

WICKLY'S WOODS
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By H. W. TAYLOR

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)

"What is it, Mr. Dikes? Not a million of dollars' worth of any of this land?" Lizzy cries, in great amazement, and with a jumping of something in her throat.

"Hush! Shet up! Lemmy lissen!"

But Mr. Biler turns away and looks at the erstwhile gentlemen who represent the S. & N. W., and who are now upon their feet, and walking out of the door.

"Huntley, I suppose you'd a run that cool-ground up to two millions rather than lose it! Joy of your bargained Hope you won't lose more than a million on that purchase. There are other good coal lands besides the Wickly plat."

Then there is such a roar of shouts and cries in which "Lizzy Wickly, Lizzy Wickly," and "Huntley, Huntley, Huntley!" are the audible words.

"Gilt up in show yourself at the window, Liz! Gilt up!" and the greatly excited Doe seizes her by the arm, and raises her to her feet, whereupon, loud as was the clamor of voices before, it is nothing to the mighty sputter of yells that rise like the whirring wings of a vast covey of birds piercing and rending the very air above them. When this has gone down there are cries of "Huntley! Huntley! Huntley!" that grow in volume and importance, till they are no longer to be resisted. The Coonrod Redden steps to the carriage, throws back the top, and taking Mr. Mason by the hand, raises him up.

"Feller farmers!" shouts the mighty-voiced Coonrod Redden, "h-yur's the man at s'aved your lan' fur your families! This is Mr. W. Mason Huntley. You've seed him before, an' knowed 'im, an' talked to 'im, an' h-yur him talk, un—"

But the very climax of prolonged and sound-exhausting cheering draws every attempt to say an audible word. Mr. Mason Huntley stands with his hat off, and smiling. The roar of cheering and yelling rises and swells, and sinks and rises—but does not cease. Suddenly it gets a great impetus, as the carriage with Coonrod Redden and Mr. W. Mason Huntley standing on the back seat, is raised straight up into the air, and with scores of these big, long-limbed, brawny, excitable, enthusiastic, hero-worshipping Hoosiers, under it and holding it high above their heads, is changed into a triumphal car, that, leaving the trembling horses securely tied to the fence, proceeds all around the square, and up and down every road that leads into Sandtown, and finally down the Overcoat road to Coonrod Redden's, followed, flanked and preceded by a great broad tide of men, boys and women, horses, wagons and dogs, and all conspiring and combining to make the most deafening vocal clamor that ever shook the wild-hemp and jimson leaves along the unfenced sides of the Overcoat road.

"Well, by gum! of that haint one way uh hussion up a feller," said the young Doe, drawing a long breath. "Come awn, Lizzy! I'll tek yur home, I reckon. Then I'll light out fur Coonrod's. They'll be some big speakum uh han' shakin down thar, thurreckly! They'll want yur thar, too! One million 'th's humnerd an' eighty-four thousand dollars fur the Wickly Woods! By gum! you're the richest young wumern in Indyanney. At's a shore then?"

CHAPTER XX.

Another night, in which Lizzy Wickly is in a tumult, a brain-whirl of excitement that shuts out of her mind any of all the thoughts and feelings of her ordinary everyday life.

That week is not even the least of the elements of happiness she demonstrated effectually in her own self-contemplation. The first flash of excitement had been that feeling, perhaps, which in the gambler makes him tremble with unutterable eagerness over a heavy stake, which, when he has won, is of no further value in his eyes than is given it by its power to reproduce that same state of expectation. This she recognized as that inherent love of peril that disposition to brave dangers, that in some degree and in some form exists in every human organization. The feeling of gratification had been as transient as the fitting moment in which the event had been in abeyance. She had at once settled back into the groove of her ordinary thought.

For now she fully recognized the fact that it never had been Huntley, the invisible professor of geology; Huntley, the man of straw; Huntley, the principal and employer, that she had loved. She did not doubt now that had a real Huntley appeared—such a real Huntley as Mr. Mason Huntley had imposed upon her—she would have decided between them at once, upon their simultaneous presentation before her. And that decision, she now knew, would, at any moment of all the time in which she had known the genuine Huntley, have been against any other man in all the world.

