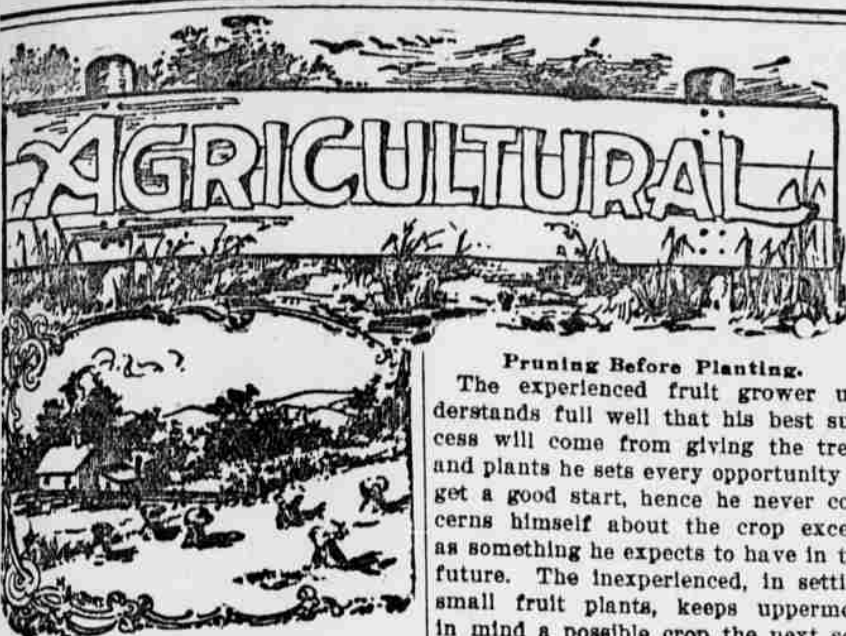
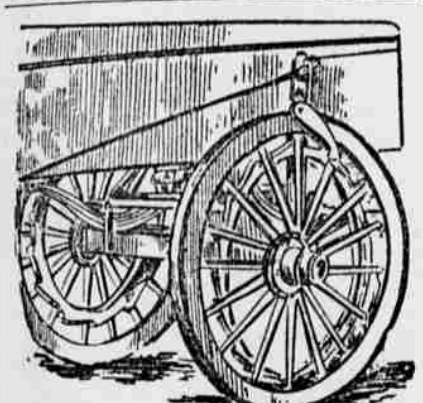




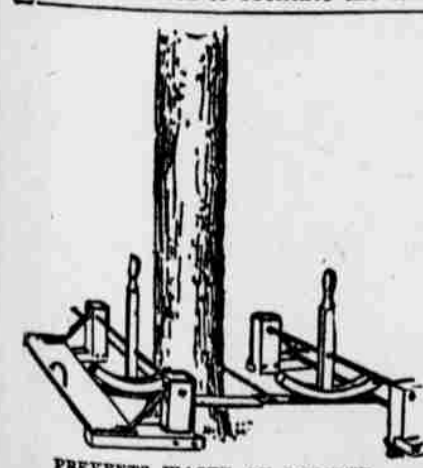
Check Draft Attachment.
While we are all looking forward hopefully to the day when the main roads shall be in perfect condition for light and heavy travel, with macadam or other improved surfaces, it will probably be many years before the ruts and mudholes are all removed. Until that time comes there will be frequent use for the wagon attachment which we here present, and many a teamster with a heavy load will have cause to thank the inventor who devised such



LIGHTENS THE WORK OF HORSES.

an ingenious arrangement to help him out when the wagon becomes stuck in the mud. The picture almost explains itself, showing, as it does, how the invention gives a leverage near the circumference of the wheel, instead of compelling the team to pull direct on the axle, as heretofore. From each end of the doubletree a rod runs back to the upper end of a lever pivoted on the axle. Attached to these levers are pawls, which engage the teeth of the ratchet wheels, the latter being secured to the rear wheels of the wagon. When a team is pulling a heavy load the doubletree vibrates, owing to the fact that the two horses do not step in unison and do not pull exactly together. It is this vibration that is utilized in applying the device, as it enables the pawls to secure alternate hold on the teeth of either wheel, thus gradually working the wagon out of the rut or up the steep hill. When the team is traveling smoothly on a level road the pawls ride idly in the ratchets without interfering with the rotation of the wheel.

