

**ONE STREAK OF GOOD LUCK.**

A Millionaire's Story of a Pivotal Experience in Boyhood's Days.

"What is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you?" a Herald man asked of a New York millionaire.

"Do you mean sheer, unadulterated luck—something that just happens without any seeking on your part?" replied the millionaire.

"Well, yes; let it go at that."

"I am generally accounted a very lucky man by the thousand and one people who know more about me than I do myself. But, on my honor, what I call a genuine piece of good luck happened to me only once in my life. It didn't amount to much, though it meant much to me at the time." It was when I was filling my first job—that of an errand boy at three dollars a week—and I tell you I have never since felt so rich as when I carried home my first three dollars. I had been given a check to cash and a bill to pay. After paying the bill I had thirty-seven dollars of my employer's money left.

I had just crossed Broadway, when, happening to look back, I saw two men fighting in the street. I was enough of a boy then to take a keen interest in anything like a 'scrap.' I retraced my steps to see what it was all about. To my amazement and surprise I discovered that the two men were fighting about the thirty-seven dollars and the receipt bill, which in some mysterious fashion had dropped out of my pocket. A policeman happening along at that moment I was able to prove that I had a better right to the property in dispute than either of the two combatants, and recovered it forthwith. They had each grabbed for it at the same time, and each was bound to get all or none—luckily for me. I have often speculated upon what might have happened if they hadn't quarreled. I should never have recovered the money, and in consequence, I should certainly have lost my situation. That might have changed the whole current of my career, and instead of being a rich man I might to-day have been a poor devil, or I might have been twice as rich as I am. Who knows? Anyway, I regard it as the only piece of downright, simple, pure, unmistakable good luck that ever befell me. But any Tom, Dick or Harry that you chance to meet will be able to tell you lots of luckier things that have happened to me. Some of them things that I had worked at for years."

**AN ELEVATED CHICKEN FARM.**

Raising Broilers in the Third Story of a City Building.

People passing the Healy block recently have been attracted by a novel sight in the window of one of the vacant storerooms, says the Anacoula (Mont.) Standard. In a shallow wooden box less than three feet square, their downy bodies in constant motion and their shrill piping sounding even through the glass, are seventy-two chickens, apparently as happy as if they were in a barnyard under the care of a bustling hen. The box is a "brooder" and is the only mother that the seventy-two fluffy youngsters have ever known, and in it they have lived for the week that they have been alive. Prompted by curiosity a reporter sought out Mrs. Childs, the landlady of the building, to learn if possible whether or not she intends to start a poultry ranch in a three-story brick block in the city, and if she is to learn how she proposes to run it. Mrs. Childs demonstrated very easily that she knows what she is doing, and that she can do it successfully. She has started to raise broilers for the market, and intends to do it in her own block. Mrs. Childs' apartments are on the third story, and in one of her rooms she has two incubators, one containing one hundred eggs and the other two hundred. Here the chickens are hatched, and as soon as they get the use of their legs they are transferred to the brooder and taken to the basement, which has been divided into pens of convenient size. Here they live in the brooder until they are two weeks old, when they are placed in the pens and allowed to run about and grow. And how they do grow in the warm room, and what a noise they make with their incessant pipping! When they are eight or nine weeks old they are ready for market.

**Ants Wearing the Green.**

"I once witnessed an interesting but peculiar spectacle in animal life, but one which I have never been able to account for," remarked Abraham I. Givens, of Brenham, Tex., according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "I was going home just at nightfall over a sandy road, when I noticed directly in front of me what appeared to be a long line of green ribbon about one-half an inch thick. I stooped to examine it, and to my astonishment, found that it was a procession of ants, marching three or four abreast, in very close order, each one carrying a little piece of a green leaf. The effect was a continuous line of green without any break. I went back to find the beginning, but as it issued from the grass at the roadside, I was unable to trace it further in that direction. I then followed it for several rods, until it entered the grass on the other side of the road and was lost to sight. Whether it was Palm Sunday or St. Patrick's day with the ants, or some political jubilee they were celebrating, has always remained a mystery to me."

**Paris Press Ethics.**

A Paris boulevard paper publishes the following dialogue between a member of the cabinet of ministers and a newspaper man who is paid by the former, under the condition that he must keep up the appearance of opposing the minister. Says the journalist: "Can I call you 'canaille' or 'dirty hog'?" "Of course," answers the minister, "but make a change once in awhile in your epithets; put me down as a 'bandit' for instance. But never venture to denigrate me as a 'the-quart' (bribe taker); that is the only epithet that makes a bad impression upon the public."

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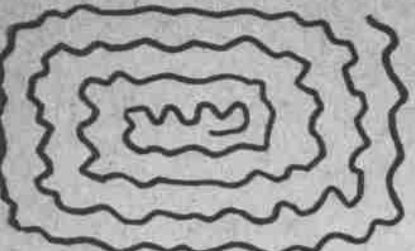
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Of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 28, 1902:  
S. B. MED. MFG. CO., Dufur, Oregon.

Gentlemen: On arriving home last week, I found all well and anxiously awaiting. Our little girl, eight and one-half years old, who had wasted away to 38 pounds, is now well, strong and vigorous, and well fleshed up. S. B. Cough Cure has done its work well. Both of the children like it. Your S. B. Cough Cure has cured and kept away all hoarseness from me. So give it to every one, with greetings for all. Wishing you prosperity, we are Yours, Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Ford.

If you wish to feel fresh and cheerful, and ready for the Spring's work, cleanse your system with the Headache and Liver Cure, by taking two or three doses each week.  
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For Colic and Grubs  
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**FOR THE NOTE BOOK.**

"TACKY parties" are fashionable in Kansas.

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by the women who are ailing and suffering, or weak and exhausted. And, to every such woman, help is guaranteed by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For young girls just entering womanhood; women at the critical "change of life"; women approaching confinement; nursing mothers; and every woman who is "run-down" or overworked, it is a medicine that builds up, strengthens, and regulates, no matter what the condition of the system.

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ENNY one who will allow himself to run after vain mysteries will soon lose his confidence in truth, and very likely becom either a bawling fanatic, or a pitiable lunatic.

Last June, Dick Crawford brought his twelve months old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and being sickly everything ran through it like water through a sieve. I give it the usual treatment in such cases, but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used, a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believe the child's life was saved by this remedy. J. T. MARLOW, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. for sale by Blakeley & Houghton Druggist.

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