental farm owned by the government at Arlington. He said the small amount allowed was not enough to produce substantial results.

Representative Wadsworth, in charge of the bill, pointed out that $15,000 was appropriated for the farm annually, and that year after year this mounted up, and in time would have become formidable. "Rome was not built in a day," he added in conclusion.

"No," replied Mr. Rixey. "Rome was not built in a day, and if Romulus and Remus had been members of the committee on Agriculture Rome would never have been built."—Washington Times.

Dolce Far Niente.

Lie on your oars and rest awhile—
This is the sweetest part of the stream,
Shadowy branches over the aisle
Lure us to linger. Rest and dream.
While the wings in the verdure gleam,
Drowsy and drift the rest of the mile,
Under the thrushes, over the beams—
Lie on your oars and rest awhile.

Sudden, you see the roses bloom
Back by the mossy garden wall,
Out of the lazy middle gloom
Bolder and fairer and tall.
Ave, the sound of her very call,
Just as you "Pd it years ago!
Oh, but her smile, that lightens all;
Are you sorry you ceased to row?

For while you lie and drift and rest—
This, the sweet part of the stream—
Faces of all you have loved the best
Softly shall move within your dream.
Life is to love, and loving is life,
Dropping the world and its petty quite
Under the season and, far from strife,
Lean on your oars and rest awhile.
—Pearson's.

The Way of the World.

We fret,
Regret
And sweat—
And yet
Forget—
You bet!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We dream,
We choose—
We bet,
We lose.
—New York Sun.

We sigh
For pie,
We try,
We vie,
Fly high—
And die.

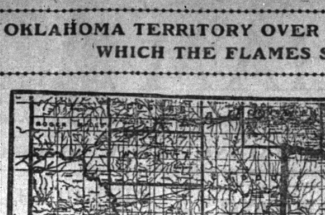
Significant Change.

A hotel in Switzerland bore on one of its walls the time-honored inscription, "Hospes, salve!" ("Welcome, stranger!") After refinishing, the legend had to be restored, but the painter, who must have had some experience as a traveler, made a very slight alteration in one of the words and caused it to read, "Hospes, solve!" (Pay, stranger!")

Where Man Draws the Line.

Men have been willing to admit that they were mistaken; they have confessed to being criminals; they have boasted that they were infidels; they have proclaimed themselves woman haters; they have acknowledged themselves degenerates, but no man has ever yet been willing to concede that he was bigoted.

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY OVER WHICH THE FLAMES SWEPT



A prairie fire of unusual fierceness, driven by a terrific gale from the north, which at times reached a velocity of ninety miles an hour, swept over 75,000 acres in Comanche county, Okla., on the night of March 2, inflicting financial loss of $500,000 and causing the loss of three lives. The city of Lawton was saved only by great effort, while many farmhouses were consumed. Kiowa county was also visited by a prairie fire, while damage was done all over the southwest.

Three thousand square miles of territory in Kiowa and Comanche counties were swept by the fires. Hundreds of people are homeless and the financial loss covers a wide extent.

At Hobart, the county seat of Kiowa county, the fire approached from the east, destroying the stables and fifteen race horses, fifteen residences, two business houses and various small buildings. Spreading to the southwest, the fire swept 75,000 acres of government military and timber reserve and Indian school reserve.

Spreading sweetward, the flames covered miles of the homestead district, destroying houses, barns and stock.

Five thousand people of Lawton fought the fire for hours. The advance line of the fire was fully two miles in length. By hard work they saved the town.

THINKS GOOD MEN BARRED.

New York Fire Chief Would Engage Practical Workers.

Fire Chief Croker has signalized his return to the New York fire department by making recommendations to the civil service examiners which appeal very strongly to the New York public on the score of horse sense. He says the rules for examinations should be altered so as to admit horseshoers, artificers, truckmen and sailors who, he says, make the best firemen. The reason they do not apply for positions is, according to Chief Croker, owing to the fact that the examinations are too clerical in nature. They bar a class such as experts in labor, peculiarly well equipped for the kind of work that a fireman is called upon to do and whose service would prove a great value to the department.

FIGHTS FOR ANCIENT FOE.

Turn of Fortune's Wheel Makes Napoleon Ally of Russia.