Machine for Cutting Timber.
The usual method of felling trees in large forests involves the use of the ax and saw in conjunction, and the woodsman is more than likely to choose the most comfortable height to begin his work. This, as is well known, means the loss of several feet of the best portion of the log, and as timber grows more scarce, complaint of this waste is sure to be made. If it had no other purpose than the saving of this lumber, the apparatus here shown would have much to recommend its use, but it is also recommended as a time-saver. It consists of two platforms, placed as shown, with pivoted handles rocking back and forth to oscillate the saw



PREVENTS WASTE OF LUMBER.

blade. To feed the blade into the tree a coiled spring is secured to either end of the saw, with the opposite ends attached to stakes driven in the ground on the opposite side of the tree, exerting a constant pull as the blade slides back and forth.

Beets in Clumps.
The tendency of beets to grow in bunches is because each "seed" is really a bundle of seeds wrapped in the woody fiber. Thus from one to six plants spring from each seed ball, and separate planting is practically impossible. The clumps of young plants make thinning a difficult matter and injurious to those that remain. Some beet growers lessen the trouble by cracking the seed balls in a coffee mill. It is also proposed to attempt by selection to secure seeds, each producing only one plant.

WEEDING THEM OUT.

How the Minister Found the Man Who Didn't Sign.

"I smile over it even now," declared the well-known minister of the gospel who was in a reminiscent mood. "It was my first church and I was ambitious to make a good showing. We were sadly in need of a new church and I decided to make an attempt to get one. The congregation was not a wealthy one and I fully realized that it would be a difficult matter to secure the needed funds. Knowing that many are sensitive over the fact that they are not able to give as much as others, I tried the plan of having them write the amount they were willing to give upon a card and put it in a small envelope that I furnished.

"Well, I collected the envelopes and took them in my study to look over. The amount pledged was very satisfactory but there was one card calling for \$100 that was unsigned. At first I thought this was an oversight then thinking I recognized the writing, I was not so sure. There was only one member who wrote a hand like it and that was Deacon Jones, a man who had a reputation of being very close. Now \$100 was none too much for him to give, although I had not expected to get more than \$25 from him. I distinctly remembered seeing him make a great show of dropping his envelope in the hat when it was passed and as there was no card with his name I felt sure that the unsigned card was his and that he was aware that he had not signed it.

"Well, the next Sunday—remember I was young—I resolved upon a bold plan," continued the minister, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I arose and requested all those who had handed in an envelope the Sunday before to stand up. This they did, the deacon among them. Then, as I read a list of givers I had made from the cards, I requested them to be seated. One by one they sat down, and when my list was exhausted only the deacon was standing, and he was pretty red in the face. I blandly explained matters, invited the deacon to sign his card, and after he had done so, much against his will, I announced the hymn 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.'"

THE HOME-MADE BALL.

Two grown-up boys of sixty were standing in front of a window in which were displayed all sorts of games and sporting goods. There were several boxes full of baseballs which ranged in price from ten cents to a dollar and a half.

"Our young fellows have too much of their fun ready-made for them," said one. "Look at those baseballs, which my young gentleman of ten or fifteen with his allowance of several thousand dollars a week," the other grinned—"more or less, buys by the dozen, throws around and loses. I doubt if he has so good a time as I did. Ever make a baseball?"

"Hundreds of 'em. Hundreds of 'em. Do you remember how we used to watch for old rubber boots so we could use the heels?"

"Yes, indeed. Real rubber, they were then, too. Made a fine core. If you didn't start with a good core, the other fellow's ball would bounce higher. A fellow was pretty poor stuff that couldn't bounce his ball over the shed."

"And mother used to give us the yarn. That never seemed extravagant to her, although maybe she objected if we spent a nickel for candy."

