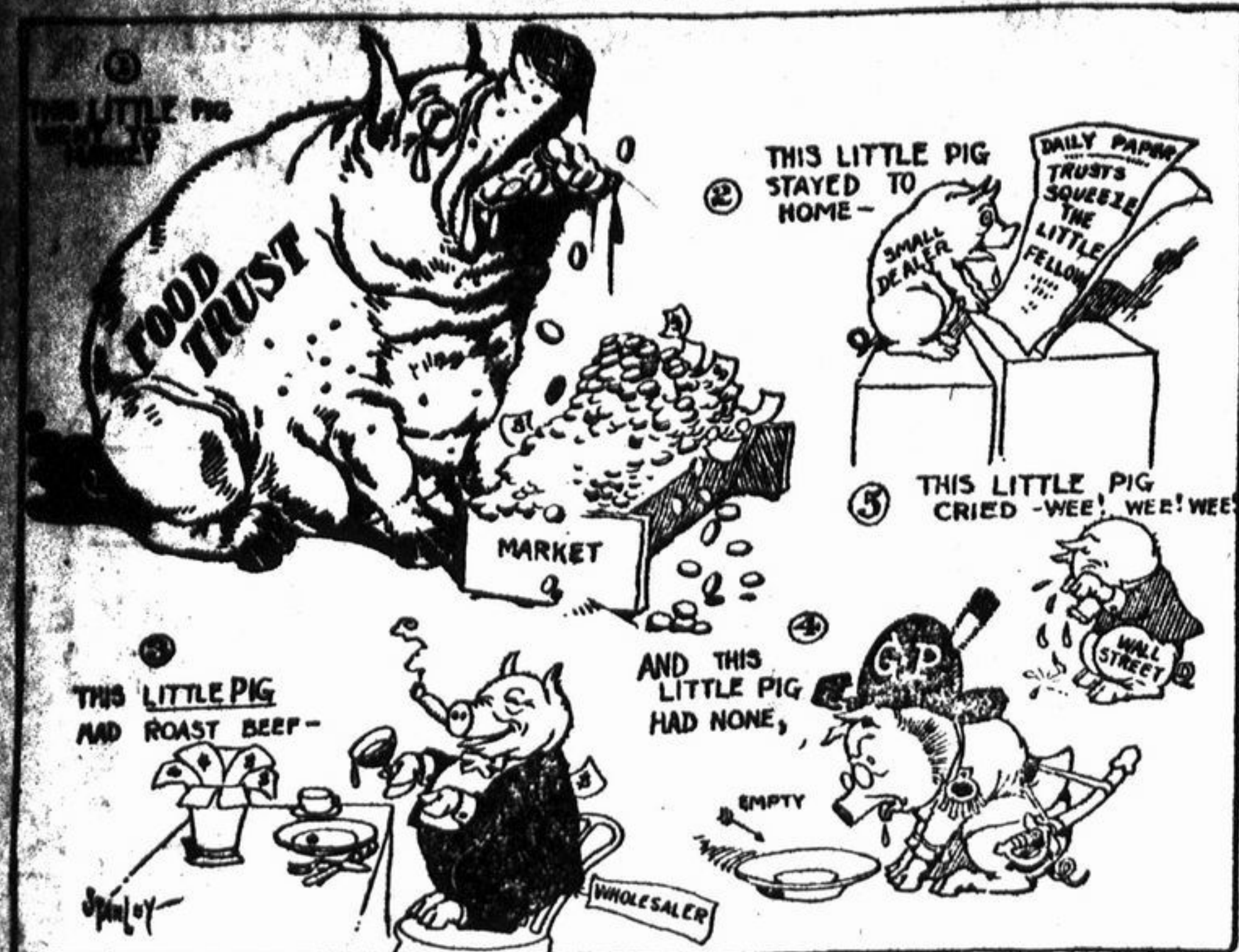


A NURSERY RHYME ILLUSTRATED.



FIVE LITTLE PIGS UP TO DATE.

AT MRS. PERCIVAL'S.

A Social Attention that had a Consequence Attached to It. Mrs. Robert Jeffreys—she had worn the proud title but three months—opened the note beside her breakfast plate and read it with rising color. Robert from his end of the table watched her with a satisfaction not so wholly concealed by amusement as he thought. "What is it now?" he inquired, tensely. "A communication from your sewing-brother or a notice of a new military opening?" Mrs. Jeffreys tossed the note across to him. "Read that."

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 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, and even corn, and last, but not least—potatoes. Fargo is where the great seed houses secure the best seed potatoes, as well as the meal and best for the table, and the growing of this tuber is very profitable. Fargo is the center of this line of industry and centers are used on both sides of the river.

SMALL FARMS, MORE FARMERS.

Days of the Great Wheat Kings in the West Are Numbered. There will hardly be any widespread sorrow over the new ruling of the Interior department, which compels the farmers who lease Indian lands to dwell on them, says the Portland Oregonian. It will have the effect of reducing the average hold by the wheat kings and of increasing the number of small farmers, an advantage too obvious to require explanation. As stated in a Portland dispatch in yesterday's Oregonian, "the importance of this ruling may be realized when it is understood that there are men living in the city of Portland who are farming as high as 3,000 acres, upon which there is not a single house. It will mean the cutting up of the big holdings into smaller holdings and the invasion of the reservation by a more humble class of growers and the crowding out of the big wheat kings."

