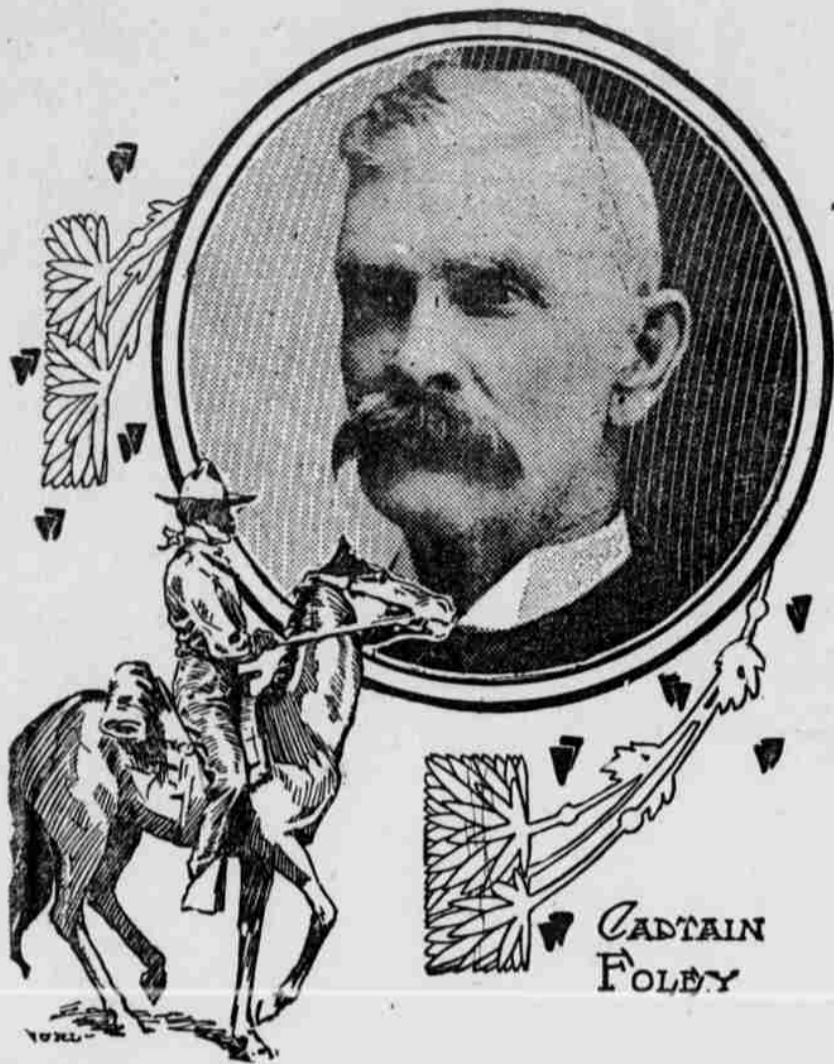


RIDES TO FRISCO IN NINETY DAYS.



At an age when most men are content to sit in the easy chair and watch the youngsters, James P. Foley, 65 years old, captain of the police force of Logansport, Ind., will ride horseback to San Francisco on a \$500 wager that he can complete the trip in ninety days.

This will not be the first time that Capt. Foley has ridden over the Western country. He has fought Indians in the Black Hills and was in Utah during the exciting times when the Mormons sought to exclude the Gentiles. He has ridden over the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, climbed the Colorado mountain peaks and knows every mile of the great Panhandle range in Western Texas. The rugged life of his younger days has left the captain a strong constitution. He is straight as an arrow, agile as a panther, and there are few fester runners in Indiana. Prisoners who fall into his clutches and show fight, invariably get the worst of it. He keeps in training all the time. Each morning, winter or summer, no matter how severe the weather, he takes a gallop into the country, astride his wiry Indian mustang.

Capt. Foley has figured that he will be able to make forty-five miles a day through Indiana, Illinois and Nebraska. Through the mountains he is only counting on averaging from ten to fifteen miles.