"I used to get enough yarn to make a ball from my old Aunt Emma, as pay for holding five skeins."

"Did you put hard twine on the outside before you put on the cover?"

"Yes. Fine, hard twine or small fish-line. That was a little more expensive, but—well, I made great balls!"

"So did I. My brother taught me to cut the cover from old boot tops. Quarters, you know—pieces shaped like pieces of orange peel."

"Yes, I've made 'em that way, too, but sometimes we cut the leather in two dumb-bell-shaped pieces, like those balls in the window there. Then we sewed 'em with waxed thread."

"Say I'm going to teach that boy of mine to make a baseball. There are some things absolutely necessary to a liberal education. Good-by!"

"Good-by! I suppose I shall see you at the directors' meeting at four?"

Seventy-five Miles an Hour.

An electric road out of Buffalo contemplates a schedule of seventy-five miles an hour. If that rate could be kept up, says Munsey's, it would carry you from New York to San Francisco in less than two days. If a track were laid around the world on the eighty-fifth parallel of latitude, a car going at that velocity from east to west would keep up with the earth's rotation, and beat Joshua's miracle by holding the sun in one place all summer.

Fitness of her part matters little to the up-to-date actress if the fit of her gowns is perfect.

A spinster's ideal man is one who will say the word.



HERE you are, Miss Clevenger; this is just in your line," said the city editor of the Daily Blaze, as he handed a clipping to a young woman reporter. "You certainly can get something spicy out of that. Answer it, follow it up and get a good yarn. The stronger the better, and if there is a bit of lemon color in it it won't hurt anything."

Norah Clevenger took the clipping from the city editor's hand. It was an advertisement cut from a contemporary daily. This is what she read:

Wanted—A wife, not more than 32 years old; must be loving disposition; cripple preferred. Address Lock Box 07, Hoosiersville, Indiana.

"I think that's a bona fide 'ad,' Miss Clevenger," said the city editor, "and the fellow who stuck it in wants a cripple, and that's queer in itself. Write to him, meet him and get your yarn. It ought to be a good one."

Norah Clevenger had been writing spicy stories for the Daily Blaze some years. She knew how to make her pen scorch the paper, and that's what the Blaze liked. She was calloused and she took assignments that many a girl would have shrunk from, but then it was all in the business, and Norah had never been the cause of getting the Blaze into a libel suit, and on that fact she plumed herself.

Norah sat down and wrote a letter, addressing it to Lock Box 07, Hoosiersville, Ind. She lied in it, nothing less, but then that, too, was a part of the business she had learned at the Blaze office. She said that she was a cripple; that her right arm was paralyzed. She told the truth, however, about her appearance, and her age—she was 29—and then asked that the lock box owner address her at the general delivery window of the postoffice, saying that she did not wish to give her proper address until she knew positively that her correspondent was a good man and one who would not trifle with a woman. She signed the letter Mary Anderson.

Norah Clevenger waited three days before an answer came to her communication. When one did come she found that it was written in a good hand and in good English. It was simple and straightforward. The writer said that he was a widower, 34 years old, with one child; had a large stock and fruit farm, which yielded a good income, and he was laying up money. The letter gave no reason why the writer wished to marry a cripple.

Norah Clevenger wrote again. She led the writer on a little in the next letter, and with an audacity characteristic of the girl, inclosed her photograph. On the third day she had an answer, which she showed the city editor, saying, "I'm in for it, Mr. Rankin. His name is Moore, and he reaches the city to-night, and I'm to meet him at the Consolidated Depot at 8 o'clock. Some of the boys will have to fix up my arm. We'll put a brace of some kind on it or otherwise I'll forget that it is supposed to be paralyzed, and I'd be swinging it around and give the whole snap away. What in the world this countryman wants a cripple for is more than I can imagine, but there ought to be a cracking good story in it."

