

A QUIET COMMUNITY

By M. QUAD.

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The village of Hainsville boasted that it was the most quiet community in the state. Years had gone by since even a chimney had burned out or a tramp had helped himself to onions from somebody's garden. It was just quiet, respectable and peaceful, and its inhabitants read in the newspapers the happenings in other villages and patted each other on the back that they were Hainsvillers.

Thus it was that when the Widow Thomas made her advent in the village one day, looking for a quiet place in which to pass a few weeks, by the advice of a doctor, for her nervous trouble, everybody put himself forward to assure her that she had come to the right place and to make her welcome. The widow had a rather peculiar nervous trouble, as she stated at once. To cure it she must stroll around more or less at night under the dew and under the moonlight. Would the villagers regard that as improper? They wouldn't—not as long as the doctor had recommended it. In her strolling would she meet men who would try to flirt with her? Never! Flirting was a thing unheard of in Hainsville. If any man sought to introduce such a thing he would be tarred and feathered and driven out.

And so the little woman was settled in the house of the Widow Davis, who was glad to take her in for the bond between them and that they might sit of an evening and compare notes about the loved and departed. The stranger had taking ways with her and was a success from the start. She began strolling around nights almost at once, and such men as encountered her lifted their hats and passed on without a word. They had visions of tar and feathers before their eyes. And almost from the first the boarder began to gain in health. The fresh milk and eggs and the dew and the moonlight had a wonderful effect in quieting her nerves, and when this became known throughout the village there was talk of establishing a sanitarium for the benefit of nervous persons.

The Widow Thomas remained in Hainsville for six weeks. It was then announced that her cure had been complete. As her coming had created something of a sensation, her going was not to be without its special features. As the rumor of her contemplated departure crept about a certain deacon received a note asking him to call, and she said to him:

"Deacon, on five different occasions, after 9 o'clock at night, as recorded here in my notebook, I have discovered you peeping into the windows of a certain house. I am a little short of money and shall take it kindly if you will lend me \$10."

The deacon said "Um, um!" to himself and handed over the money. He hated to let it go, but that was a quiet community.

In response to another note Mr. Jackson, who deals in real estate and insurance, made his appearance. He was about the only man in the village who didn't believe in the dew cure. She shook his hand as warmly as she had that of the deacon and said:

"Mr. Jones, as you will see recorded here in my notebook, I have on four different occasions at a late hour of the evening discovered you carrying baskets of apples from Mr. Sutliff's orchard to your kitchen door. There may or may not have been dew on them. I am a little hard up for money, and I hope you can lend me \$15."

"Y-e-s, I might do it—might possibly do it," replied the insurance man as he rubbed his chin and looked at his toes. And the result was that he did do it, though he had to go out and borrow \$10 of the sum.

The third caller was Mr. Brown, one of the merchants of the village. He had just introduced a new feature into his trade. He had taken in as saleswoman a young lady from a town ten miles away, and the move was a success, although his wife had strenuously objected to it. The Widow Thomas wished to congratulate him on the success of his innovation and to say:

"Mr. Brown, my doctor has sent in his bill rather unexpectedly, and I find myself rather short. Wouldn't you like to lend me \$20 for a few days?"

"But—but you know you are a stranger to me," he protested.

"Certainly! But you know I have been walking around nights since I came here. On three occasions, as you see recorded in my notebook, I have seen a gentleman and lady walking arm in arm in the pine grove. I could have wondered who they were, but I haven't."

"Um! Um! I see. You haven't the least idea who they were?"

"No."

"Then drop into the store before you go, and I will hand you the money. This is a quiet community, you know, and I, for one, am anxious for it to remain so."

She got the money, and there were others. It was indeed wonderful how the dew and the moonlight had sharpened her vision and her hearing. She had even discovered an eminent citizen feeding cucumbers to his old cow in order to kill her with colic and get the live stock insurance money. She went away in a halo of glory, and three days after, when a drummer asked the village president if anything ever happened there, the reply was:

"Not a thing. We are, sir, a very quiet and very respectable community, and I hope your conduct during your brief stay among us will be without reproach."

RATS COSTLY BOARDERS.

Millions of Dollars' Worth of Grain Destroyed Every Year.

