AT MRS. PERCIVAL'S.

A Social Attention that Had a Consequence Attached to It. Mrs. Robert Jeffreys-she had worn proud title but three months—openfrom his end of the table watched her ith a satisfaction not so wholly conresied by amusement as he thought.

"What is it now?" he inquired, tens-"A communication from your iniring butcher or a notice of a new hery opening?" Mrs. Jeffreys tossed the note across

him. "Read that!" Her bushand read it, a lipe of perexity between his eyes.

Henry Percival," he said. When did you meet Mrs. Henry Perci-

tuven't met her yet," she replied. That's just the amazing part of it. His me? You see trun the note at it is last a little informal after son with some of the ladfes on the I do think it's the kindest to a screnge city. But of course it is many of our most valued food products all your reputation.

"Of course no such nousense," her retorted. "My reputation man't reached Mr. Percival's outermost office yet. But have a good time, tittle girl. Do you want an extra bill

Robert shook her head severely. | the Albatross dredgings. Was 15 mot ber duty in life now to be an economical wile, and help Robert up shining ladder of fame? She stood with window, watching him walk wiftly down the street, and her eyes home with excitement. Who knew to whatean afternoon at Mrs. Percival's might lend 1. ...

At 2 o'clo k, shy and proud together he found herself in Mrs. Perchal's mutiful rooms. The rooms were full if ladies ladies and small round to

You play bridge, of course Y' Mrs. "I have have," her little gifest

ade but Mrs. Percival brushed the healtation gatty naide. Then you have a new pleasure be

re you and we shall have the pleas. of initiating you. harming little neighborhood club sure that you will enjoy it.

Jeffreys looked a'nost. Everywas finding her place she would for Robert's sake she must not seem eer and old-fashioned

was a week later that Robert, rewalting him with another letter Percival & Brown," she

first wants of ron!

rt inre open the envelope. From foll a bill for forty dollars, the Mrs. Robert Jeffreys' losses

Robert grew white shert," she exclaimed, "I didn't never supposed—and I had so to help rou!

"Never mind. "we've had our

FEWELS OF FLANT WORLD.

a. Tiny Organisms Which Inof the fee, Have Many Uses. Linited States National Museum blished a report on the diaown as the jewels of the plant reduced from the bottom of the sen by the fish commission Albatross in its annual cruises the Seattle Times. The ti folume is "Report of the Dia Albatrons Voyages in the 1888-1904," by Dr. Al

> great mass of material caught far down in dy shaped animals first time to the light of sorts unknown to Menn has singled out male worthy of a re a acientific and from ew. In the report

who is a collaborator with

in biological investiga-

spite of the fact, rarely known, that they are on the market as polishing powders and sold either as "tripoli" or, mixed with soap, under some fancy name, that one widely known brand of tooth powder is composed entirely of the note beside her breakfast plate diatom shells, that they are employed its uses and that at least indirectly they form a not inconsiderable part of

FIVE LITTLE PIGS UP TO DATE

the world's food supply. Among the more abject inhabitants of Lapland and Bolemia, says Dr. Mann, the diatoms are actually used as an adulterant for food; Under the name of "berg meh! diatoms are mixed wth flour, fat, etc., and eaten. In connection with the general food

value of diatoms, Dr. Mann says. "The diatoms do, however, form a considerable part of the world's food river. supply, at least in an indirect way, for they are one of the principal sources of nourishment for clams and oysters, whose stomachs always contain large quantities of the plants, as well as constituting a good part of the food of wealt fishes and of the animal organisins on wich larger fishes feed. Thus And I had so dreaded coming they are a sort of primary source of organic food on the abundance of which

> depend." These quotations are taken from a descriptive paniphlet on diatoms published two years ago by the Smithsonian Institution, which now has espectal present interest in connection with

SMALL FARMS, MORE FARMERS.

Days of the tirent Wheat Kings in

the West Are Numbered.