European exclusively comment in reminiscent fashion on the announcement that in response to an urgent telegram from the czar Prince [illegible] Nachelnik, commander in chief of the Russian cavalry in Manchuria. One writer remarks that neither the prince's two ancestors, the great Napoleon and the mess, could have imagined that a prince of their house would ever draw his sword in aid of the power which was the enemy par of each. The glories of the first empire found a grave on Russian soil, and amid the snows of another Russian winter the full-blown pride of the late Napoleon was laid low with the blood of his subjects in the Crimea.

THE NEW OHIO SENATOR.

Gen. Dick's Career in Many Respects a Remarkable One.

Gen. Dick is the first man of moderate means whom Ohio has sent to the senate since the days of Senator Thurman. He has no fortune. In fact, Tom L. Johnson last fall made one of the issues of his campaign the fact that Dick published acknowledged that the chairman of the Republican state committee did not pay his bills. Dick's has been a busy life, but it has not been devoted to money getting. His career has been a remarkable one. Fifteen years ago, when he was about 30 years of age, he was proprietor of a very small flour and feed store in his home city of Akron.

MRS. HOOKER STILL YOUNG.

At Eighty-two She Is Confident She Will Last a Century.

Monday, Feb. 22, was the eighty-second anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker of Hartford, Conn., the youngest and the only surviving child of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. There was a family gathering at dinner in the evening and each hour of the day was marked by the receipt of messages of congratulation and in other pleasing ways by her many devoted friends. "I am full of life and feel as though I should live to be 100," she said.

Teaching Domestic Science.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt has established in Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C., a well equipped school of domestic science, where a number of colored girls are being given practical demonstration of how to do all sorts of housework. There is a thorough course in plain and fancy cooking also. The institution consists of kitchen, laundry, dining room, bedroom and assembly-room, and is intended as a model for similar places in other parts of the south.

The Czar and the Mikado.

The czar of Russia and the mikado of Japan were brought together and became close friends under dramatic circumstances years ago. At that time Nicholas, then the czarowitz, was traveling in Japan and was wounded by the sword of a would-be assassin. While he lay suffering on board a Russian war vessel he was visited by the mikado, who made personal apology for the harm done such a distinguished visitor by a Japanese subject.

WILL WORK FOR POOR.

Daughter of John D. Long to Continue in Philanthropy.

Miss Margaret Long, M. D., daughter of John D. Long, denies the truth of a story which has received widespread circulation that she intends practicing medicine among the fashionable contingent of Newport instead or continuing her present work among the east side residents of New York city. After her graduation she went to New York, secured an office on Madison avenue, and, shunning society, devoted herself chiefly to relieving the sufferings of the needy residents of the poorer quarters of the great city. Miss Long was born of a press representative at her office in New York. "I have no intention," she said, with a slight deal of emphasis, "of leaving New York to practice in Newport or any place else."

YOUTH'S DEED OF BRAVERY.

Ensign Cilla Captured Torpedo and Brought It on Board.

For sign bravado, says the United Service Magazine, it would be hard to rival the feat of Ensign Gillis, who saw a stray torpedo coming slowly but surely toward the starboard torpedo-boat Porter in the Spanish-American war. He sprang overboard from the nose of the torpedo in a safer position and secured up the firing in tightly so that it would not operate. Then treading water, he saluted Lieut. Fremont and reported: "Sir, I have to report I have captured a torpedo." "Bring it on board, sir," commanded Fremont and Gillis actually did so, swimming with it to the ship and fastening tackle to it.

HAS NOT FATHER'S GIFTS.

Austen Chamberlain Lacks Oratorical Power of Father.

Austen Chamberlain's first appearance as an orator in the house of commons was considerable of a disappointment to his friends. His speech was really below the standard of an ordinary member and it is evident that he has not inherited his father's oratorical gift. He is not popular, though recognized as a hard working and painstaking official. It was noticeable that some of his colleagues on the treasury bench did not seem altogether unhappy at his failure, possibly because they envied him his place as a party leader.

AMERICAN SLANG A PUZZLE.

Famous Musical Composer at a Loss to Understand It.

