

Had Never Seen the Flag

A man was discovered in Coosa County, Alabama, last winter who had never seen the American flag. What is more, he had not the least perception of what it meant and was most astonished when this was explained to him.

The incident happened in the long-leaf pine country in which the Kaul Lumber Company is operating, near the little backwoods town of Juniata. A party of Government foresters, under Franklin W. Reed, was encamped in the woods beside the road. A large flag tied to a sapling pine announced the site as a Government camp. One evening a little old man came down the road driving a yoke of steers and stopped to inquire whether the party would like to buy some pork. He got out of his cart, sat down on a stump, and after a moment's conversation his eye caught sight of the flag on the sapling. He looked at it in a puzzled way, then asked what it was. The men thought at first he was joking, but it was soon apparent the question was in good faith.

"That's the American flag, man. Haven't you ever seen the flag before?"

No, he had never seen a flag of any kind before. He had heard there were such things, and once he had seen a picture of a flag on a poster, but that was a long time ago, and he had almost forgotten about it. He had lived in the woods all his life and had never been more than thirteen miles from home. He wanted to know what the flag meant, and listened in silence when this was explained to him. He did not know how to read or write, and had never heard that the Fourth of July was any different from any other day.

"The meanest man I ever knew," said Representative Ryan, of Buffalo, the other day, "was a chap who came to the house of a doctor, who is trying to build up a practice in Buffalo, one night in the Christmas holidays. It was snowing and very cold

"Doctor," he said, "what are your terms?"

"One dollar for an office visit and two dollars for a call," replied the doctor.

"Have you a horse?"

"Yes."

"Well, hitch and I will go along with you. I need you out West Seneca way."

"The doctor had his horse brought around and the man got in the buggy with him. They drove about four miles out into the country.

"Here's the place," said the man as they reached a farm house. Then he handed the doctor two dollars.

"You needn't go in," he said, "a liveryman wanted to charge me five dollars to bring me out here, but I thought I would rather give you two dollars."

It is reported from Paris that Prof. Behring has discovered a new method of sterilizing milk, without boiling it or destroying any of its essential principles. The method is based on the powerful qualities of German perphydrol, simply oxygenated. One gramme per liter of this substance is sufficient to destroy all noxious germs. Milk thus sterilized can be kept a long time, and is not injured by transportation, but cannot be drunk until it has been gently warmed and a drop of a catalytic substance added. Dr. Behring has proved that light has a very harmful effect on milk, whether sterilized hot or cold, and he recommends that it should be kept in a dark place or in red or green bottles.

Every time you do a worthy thing you make it easier for others to be worthy.

Newspaper accounts explain that Leo Wheat, a wonderful pianist, courted of great people, is now in an alms house, friendless and alone. His fall is a commentary on the deadliness of drink. Yet he was a perfect gentleman of the old Virginia school and no less than a great genius at the piano.

At the time of Mrs. Cleveland's residence in Washington Leo Wheat was her pianist. She rarely gave an entertainment at which he did not play.

One day she met him on the street, and saw that he looked very sad.

"What is it, Mr. Wheat?" she asked, in accents of concern.

Leo drew his hand across his eyes.

"I am sad, Mrs. Cleveland," he replied, "very, very sad. As a matter of fact, I have lost my wife."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Cleveland, somewhat surprised that he was not in mourning. "When did it happen?"

Mr. Wheat sighed heavily.

My wife got a divorce a year ago from me," he explained, "and I have only just heard of it."

"Do you reckon this hurts the worm?" ask Johnny, as he baited his hook.

"That's somethin' I don't believe we've got any right to inquire about," said Tommy, watching his cork intently. "It ain't any of our business. All we know is that there's a lot of worms. If they ain't for fishin' with I'd like to know what they are for. 'Sh! I've got a bite!'"—Chicago Tribune.

People who always have bones to pick go through life looking famished.

A southern representative was discussing President Roosevelt's attitude toward the negro and saying that he did not believe the President realized how shiftless many individuals are.

"Still," he remarked, "they are very cute in their worthless ways, and excite a certain admiration if not respect.

"In South Carolina I watched a negro fishing in a brickyard pond upwards of an hour, during which time the hook was not pulled up.

"Do you think there are any fish there?" I asked at last.

"No, sah; I reckon not."

"But you seem to be fishing."


"But perhaps you are not fishing for fish. What is your object?"

"De objick' sah, of my fishin' foh fish whah dey ain' any fish, is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to hoe de truck in de gyahdin patch.

Under the new Michigan State Reward Road Law which passed into effect July 1st, 1905, by the provisions of which the State co-operates with townships and counties in the improvement of the public wagon roads, macadam roads are being extended into the more sparsely settled regions of the State. The people are reported as being so pleased with the results of their first expenditures under the law that it is predicted that it will not be many years before all the main roads of the State will be good roads.

The sermon of the Man is mightier than even his sermon on the mount.

There is a world of difference between a tender heart and a soft head.



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