There will hardly be any widespread wirrow over the new ruling of the int rior department, which compels the gravers who leave Indian lands to dwell on them, says the Portland Orecontian. It will have the effect of reducing the acreage hold by the wheat kings and of increasing the number of small farmers, an advantage too obvi ous to remire explanation. As stated in a Pendleton dispatch in vesterday's tremulan. "the importance of this rul ing may be realized when it is under city of Posilicton who are farming as is not a single house. It will mean the

In nearly every case the small wheat grower who was farming about 160

help, succeeded in escaping injury It will be a great many years before many localities in Oregon there are some townships in the county where the steadily increasing absorption of small farms by the great wheat growers has resulted crease in population at a time when all other portions of the northwest, outside of the wheat districts, were show-

ng substantial gains. In the Willamette valley, which thirty years ago was producing nearly all of the wheat grown in Oregon, diversified farming has reached a stage where not infrequently ten families are found on a single quarter section that was once devoted to wheat growing, the entire quarter section when it was Pacific northwest needs is more perma nent residents to take the place of that wandering army, which drifts in at harvest time and drifts out again when to the naked harvest is over. The ruling of the demiero partment will work a hardship only on and the big wheat kings, most of whom have done well enough out of the instry to live quite comfortably on 160

for the remainder of their lives,

Page Wrapper

RICHES IN POTATO GROWING.

Wonderful Crops of Toothsome Tubers Raised Each Year.

Years ago North Dakota was called a one-crop country, and the No. 1 hard spring wheat raised there gave read it with rising color. Robert as a substitute for asbestos in most of it a great reputation. The wheat is just as good as it was twenty-five years ago, but it has been found that other crops excel there as well as the cereal mentioned; barley, oats, flax, Yet, oh, I can tell how fatal's the spell and even corn, and last, but not least -potatoes. Fargo is where the great seed bouses secure the best seed potatoes, as well as the meallest and best for the table, and the growing of this tuber is very profitable. Fargo is the center of this line of industry and lands are used on both sides of the

ers had 733 acres in potatoes, from which they dug 109,950 bushels, They have sold none for less than 62 cents per bushel last fall, and are contracting for spring delivery at 75 cents per bushel. From 238 acres of this tract i they received 38,200 bushels, and have already shipped from that plot ninetyfour cars. They have a storehouse on the farm holding over fifty car loads, and are saving these until spring. The income to the farmers of this one county from potators was over \$375,000 last

The Northern Pacific Rallroad desired a wider right of way through some of this potato land a year ago, and objected to paying \$125 per acre for it, but when their attorney was shown that the net receipts from this same plot of land the previous season had been \$128 per acre-or 10 per cent on a valuation of \$1,290 per acre he inmediately withdrew his objection and paid the price asked. Under such a showing it is no wonder that

land at \$50 to Sith per acre. to Partiality.

The workings of justice as recorded by Maj. E. C. Johnson in his Track of the Crescent," were a trifle errotic. An Englishman was traveling in a wild part of Hungary, and anxious to see the institutions of the country, he made an application to a town magistrate, asking to bear how justice was con

The magistrate, gorgeous in a magnificent Magyar costume, received him ordially, and sent for any case which might be awaiting trial. gendarme in an immense cocked hat ushered in a prisoner a plaintiff and witness. The prisoner was accused of stealing the plaintiff's goose,

"Well, sir," said the magistrate to the accuser, "what have you to say?" "Please, your high mightiness, the

prisoner stole my goose." The magistrate turned to the witness "What have you to say?" "Please, your high mightiness, I saw

the prisoner steal the goose." "Prisoner, what have you to say?" "Please, your high mightiness, I did

not sten! the goose." The magistrate then delivered the

give you a fortnight in prison for not to the witness, "You shall have a fortnight in prison for not minding your

In Vandeville.

put some down myselluf. Der are going to give de

"Vell, it's stew high, aindt it?" "Truly, 1sg it. I

"It makes me vant to gif my butcher "Me too. Good-py. I hope ve soon

His Education. An admiring friend was questioning small boy as to his progress at school, says a writer in the Pittaburg

meat again,"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Post, and asked "Fifth grade next read Johnny?" "Yes, sir."

"Ah, you'll be in fraces or decl- your whole life?" "No, sir: I" be in beadwork and perforated squares."

Does it occur to you occasionally that a friend is not as good looking as you used to think? And isn't the thought speedily followed by the reflection that may be it is because you know him better?

As a man grows older, he frequently says: "I am eating something that doesn't sagrees with me." But it that him

it's his age.

