

THE DEAF AND BLIND.

A boor who never saw but with his eyes,
Whose dull ears told him all he ever
heard,
Proved without doubt that "Soul" was
but a word
Without a meaning; and that "Para-
dise"—
"God"—"Heaven"—these were nothing
more than lies;
That "Immortality" was quite absurd,
"Created" a misprint—please read "oc-
curred."
He proved all this, for he was very wise.

And not one flaw showed in his argu-
ments;
His word has stood the test of many
years,
And it will stand the tests of centuries;
Yet each true heart knows with a faith
intense
'Tis true for those who hear but with
their ears—
Only for those who see but with their
eyes!
—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Love's Strategy

PHIL tore down the steps of the
Belvidere and headed for me.
"Ed," he exclaimed, "I'm in an
awful hole!
"I don't want to borrow money—it's
worse. I invited Mrs. Brittain and her
daughter to lunch this noon—you know
the Brittaines?"
I nodded.
"Now on my way to keep this ap-
pointment I met my aunt and cousin
Nathalie.
"Unfortunately, I permitted the old
lady to understand my intention of
lunching 'alone' at the Belvidere, and
as a relative she forthwith invited her-
self."
"Well?" I interrogated.
"It's like this. Aunt Hall disapproves
of the Brittaines, while my inclinations
tend toward Miss Agnes. Nevertheless,
I am dependent on my aunt's bounty
for all extras and would be in a fix
should she decide to raise hedges, so
you can see how I'm up against it."
"How do you expect me—"
"That's all right, Ed. I've got the
Brittaines in the Egyptian room and
auntie in the regular dining room.
Auntie is down on unnecessary ex-
penditure. I intend being present at
both tables."
I followed, humbly glad of an oppor-
tunity to feast my eyes on the forbid-
den fruit of my desire.
Mrs. Hall stared stonily, but Nathalie
was condescendingly affable, and I em-
braced the chance offered by devoting
my entire conversation to her, leaving
to Phil the pleasant task of thawing
out his aunt.
"I say, Ed," he exclaimed, after ex-
panding an amount of persuasive heat,
equal to three tons of best anthracite.
"There is considerable uneasiness on
the street to-day. Copper Range bal-
looning and Steel common depressed.
If the ladies could excuse me an in-
stant I should like to telephone a stop
order on Mohawk to Samuels."
"Certainly, Philip," replied Aunt
Hall, frigidly, and she turned her en-
deavors into an attempt to petrify me
by staring through my head at the
Greenian frets of the waistcoating.
I struggled manfully until I turned
with some relief to an approaching
water.
"Mr. Fletcher, sir, wants to know,
sir, if you'll step down an' see 'im.
Says as 'ow 'e 'as got an option 'e will
sell you, sir."
I offered my apologies and, divining
Phil's whereabouts, made for the Egyp-
tian room. My fellow conspirator met
me at the door.
"Now," said Phil hurriedly. He pos-
sesses an insupportable amount of energetic
hurry. "The Brittaines are behind the
sixth palm. Tell 'em I sent you—say
anything, only keep them busy."
"Mr. Ackley? Why, delighted. Cer-
tainly! But while we are awaiting Mr.
Fletcher you might discharge one of
his promises, namely, that Agnes and
myself are shown Darien's latest bit
of portraiture on exhibition in the
green room."
I piloted the couple through the maze
of passages with which the hotel abounded,
and finally emerged in the
green room.
An instant later Phil appeared be-
hind me.
"Ed, I beg pardon, Mrs. Brittain. So
shocking of me to treat you in this
way, but my duty to my firm and all
that, you know. Ed, Andrews wants
to see you about the purchase of some
Westinghouse rights."
"A-er Andrews?" I ejaculated.
"You idiot!" whispered Phil. "Go to
Aunt Hall in the reception room."
I turned on my heel and sought the
other couple, and Nathalie seemed gen-
uinely pleased at my reappearance.
"Now, mother, Mr. Ackley can show
us the picture before Phil returns."
"I'm sure that is Mrs. Brittain," ex-
claimed Mrs. Hall, raising her lorgnon,
"and Philip," she said, advancing be-
fore me.
"Do you know," whispered Nathalie
to me, "mother heard of the Brittaines'
invitation and forced herself on Phil
accordingly. She thinks you are an ac-
complice."
"Oh!" I murmured.
"Mother doesn't like the Brittaines!
Doesn't like you either, Mr. Ackley,"
she added, and I fondly hoped that I
detected regret in her voice. "And I
shouldn't talk to you."
"Is that so?" I said with interest,
oblivious of the trouble Phil was in.
"Yes, but—"
"Nathalie, come!" announced Mrs.
Hall, sweeping by haughtily.
"Good-morning, Mr. Ackley," and she
glowered at me. I murmured my
adieux.
"You're a fool!" cried Philip, while