Richard Strauss, the Austrian composer now on a visit to this country, understands pure English fairly well, but finds difficulty in keeping up with the elusive quality of American slang. "I am greatly puzzled," he says, "to understand the principle that makes a thing slang to an American that would be quite regular to a German. No one seems surprised when I say 'I don't think he can play it,' but there is a laugh when I say precisely the same thing in the same words, 'He can play it. I don't think.'"

Complain of "Dress Suit Idlers."

Managers of leading hotels in New York complain that idlers in dress suits are becoming a nuisance in the lobbies. Some of them earn the warmth and light and music by spending an occasional dollar at the bar, and a few even dine in the cafe, but the great majority are simply "four flushers" who take mysterious pleasure in loafing in the lobby or grill-room. In some hotels the cozy corners are fairly overrun with these pests after 6 o'clock in the evening.

Good Work of Russian Diplomat.

Paul Lessar, Russian minister to China, is one of the most astute of the czar's diplomats. It was he who impressed upon China the necessity of permitting the gunboat Mandjur to remain at Shanghai. His representations, however, failed to meet with the sanction of the Chinese government, for the order was given that the boat's fires should be drawn and her steering gear dismantled if the Russians wished her to remain in port.

MUST USE RIGHT HAND.

Left-Handed Writers Not Popular with Business Men.

Few business men will employ a left-handed person as a clerk or bookkeeper and the prejudice against them extends to the government departments at Washington. The chiefs of those departments are entirely willing to overlook that penmanship on the part of a really good and industrious clerk, but it is the man or woman who writes with the lefthand at which the balk is made. The deadline is drawn just the moment it is ascertained that a clerk is left-handed and he is forthwith informed that if it is his wish to continue in government service it will be necessary for him to write with his right hand. This information is always a bitter pill for the left-hand penholders, but there is nothing to be done but begin to write with the right hand or "throw up the job," and few are anxious to quit government service even for this cause.

Tin Toys.

The largest toy factory in the world is in New York, where playthings in tin are manufactured literally by the million. It stands five stories high, and turns out 1,607 distinct varieties of tin toys. No. 1 is a tin horse; 1,607 a tin menagerie. The output of circular tin whistles is 2,000,000 per diem. To make a tin horse twelve inches long has to be cast cost, ing $75. The children of different countries have different tastes, but tin swords are wanted all over the world, the military instinct being as universal in the nurseries as in the Courts and Cabinets of the world.

Suicide Wind.

In Brazil and other parts of South America the natives know and fear a certain condition of the air, which they call "suicide wind." It is not a superstition, but an actual condition of the atmosphere which seems to drive people to madness, and during its continuance self-inflicted deaths are numerous. Criminologists and scientists all over the world are interested in this peculiar atmospheric influence, which is indicated by a soft, moist, warm air that settles heavily on the earth.

Moon's Influence on Storms.

It has been said that thunderstorms are influenced by the moon. Nearly 12,000 observations collected by the United States Weather Bureau shows a preponderance of 32 per cent in the first half of the lunar month. The greatest number of thunderstorms come between the new moon and the first quarter; the least number between the full moon and the last quarter. This is, perhaps, the only satisfactory evidence that the weather is at all influenced by the moon.

"What is it that makes men great, papa?" "Persistent advertising, my son."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS

Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

If angels fear to tread where fools rush in they should use their wings.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE.

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced cases. Try it once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

MEXICAN
Mustang Liniment
is a positive cure for Piles.

CUBA 10 ACRES FOR $30
Only $4 down and $4 per month; no interest. Any quantity at $3 per acre. 10, 20 or 1,000 acre tracts; 150,000 acres. The great Sabinal land grant on Nuevitas harbor, finest in the world; land guaranteed level; hard wood timber. The landing place of Christopher Columbus. Send for illustrated prospectus, map, etc.—FREE. INVESTMENT CO., Big Nat'l Life Bldg. CHICAGO.

Don't Worry
No use to make yourself miserable worrying about what to eat or when to eat it.
Dr. Caldwell's
(LAXATIVE)
Syrup Pepsin
aids digestion, keeps the stomach and bowels in perfect condition. Ask your druggist.
PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
WATERPROOF
OILED
CLOTHING
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED TORONTO, CAN.

