

GOOD-NIGHT.

The day has gone to sleep, within the vales,
Shadows are cradled in the emerald grass,
And on the heights the roselate sunset pales,
And from the clouds the crimson colors pass.

Good night, sweet day! The stars come out on high,
To watch the pathway which your footsteps trod,
And pave with vastness the great deeps of sky,
And bring our souls in fuller touch with God.
—Los Angeles Times.

THE TALISMAN.

Of course, its intrinsic value is very slight," I said, as Theodora stood holding the ring in her right hand.

"Is that why you are offering it to me?" she demanded, glancing up abruptly.

"Because," I explained, "it is supposed to bring the owner all manner of luck."

"Then," cried Theodora, "it is a kind of charm!"

"A talisman!"

"What is it supposed to do?"

"Oh, well, the idea used to be that it received influence from the planets—"

"I wonder which planet?" asked Theodora.

"The stone is green," I answered, "and green was the color of Venus, you know. Anyhow, it is supposed to protect your house from visitations of evil spirits—"

"Your house," she remonstrated.

"It is the same thing," I insisted, and Theodora's face grew rosy red.

"Oughtn't a talisman to have some mysterious writing on it?" she asked.

"Every occult condition is fulfilled," I assured her, and she carried the ring to the window. But after an endeavor to read the words which were minutely engraved on the inner face of the thin gold band, she gave it up with a sigh. Taking the ring from Theodora's hand I held it in a more favorable position.

"Even then," she continued, "haven't any of its owners either lost or—"

"They have never lost the Talisman."

"Ah!" said Theodora, "it must be a very wonderful thing if it always keeps away tears."

"You mustn't judge by its present effect," I urged, and she became suddenly indignant.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I fancied there were tears in your eyes—"

"Why should there be?"

"Why?" I whispered, drawing closer.

"If only the Talisman might do as you say," she murmured.

"My father gave it to my mother," I explained.

"Then he didn't keep it."

"The whole includes the part, you understand. He gave her the ring; she gave him back herself."

"And—and yet he lost her," murmured Theodora.

"Yes, he lost her."

"And I suppose for all their love, there were tears now and then," she suggested.

"Ah, well—"

"So that your Talisman was of very little effect," said Theodora.

"Perhaps," I urged, "the translation was not literal; but anyhow, you need not be afraid to accept it."

"It isn't that I am afraid," she exclaimed; but still she held out her right hand once more, and the ring was in her fingers.

"You are not going to give it back to me," I expostulated.

"Why, yes," she returned, and I felt compelled to take it in my hand. For a few moments I stood gazing at it, a little foolishly perhaps, then I looked into her face.

"The tears should be as few as I could make them, Theo," I said.

"O, I know, I know," she faltered.

"Don't you think you can change your mind?" I urged, and she met my eyes with an expression half perplexed, half indignant. In her own there were still traces of tears; some sensitive chord had, perhaps, been touched, of which I had no perception.

"Change my mind?" she cried.

"Let me give and keep—"

"I thought you would like to put it on," said Theodora, and as I took her left hand and pushed the ring over her third finger, it seemed that the Talisman began to take effect at once, for her tears dried like April rain, and no sunshine was ever brighter than her smile. But Theodora insists that her Talisman is something different altogether.—Detroit Free Press.

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PROOF THAT IRRIGATION IS OF MUCH VALUE TO THE FARMER.

Is irrigation of practical value to the farmer of the Middle West, say in Indiana?" asked the News correspondent of an official of the Agricultural Department.

"Decidedly," replied the irrigation expert. "From experiments that are being carried on in Wisconsin, Nebraska, Missouri, New Jersey and other States, it is already evident that a marked increase in yields of farm crops follows judicious irrigation even in regions where the rain fall is normally abundant. For instance, in Wisconsin experiments it has been demonstrated that the average increase in the yield of clover hay on irrigated land over that from unirrigated land is 2.5 tons an acre. The increase in corn is 26.95 bushels an acre; of potatoes 83.9 bushels an acre. The annual cost of irrigation for these experiments was \$6.68 an acre, not counting interest on the investment, but including all extra labor. This left a net profit, at current prices, of \$20 an acre on hay, \$11 an acre on corn and \$73 an acre on potatoes.

"The comparisons of averages in these experiments were made with the yields as reported in the census returns. This was not exactly fair, because the census averages give the returns for all kinds of farming—good, bad and indifferent—while the averages in the irrigation experiments were those of a carefully conducted institution. No farmer using irrigation can be a slouch and expect to reap any profit. He must do as they do in California—figure things down fine, and stop all gaps. But making all allowances for differences in the averages, and we still can show that judicious irrigation in the Middle West will pay handsomely.

"We made experiments, also, for the purpose of testing the effect both of irrigation and fertilization of sandy soils, such as are common in Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. These lands are poor in plant food, and retain so little moisture that all attempts to farm them profitably have failed. The experiments included the application of both water and manure to the lands. Manure alone was of little use, as there was not water enough to make the plant food available. Water alone gave fair results, but manure and water together gave fine returns.

"The cost of irrigation was \$6.70 an acre, and the net gain from irrigation was: Potatoes, \$30 an acre; corn, \$1 an acre; watermelons, \$58 an acre; muskmelons, \$15 an acre. From these experiments we found that water was a good thing in intensive farming, and increased the yield in truck farming and vegetables, but was not a profitable thing in the case of corn-raising, so far as those sandy soils were concerned.

"The cost of pumping water in the Wisconsin experiments was \$2.64 an acre foot, with coal at \$5 a ton, the water being raised twenty-six feet. With a gasoline engine, gasoline costing 11.98 cents a gallon, water was raised thirty-three feet at a cost of \$3.32 an acre-foot. We have prepared tables showing how much water is needed for different crops, how large a pump should be used, and how often the water should be applied to the land.