**WHAT A PRETTY WORLD THIS IS.
BEAUTIES SURROUND COUNTRY DWELLER.**

O H, isn't the world pretty!" exclaimed President Roosevelt, as he stood on a hill in Yellowstone Park, with a plain filled with grazing elk and other game spread out before him, with the morning songs of birds in his ears and the early sun driving the great banks of dark clouds into the west. What a boyish exclamation for the ruler of the greatest nation on earth! But it showed a trait of the man which is lovable, and loved.

Did you ever sleep just below the rafters, in an old country house where you could hear the rain playing on the shingles and the mice whispering in the seed corn that hung in bunches on the wall? The sun woke you up, didn't it? It first crept across the old patchwork quilt at your knees. You saw it, but the husk mattress was the most comfortable thing on earth and you'd take just one more snooze. The cows down in the lot wouldn't mind it and maybe dad wasn't up yet, anyway. But soon the sun got up the quilt to your eyes, and mother was poking at the cook stove downstairs, and you could lie abed no longer. Out you jumped and in ten seconds you had on shirt and breeches—all dressed. Gosh! those were bully times—no collars, no cuffs, no stockings, no shoes! Then you went to the tin wash basin on the bench beside the kitchen door and doused yourself with cool water from the rain butt. A bluejay was yelling murder in the old apple tree by the well. The pigs were squealing peevishly. The red calf was bawling hungrily. The spotted one was sucking the end of a fence rail and butting it occasionally. The turkey gobbler was making explosions by spreading his great tail and his blue and red throat sent forth one continual roll of gobbles. A bluebird on the clothes line was whispering his pathetic little melody as if afraid that the world would know he was happy and take his happiness away from him.

Then you drove the cows from the pastures to the milking yard. You walked in the long, winding path through the lot, because it was warm in the sand there and there were thistles at the side that were not good for bare feet. The bumble bees were already humming over the thistle blossoms and quarreling with the yellow butterflies. The big bunches of purple thorough-wort were alive with honey bees and wasps. How that red-headed wood-pecker was hammering on the old chestnut stump! The cobwebs in the grass were full of diamond dewdrops. The chipmunk that lived in the stone heap near the pasture bars was on his highest rock washing his face with his paws. And dad comes to do the milking, and he's cross. He's had to pass through the kitchen, where mother's fixing up fried salt pork and milk gravy and baked potatoes, and griddle cakes with new maple syrup and—Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! who wouldn't be cross, not to go at all those things at once?

The world is pretty.
Did you ever lie on the grass under the big pig-hickory, across the road from the house, and look up and up? Way up ever so far is a cloud, sailing along in the blue, that looks like a great flake of snow. You can see its faint shadow passing over the wheat like a wave. Where is it going? Is it possible that God is sending it somewhere for a purpose? Does it mean rain to famishing people 'way off in India? How many other farmer's boys are watching it? Will it always keep together, or will it disappear as does that halo of heat that is quivering over the woods, down beyond the pasture? How cool it is under the hickory! What a blamed good idea was that got up by the fellow who invented an hour's rest at noon! Those sparrows scurrying themselves in the road kick up a lot of dust. The sun makes the two new shingles on the house look like silver. There's one of those little woolly caterpillars hanging by his thread from that branch up there! He's coming down lower, and lower, and low-er-er-r. Then you are fast asleep.

The world is pretty.
Did you ever grub for money ten hours every day, in a dirty office; ride home in a crowded car; come down again in a crowded car for another ten hours or more, next morning, and know all the time about the red clover blossoms, the birds, the blue sky, the green woods, the singing brooks and all the world which is indeed pretty? Oh! for five good angle-worms, a fish pole and two hours in the world which is pretty—St. Louis Chronicle.

the Brittaines looked on with amused comprehension.
I gazed after the disappearing Nathalie, and found her eyes directed to my feet. Glancing down, I stooped and picked up a card:
MISS NATHALIE HALL.
At home Thursdays.
The Thursdays was accentuated by a shadowy penciled line.
"A fool!" repeated Phil, angrily.
"Certainly," I agreed absently, and my lips conveyed a silent answer to Nathalie's backward glance as she turned the corner.
And, to make a long story short, we are engaged.