Old Favorites

Dreaming of Home and Mother. Dreaming of home, dear old home, Home of my childhood and mother. order to earn their every-day bread. Oft' when I wake 'tis sweet to find. I've been dreaming of home and mother. Home, dear home, childhood's happy

Where I played with sister and with brother. Twas the sweetest joy when we did roam

Over hill and through dale with mother.

CHORUS. Dreaming of home, dear old home. Home of my childhood and mother. Oft' when I wake 'tis sweet to find I've been dreaming of home and mother.

'hildhood has come, come again, Sleeping I see my dear mother, See her loved form beside me kneel While I'm dreaming of home and mother,

Angels come soothing me to rest. I can feel their presence as none other For they sweetly say, I shall be blessed With bright visions of home and mother.

Sleep, balmy sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still thinking of mother. Hark! Tis her voice I seem to hear. Yes. I'm dreaming of home and mother Mother dear, whisper to me now, Tell me of my sister and my brother, Now I feel thy hand upon my brow. While I'm dreaming of home and

Kate Kearney. Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney? She lived on the banks of Killarney. From the glance of her eye, shun danger

mother.

For that eye is so modestly beaming. ou'd ne'er think of mischief she's dream

For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

That lurks in the eyes of Kate Kearney. Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney. Who lives on the banks of Killarney,

Beware of her smile, for many a wile,

Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney. Though she looks so bewitchingly simple. Yet there's mischief in every dimple, Last year one family—the Schroed- And who dares inhale her sigh's spley

Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

MOST IN NEED OF MISSIONS.

Civilized Man's Lot in Many Ways In

Worse than that of Savage. Some of these mornings a startled public will see a company of men and women taking ship for Sumbawa, Kebee or Thlewdiaza, under lead of a brown and silent gentleman in an ancient money belt decorated with feathers, and there will not be a trunk or grip or picture hat in the assemblage. The brown gentleman will be a misslonary, come to our cities to preach ing with his first eatch of converts.

And conversion to his views will not be half so hard as he thinks when he sets out, for many in this happy and the use?" And, after all, what is! Why assemble a hundred million dollars and sweat out one's blood and lair. investors are auxious to pick up such brain and conscience getting them and then forget how to spend them when got? Why send missionaries to India beat wearing them?

twelve hours a night in cotton mills? | against all dangers. Do you observe a warrior choking himand debuting the Chinese you notice the cow coming home with Ridgewood water? Do you see any Ute

Do you hear of auxone committing forgery, arson, kidnaping, malversation of trust funds or belonging to a board of aldermen or eviscerating fellow citizens with automobiles? Do you put on wool socks when you order sandyou have to climb to the twentieth floor

Are you waked at 1 in the morning with telephone bells, engine bells, Gabriel horns, hurry wagous, steam whistles and revelers? Do you hear of a 300-pound gentleman pulling a pound shop girl away from a seat a trolley car and taking it-and living afterward? Do you find the Utes IIving in riot, racket, perpetrating all sorts of frantics and shutting the windows to

keep out the "night alr?" Indeed, you don't. Then why send same old bill to Congress every winter forbidding them to send missionaries to us?-Brooklyn Eagle.

Saw the Hogs. "And have you visited our great stock yards?" asked the Chicago woman to a lady visitor from New York. "Oh, yes, I was down there to-day." "Did you ever see so many hogs in

"No, I never did! Why, do know, nobody offered me a seat and I had to stand up in the car all the way home!"-Yonkers Statesman. Too Good to Be True. Mother-in-Law (reading the re-

Son-in-Law (joyfully) -- Do you want to go there?-Meggendorfer Blaetter. When a man kieses his wife he

paper)-Where is Honolulu?

THE FIRE-WORKERS.

