

PARSON HARWOOD'S CURVES

By Bert Estes

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GALLIA CITY, like most Ohio river towns, had a mixed population full of sharp antagonisms, social, political and religious. Notwithstanding, there was one local institution about which there was only one mind. The Gallia City Baseball Club, the apple of the municipal eye, was felt to be set for the city's defense against the world in general and the nine from Centerport in particular.

Centerport, a few miles down the river, was a high headed little town given to vaunting itself unseemly and challenging other towns to come out and meet their doom. Worse than that, Centerport had in hand a large stock of doom and was liberal in applying it—over the diamond. The mutual scorn of Centerport and Gallia City had something tragic in its intensity. To beat Centerport was the summit of Gallian achievement; Centerport lived only to repeat its victories over the hated foe. In both business of all sorts was transacted as a sort of adjunct to the larger mission in life.

Brent Harwood came to Gallia City to supply Dickson's pulpit while Dickson, poor man, was away in hospital. Dickson was the Presbyterian minister. Harwood was to live in the vacant parsonage and take his meals over with the Potters. Dickson had arranged all that. Harwood hoped he had arranged also for some one to meet him, but when he stepped off the boat from Cincinnati early on Saturday morning and looked about he found none to welcome him.

When the dock had been deserted by all but roustabouts and chronic loungers, Harwood made up his mind that there was some hitch—his letter of announcement had possibly miscarried—so he walked up to an old river man in the freight-house and said:

"I believe I am to board with a family here named Potter. Do you know of any such people?"

"Know 'em? Why, sonny, they ain't man, woman nor child—doggone it, even er ornery yaller purp ner scensy er floa on that purp—lyin' in these here parts that I don't know! You bet I know 'em—hull family, includin' the cat—ole chap, with b'lies on his nose; nice ole gal for his missus, son, the goldest-cuss in seventeen states ter sell planners an' orgins, an' the son's wife, Annie, who is jest er great big hunk o' the salt o' the earth. Say, what d'ye want with 'em? Be ye one o' them drummer chaps tryin' ter sell Pot some more goods?"

Harwood shook his head. "I've come to spend the summer here," he said. "I shall take my meals with the Potters and live at the parsonage."

"Why, it's shet up! Dickson's gone ter New York ter have some big doctor cut him open an' right him up inside," the river man said.

"I did hear that was a—say, young fellow, you ain't the new preacher that's comin'?"

"I am going to try and preach," Harwood said modestly. "My name is Harwood."

"Brother Harwood," faltered the river man, "lemme beg your pardon the darndest worst way. I had no idee—you don't look like a parson, you don't dress like a parson, you didn't let on you was a parson—how in tunkit was a fellow to know? I hope you'll ferrig I called you sonny. If you will, by grab, you can lick me if I don't come to church—next Sunday, but some time before you go."

"That's a bargain," Harwood said, shaking hands before he made his way to breakfast at the hotel.

Upon his second Monday morning in Gallia City Harwood strolled down to Stevenson Potter's music store. Ste-



Lemme beg your pardon, brother Harwood," faltered the river man.

venson he had found a fine fellow, although everybody but his own family did call him Pot. Pot, on his part, had at first been doubtful of the young preacher just out of seminary, but after a little had said of him to a friend:

"Our parson is all right from the ground up, not one of those white chokered fellows who go around with faces as long as a snail track, as if they had given up the world, the flesh and the devil and were mighty sorry they had to. Harwood is none of that sort. He's a man first and a minister afterward."

As Harwood stepped inside the music store a strong voice called across the street:

time. The ball had gone as Harwood said. The concussion of it had jarred Colonel from finger tips to shoulder blades.

"If you'd only put on the mitts," Harwood said, with a tantalizing grin. "I'd like to throw you a few speedy ones. Otherwise I'm really afraid I might hurt you."

"Hurt me?" Colonel's tone was abject. "And them pawes feelin' like a full crockery crate had smashed 'em. I'm no glutton, parson. I know when I've had enough. But, say, you're the deevintest package ever I struck."

"Mr. Harwood," said Potter, "if you don't mind I'll get Bill Reed to come and catch for you."

"I should like it of all things," said Harwood. "The little I have done makes me feel a new man."

"Yes, too, and a dorned poor one," Colonel added, but he plucked up spirit to grin heartily when Potter came back with Bill Reed, catcher to the Gallias, and two or three other members and several fans besides.