QUAGMIRES SWALLOW ROADBED.
Cut-Off Across Salt Lake Proves Hard to Build.
The attempt of the Union Pacific railroad to build a roadbed across the Great Salt lake has proved a more formidable undertaking than the engineers expected. Roadbed after roadbed has disappeared in the maw of a quagmire, while human lives as well as cars and locomotives have been lost in these quicksands. There are two of these quagmires and Southern Pacific engineers believe the eastern quagmires is the result of the washing down for centuries of silt from the Bear river. This has filled in a deep canyon and they believe persistence will result in finding the solid bottom. While they do not offer to explain the other quagmire, they believe the same result may be obtained there.
The greatest difficulty is expected in the western quagmire, which is now giving most trouble. Here the wind sweeps the entire length of the lake and the waves are high. The water is thirty feet deep. It is the intention to build ten miles of trestle across this portion, but so far the foundation has not been secured.
The engineers have decided on an experiment which they hope will solve the problem. They have started on the building of immense "cradles" of timber, which will be filled with stone and lowered into the lake. By anchoring these carefully and binding them closely together it is hoped that they will stand the strain.
All manner of expedients have been necessary to carry on the work, says the New York Herald. Trouble began as soon as the lake was entered. Areas were encountered where the salt and sand made an apparently solid bottom. Perhaps it was solid and the pile driver would sink only a couple of inches at a stroke. Again the pile might go through the crust and sink out of sight at the second stroke. In other places the mud was so soft under the crust that it would not bear the weight of the construction train without some device to aid in the support. In such a case planks were laid eight feet to the south of the permanent roadbed, a temporary track laid and light cars of rock were sent out to be dumped over the side, forming the permanent roadbed.
When the water was reached the temporary track was extended by sand

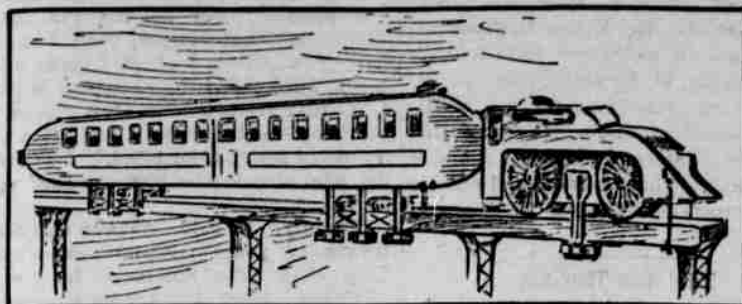
bags. These were loaded on rafts and piled out to the place desired. There they were piled into tiers, and timber stringers were placed across, the track being laid on these. It was in this way that the first quagmire was reached.
According to the best information obtainable, the two quagmires have already cost the company about \$1,000,000 more than estimated, while with good luck from this time on the work on the lake portion of the undertaking cannot cost less than \$4,000,000.

Strong Army for Mexico.
President Diaz does not believe in limiting his military establishment. Although the republic has long been at peace, he is pursuing a policy of military expansion which seems likely to develop a highly efficient system of national defense. It is the desire of President Diaz that within two years the Mexican government shall be able on short notice to mobilize an army of 200,000 thoroughly trained and perfectly equipped soldiers. To make this result possible more than 300,000 boys and young men are now receiving regular daily military instruction in 11,000 public schools of Mexico and the army will be recruited from their number.
This program for the creation of a greater Mexican army is supplemented with plans for a larger naval establishment, two vessels for which are now under construction at the Crescent shipyard, Elizabethtown, N. J. In this development of her military resources Mexico is following the natural policy of enlightened nations. It is believed in some quarters that the integrity of Mexican institutions will be severely tested when President Diaz retires from office and that a strong government, including an effective military establishment, will be needed to protect the republic against serious internal disorder. It is possibly with a view to providing for such an emergency that the present movement for a large and trustworthy army has been instituted.