Science AND INVENTION

At the International Conference on Scientific Aeronautics, held recently in Milan, Mons. Teisserenc de Bort presented some interesting results of the expedition to the equatorial regions of the Atlantic organized by himself and Lawrence Rotch. Contrary to expectation, he said, they had found far lower temperatures in the upper air above the equator than at corresponding elevations in temperate latitudes. At the equator the temperature goes on decreasing up to the greatest elevations attained by kites and balloons. At the height of eight to eight and one-half miles temperatures were recorded as low as minus 80 degrees Centigrade, or 112 degrees Fahrenheit below zero.

The Heroult electric process for the production of steel is now in practical operation at Remscheid Haston in Germany, and it is reported that the steel produced is much superior in many ways to that made by older methods. Steel of great purity and homogeneous quality is made from ordinary scrap-iron rubbish, melted, and then subjected to the action of an electric oven, in which the necessary carbon, manganese, nickel and other substances required to produce steel of various qualities are added to the liquid metal. The oven has a capacity of from one and one-half to two tons, and is heated by a current of 100 volts. The new steel is said to be stronger and more resistant to wear and tear than the old-fashioned crucible steel.

The Petit Parisien states that M. Boudy, a French engineer, has made a sensational discovery in the direction of aerial navigation. The inventor calls his discovery an aerial torpedo boat, and it is proposed to make use of it in warfare. M. Boudy claims that with the aid of the new machine he will be able to remain for several days in the air and to rise to such a height that shelter will be afforded from projectiles. It will be possible, he declares, to rise or descend at the will of the aeronaut, to travel against the wind, to navigate perfectly, and, in addition, to carry shells or grenades for use in war time. The minister of war is giving his attention to the claims of M. Boudy, and experiments will shortly be made in connection with the invention.

Examination of a photograph of the spectrum of the brilliant star Arcturus, made by Professor Hale and Mr. Adams at the Carnegie Solar Observatory on Mount Wilson, California, shows

a very striking correspondence between many of the spectral lines in the light of that star and those observed in spots on the sun. The conclusion seems to be unavoidable, says Mr. Adams, that the physical conditions existing in sun-spots and in the atmosphere of Arcturus are nearly identical. A similar study of the spectrum of the bright star Betelgeuse, or Alpha Orionis, shows that sun-spot lines are also present there, but even more intense than in Arcturus. It is inferred that Arcturus is probably cooler than the sun, and Betelgeuse cooler than Arcturus.

An explanation of a curious optical phenomenon sometimes witnessed on frosty nights, which is called the "pseudo-aurora," is offered by an official of the weather bureau. The phenomenon takes the form of beautiful columns of silvery light standing over electric arc lamps and other bright lights and sometimes appearing almost to reach the zenith. It is said that sometimes the evening star has a bright shaft below as well as above, while the rising moon stands in a broad column of light. These appearances are due to floating frost crystals, which keep their reflecting faces horizontal. On examination it has been found that the crystals concerned in the exhibition were thin, six-sided plates of ice, never more than one millimeter in diameter. When the wind blows these little plates were up-set, and the columns of light caused by the reflection from their surfaces disappear.

Good Enough for Louis.

The officials of the Privy Chamber, it appears, showed plainly that it annoyed them to be obliged to eat at the same table with Mollere; so Louis, hearing of their rudeness, said to the actor during the petit-lever:

"I hear you are badly entertained, M. de Mollere, and that my people don't find you good enough to eat with them. Perhaps you are hungry. Sit down here and try my en cas de nuit" (a provision made in the evening in case the royal appetite should suddenly require satisfaction during the night). Then, cutting a chicken and ordering Mollere to be seated, the King helped him to a wing, took one himself, and gave orders that the most favored personages of the court be admitted.

"You see, I am making Mollere eat something," said Louis, "for my valets de chambre don't find him good enough company for them."—H. Chatfield-Taylor's Mollere.

Not a "Thank You."

"I never knew a woman who wasn't bound to have the last word with you." "Unless it was in a street car and you were to say, 'Take my seat, madam.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

ART OF CORN-CAKE MAKING.

Meal Should Be Ground in Old-Fashioned Way.