When Harwood suggested gloves, Bill sniffed even more disdainfully than Colonel had done. Harwood smiled as he took position in the box and said softly: "Say where you want the balls, Mr. Reed. I'll try to put them over the plate about right."

Bill squatted back of the plate, spat tobacco juice on his hands and said, "Give us a low ball."

Harwood gripped the leather sphere, leaped the length of the box, gave a twist of the wrist and let drive a straight drop over the middle of the plate. Reed put up his hands; but to his amazement, the thing ducked under his fingers and went skipping down

the alley. He was chagrined, of course, but when Harwood again named gloves, he said almost roughly: "Don't you lay awake nights thinkin' o' Bill Reed. He don't need no gloves to catch no preacher's pitchin'."

Harwood nodded and pitched the same inshoot he had sent to Colonel. Bill leaped to this side and that in a vain attempt to get behind the ball. As it passed him and went hurtling through the dust he cried:

"Fellows, did you see that? If I hadn't quit drinkin', I'd swear I had 'em again."

Potter lined up his forces behind the Parson. Harwood worked at Potter; then, with a motion like the unclogging of a steel spring, he sent another inshoot to Reed so swift that Reed had no time to dodge it. Bill managed to get his hands up in the instinctive movement of self defense. He caught and hung to the pigskin cannon ball, though his fingers did not feel it, they were so jarred and numb.

"Whoop!" roared Bill, sitting down suddenly and staring wild eyed at the parson. "Boys," he went on solemnly, "that was a close shave. If I hadn't caught the darned thing 'twould a gone plumb through my innards. Say, I'm lookin' ruffely at his hands, 'no more ball today, thank you! I've got to see Doc Johnson about them things."

"I'm very sorry," Harwood said demurely, "but you wouldn't put on gloves for a parson's pitchin', you know. Soak your hands in very hot water; it will set them all right. Now, is there any other gentleman who cares to play ball?"

In the soft, warm twilight of that eventful day Harwood sat content and comfortable in the parsonage study. He was smoking and trying hard to keep cool. He was also very lonely and, it must be confessed, blue from staying alone in the deserted house. So he was genuinely glad to hear heavy steps upon the gravel and a little later to welcome Potter, Colonel, Reed and some more men he did not know.

"This isn't exactly a social call," Potter began, "yet we can't exactly call it business, and the fact is we're all afraid to begin."

"Oh, ho! Somebody going to commit matrimony? Who is it—Colonel or my friend Reed?" Harwood asked, his eyes twinkling. Reed grinned broadly. The day before he would have thrashed the man who had named him friend to a parson. But a man who could play such ball—that was another matter altogether.

"You're dead wrong, parson. That sort of thing comes right in your line, and ours is way off it," Potter said. "We are in a hole. We want your help, but we don't know how you'll take our proposition."

"But you do know—at least you ought to—that if I can legitimately help you or any one in this town I shall be both proud and happy to do it," said Harwood.

"But this is clean outside ministerial duty," Potter began. Harwood smiled. "I am a man as well as a minister," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Valuable Advice. Young Lady—A friend of mine is engaged to a man, and now he refuses to marry her. What would you advise her to do?

Old Lawyer—Is the man wealthy?

Young Lady—No. He hasn't a shilling.

Old Lawyer—Then I'd advise her to write him a nice letter of thanks.—London Telegraph.

WEBSTER AS A DRINKER.

The Great Orator's Deep Thoughts Before Two Famous Speeches.

Daniel Webster was invited to Richmond in the fifties. He accepted the invitation, came to Richmond and went to the Exchange hotel. He was invited by the state legislature to address them and the people of Richmond, and a committee consisting of James Lyons of Richmond and Robert E. Scott of Fauquier, two of the most eminent lawyers in the state, were sent to the hotel to escort him to the capitol building. They found Mr. Webster in a state of intoxication in such degree that Mr. Lyons said to Mr. Scott: "This man can't make a speech. You must take his place." Mr. Scott replied, "No man can take the place of Daniel Webster."

After delay, during which Mr. Webster improved a little, he was asked if he would go to the capitol. He replied, "Yes." With great difficulty Messrs. Scott and Lyons supported and helped him to the capitol, where they reached the rotunda near the Washington statue. Mr. Lyons said, "Mr. Webster, do you think you can speak?" "If you will give me a drink of brandy, yes."