Norah Clevenger was at the Consolidated Depot at 8 o'clock, with her right arm in a surgeon's brace. Some girls would have felt a bit of trepidation at the prospect of meeting the stranger, but years of rather seamy work had hardened this woman's nature. She waited in the passenger-room. The train rolled in and in a minute or two there came through the doorway a tall, well-built man, with crisp, curly hair, sun-browned cheeks and honest eyes. He was leading a little girl about 5 years old by the hand.

Norah Clevenger felt that this was the man she was to meet, though a moment before she could have sworn that her correspondent was some fool of a fellow with a cast in his eye, a painful limp and so ugly generally that his very appearance would give answer to the question why he had not sought a bride in the vicinity of Hoosiersville. The man looked about the station. His eyes fell on Norah, and

then went quickly to her arm. He saw the surgeon's brace and walking forward raised his hat and said: "Miss Anderson, I believe. I am George Moore. This is my little girl Frances."

The little one held out both hands to Norah and lifted her face to be kissed. This writer of stories with a touch of saffron in them felt something of a shock, but she bent over and kissed the child's red lips.

"Let us sit down for a moment, Miss Anderson, I owe you an explanation. I see you are crippled. My wife, who died four years ago, was a cripple. I tell you frankly that I loved her, and the fact that she was dependent on me because of her crippled state made me learn the delight that there is in doing for others. I was a selfish man, but I learned unselfishness, and it made me happy. I don't know much of the world, and I feel that to advertise for a wife may not be considered right, but I say honestly that there was none near home whom I wished even could I have chosen."

Norah Clevenger felt uncomfortable. She hardly liked to admit it to herself. She knew that this man was fair and above board, and that she had been doing something that was unwomanly. She had done unwomanly things before in the interest of a story, but this thing cut. The little girl had slipped into her lap by this time, and was talking to her softly. Moore rose suddenly. "I forgot something," he said. "Stay with Miss Anderson a minute, Frances," and then he disappeared in the direction of the baggage-room. In a minute he was back with a huge basket on his arm, and, raising the cover, he showed it to be full of black Hamburg grapes. These are for the Crippled Children's Home," he said; "I send fruit in every week because of my memories. I thought I would bring the grapes myself this time. I raise them in my hothouse. I'll give them to an expressman, and he can get them to the hospital, so that the tots can have them in the morning."

Norah Clevenger rose from her seat. "Mr. Moore," she said, "I have met you as you asked. I must go now. I will write you to-morrow," and before Moore could say a word the girl had hurried away.

"No story in this for us, Mr. Rankin," she said to the city editor an hour later, "or if there is I won't write it." And Norah Clevenger left the office and went home. Next day she wrote a letter, and sent it to George Moore, Hoosiersville, Ind. Prior to writing it she had inquired at the Crippled Children's Home, and found out all about the man, his kindness and his honesty, though she felt that she needed no character assurance save that given her by the memory of his face. In the letter she told him the whole story. "When I wrote you that I was a cripple," she said, "I thought I was lying, but I have found out since that I was a cripple of the worst kind, in short my conscience was crippled, but it certainly is healed now, and it is active enough to smite me."

Norah Clevenger still wrote for the Blaze, but they had to turn to other reporters when they wanted an orange streak in a story. The months passed on, the boys saw many letters lying on Norah's desk before she came down in the morning, all bearing the Hoosiersville, Ind., postmark. They remembered Norah's "cripple" assignment and wondered. One day she treated them to black Hamburg grapes that were selling at \$4 a pound at Jung's.

"Where did you get them, Norah?" asked City Editor Rankin.

"They are samples of goods which I shortly shall offer for sale," she said. "I have been asked to take a life partnership in the business, and on Easter Monday I shall become the junior member of the firm."—Chicago Record-Herald.

One Point of View.

"I am very much afraid that you do not appreciate the spirit of a free country."

"Oh, yes I do," answered the man who had recently landed in New York, in a dialect which it is needless to reproduce.

"What do you understand by a free country?"

"It is a place where you are free to do as you choose if you can manage to get on the police force."—Washington Star.

When some women get into the back-number class they visit a beauty parlor and have reprints made of themselves.