Early in the evening she had dressed herself in one of those prettiest of all pretty summer dresses—a white Swiss muslin—with an unlimited number of ruffles and tucks in the skirt, and with little knots of blue ribbon here and there, and a bunch of the purplish, sweet-smelling wild flowers pinned upon her shapely left shoulder. She had gone backward and forward before the little mirror, in the middle of the room, with her face turned first over this shoulder and then over that, to see if the skirts hung exactly right, and to see how well she really looked in the glass, as even the best and most sensible girls in the world will do, in spite of all the jeering and sarcastic remarks about them for their vanity and self-love. She had taken out of its velvet receptacle a strand of little pearl and gold beads, that looked very becoming against the linen collar here, and over the looped knot of narrow blue ribbon there, at opposite sides of her shapely throat, whose winter-whiteness had taken on a little of that rich, warm tint that our intermontane valley climate so plentifully bestows upon all sojourners, and which in unhealthy people we call "sallow," while in the more robust it goes by the unobjectionable title of "ruddy."

Then, with her new, bright "patent leather" slippers, showing a very little band of white stocking about her shapely ankles, when she sat down and crossed the very neat little left foot over the

right, she was as pretty a picture as ever a little mirror exhibited in any little plain middle-room in all Christendom—the white pond lily of Reelfoot Prairie, as could be proved by every admiring Hoosier from the mouth of Big Rattlesnake Creek on the north, to the very rush-tangled limit of Reelfoot Pond on the south.

She was in her gayest and most teasing mood, too. She couldn't help it. She would think of her father, and his misfortune, for a moment, and feel that it was perfectly shocking in her to be so demonstratively, noisily merry as she was. But she couldn't help it. She could not repress her buoyant animal spirits. She flew about the house from room to room, with her stiff-starched undershirts rustling like the fluttering wings of the wild pigeons now feeding their young up in the dark thickets of Wickly's Woods. She sang little bits of song in the sweetest voice that ever led a class of young Hoosier hoodlums to a public school. She picked up her guitar off the haircloth sofa, and slipping its sling ribbon over her left shoulder, went about the rooms playing pretty and mellow old rondeaux in a way that she had never played them before.

She made short little flights out to the front gate of the narrow little hollyhock-ed and morning-glory-ed yard, and back again. She stopped at least twenty times in her delightful little flutterings here and there about the house to kiss her mother on the cheek, or to pat her on the shoulder reassuringly and lovingly, out of the very enthusiasm of her mood. In fact, she did hundreds and hundreds of foolish little things that she was perfectly aware a mature young woman school teacher shouldn't permit herself to do. But she couldn't help it. And what's more, she didn't try.

In any one of the little, rustling, white-dove flights to the front gate she could hear the sounds of shouting, clapping hands and multitudinous laughter of a delighted audience. And she could almost see and hear Mr. Huntley in the merry humor of his new character that he had shown of late, exchanging humorous repartee with his audience as is now, and always has been, the custom and the delight of the Hoosier audience and the Hoosier orator. Perhaps, after supper was over, she would walk with her mother down to Coonrod Redden's. She would be heartily welcome. She needed no invitation. For such is the broad and simple hospitality of the native Hoosier people to-day, that to "be acquainted" constitutes a perpetual and unlimited invitation to come when you please and be sure of a hearty welcome.

But after the supper was over Lizzy could not fully make up her mind to start. He had not been long enough in Hoosierdom to thoroughly understand that informal freedom of manner which sanctioned the unpremeditated gathering of neighbors at each other's houses at any and all reasonable times.

True, she remembered that he had very readily conformed himself to the prevailing customs in Sandtown society. But he had always exhibited much more of reserve, even to the point of diffidence, than was quite agreeable.

A little mite backward. A little mite backward? Coonrod Redden had said of him at first. "But I don't think the feller means any harm by it. He haint yusen to ar ways yit. He's been raised whar people haint gut nutthin to do but git acquainted. Un they kin tek as much time to ut as they want to. Un they ginurly tek a plenty, I low. We haint gut time fur no sich foolishness as that out h-yur en Indyanney. Feller comes h-yur we want to know right away whurrer he's fittin fur a neighbor ur nut. If he haint, we want to hussion up, ur git 'im out, jist quick's we kin, by gum!"

She knew that Mr. W. Mason Huntley had ostensibly subscribed to this doctrine which Coonrod Redden had not failed to enunciate on all fitting occasions. But had that subscribing been more than a piece of amiability on his part? She had thought that in the case of a man having only the humble and subordinate place of "assistant," it was not at all to be expected that he would not readily fall into the ways of the Sandtown people as easily as he had fallen into the sandy windings of the Overcoat road.