A messenger was sent to a neighboring hotel and a bottle of brandy brought. Mr. Webster poured out successively two goblets full and drank them off, straightened himself up, shook himself as a lion might have done, walked steadily and directly to the position from which he spoke, on the south porch of the capitol, and in the presence of an audience of 5,000 people, which consisted of the intellectual and beauty of Richmond, male and female, made his celebrated Oration speech, one of the greatest even of his life.

Edward Everett related that on the day Webster replied to Hayne of South Carolina he walked with him to the capitol; that he seemed so badly prepared that he doubted him and feared that he was not equal to the occasion; that just before he rose to speak he drank a goblet of brandy and then made his great speech in reply to Hayne, which is an English classic. Such was the effect of the beverage on Webster.—Beverages.

THE GREAT POETS.

Do Not Study Them For Knowledge; Read Them For Culture.

Young men and young women actually go to college to take a course in Shakespeare or Chaucer or Dante or the Arthurian legends. The course becomes a mere knowledge course. My own acquaintance with Milton was through an exercise in grammar. We parsed "Paradise Lost." Much of the current college study of Shakespeare is little better than parsing him. The class falls upon the text like hens upon a bone in winter. No meaning or phrase escapes them; every line is literally picked to pieces. But of the poet himself, of that which makes him what he is, how much do they get? Very little, I fear. They have had intellectual exercise and not an emotional experience. They have added to their knowledge, but have not taken a step in culture.

To dig into the roots and origins of the great poets is like digging into the roots of an oak or maple tree. The tree stands there in all its summer glory. Will you really know it any better after you have laid bare every root and rootlet? There stand Homer, Dante, Chaucer and Shakespeare. Read them, give yourself to them, master them if you are man enough.

The poets are not to be analyzed; they are to be enjoyed; they are not to be studied, but to be loved; they are not for knowledge, but for culture—to enhance our appreciation of life and our mastery over its elements. All the mere facts about a poet's work are as chaff as compared with the appreciation of one fine line or fine sentence.

Why study a great poet at all after the manner of the dissecting room? Why not rather seek to make the acquaintance of his living soul and to feel its power?—John Burroughs in Century.

William Shakespeare.

What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office or function or district of man's work has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has he not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outwitted? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Regard For Sacred Trees.

Throughout the length and breadth of India the Ficus religiosa, under which Buddha rested for seven years plunged in divine thought, is not accounted he felled or destroyed. We more universal but not less sincere venerate the peasants of Russia prostrate themselves before the trees which they are about to cut and deprecate the vengeance of the deities whose resting places they then proceed to destroy.—Gentleman's Magazine.

His Mental Incapacity.

The Court—So you ask divorce from this man on the ground of mental incapacity. What proof have you that he's insane?

The Woman—Who said he was insane, your honor?

The Court—Why, you say he is mentally incapable.

The Woman—Yes; incapable of understanding that I'm boss.—Baltimore News.

Our Varied Seasons.

The longest cold season in the United States is found in the Rocky mountain region, where it exceeds the warm by about ten days. The warm season in Texas and the lower Missouri valley opens about ten days earlier than in the region near the middle Atlantic coast and from twenty to twenty-five days earlier than on the southern coast of California. In the northwest the warm season opens from twenty to twenty-five days earlier than in the lake region and from fifteen to twenty days earlier than in the north Pacific coast region.

HEART STIMULANT.

Cold Applications Superior to Drafts of Alcohol.

There is a deep seated belief amounting almost to a superstition that alcohol is a very important heart stimulant, especially when this organ is weak. Winternitz, the great authority on hydrotherapy in Germany, has often told us of the very great value of cold as a heart stimulant or tonic and that it is far superior to alcohol in this respect. Dr. Kellogg gives the method of application as follows:

"The application consists of a compress applied to the portion of the chest wall over the heart. This compresses the space bounded by the second rib above, the right border of the sternum, a line falling a half inch to the right of the nipple and the sixth rib below. The compress should be large enough to cover this space and to extend at least two inches outside of it. Ordinarily the best effects are produced by employing water at a temperature of about 60 degrees. The compress should be wrung moderately dry and should be very lightly covered. It is desirable that cooling by slow evaporation should be encouraged and be continued for some time."