It costs the American people \$100,000,000 yearly in grain alone to feed the rat. This is only one of many interesting facts gleaned from a statement prepared by the experts of the biological survey of the department of agriculture entitled "The Rat Problem" and issued the other day.

Untold millions are destroyed every year by the rat, which is also the principal agent in the dissemination of bubonic plague. The pest's bill of fare includes almost everything eaten by man and a considerable number of things not included in human dietaries, as, for instance, carrion, mice, kid gloves, ivory and living horses' hoofs. Its most common food is grain. If fed on grain alone it is estimated that one rat will eat 60 cents' worth a year, while of oatmeal it will consume \$1.80 worth.

The rapidity with which rats multiply is the main reason why man appears to make so little headway in their destruction. It is calculated that a single pair of rats and their progeny, breeding without interruption and suffering no losses, would in three years increase to more than 20,000,000. While praising the persistent use of traps and poisons, the experts believe the most promising lines of extermination effort lie in rat proof construction of buildings, especially the use of concrete in foundations, and in reducing the food supply of rats by the disposal of garbage and the protection of food supplies.

NEW KIND OF ECLIPSE.

Professor Brashear Announces a Celestial Novelty For June 17.

Professor John A. Brashear of Allegheny, Pa., in a signed statement says that the eclipse of the sun on June 17 will be unlike any other eclipse within the knowledge of man. In part Professor Brashear says:

"The eclipse will be of a very interesting character from the fact that for a few seconds it will be an annular eclipse, then change to a total eclipse, then back to an annular eclipse for the second time.

"The writer cannot find record of such an occurrence in any history of astronomy, although we have records of annular eclipses for 400 years and of total eclipses for thousands of years. The eclipse as a partial phase of greater or lesser magnitude will sweep over the North American continent from the north, decreasing in size as it passes down through Canada and the states.

"The central line of a totality commences southeast of Tomsk, in Siberian Russia, courses only a few miles south of the north pole of the earth, skirts the east coast of Greenland, where totality ends near sunset."

"CANNIBALISM SCIENTIFIC."

English Authority Says Man Is the Best Food For Man.

A scientific justification for cannibalism was propounded by Dr. F. Gowland Hopkins in an address at the Royal Institution in London the other day.

"What would be the most efficient protein for men?" he asked. "Clearly, although not a point of practical dietetics, the most sensible person in this connection is the cannibal. In consuming his own kind he is eating exactly the right stuff.

"Though it may seem a greswome experiment, a worker in Heidelberg has just lately tested the point. He found that a dog when fed with dog was able to do with a much smaller quantity of protein than when fed with any other protein whatever.

"There is a chemistry of species, and the nearer the two species of animals are together the more nearly does the chemistry of their bodies agree."

New Pigeon Flying Record.

Averaging a flight of 983.63 yards per minute, a pigeon owned by J. H. Fournier of Syracuse, N. Y., won a pigeon race of 200 miles from Corry, Pa., to Syracuse the other day. In all ninety birds were liberated at 6 o'clock in the morning at Corry. The winning pigeon reached Syracuse seven minutes before noon, covering the distance in 5 hours and 53 minutes.

Loeb, the Customs Prober.

Say,
Ain't Loeb
The probe
And the way
He jams it in
A plumb cruelty sin?
Ey scud,
He draws the blood,
And it pours
Out of the old sores
In a flood!
He puts the hooks
Into the crooks,
And, though he can't bust
The sugar trust,
Say,
He can give it a weigh
All right, can't he?
He's gaffed
The customs graft
To a standstill so far,
And he'll hand out the jar
To others before he is through
Showing off what he can do.
And yet
Let us not forget
That Loeb
As a probe
Is doing what
His predecessors did not.
Not because he is so fearless and
strong—
So were they
In a way—
But, say,
Somebody somewhere somehow
Declined to help them jam
The probe in good,
As they knew they should,
And the load was on Uncle Sam.
Nobody knows the story—
At least nobody will tell—
But lately the probe
Has been passed on to Loeb
With instructions to use it like—well,
Like he is using it. See?
—W. J. Lampton in New York Times.

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6-44 t w.

Money To Pay Warrants

Notice is hereby given that there is money on hand to pay General Fund Warrants endorsed to November 22, 1904, and all endorsed street warrants. Interest will stop on same from this date, June 5, 1909.

Z. H. DAVIS,
City Treasurer.

6-5-10-17

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