The best cornmeal in the world is made in Tennessee—though the output is limited and not much of it reaches the market where urbanites dwell, says the Nashville American. The steam buhr-stone has driven the water mill almost into desuetude, only to be in turn crowded out by the modern roller mill. The ancient water mill still lingers in remote sections and mountain fastnesses where clear waters flow through pebbly channels in sylvan shades. More than one of these ideal mills may be found on Fighting creek, in Sevier County, under the shadows of the Big Smoky, and near unto Sugarland region, where the untaxed juice of the corn flows from modest and retiring stills. There are many such mills in the Unaka region and in various sections of middle Tennessee, where the withering blight of modern civilization, with its canned goods and packing-house meats, has not yet penetrated, and where one may—

Listen to the water mill

Through the livelong day,

While the clicking of its wheel

Wears the weary hours away.

But they don't bring the meal to town. The town-raised person's taste is too vitiated to appreciate it. When he eats corn bread at all with his oleomargarine or canned soup he wants the roller-mill product, which suggested the idea of sawdust breakfast food to a Battle Creek Yankee. The right sort of corn bread is made from meal ground on a slow-running water mill from corn that has been well dried, the little end of the ear shelled off for the chickens or pigs, the rotten grains carefully eliminated and the corn run through a fanmill. Before being made into bread the meal is sifted through a wire sieve or sifter, the meshes of which are not too fine. Then if good bread is not produced it is the fault of the cook. The use of sugar in making any form of corn bread should be made a felony. There is as much difference between bread from properly ground meal and the common meal and the common meal of commerce as there is between a Smithfield ham and a packing-house ham.

TRUST IN TIMBER LANDS.

One Hundred Corporations Control Three-quarters of It at Present.

A writer who claims to be an attorney has expressed his belief that "100 individuals and corporations own or control 75 per cent of the timber land not still held by the government or attached to farms." He declares that this body is subdivided on a basis of species, as the White Pine Association and the like, and that these associations are "the claws of the invisible trust." This is as it may be and Mr. Kittredge purposes to find out about it.

Trust or no trust, the price of lumber has increased enormously within the last few years. There are two known factors in the increase. Mr. Kittredge suspects a third and unknown influence. One of the known factors appears in the sweeping devastation of our forest areas without renewal of forest growth by new plantings. Here we find the simple proposition of increasing demand, reduced supply and consequent enhancement of value. Timber areas regarded as almost valueless a decade ago are bringing farm land prices to-day strictly on a basis of market values. This accounts for a part of the present cost of lumber in comparison with its cost a few years ago.

The other known factor is labor. A tree in the forest may be said to have no money value. It represents dollars with the first stroke of the woodman's ax, that being the first step in its conversion into a commercial commodity. Behind that first ax there stand other axes, saws, peaveys, cant hooks, transportation and many and various forms of handling. Each of these represents human labor and a pay roll which is bigger now than it used to be in daily wage rate as well as in total volume. From tree to log, from log to board or joist or plank and from them to bridge or floor or sash or toothpick, increased wage increases the cost to the final owner.—New York Sun.

Getting the Good.

"Do you always leave your piano up so that the keys will show?" asked the visitor of the Southern woman.

"Yes," returned she, "I make it a point to use everything in the house every day of my life, to hide away nothing trying to keep it nice for company. It is I who am living here, not the company. I had enough of that sort of thing in the old colonial mansions of the South. The company silver, the company linen, the polishing of the steel knives for company, the parlor with closed shutters, the sunshine never allowed to come in, dim, musty, unwholesome, the piano down, the keys turning yellow with disuse, and the doors opened only upon the occasion of a family funeral or of company for dinner.

"It was hard to tell which was the most funeral," she finished, "the funeral or the dinner."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Pure Blood

Is certain if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great medicine cures those eruptions, pimples and boils that appear at all seasons; cures scrofula sores, salt rheum or eczema; adapts itself equally well to, and also cures, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles; cures rheumatism and catarrh; cures nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling.