Dr. Kellogg continues: "In Germany and France it is the custom to administer alcohol to the patient just before putting him in a cold bath. Some practitioners, as Winternitz, administer but a very small amount, a single mouthful of wine, for instance, while others give brandy in considerable quantities. A few American practitioners employ brandy freely with the cold bath. The unwisdom of this practice will be apparent on due consideration of the following facts:

"One purpose in administering the cold bath is to secure a true stimulant or tonic effect by arousing the vital energies through excitation of the nerve centers. Alcohol was once supposed to be capable of effecting this and was used for this purpose in typhoid fever and various other morbid conditions accompanied by depression of the vital forces. At the present time, however, it is well known, and with practical unanimity admitted, that alcohol is neither a tonic nor a stimulant, but a narcotic; that it depresses and does not excite; that it lessens and does not increase the activity of the nerve centers, and that this is true of small as well as large doses, as has been shown by the researches of careful investigators."—Health.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Give the roots of trees a deep and broad bed of soil to start and grow in.

In pruning the grape cut back to the third bud, as it is usually the first entirely perfect bud produced.

When winds prevail from any direction, as they usually do, lean the tree a little in that direction when setting out.

The essentials in making a good garden are rich soil, plenty of manure, good seeds, timely labor and a fair season.

Having the soil in a good tilth and planting in straight rows will save much labor in cultivating in the garden.

One of the best ways of getting rid of moss and lichens adhering to the bark of trees is an application of lime white wash.

In taking trees from a nursery or forest, preserve all of the roots and fine rootlets possible. Dig out instead of pulling up the tree.

When the fruit or leaves of any plant or tree are eaten by insects of any kind, spraying in good season and sufficiently often is the safest and best remedy.

Gladioli bulbs should be planted in full sunshine, four or five inches deep and about one foot apart. Good soil, rather sandy, is best, avoiding manure, especially if fresh.

To the Point.

An incident which commencing while Admiral Dewey was commanding the Asiatic squadron and one which illustrates his independence is one known as "the coal incident."

It seems that his squadron was in need of coal, but instead of writing to the chief of the bureau of equipment at the navy department he purchased a large amount of coal without consulting the department.

The following is the correspondence between the admiral and Captain Bradford, the chief of the bureau of equipment, and Dewey explanatory:

To Dewey, Manila: Why did you buy so much coal?

BRADFORD, Flagship Olympia, Manila. To Bradford, Chief Bureau Equipment, Washington: To burn. DEWEY. —Saturday Evening Post.

The Wrong of Intolerance.

The intolerant state of mind is injurious both to the state and to the individual. It goes with conceit and deadly pride. The strange thing is that men are apt to plume themselves upon their intolerance. It is evident that a man's conduct and a nation's conduct should be the result of thought and judgment, but intolerance stunts thought and destroys judgment.—Century.

Baby's Name.

"But why do you name your baby after his most disreputable ancestor?" the surprised friend asked the proud young mother.

"Well, you see I expect him to improve on the former bearer of the name. Indeed, he hardly can help it, because the ancestor was so very bad, if I had named him after the most distinguished member of the family, he might not have lived up to the name. Babies hardly ever do when they are named for great personages, as I have often noticed."—New York Press.

Physically, Not Mentally.

Dick—You were born to be a writer, Charlie.

Charlie (blushing)—Ah, you've seen some of the things I've turned off.

Dick—No I was thinking what a splendid ear you have for carrying a pen.—Stray Stories.

Offices and Office-seekers.

It frequently happens that when a man gets an office he finds it too small for him. But they're all willing to squeeze in.—Atlanta Constitution.

CLARK'S LATEST AND BEST.

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A RIVER OF LAND.

Astonishing Amount of Earth That Flows Down the Mississippi.

"The capacity of the Mississippi for filling up canals and old channels is something awful," says John Swain in Ainslee's. "Government engineers have found that the amount of solid matter annually carried past Vicksburg in suspension is enough to make a block of earth 300 feet high and a mile square. Fifty feet off the top of this is spread around on the valley between here and the sea, and the rest goes out into the gulf of Mexico to build up more continent."