DON'T GET WET

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25c.
CONSUMPTION

WESTERN CANADA'S RESOURCES.

Farming Very Successful.

By Western or Northwest Canada is usually meant the great agricultural country west of Ontario, and north of Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana. Part of it is agricultural prairie, treeless in places, park like in others, part is genuine plains, well adapted to cattle ranches; part requires irrigation, for successful tillage, most of it does not. The political divisions of this region are the Province of Manitoba and the territorial district of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabaska. At present, however, the latter is too remote for immediate practical purposes.

The general character of the soil of Western Canada is a rich, black, clay loam with a clay subsoil. Such a soil is particularly rich in food for the wheat plant. The subsoil is a clay, which retains the winter frost until it is thawed out by the warm rays of the sun and drawn upward to stimulate the growth of the young wheat, so that even in dry seasons wheat is a good crop. The clay soil also retains the heat of the sun later in the summer and assists in the early ripening of the grain. It is claimed that cultivation has the effect of increasing the temperature of the soil several degrees, as well as the air above it.

Western Canada climate is good—cold in winter, hot in summer, but with cool nights. Violent storms of any kind are rare. The rainfall is not heavy. It varies with places, but averages about 17 inches. It falls usually at the time the grain needs it.

The Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, has agents established at different points throughout the United States who will be pleased to forward an "Atlas of Western Canada and give such other information as to railway rate, etc., as may be required.

That agriculture in Western Canada pays is shown by the number of testimonials given by farmers. The following is an extract made from a letter from a farmer near Moose Jaw:

"At the present time I own sixteen hundred acres of land, fifty horses and a large pasture fenced containing a thousand acres. These horses run out all winter and come in in the spring quite fat. A man with money judiciously expended will make a competence very shortly. I consider in the last six years the increase in the value of my land has netted me forty thousand dollars."

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease, A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Pope Leo's Books.

In the private library of the late Pope there are hundreds of costly and beautifully bound books which were sent to him from all parts of civilized countries and it has been decided to remove to the Vatican library those among them which are really valuable and to distribute the others among the various Catholic seminaries and colleges in Rome.

Sanctuary to Wives.

In Korea the property of a wife or mother are the sanctuary of any man who breaks the law. Unless for treason or for one of the graver crimes he cannot be forced into the prisoner rooms, and so long as he remains under the protection of his wife's apartments he is secure from the officers of the law.

Marks Tropic of Cancer.

The Mexican railroad has erected a monument, with a suitable inscription, marking the point where the globe is crossed by the Tropic of Cancer. The monument is of wood twelve feet high and twenty-four feet long. On the top there are two arms pointing out the two zones. It is situated on desert ground a few miles south of Catorce.

Sticks to Old Custom.

New Hampshire is one of the few states that will follow the ancient custom of having each spring a day of fasting and prayer by proclamation of the governor.

Golden Cross for Domestics.

There were 144 German domestic servants last year who were awarded the servants' golden cross for having lived forty years with one family. Only one was found in Berlin.

ON A RANCH.

Woman Found the Food That Fitted Her.

A newspaper woman went out to a Colorado ranch to rest and recuperate and her experience with the food probably is worth recounting.

"The woman on the ranch was preeminently the worst housekeeper I have ever known—poor soul, and poor me!

"I simply had to have food good and plenty of it, for I had broken down from overwork and was so weak I could not sit up over one hour at a time. I knew I could not get well unless I secured food I could easily digest and that would supply the greatest amount of nourishment.

"One day I obtained permission to go through the pantry and see what I could find. Among other things I came across a package of Grape-Nuts which I had heard of but never tried. I read the description on the package and became deeply interested, so then and there I got a saucer and some cream and tried the famous food.

"It tasted delicious to me and seemed to freshen and strengthen me greatly so I stipulated that Grape-Nuts and cream be provided each day instead of other food, and I literally lived on Grape-Nuts and cream for two or three months.

"If you could have seen how fast I got well it would have pleased and surprised you. I am now perfectly well and strong again and know exactly how I got well and that was on Grape-Nuts that furnished me a powerful food. I could digest and make use of it.

"It seems to me no brain worker can afford to overlook Grape-Nuts after my experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the miniature book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.