Labor in Temperatures as High as

That for Boiling Eggs. It is hard to see why anybody should mind the ordinary summer heats, once one has heard a little of the high temperatures that men-and women, toohave to endure, in various callings, in

The temperature in Death Valley, California, is said to run up to a hundred and forty degrees in the shade; just a nice place for one of these fireworkers to sit down and cool off in The coolest job that we have to tell about in this class is that of the stokers on ocean steamships. They shovel coal close by a thermometer that marks between 160 and 180 degrees, and in addition get the shriveling direct heat from the furnace mouth. Yet they do not seem to be unhealthy, and thousands of them make a business of crossing the Atlantic back and forth to earn their living in the furnaceroom. President Roosevelt tried bis hand at the hot work of stoking a warship for an hour or so on his return trip from Panama a few months ago, and seemed none the worse for the

strenuous experience. Men familiar with the sea say that veterans are to be found now and then who are actually fond of stoking, and cling to the work for love of it. They are exceptions, no doubt, and even in their cases the taste is slowly acquired, a matter of habit. But there is a distinet type of such men, big brutish feltows who are generally the bullies of the forecastle; they love to task their great muscles and to feel the sting of the heat on their shoulders.

In the basements of some of the big in bloom an' sellin' for 10 cents office buildings in New York the heat cook an egg hard in ten minutes if it is laid on the floor six feet away from the furnace. Firemen work in this atmosphere year after year without visible harm.

Still more wonderful things are told of the women employed in the French bakeries. It is said that they can walk in an oven when the temperature ineide it is as high as three hundred degrees Fahrenheit. But even this pales before the feats of a human salamander who called himself Chabert, the Fire King, and who used to enter a firebox heated—so it is averred—to the almost incredible temperature of six hundred degrees.

HUNTING THE CHAMOIS.

How This Animal is Pursued in Its

Mountain Lair. Exciting sport, the more exciting because of the hardships connected with t, is offered by chamois hunting in the mountains of Europe. The chamois are found everywhere in the highest mountains of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, in Transylvania, in the Car pathlans, also in the Alps, and these extremely shy animals are regarded by all true huntsmen as the most desirable of all game, says Edmund Goes the advantages of savagery and depart. In the Outer's Book. The chamois belongs to the antelope species, but, up like its kin of the broad plains, it pre fers the barren wilds of the high moun tains, and, like the mountain sheep, prosperous country are asking, "What's the ibex and the moufion, it selects in this territory full of chasms and canrons the most impassable regions as its

During the summer months the chamola roams in the higher sititudes. but in the winter time it must descend when we have Italians? Why learn to to find its feed. After feeding it reeat a hundred different things and get turns to its old impassable nooks, where dymensia doing it, when you can live it feels secure. As in the case of the on a degen? Why listen to sermons on ideer, the male is called a buck, and the sinfulness of savagery on Sunday | the female a doe, but, unlike all other and my \$5 to see a singging match on animals of this kind, both sexes are Monday? Why struggle to get money antiered, the horns being called "krickto buy clothes and then nearly die of slor," but those of the doe are some-Civilization is a great blessing oh, The doe brings forth one fawn every great! At the same time, when you | year, sometimes two, but very seldom are on the I'te reservation, do you ob- three, which are very dearly loved by children working the mother and which she protects

Conts in United States.

In the United States there are at present, it is estimated, about 2.000,000 goats. Nearly two-fifths of these are Angoras. The rest are of various imported breeds, cross-breeds and mongral mixtures. Many American farmers keep a few goats with their sheep. being a well-known fact that dogs which are given to worrying sheep will not so readily molest a flock containing

a goat or two. The climate and soil of most of the States of the Union are well fitted for the raising of goats, and as a goat costs for proper maintenance only about oneeighth as much as a cow and yields a surprising number and amount of products there is little doubt that competent goat raising in this country, especially in the vicinity of large cities. would prove exceedingly remunerative.

The chief things to be remembered in this connection are that good breeds are essential to success and that although the goat will thrive almost anywhere and stand any amount of cold. it does best on dry land and when kept reasonably warm.

Most people have the idea that the goat, to do well, must be allowed to ran more or less wild and be always kept in the open air. As a matter of fact, it adapts itself admirably to farm life and gives its best results when properly fed and stabled. It soon becomes much attached to those who look after it and will follow its keeper about simply for the pleasure of being with

Not Classed as a Crime,

A gentleman from out the wild and woolly west has been acquitted of a charge of stealing a phonograph on the plea that he was mentally unbalanced at the time. Besides, the jury held it will to me for the awkwardness which isn't a crime to steal a phonograph; had caused me to rake up this painful it's just a plain misfortune.-- Washing- episode. ton Herald.