So she hesitated about starting, in the secret hope that he would make that unnecessary by coming to her "soon," as he had said. But if he did not come within an hour, she would go. She felt that she must see him. She could not content herself with the thought of remaining away until after twilight. She would go down in the twilight at the very furthest.

So when the young Doc Dikes came over presently, to get Mrs. Wickly to come and stay half an hour with his aunt and her sick little boy, she felt that it would be a way of occupying the interval of time. And so she went along, taking care to look back once in every twenty yards to see if he were coming.

Then there were presently so many of the Sandtown women dropping in at Mrs. Dikes' to see how little Jimmy was, and to ask Lizzy Wickly about her great fortune and take note of how she looked and talked, and whether she had begun to be stuck up, and proud and exclusive, as rich people very foolishly do. And perhaps with the thought of making it very prominent that she had not begun to be a bit stuck up, and perhaps because she still felt the very unusual exhilaration of her naturally buoyant spirits strong upon her, Lizzy did her best to convince her neighbors, the former Argues of Sandtown, that she was sufficiently sensible and well-groomed in the simple democratic doctrines and practices of Sandtown not to be made giddy, even when suddenly elevated to the great height of an inconceivable fortune like the one which Wickly's Woods had brought her.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was quite dark when Lizzy finally reached home, after getting up to start half a dozen times, and being stopped as often by a fresh incursion of congratulating Argues.

There was a light in the middle room that they certainly had not lit before

starting upon their enforced visit to the sick. Some one familiar with the house was there. And who so familiar as the man she had been waiting and watching for, all this evening?

Instinctively she drew back a little, and permitted her mother to precede her, so that she would have time to hide her real feeling, so far as not to appear ridiculous, sentimental in the presence of others. When they should be alone she could pour out the wealth of her heart to him. She was rich now! And no selfish motive could be imputed to her in so suddenly making up her mind that, in spite of what she had said to him on that stormy night in the edge of the woods, near the Overcoat road, she now knew that she loved no imaginary man, no image of straw, but the veritable Mason Huntley, and she was ready, willing, and every anxious to make this confession.

It was a confession due to him. It was a confession without which she must remain an enigma to him. It was one she would make that very evening, and just so soon as they were fairly alone together.

Even in that brief space of time in which she had seen the light in the middle room, and had slackened her quick, springy, school-day walk, timing her steps to reach the front door when her mother should get so far as the middle door, she had thought over what recompense of maidenly caress was due him.

She remembered how he had held her to his heart in the center of that dreadful cyclone, and the dangers and destruction that encompassed them. She thought of that too brief and vivid tingling parting near the clump of shadowy, long, arching black raspberry vines. She could replay him, clasp for clasp, kiss for kiss! She would not remain his debtor in any token of love. And her red lips parted and her brown eyes sparkled in the gleam of the lamp as she put her dainty slipped foot lightly across the threshold, thinking only of him and for him.

She was certain that she saw him sitting there, beyond the little stand-table on which the lamp was blazing. So occupied was she with the certainty of meeting him that not until Congressman Billy Biler arose to meet her and she heard a cry of surprise and delight from her mother's lips could she see that Billy Biler was standing there smiling very pleasantly, while beyond him were her mother and her father locked in each other's arms.

"There's nuthin like good luck, Miss Wickly, to bring people out of sickness, and fetch 'em round generally. H-yur's yur father, now—as soon as he cut to hear that you were a millionaire he found himself completely cured, and started home at once. He knew it before you did, too. He's sharpened up a bit by his short stay at the hospital, yur see. But while they're talkin to thurselves, Miss Lizzy, I want to try to persuade you to intercede for me with Ole Coon Redden. The ole man's terribly out with me, 'bout this railroad sale business. I'm not to blame. I took a fee from the Sandtown Northwestern folks, yur course. I didn't do it as a Congressman, nor as a citizen of Sandtown. I done ut as a lawyer. Yur course, they's lots a things that, as a lawyer, you can do that you wouldn't want to do as a Congressman, nor as a citizen, nor as the friend of yur adverse party. Now, h-yur, fur instance, Coonrod Redden, he telegraphs fur me to come home un see that all these h-yur Sandtown supporters ur mine has thur rights in this mortgage business. Well, I had already taken a fee from the S. & N. W. folks, as I said. But I done that as a lawyer, yunerstand. Un I tote Redden I'd see that the railroad didn't steal nuthin from any uv yuh. Un they didn't. Did they? But he's on his high boss. Un he says I shant have the delegation from this county. Un I've gut to have ut."