Lessons from the Bee.
The bee teaches us to be industrious. No bee ever shirks his work.
He teaches us to be loyal and obedient. Bees obey and love the queen who rules them.
They teach us to be fond of our homes. No bee leaves his home except for a time if he can help it.
They teach us to be clean. Nothing can be cleaner than the home of the bee.
They show much sympathy or kind fellow feeling for each other in distress, and will never leave a friend in trouble without trying to help him.
They are very early risers.
They delight in fresh air.
They are very peaceful, and seldom quarrel or fight among themselves.

The Ring She Did Not Get.
Stella—Mabel lost a diamond ring.
Bella—Too bad! How did it happen?
"Jack didn't propose."—Smart Set.
A woman is never ^{so} until she is 40 or married.

CARS TO RUN SWIFTLY WITHOUT WHEELS.



MODEL OF ALBERTSON MAGNETIC TRAIN.

Letters patent have been issued by the American and European governments for a new system of railroading, which, according to its inventor, will carry a train of cars without wheels drawn by a one horse-power locomotive from New York to San Francisco in ten hours' time. This remarkable invention, which will rush a regulation railway train through space at the speed of 300 miles an hour, is the creation of Professor A. C. Albertson, an electrical engineer, late of Copenhagen University, Denmark. The facilities of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad have been placed at the professor's disposal for the working out of his scheme. If the invention proves to be practicable it upsets a law hitherto believed immutable, namely, that the heavier the load, the more power needed to move it. Professor Albertson seems to have proved that the heavier the load, the less the power needed. The scheme in brief is as follows:
The train is equipped with a set of powerful electric magnets, which slide along under the rails and lift the cars from the track. If, for instance, a car weighs ten tons, the engineer of the train would merely turn on a magnetic force of eleven tons, which would thus overcome the weight of the train and allow it to be propelled with a friction of only one ton. In other words, the entire weight of the train is held up by the magnetic force, and experiments have actually shown that the more the train weighs the less force is needed to propel it. The great speed claimed by the inventor for the magnetic train is made possible largely by the fact that friction is almost wholly done away with.
On such a railroad system as this smoke and vibration would be eliminated; there would be no possible chance of grade-crossing accidents, no derailing, no hot boxes. Sleeping cars would be superfluous, as the distance between the oceans could be covered in one day. No mechanical or pneumatic brake would be needed, for the train is itself a brake, for, in order to stop, the engineer would simply turn on more magnetic power, thus making the pressure upward greater.

COOL HEAD IS ESSENTIAL.

Trainers of Wild Animals Must Be Ever on the Alert for Surprises.
Wildcats, tigers, jaguars, panthers, and leopards offer the greatest menace to their trainers. These are the animals that appear to long most ardently stalk their prey and utter their night cries in their native haunts. Almost incessantly they swing back and forth behind the bars peering over the heads of the spectators with wild eyes that seem to be trying to discern the forest beyond the confines of their prison house. Besides their restlessness, a reason why the big beasts of the cat family are considered more dangerous than the others is found in their deceptive methods of attack. Lions and bears meet their enemies boldly, but a tiger or a leopard—particularly the latter—creeps up stealthily, crouches, draws back when faced and then, when the victim's guard is relaxed, gives a mighty leap. Kind treatment has but slight effect upon the creatures of the forests. Their deep feeling of protest against a life that is most unnatural to them cannot be banished by lumps of sugar and friendly pats.
The process of subjection is, of course, a very gradual one. A trainer's first step is to make himself known in a pleasant way to his new pupil. He attends to its feeding for a week or so, stands by its cage talking to it and opens the door a little, rubbing its head cautiously as it approaches. Finally when the animal has become accustomed to his presence he enters the cage, being as unobtrusive as possible, so as not to frighten or irritate his host. For an hour or more at a time he may sit in the cage, reading or playing with the animal if he dares. A trainer's next move is usually to give the pupil a taste of his power. A rope is fastened to its neck and passed around two or three bars of the cage. The animal is given plenty of room in which to move, but when it makes a leap at its trainer, who has become more dictatorial in his manner than before, it is pulled up short. This practice is resorted to so often during the preliminary training that the beast loses confidence in its powers. A whipping now and then is also necessary.
When an animal is well under control it is taken from its cage into the arena, where instruction in tricks begins. It is first made to take and retain the place assigned to it. On its seat at the side of the big cage meat is placed. The animal learns that on entering it will find food there and soon acquires a habit of going voluntarily to its place. Then it must be taught to keep its seat. When it jumps down without being called it is punished a little and forced back. At length it comes to realize that it can have no peace except on its own perch and so it stays there. The same general tactics are used in teaching animals their positions on pyramids and other formations.—Success.