A Likely Prospect. "Are you going to have a spring opening for your customer?" "Oh, lots of them." "What do you mean by that?"-

Way deers in the bottom of every man's heart is buried this treth: There much as forty grains of the metal Is no such thing as freedom.

"I manufacture umbrelles"-Balti-

all the many

"Spring's come, Evelina," said the | lunch for the both of us an' I'll buy the groceryman to the pretty cook, as he popcorn." tumbled his packages out on the kitch-

en table. "Ain't you glad?" "I'd be glad-if you'd bring me some decent strawberries," said the cook, picking up a box and wrinkling her nose disparagingly. "You can just take these back anyway; there ain't a sound berry in the box."

"They're ripe," said the groceryman. "You said you wanted ripe ones, an' you kicked yest'day because they was green. I took p'tickler pains to pick you out some that wasn't green."

"Now you can march back an' take p'tickler pains to pick out some that ain't rotten," said the cook, firmly. "Won't they work up into short-

"They will not," replied the cook. "Nor yet into ple; an' I ain't a goin' to preserve 'em. So now."

"It don't seem to make no difference to you whether spring's come or not," observed the groceryman, replacing the strawberries in his basket. "Now, here's the sun a-shinin' an' the birds a-singin', an' the lilocks all ou bunch, but you don't seem to care. Look at me."

"I don't like to unless I can't help it; lina?" it gives me a pain," said the cook. "Are you goin' to take them berries back? Say, I think you've got a nerve to bring fruit like that around to a house. That makes me tired."

berries," said the groceryman. "You've got a touch of the fever, that's all; only it works different with you to what it does with me. Everything looks good to me.'

out them berries," said the cook groceryman. "You take it a day like this, when the sun's a-shinin' an' the birds are a-singin'-"

"I don't hear no birds." "They're a singin', just the same. Yes, sir; everything looks good to me. I'm a goin' out to the park Sunday. Want to come slong? Honest, I'd like | them spoiled ones first," he said. "And to have you come. I ain't joshin'. I ain't got nobody else p'tickler on the Sunday?" string, an' if you want to go with me

********** resumed his experi-

THACKERAY'S BROKEN NOSE.

One of the earliest lessons a man can learn on being admitted to society is the great need of care in the selection of topics in addressing a stranger. Sir Wemyss Reid, in his "Memoirs," tells the vapor on a cold body, either fillform of an experience of his own that forci-

bly illustrates this fact. As boy and man, he writes, I had adored Thackeray, and made him the hero of my literary dreams. There was one incident in his early life about which I was quite unreasonably curious. I wanted to know which of his schoolfellows it was who broke Thackeray's nose and disfigured bim for life. and I had made up my mind that if ever I met a man who had been at school with him I should question him

on this point. that George Venables was staying there. During dinner, I heard Venables talking about his early days at Charterbouse, and felt at once that my long-sought chance had come. ingly, when I was walking with him in the Fryston woods on the following morning. I plucked up my courage, and asked him if he had been at the Charterhouse with Thackeray.

"Certainly I was," replied the eminent publicist. "We entered on the same day, and were great friends all

"Then," said I, rushing blindly, upon my fate, "you can tell me what I have long wanted to know. Who was it that broke Thackeray's nose?"

It was winter, and we were walking in Indian file through the woods. As i put this question to Venables, he suddenly stopped, and turning round glared at me in a manner that instantly revealed the terrible truth to my alarmed intelligence. He continued to glare for several seconds; and then, apparently perceiving nothing but innocent confusion on my face, his own features became relaxed into a more amia-

ble expression. "Did anybody tell you," he said, slowly and with solemn emphasis, "to ask me that question?"

I could trathfully say that nobody had done so. My answer seemed to mollify Venables at once.

"Then if nobody put you up to asking me that question, I don't mind answering it. It was I who broke Thackeray's nose. We were only little hoys at the time, and had quarreled over something, and had the usual fight. It wasn't my fault that he was disfigured for life; it was all the fault of some wretched doctor. Nowadays a boy's nose can be mended so that nobody can see that it had ever been broken.

"Let me tell you," he continued, "that Thackeray never showed me any illmust add, did Venables show any ill-

Gold Can Be Vaportsed. Gold has long been considered one of the most difficult metals to vaporize; in fact, the only known means of acomplishing this is the use of the electric spars.