(To be continued.)

HE RECOGNIZED TALENT.

Anecdotes call forth anecdotes. A little story told herein not long ago, about a country postoffice official's interest in his clients' correspondence, moved a woman who is the mother of a daughter at college to relate her experience with a village postman.

It was the daughter's freshman year, and she wrote home daily and graphically of her new experiences. But she was extremely busy, and could spare time for a home letter only on Sunday. This she supplemented by a regular mid-week postal card.

One day the mother, seeing the postman coming, ran down to meet him, and stood leaning on the gate as he approached. He saw her there, but instead of hastening his pace he slackened it a little, obviously to afford himself time to complete the reading of the missive he had in hand, chuckling as he came.

The sight stirred Mrs. Brown's anger. That he should presume to read what Polly wrote! That he should do it before her very eyes, and before she could, and make her wait his leisure! It was outrageous, and she had a sharp rebuke all ready for him. But it was never delivered.

He broke into a beaming smile as he reached the gate, handed over the postal card, and declared in hearty tones before she had a chance to speak:

"That's the funniest postal I ever read! I never thought there was much sense in girls going to college—kind o' wasting four years of life. I been used to calling it—but I don't know! I don't know! Maybe it ain't sensible for ordinary girls, but a girl that can double a man up laughing with half a dozen wumern ain't ordinary. No, ma'am. I guess you was right to give her extr'y opportunities. You've got a gifted daughter, Miss Brown—a gifted daughter, and I congratulate you, ma'am!"

He departed, still broadly beaming; and Mrs. Brown had not the heart to chill such appreciative friendliness. She merely warmed the "gifted daughter" that her humor was likely to be enjoyed by more than the family circle.—Youth's Companion.

In Saxony there is an industrial school for every 14,941 inhabitants.



Insects Fatal to Corn.

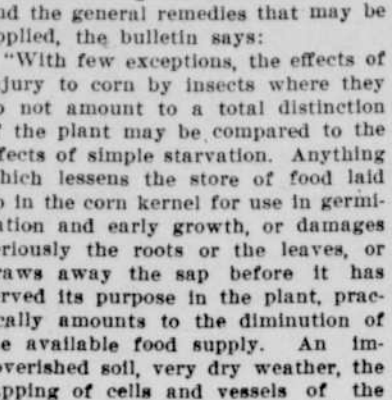
As millions of dollars are lost annually through insects injurious to corn, a better knowledge of the subject seems almost imperative. It would pay to devote careful study to the habits of corn insects, and to those who wish to do so it is suggested that they write to the State Agricultural College of Illinois at Urbana for a free copy of Bulletin No. 95, which contains a full description of all the insects in question and many valuable suggestions.

In discussing the effects of insects and the general remedies that may be applied, the bulletin says:

"With few exceptions, the effects of injury to corn by insects where they do not amount to a total destruction of the plant may be compared to the effects of simple starvation. Anything which lessens the store of food laid up in the corn kernel for use in germination and early growth, or damages seriously the roots or the leaves, or draws away the sap before it has served its purpose in the plant, practically amounts to the diminution of the available food supply. An impoverished soil, very dry weather, the capping of cells and vessels of the plant by sucking insects, or destruction of any considerable part of its roots have consequences which may be classed as starvation effects.

"In view of these facts, it follows that any management which helps to maintain and strengthen the plant by furnishing it better or more abundant food will lessen or perhaps wholly prevent losses from insect injury, which must otherwise be serious or complete. A strong, rich soil, well cultivated, watered and drained, may grow a good crop notwithstanding an amount of infestation by chinch bugs, root lice, root worms and white grubs which would be fatal on poor land.

"The good corn farmer may thus escape with a profitable yield under insect attacks which will leave his less intelligent or less careful brother in debt after his crop is harvested. This is not merely because the vigorous plant will easily support an amount of injury under which the unthrifty



THE CORN WORM.

Light and dark individuals, pupa, moth and egg, with injured ear of corn.

one will suffer or succumb. It is an established fact that many insects themselves will not thrive as well or multiply as rapidly on a vigorous, quickly growing plant as on one in feeble condition.