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, too—have to endure, in various callings, in order to earn their every-day bread. 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 fire-workers 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 shovelled coal close by a thermometer that marks between 160 and 180 degrees, and in addition get the scorching direct heat from the furnace mouth. Yet they do not seem to be unhealthily, and thousands of them make a business of crossing the Atlantic back and forth to earn their living in the furnace-room. President Roosevelt tried his 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.

HUNTING THE CHAMOIS.

How This Animal is Pursued in its Mountain Lair. Exciting sport, the more exciting because of the hardships connected with it, 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 Carpathians, also in the Alps, and these extremely shy animals are regarded by all true hunters as the most desirable of all game, says Edmund Gees in the Outer's Book. The chamois belongs to the antelope species, but, unlike its kin of the broad plains, it prefers the barren wilds of the high mountains, and like the mountain sheep, the ibex and the mouflon, it selects in this territory full of chasms and canyons the most impassable regions as its lair.

Costs 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 mongrel mixtures. Many American farmers keep a few goats with their sheep, it 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 one-eighth as much as a cow and yields a surprising number and amount of products there is little doubt that competition with the dairy industry, especially in the vicinity of large cities, would prove exceedingly remunerative.

In Vandeville.

"Dee say dat meat iss going down." "Sure. I put some down myself." "No, no. Dee are going to give de price list a few chops." "Vell, it's steev high, ain't it?" "Truly, iss it. I never sausage prices." "It makes me want to gif my butcher a roast." "Me too. Good-by. I hope we soon meat again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Good to Be True.

Mother-in-Law (reading the newspaper)—Where is Honolulu? Son-in-Law (joyfully)—Do you want to go there?—Magendoff's Blatier.

Old Favorites

Dreaming of Home and Mother. Dreaming of home, dear old home, Home of my childhood and mother. Off when I wake 'tis sweet to find, I've been dreaming of home and mother. Home, dear home, childhood's happy home, Where I played with sister and with brother, 'Twas the sweetest joy when we did roam Over hill and through dale with mother.

Childhood 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 something 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.

Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney? She lived on the banks of Killarney. From the glance of her eye, shinn danger and fly, For fatal's the glance 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, And who dares inhale her sigh's spily gale, Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney. —Lady Morgan.

MOST IN NEED OF MISSIONS.

Civilized Man's Lot in Many Ways Is Worse than that of Savage. Some of these mornings a startled public will see a company of men and women taking ship for Sumbawa, Kebe or Thlewadza, 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 missionary, come to our cities to preach the advantages of savagery and depart with his first catch of converts.

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 isn't a crime to steal a phonograph; it's just a plain mistake. —Washington Herald.

A Likely Prospect.

"Are you going to have a spring opening for your customer?" "Oh, lots of them."

Gold Can Be Vaporized.

Gold has long been considered one of the most difficult metals to vaporize; in fact, the only known means of accomplishing this is the use of the electric spark.

Way Down in the Bottom of Every Man's Heart is Buried this Truth: There is no such thing as freedom.

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"Spring's come, Evelina," said the groceryman to the pretty cook, as he tumbled his packages out on the kitchen 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 'em because they was green. I took 'em pickler pulms to pick you out some that wasn't green."

"Now you can march back an' take 'em pickler pulms to pick out some that ain't rotten," said the cook, firmly. "Won't they work up into short-cake?" "They will not," replied the cook. "Nor yet into pie; 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 llocks all out in bloom an' sellin' for 10 cents a bunch, but you don't seem to care. Look at 'em."

"I don't like to unless I can't help it; 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 a house. That makes me tired."

"It's the spring, Evelina; it ain't the 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."

"I s'pose that's how you come to pick out them berries," said the cook. "You look good to me," declared the groceryman. "You take it a day like this, when the sun's a-shinin' an' the birds are a-singin'—"

lunch for the both of us an' I'll buy the popcorn." "Will I have to pay your carfare, too?" asked the pretty cook, sarcastically. "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' swoozin', an' you fannin' the flies off me. Don't that sound good to you? It does to me."

"Them straw'beries has to be back for lunch," reminded the cook. "Say, what made you bring me berries like them? I 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 when 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 I 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', Evelina?"

"I don't think I'm p'tickler good-lookin'. What makes you think I am? Am I as good-lookin' as that millionaire's daughter?" "Let's see," said the groceryman, judicially. "As far as the face is concerned—come a little closer, so's I can see."

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

"Well, you're as close as you're goner to get. If you can't see from the other side of the table you need glasses. Keep away, now. That ain't neary—no at all. If you want me to take the potato masher to you— Clear out of here now an' get me them strawberries."

The groceryman stepped outside the kitchen door and brought in a box of strawberries. "You wouldn't have appreciated these if I hadn't brought you them spoiled ones first," he said. "And now, Evelina, how about the park on Sunday?" "I'll see," said the pretty cook. —Chicago Daily News.

TREASURES OF FLANT WORLD.

Plants, They Organisms Which Inhabit the Sea, Have Many Uses. The United States National Museum has just published a report on the diatoms, known as the jewels of the plant world, dredged from the bottom of the Pacific ocean by the fish commission ship Albatross in its annual cruise in search of scientific and other material. The report is a valuable addition to the knowledge of biological investigations.

From Two Points of View. Optinist—Every cloud has a silver lining. Peasant—Every silver lining has a cloud. —New York Sun.