

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 insulting 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 occasion-
ally. 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 blue-
bird 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?

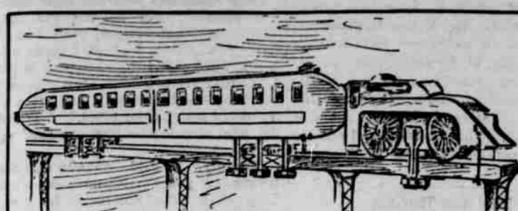
The world is pretty.
Did you ever lie on the grass under the big pig-hickory, across the road
from the house, and look up and up? Way up ever so far is a cloud, sailing
along in the blue, that looks like a great flake of snow. You can see its faint
shadow passing over the wheat like a wave. Where is it going? Is it possi-
ble 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
scouring 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 Nath-
alie, 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
roadbed to build a roadbed across the
Great Salt lake has proved a more
formidable undertaking than the en-
gineers 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 wash-
ing down for centuries of silt from the
Bear river. This has filled in a
deep canyon and they believe persist-
ence will result in finding the solid
bottom. While they do not offer to
explain the other quagmire, they be-
lieve 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 anchor-
ing 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 bot-
tom. 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 with-
out 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

CARS TO RUN SWIFTLY WITHOUT WHEELS.



MODEL OF ALBERTSON MAGNETIC TRAIN.
Letters patent have been issued by the American and European govern-
ments 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 loco-
motive 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, name-
ly, 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 elim-
inated; 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 ani-
mals 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 de-
ceptive 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 crea-
tures of the forests. Their deep feel-
ing of protest against a life that is
most unnatural to them cannot be
hushed by lumps of sugar and friend-
ly 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 talk-
ing to it and opens the door a little,
rubbing its head cautiously as it ap-
proaches. Finally when the animal
has become accustomed to his presence
he enters the cage, being as unobtru-
sive 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 con-
trol it is taken from its cage into the
arena, where instruction in tricks be-
gins. 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 Like-
ly to Disappear Before Long.
Italy is tired of a glorious death.
Her sons boast of Garibaldi and Mar-
coni, not of Raphael and Julius Caesar.
Venetians may well shrug their should-
ers when foreigners complain of steam-
boats in the Grand canal. They are
not the grievers when the Campanile
falls. The papers and statesmen ex-
hort the people to imitate more power-
ful 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 along-
side 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

Lessons from the Bee.

The bee teaches us to be industrious.
No bee ever shirks his work.
He teaches us to be loyal and ober-
tent. Bees obey and love the queen
who rules them.
They teach us to be fond of our
homes. No bee leaves his home ex-
cept 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 dis-
tress, 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 hap-
pen?
"Jack didn't propose."—Smart Set.
A woman is never until she is 40
or married.



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
deadly from inflammation and
doctored continually, but got no help.
I suffered from terrible dragging sen-
sations 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 stand-
ing 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 con-
tinued its use until now I can truth-
fully 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 forfeit 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 superin-
tendent 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 sup- posed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pro- nounced 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 constitu- tional disease, and therefore requires constitu- tional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, man- ufactured 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. Ad- dress, 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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FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
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