"Think what that means. Instead of a river of water this is a river of land. It would make a solid stream of earth five feet deep and nine feet wide, flowing night and day as fast as a man can walk, four miles an hour, all sliding down on the northern half of the country toward the sea. Year in, year out, that endless line of earth goes on. It would take a force of more than 50,000 men working in eight hour shifts to throw the dirt into the stream, supposing the river bed were rigid and an inexhaustible supply of dirt on the bank. It would make 25,000,000 wagon loads every year."

"But here—what are the use of such figures? Below Vicksburg—and above it, too, to an extent—we have the earth itself to speak for. Except for the occasional fragments of the line of bluffs along the eastern edge below here which bob up at Fort Adams, at Natchez, at Grand Gulf, at Baton Rouge, at Port Hudson, there is nothing but the level of the high water river except the artificial levees. These are in places miles back, great earthen banks, sometimes thirty feet high or more, sodded and free from trees, which protect the wonderfully fertile region behind them."

"And all this level country which the river overflows and fertilizes is constantly increased by this river of dirt which the Mississippi brings down from the lower region, gathered all the way from the Rockies to the Alleghenies. Sometimes the river starts to eat away this land that it has made. In a single summer, if it will, it eats away half a mile of it out of some bend. It cuts it out sometimes an acre at a bite and takes with it forests, houses, levees and all else."

"The river is not a uniformly moving stream. One side or the middle moves swiftly; the other parts are still or sluggish. Sometimes even these run up stream. The swift part is the channel current and runs in the deepest sections. It makes crossings whenever driven off shore by a promontory. These crossings are dumping places for the surplus earth the river has picked up in the bend it is eating."

One preserved in a Berlin museum represents Diana mounted on a stag and surrounded by hounds and huntsmen. The cup consists of the hollow body of the silver stag, the head of which is removable. The piece stands four or five inches high. It was made at Augsburg in 1610. It is also an automobile propelled by clockwork concealed in the base.

Trick cups which drenched the uninitiated were very popular. Another variety contained wine and water in separate compartments. The drinker who did not know how to manage them filled his mouth with water, though the cup was apparently full of wine.

The glass with the fighting hares, in the same museum, belonged to Friedrich Wilhelm I. The hares represent two of his ministers and boon companions.—New York Herald.

A Painter's Troubles.

The desire of the Bank of England officials to discover forgers has sometimes led to curious mistakes. On one occasion the painter George Morland, in his eagerness to avoid his duns, retired to an obscure hiding place in Hackney, where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some of his neighbors to believe him a forger of notes then in existence.

The directors, on being informed, dispatched some dexterous detectives to the residence, but Morland's suspicious were aroused by their movements in front of the house and, thinking them bailiffs, escaped from the back to London.

Mrs. Morland informed the visitors of her husband's name and showed them some of his pictures. The facts were reported to the directors, who presented Morland with two twenty pound notes by way of compensation for the alarm.

Criticizing a Portrait.

Walter Dean, Sr., once hired an artist to paint his portrait, with the stipulation that the picture would not be accepted and paid for unless it looked like himself. When the portrait was completed, it was sent to Mr. Dean, who did not recognize himself and absolutely refused to pay the painter. The painter sued, and Joe Strong, the artist, was called in to give an expert opinion.

"You see the portrait of Mr. Dean?" the lawyer asked.

"No," said Mr. Strong. "I do not."

"There it is," said the lawyer, pointing to the big canvas.

"I don't call that a portrait. I call that a map of Mr. Dean," said Mr. Strong.

"Was easier."

"So you are going to Europe?" "I am," answered the young man.

"Why don't you stay here in America, where there are so many opportunities to make a fortune?"

"Well, I've concluded that the other side is easier. Of course you can make a fortune if you will stay and work for it, but people are always more liberal when they are away from home. I have concluded that it is much easier to go over there and let the other Americans bring it to me."—Washington Star.

Lack of Originality.

Says a Philadelphia physician: "The utter lack of originality in the human mind vexes me. Even the insane are not original in their delusions and manias, but they can be divided into classes, and each class has its one little uniform and unvarying set of aberrations. The insane cannot be other than imitative and commonplace."

Fresh Paint Stains.

A fresh paint stain on woolen goods will disappear if rubbed against other woolen goods. For instance, if the stain is on the sleeve of a coat take that garment off and rub the paint against the other sleeve. It will disappear and leave no sign. This is easier than applying turpentine and exactly as efficacious, but it must be done while the paint is still wet.

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