ITALY TIRED OF HER PAST.
Some of Her Ancient Landmarks Likely to Disappear Before Long.
Italy is tired of a glorious death. Her sons boast of Garibaldi and Marconi, not of Raphael and Julius Caesar. Venetians may well shrug their shoulders when foreigners complain of steamboats in the Grand canal. They are not the grievers when the Campanile falls. The papers and statesmen exhort the people to imitate more powerful nations and abandon their idle, pleasure-loving spirit, their love of peacantry, idleness and fireworks, their indifference to education, to sound politics and finance.
The Roman city government is now willing to construct railways alongside the Forum. The old is mixed with the new, industry with art, energy with decay. There is a telephone at the spot where St. Peter is supposed to have been crucified. I saw the king of Italy in an automobile by the ruins

in which Christian girls were gored by bulls. His four attendant guards rode bicycles. Trams and buses start from the square in which are Nero's bones, where Luther knelt before his great revolt, by the gate through which an endless line of shadows pass, from guilty Macbeth, doing penance, to so many popes and emperors. The greatest of churches is now lighted by electricity as well as by Michelangelo's dome and the same new luminary is turned upon the dying gladiator. The Roman glories in his modern stations and ugly civil buildings and cares little for Cleero or Brutus, for the renaissance or the antique world.
Underneath a statue of Garibaldi, on one of the Roman hills, are groups of figures, allegories, in which Europe presides over history and art, America over trade and industry.—Collier's Weekly.

"Hot Time" as the National Air.
"Hot Time in the Old Town," declares Prof. George Eduard, of the German department of Northwestern University, "is bound to become the national air of the United States. Both the music and the words are in perfect harmony with the Yankee spirit, and when the people want to express themselves and can't think of anything else to sing, they break out spontaneously with 'Hot Time.' They've sung it all round the world.
"The charge up San Juan hill was made to its music, and the hand played it when the United States soldiers entered Pekin, and to-day they are singing it in the Philippines."
Prof. Eduard spoke in all earnestness, for though he is a native of Germany and not yet a naturalized citizen of this country, he is thoroughly in love with America and her progressive spirit, and declares that he will never return to Germany to live. These statements were made to his German class, and were occasioned by the lesson for the day, which was the German song, "The Lorelei." The professor became so interested that he took up the whole time of recitation with his discussion. He spoke of German and American political institutions, and compared the character of President Roosevelt with that of the German Emperor. Prof. Eduard came to Chicago in 1893 as world's fair correspondent for a German newspaper, and later accepted the position as teacher of German in Northwestern University.—Chicago Evening Post.

Gunned the Man.
Gunned was one of the most fascinating men I have ever met. His manner had a charm that was irresistible, and his kindly eyes, as soft and melting a woman's, would light up with a smile now tender, now humorous, that fixed itself ineffaceably upon the memory. He could speak English fairly well, but preferred his own language, in which he was a brilliant conversationalist, and he could use to advantage a fund of keen, ready wit. He was at this time influenced by a recrudescence of that religious mysticism which had strongly characterized his youthful career, but his tone, though earnest and thoughtful when he was dwelling upon his art, could brighten up with the lightness and gaiety of a true Parisian.—Hermann Klein in Century.

Uncle Reuben Says:
Truth am mighty an' must prevail, but human natur' only likes to hear de pleasant part of it. De man who goes about speakin' de naked truth all de time is less welcome dan de liar.—Detroit Free Press.

A Natural Inquiry.
Little Nellie was out riding one day with her mother and as they passed a cemetery she asked: "Mamma, how long does it take for the tombstones to come up after they plant people?"
Somehow, it always pleases men when a worthless boy comes out, and becomes a mighty good man.



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure!

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse. The suggestion of a friend of my mother I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Anna's Ave., New York City."—\$5000 (refund) if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

By Way of a Lesson.

"One of our cars ran over another man last night" announced the superintendent of the street railway line.
"Well," replied the president, "after awhile the people will learn that the only safe place is aboard the car and that 5 cents is a small price to pay for safety."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses of 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

False Pretenses.

"Why does he always begin with the statement, 'To make a long story short.'"
"Oh, that's just to encourage you to believe he's going to do it."

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Must Bear Signature of
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