"And consequently it has never been given away!"

"At regular intervals," I insisted.

"Well," she faltered. "I—I don't understand." But I fancied she did.

"If you study the words carefully," I began, when she interrupted me with a solemn expression.

"Besides," she cried, "even if the condition could be fulfilled—"

"It could," I answered.

"Even then," she continued, "haven't any of its owners either lost or—"

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DOES NOT LIKE TOURISTS.

Missouri Editor Vents His Opinion of Wanderers on Earth's Surface.

Since his recent visit to Havana, Cuba, where he dined with men from every part of the world, Bob White, of the Mexico (Mo.) Ledger, seems to have taken antipathy to tourists as a class. In a recent issue of his paper he says: "The party was not a large one, either—the world isn't very large, after all. Mr. White 'roasts' the tourists, and especially the Americans, who are now 'doing' Havana by thousands. A regrettable feature of the tourist," he writes, "is the absolute lack of consideration found among many of them—their ruthlessness—and disregard of the privacy of homes, sacred edifices, or wherever else their bent takes them. They enter the grand old churches during sacred service, when the congregations are devoutly and silently following the impressive services. They explore all parts of the building, talking in loud tones, crossing and recrossing, sometimes with their hats on, between the kneeling congregation and the altar, snapping their kodaks at whatever objects attract them most.

"With what disgust must the people here regard such demonstrations—what contempt must they feel toward this class. At the present amazing progress of this grossness, hoggishness, we could well say, we may soon hear that all the churches in the city have been closed to visitors. Were the Cubans to go to the States and conduct themselves as many Americans do here, it is certain that they would be summarily dealt with, and they would deserve it, as do that class of Americans to whom so much forbearance is now being shown in Havana."

World's Fair Slang.

One of the enduring effects of the Chicago fair in 1893 was the amount of slang originated here. The Philadelphia Centennial is indissolubly connected in the minds of many persons with the disappearance of Charley Ross, and from that exhibition dates, practically, the host of jokes that have flooded magazines and enlivened the stage on the slothfulness of Philadelphia and Philadelphians.

Now, St. Louis, in anticipation of the opening of the Louisiana Purchase exhibition, has been furnishing up some of the recent slang of the Mississippi valley, and some of the items may be obtained from advance sheets, so to speak.

What is called in Chicago a "dead one" or a "sleeper" is in St. Louis a "crape." The St. Louis version of the expression "the real thing" for a pretty girl is "a swell doll." A "crown guy" is a policeman, a "gitney" is a nickel, and "mug's landing" is the Union station.

St. Louis has a large Southern and Southwestern population. The Southwest has, in recent years, superseded the West very generally as the starting place of most American slang, and St. Louis has some geographical advantages in this respect that are not likely to be obscured by the action of any of its up-to-date citizens.

When a woman you never saw has her back turned toward you, in nineteen times in twenty, when she turns around, she is a disappointment.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burns Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it.—Mrs. LAURA L. BARNES, 607 Second St., N. E., Washington, D. C. —\$6000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

Will Sometimes Happen.

"You wouldn't believe it, lieutenant, but only yesterday a lieutenant lay at my feet."

"Oh, yes! Lieutenants sometimes stumble!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

No Dash About Him.

Jones—Hamilton is a pretty good example of what a business man ought to be.

Brown—In some ways, yes, but then he's so terribly deliberate. Why, I've known him to spend ten minutes over his noonday lunch.—Boston Transcript.

His Suggestion.

She—I wish Miss Blank could hear of that.

He—Then you'd better tell it to somebody in strict confidence.—Detroit Free Press.

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Keeping in Practice. The Washington's baseball was in full swing. The unmasking had arrived. "Where is George Washington?" asked the Spanish inquisitor of Louis Quirze. "The last I saw of him," said Louis, "he was in the buffet cutting down the visible supply of cherry bounce."

A Quandary.

"Jones is in a bad fix mentally." "What's his trouble?" "He can't decide whether it is better to lose his soul cursing the icy pavement or lose his life trying to whip the man that throws ashes on them against the wind."—Baltimore News.

Usually the Case.

"Do you believe that position affects one's sleep?" asked the Mt. Auburn man.

"Certainly," replied the Norwood philosopher. "I never knew a man who had a position on the police force to be troubled with insomnia."

On Their Dignity.

He—I kind o' think I've seen you before. Ain't you a shop girl at Bergen's?

She—Sir! I'm a saleslady! He—That so? I'm an elevator gentleman at the same place.—Philadelphia Press.

A Butterfly Farm.

Near Scarborough, England, a farm exists for rearing moths and butterflies. Half an acre of land has been planted with trees and shrubs for the purpose. In their season the stock of caterpillars is twenty thousand. From thirty to forty thousand preserved insects are kept in reserve, so that butterflies and moths can be supplied irrespective of the time of the year.

Excessive Moisture.

Little Tommy when told he was growing too fast, said: "Yes, I think they water me too much. Why, I have to take a bath every morning."

Subordinate.

Mr. Byrnie Coyne—Ah, sweetest one, may I be your captain and guide your bark down the sea of life? Mrs. Berrymore (a widow)—No, but you can be my second mate.

Out of Repair.

A small boy while walking with his mother one very warm day, and being nearly overcome with heat, raised his hat and feeling the drops of perspiration on his brow, said: "Mother, my head is leaking."

Just the same as ever

St. Jacobs Oil

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Rheumatism and Neuralgia

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Great Show. Ernie—Mabel was engaged four times down at the beach last summer. She said it was a regular circus. Edith—Sort of a four ring affair, I suppose.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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

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