"More special measures are a proper rotation of crops, such that corn will not be exposed to insects which have bred on the same ground the preceding year, either in other crops or in the corn itself; timely plowing to forestall the breeding of insects by destroying them or their food; timely planting with reference to the period of the greatest abundance or greatest activity of certain species; and the use of barriers against the movement of certain destructive species into the corn from fields adjacent, combined with insecticide measures against hordes of destructive insects, which if left to themselves will work great and immediate harm."

Butter Washed in Skim Milk.

Instead of using water for washing butter, an English dairyman, F. J. Lloyd, used separator skim milk which had been twice pasteurized. Salted and unsalted samples prepared in this manner contained, respectively, 11.35 and 11.14 per cent of water, the former containing only one-fifth as many bacteria. Mr. Lloyd considers that the results are sufficiently interesting to warrant his calling the attention of buttermakers who have a poor water supply to this simple method of overcoming the difficulty, and states that the experiments are being repeated at the British Dairy Institute.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Less Maple Made, But More Sold.

Maple trees now furnish but a small per cent of the commercial maple syrup and sugar. While the demand for both these commodities has constantly increased, the output from maple trees has decreased during the last twenty years. The trade has been supplied only by radically adulterating the pure goods, or by manufacturing a product entirely from foreign materials. It is conservatively estimated that seven-eighths of what is

sold as maple syrup and sugar is a spurious article. Most of the fabrications are entirely harmless, but they are not the real thing. Those fortunate enough to have eaten the genuine article will always demand it, and conditions should be such that they may get it, if they are willing to pay the price.—American Cultivator.

A New Variety of Potato.

The claims made for the Early Northern potato are beauty and uniformity in form, size and great productiveness, and in the tests made during the last two years in all sections of the country the claims seem to have been borne out. The quality is unusually good for an early sort, the tubers thus far have been free from scab and have matured nearer of a size than any other sort we have tested. In the matter of productiveness the new sort is first-class. The writer had ten pounds of seed for testing purposes, and on an average potato ground had a yield of 325 pounds,



EARLY NORTHERN POTATO.

and all salable in size. From our tests we consider the variety one that has come to stay and one which will especially appeal to market gardeners. The illustration, much reduced, shows the form of the tubers.—Indianapolis News.

Commercial Fertilizers.

There is probably more quibbling over fertilizer prices than anything else that a farmer buys. Unquestionably the cheapest way of buying fertilizers is to buy the several materials and do the mixing on the barn floor, but assuming this is not done, then one should make it a point to see that they buy the fertilizer which will give them the greatest amount of the plant food they want in the smallest bulk, which means, of course, at the lowest price. For example, if a ton of the fertilizer, according to the analysis, contains 6 per cent of potash (or any other plant food may be figured on the same basis), this means 120 pounds of potash to the ton.

If another fertilizer contains 12 per cent, or 240 pounds to the ton, the latter is cheaper than the first by exactly the number of cents it costs less than double the first. Reducing it to pounds, if one costs 5 cents a pound and the other 9, the last is the cheapest, if you get it at the rate a pound for the bulk. If you want potash, and pay \$20 for a ton of fertilizer containing 120 pounds of potash, it is cheaper to pay \$38 for a ton of fertilizer containing 240 pounds of potash.

The same plan of figuring works through all the fertilizer bought, so that it is easy to see that a fertilizer cheap in price is not always cheap when results are figured out. The mere matter of bulk has nothing to do with the case. It might as well be sawdust if it does not contain the elements you want and at fair prices.

Stock Beets Compared.

The yields of thirty-three of the principal German, English and French varieties of fodder beets are reported by a German experimenter, and the experiments briefly described. The cylindrical shaped varieties yielded the largest quantities of leaves, the smallest quantities of roots, and stood lowest in sugar content, while the varieties approximating the shape of the sugar beet gave the lowest yield of beets, a very high yield of leaves, and ranked first in sugar content. The tankard varieties stood close to the cylindrical-shaped sorts in yield and composition, and the globe varieties produced very large yields of leaves and a medium quantity of beets, with a sugar content ranging from satisfactory to high. The color of the beet showed no connection with its richness in sugar.—New England Homestead.

Culling the Flock.

The usual custom with good sheep farmers is to go carefully over their flocks each year, and reject and send to the butcher all the aged ewes, yearling ewes, ewe lambs and rams that are not of the desired quality, or have not proven valuable as breeders. This culling process should be carefully carried out.

Poultry Pickings.

Never give sulphur to poultry on a rainy day.

Put chicks on a cracked wheat diet when three weeks old.