**Sarsatabs**—For those who prefer medicine in tablet form, Hood's Sarsaparilla is now put up in chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs, as well as in the usual liquid form. Sarsatabs have identically the same curative properties as the liquid form, besides accuracy of dose, convenience, economy,—no loss by evaporation, breakage, or leakage. Druggists or promptly by mail. C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. C. K. Tyler, Burlington, Vt., says: "The cares of a large farm, so much to do and so little health to do it with, caused almost a complete breakdown; blood poor and thin; no strength, little sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave appetite, natural sleep, perfect health, strength to do all my work."

GUARANTEED under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. No. 324.

A Singer's Lungs.

The singer at the end of the practice aria panted heavily. "I sang one hundred and ninety-six notes that time," he said, "without once taking breath."

"Indeed! That must be a record."

"No. The record is held by Courtice Pounds. Pounds sang three hundred and sixteen notes without respiration in 1898. The record previous to that was held by Farinelli, with three hundred notes. Norman Salmond has sung two hundred and eighty-seven notes in this way. The average man could hardly sing fifty notes without breathing; to the singer two hundred would be nothing.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Refused to Wither Away.

Miss Ascum—Jack Hanson isn't fat, is he?

Miss Newitt—Not at all; he's quite graceful and muscular. Why?

Miss Ascum—I happened to mention him to Miss Jiliter, and she said: "Oh! isn't he disgustingly stout?"

Miss Newitt—Ah, yes. She rejected him some weeks ago and she's mad because he didn't pine away.—Philadelphia Press.

How Colors Affect Mentality.

There are good and evil effects even in color, not only in the inartistic arrangement of them to the trained eye of an artist, but in plain every-day red and blue and green, to say nothing of others.

According to Medical Talk for the Home, if a person were confined in a room with purple walls, with no color but purple around him, by the end of a month he would be a raving madman. Scarlet has even worse effects. Blue is very depressing; hence "the blues." Green is quite soothing, and yellow also has good effects on the vision and spirits of most people.

A Kiss that Brought Death.

Courtship in Spain is regulated by the strictest etiquette. As is well known, a young man is never left alone with his fiancée. Near Malaga a beautiful young girl of 20 committed suicide by drinking a cup of coffee in which phosphorus had been dissolved. It appears that the girl had been driven to the deed by the adverse comments of neighbors who became aware that she had given her sweetheart a kiss.—London Mail.

Poor Christmas Fare.

A delegation of fellow townsmen recently called on Rufus K. Combs, of Midway, Ky., to congratulate him on the receipt of a Carnegie medal.

As his friends were taking leave Mr. Combs wished them all a merry Christmas.

"And I hope," he ended, "that you'll have a more bountiful dinner than fell to the lot of a young friend of mine last year.

"He, the poor chap, was stopping at a cheap New York boarding house, and on Christmas day, after he had eaten a turkey neck, a potato and a splinter of sodden mince pie, the landlady said to him, as he rose just as the weak coffee was brought on:

"Oh, don't leave this table, Mr. Smith."

"I must, madam," said Smith, grimly. "It's hard wood, and my teeth are not what they used to be."

His Constancy.

A story is told of General Sir Alfred Horsford, who believed in a celibate army. A soldier once sought his permission to marry, saying he had two good conduct badges and \$25 in the savings bank. "Well, go away," said Sir Alfred, "and if you come back this day year in the same mind you shall marry. I'll keep the vacancy." On the anniversary the soldier repeated his request. "But do you really, after a year, want to marry?" "Yes, sir, very much." "Sergeant major, take his name down. Yes, you may marry. I never believed there was so much constancy in man or woman. Right face. Quick march!" As the man left the room, turning his head, he said: "Thank you, sir. It isn't the same woman."

An Effective Riddle.

On one occasion when he was busy President Lincoln received a delegation of men who were endeavoring to hurry the passing of some petty bill. When they entered Lincoln looked up gravely, and said:

"If you call the tail of a sheep a leg, how many legs will the sheep have?"

"Five," said the spokesman.

"No," replied Lincoln, "it would only have four. Calling the tail a leg wouldn't make it one."

The delegation departed in discomfiture.—Sunday Magazine.

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