Prof. Henri Moissan, however, show ed as early as 1898 that gold is hapid ly set boiling in the electric furnace as ing distilled in the time of a few m

"Will I have to pay your carfare, too?" asked the pretty cook, sarcasti-

"No, you won't only need to pay your own," said the groceryman. "Maybe I'll set up the ice cream. Think of it, Evelina! You an' me on the grassy sward together. Me with my hat over my eyes, kind o' snoozin', an' you fannin' the files off me. Don't that

sound good to you? It does to me." "Them straw'bries has to be back for lunch," reminded the cook. "Say, what made you bring me berries like them? declare you're about the worst ever. Now, don't stand here talkin'. Hustle back to the store."

"I can't hustle in the springtime," said the groceryman. "Not when the sun's a-shinin' an' the birds a-singin'. It takes the hustle all out of a feller. I'm thinkin' of the park on Sunday. Say, Evelina, you certainly do look good to me this mornin'. I don't know whether it's because it's come spring or because you reely ain't so worse when it comes to looks. Anyway, I don't take it back what said about the park. You can come with me if you like. I'll pay your carfare one way if you say so. What makes you so good lookin', Eve-

"I don't think I'm p'tickler goodlookin'. What makes you think I am? Am I as good-lookin' as that million-

aire's daughter?" "Let's see," said the groceryman, ju-"It's the spring, Evelina; it ain't the dicially. "As far as the face is concerned-come a little closer, so's I can

> "You're close enough," said the cook. "No. I aln't."

"Well, you're as close as you're goin' "I s'pose that's how you come to pick | to get. If you can't see from the other side o' the table you need glasses. Keep "You look good to me," declared the away, now, That ain't ness'ry-not at all. If you want me to take the potato masher to you--- Clear out of bere now an' get me them strawberries."

The groceryman stepped outside the kitchen door and brought in a box of strawberries. "You wouldn't have apprecia ed these if I hadn't brought you now, Eveling, how about the park on

"I'll see," said the pretty cook .-you can. You can put up a good big Chicago Dally News,

> ments in this direction, and an account of these is found in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences The metal is show / Spoil readily by the furnace at a Type of 2,400 degrees C., 100 to The graties been set verted to the gaseous condition within two or three minutes. By condensing gold or small cubes of crystallized gold are obtained. Like copper, gold at its boiling temperature is found to dissoire a small amount of carbon, which is freed again in the shape of graphite at the moment of solidification .- Set-

The Ways of the West.

The steam schooner, a vessel whose that after her hold has been crammed During a visit at Fryston I found with cargo a deck load of lumber is piled half way up to the masts, so that washing green over nis main deck, and an occasional comber frisking across his battened batches. Along the harbur front of Seattle runs the story of parting steam schooner. He balanced stant, looked down at what little he sould see of the laden craft, and hore his gripsack down the only opening in sight. He was about to dive after it when a lounger on the wharf shouted "III, there! Where do you think

you're jumpin' to? That's the smokestack you tossed your baggage down. "H-!" gasped the passenger. "I thought it was the hatch."-Outing

More Pathon than Humor. John Mitchell, in a description of one of the coal strikes of the last century.

of these poor people that has a grim pathos in it. Its pathetic rather than Its humorous side makes the story worth repeating. A child during the strike goes to Mrs. Simpkins on Monday morning and says: Thease, ma'am, my mother sent me for the loan of your

marrow bones to make soup with." " Tell your mother.' Mrs. Simpkins replies, 'that Mrs. Murphy has them today and Mrs. McDevitt is promised them for to-morrow, but she can have them on Wednesday if she'll return them promptly, bein' as I want to make

soup myself on Thursday." More Sales than Poetry. Rimer-Heigho! Lack-a-day. Crittick - What are you sighing

Rimer-Oh, I wish I could sell all the poetry I write.

Crittick-You do, Rimer, you do. Catholic Standard. A Rot One. "Yes, I'm quite a mind reader." admitted Mr. Sappeigh. "I can usually tell what people are thinking of me." "Indeed?" murmured Miss Hap peigh. "How dreadfully unpleasant

for you that must be!" From Two Points of View. Optimist—Every cloud has a silver

Pessimist-Every silver lining has a cloud.—New York Sun. It is eath that diss

hard to bear, but we till a