Disinfect the poultry house and runs with a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid, and repeat this disinfection at least once a week in case of roup.

Keep the poultry houses clean, have ample ventilation, but freedom from drafts of air, and arrange the house so that the sun will shine into it a portion of the day.

Cut clover is an indispensable article of diet. All kinds of vegetables fill a place in the hen's dieting, but they can hardly be said to be a substitute for cut clover.

If some birds have been to a show, or if new birds have been purchased for the flock, quarantine them at a distance from the home flock for thirty days before they are allowed to go together.

PULSE of the PRESS

Just when peace had been restored in Colorado, Breathitt County, Kentucky, has to loom up to disturb the national serenity.—Chicago News.

Professor Woodhead, of Cambridge, says alcohol is a paralyzing agent. This statement can be confirmed. It has "paralyzed" millions.—New York Herald.

It will be like some fool Congressman to object to reimbursing General Porter for the money he has spent hunting for Paul Jones' body.—Syracuse Herald.

"Women are far less graceful than men," says Dr. Arnold, of New Haven. It takes a man chock full of dry scientific data to say such a thing at that.—Kansas City Journal.

Henry James' dislike for President Roosevelt's literary style is perhaps a mild emotion compared with the President's feeling about the style of Mr. James.—Chicago News.

It is stated that John W. Gates has earned not less than half a million in July wheat, and yet some people wonder why their loaf of bread is so small.—Philadelphia Record.

It is believed that there is a proper and necessary limit to the patience of the United States, even as regards the putty-blowing President of Venezuela.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Belasco is making the Theatrical Trust comprehend the state of public thought. At the conclusion of the case there may be an opportunity to revive "A Hole in the Ground."—St. Louis Republic.

It is only a question of time when more of Dr. Dowie's disciples will prefer a plain financial statement to any additional inspired revelations from the founder of Zion Illinois.—Butte Inter Mountain.

One of the first things the Japanese conquerors did in Manchuria was to apply vigorous sanitary measures, a thing which in itself marks the Japanese nation as among the highly civilized peoples.—Seattle Times.

Mr. Baer says there is no sentiment in the coal business. When one considers the number of persons who froze to death last winter in the big cities for lack of means to buy dry fuel, one can well believe that.—Rochester Herald.

While there is an instinctive feeling of repulsion at securing evidence against the Beef Trust by means of detectives or spies, the fault lies with the packers themselves, who conspire in secret against the laws.—Kansas City Times.

The president of the Canal Commission, with a \$30,000 salary, is also president of a railroad, and says he will not give up that position. If he can fill both places satisfactorily he must be an extraordinary man.—Montgomery Advertiser.

It is pointed out that an alliance of Japan, Great Britain and the United States could rule the world. Perhaps it could, but it would first have to get the consent of Joseph Chamberlain and the United States Senate.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Just how well our financial institutions are safeguarded is shown by the statement that the theft of \$1,500,000 from the First National Bank of Milwaukee by Frank G. Bigelow was discovered by the merest accident.—New York Telegram.

Those Kansas City get-rich-quick operators who closed up their shop and left a "Good-by, suckers" sign on the door must have had great confidence in their good start and sprouting abilities. In addition to their navete.—Indianapolis News.

The Czar thinks it would injure the prestige of the Russian army if he made peace; but we can assure him that everybody outside of Russia knows what has happened to the Russian arms in Manchuria.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The legal battle between the Marconi and De Forrester wireless telegraphy interests is said to have resulted in a victory for both sides. This astonishing outcome ought to give Russia fresh hope that she may, after all, be whipped into peace with honor.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Simultaneously with the impending indictments of the Beef Trust magnates they raise the price of meat without any other excuse than an apparent desire to make the public pay the cost of their defense on a criminal trial. The increase of meat prices just at this juncture seems to be adding insult to injury.—Paterson Call.

No one can blame Japan for shying a little when other nations offer their "friendly offices." Japan's memory is long enough to recall that it is due to the friendly offices of certain powers that she had to expend the millions of money and thousands of lives that it cost to take Port Arthur the second time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Philadelphia trolley car crashed into a bakery wagon and sent a load of pies through the air. What with germs in the drinking water and pies in the air, Philadelphia must be an unhealthy place, indeed.—Buffalo Express.

A Colorado clergyman says the world has but two more years to exist. He is probably going on the theory that the world cannot stand another Colorado election, which is scheduled two years hence.—Washington Post.