LIVE STOCK

GOOD HORSES ARE IN FAVOR

There Is Growing Demand for the Better Class of Driving and Carriage Animals.

"The horse was never in higher favor than at present, and it was never harder to find a good one," said Arnold Lawson, an ardent admirer of the horse, recently. "Ten years ago fine horses were common and prices were moderate. Today a matched pair is almost impossible to find, and the price named by the dealer is appaling. Horseback riding is going to be one of the fads of the summer, and the woman who has grown stout and listless will take to the bridle paths again to reduce her weight and bring her back into form. In consequence of this society will veer back to the horse."

Among the wealthy people of Boston horseback riding in the parks and bridle paths along the boulevards is now becoming more and more noticeable, says the New York Herald. Hundreds of fashionable women are taking a morning canter on horseback and an afternoon drive behind a pair of fine horses. There is a growing demand for the better class of driving and carriage horses, and prices are increasing with the demand. Many wealthy men and women, who sold most of their horses when the day of of the automobile came, are now in the market for good horses with which to refill their stables.

Prize Winner and Foal.

Mr. Lawson, who is an ardent admirer of the horse, says that horses are more desirable today than they ever were, and that because of the fact that so many dealers in fancy stock have been driven out of business have practically cornered the market for good horses and are selling them at prices which are almost fabulous. It is said that at Dreamwold Thomas W. Lawson's stock of fine horses is as large as ever. He uses his automobiles for long trips, but his horses for pleasure. It is intimated that he will have a stable of show horses at the National next fall.

"There is nothing, to my mind, that can take the place of a well-bred horse," said Arnold Lawson. "I do not know of any thing that affords more pleasure than handling the reins over a high-stepping, spirited, blooded horse. Whether it is true or not that there is a corner in the supply they are certainly very hard to obtain, and fancy prices are being paid for such as come up to requirements.

"Horse dealers all over the world have been gathering up the finest horses to meet the reaction that they have seen was bound to come. The supply has been greatly diminished, of course, because of the small demand of recent years for riding and driving horses. This has made fancy prices possible."

BUILDING CHEAP HOG HOUSE

Convenient Structure for Animals May Be Placed in Side of Hill Without Much Expense.

(By W. D. NEALE, Missouri.)

A very convenient hog house may be constructed in the side of a hill without much expense.

If the hill slopes to the south so much the better. An excavation can be made in the side of the hill the desired size of the house. The dirt may be thrown out so as to form an embankment to the north, east and west.

Posts can be set in the ground and two by four pieces nailed on them upon which boards for the covering may rest. The roof should slant to the north, so that the sun may shine under as far as possible.

Good ventilation must be provided at the top and draughts shut out.

This will be an excellent place for brood sows to farrow in, for they will be protected from the weather.

Hog as a Saving Agent.

No animal on the farm is better adapted to turning good feed quickly into marketable meat than the hog, and none can better repay, from a market standpoint, a discriminating system of feeding.

This is particularly true as to first costs, for the hog is by nature planned to utilize the least expensive feeds and will manufacture into toothsome pork much that might otherwise be reckoned of little value, if not waste.

In any phase of farm economy the hog is a feature, and his proper feeding has in innumerable instances been the factor that kept a farm's profit on the right side of the ledger.

Raising Bull Calf.

Good bull calves can be bought cheaply. Get one and raise it. It will be ready for service at about one year old. In this way you can afford to have the best stock.

Work Horses Carefully.

Work the horses carefully these hot days. Use judgment and practically as much work will be done and not injure the horses. Much depends upon the driver.

When to Sell Lamb.

When a lamb gets so it weighs 80 or 100 pounds, sell it. You will get a good price for it and the rest will do the better for the added pasture.

FINE POINTS OF GOOD PONY

Clean Head, Well Held Up, Full Round Eye, and Body Almost as Round as a Barrel.

In buying a pony one should understand the points that go to make a perfect animal. A study of the pony shown here will give you a pretty

Belle of Brassay.

clear idea of what is necessary. You will see that she has a clear head, well held up, a full, round eye and a body almost as round as a barrel, well muscled shoulders and hind quarters, and clean, bony, flat legs.

This little mare was raised in England and took the first premium at the royal show at Gloucester. The show is equal to one of our best state fairs, and in fact, as a stock show it is on a much larger scale.

MUCH PROFIT IN LIVESTOCK

More Money in Raising Animals Than by Planting Legume Crops—Humus Is Retained.

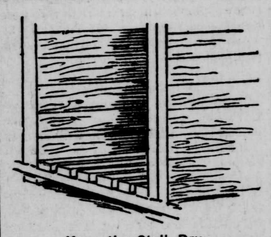
(By W. SCOTT HICKOX.)

The man who plants legumes solely to turn under will, in the majority of cases, get tired of it after a few years because of the cost in seed, labor and rent of land. He who grows legumes and sells the tops for hay is pumping the mineral elements out of his land in a most reckless manner and there will come a time of reckoning after a while. The writer is proud of the fact that he belongs to the class of men who plant legumes, make hay of the top, extract the food values by passing the hay through first-class farm animals, returning more than three-fourths of the material value and practically all the humus back to the soil, and during the progress of the game trapping enough nitrogen from the air to far more than balance the small amount of phosphorous and potash the young animals sold remove from the farm. This, my friends, is sane farming, proven such in many lands and under various conditions.

ARRANGE TO KEEP STALL DRY

Illustration and Explanation Showing How Water May Be Drained Away at All Times.

The device shown in the illustration, gives an excellent idea of keeping a stall dry; two by fours are put one inch apart, forming a second floor. This keeps the water drained away all the time. The floor of the barn should be sloped in such a way that the water runs back



Keep the Stall Dry.

ward, and is soaked up in the manure and bedding that is pushed off the standing floor. In this way the horses are never stained.

Have Shoes Reset.

It is best to have the shoes reset every four or six weeks. If the horse can be kept off the road during the summer months, have the shoes pulled off and allow the feet to come down to the ground and get the natural frog pressure. The feet should be kept growing; then there will be very little trouble from the feet getting dry. Oil the coronary band of each foot twice a week. This band is located just underneath the hair line. It forms the horn of the wall, and if a new hoof is produced normally, the foot will not have time to become too dry.

Change of Pastures.

It is poor business keeping the hogs in the same lot year after year without renovating them. We have very little disease among our hogs, and I attribute it to the fact that we plow up the lots at least once a year and often twice, and change the hogs from one lot to another frequently, says a writer in an exchange. I believe this practice and allowing the hogs to have access to clover pasture and clean running water will reduce the mortality among these animals to an extent not dreamed of by the average farmer.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

The horse killed by lightning is usually the one that's not insured.

Dry sows are in good condition and on good pasture need little else.

Black leg is a disease, and it is contagious and practically incurable.

The scrub cannot successfully compete with first class stock when profit is the object.

When you feed the chickens watch the young turkeys that they may not get too much corn. Too much will cause indigestion.

When hens stop to drink out of a mud puddle, you had better start for the pump and get them some water that is good and pure.

Eggs are becoming daily more and more scarce. This is not surprising. It is enough for the hens to supply the new growth of feathers.

RUINS ITS PATHOS

LITTLE INDIAN BOY PLAYS HAVOC WITH "HIAWATHA."

At Critical Point of Glen Island Play Genesee Breaks in With "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

Genesee is a seven-year-old Indian boy who lives in a wigwam on the shore of the sound at Glen Island, where a tribe of Ojibway Indians is reproducing "Hiawatha," the Indian love play, for city children, who have been hearing Indian music on the recreation piers this ummer. Genesee never heard of Arthur Farwell's rendition of Indian music, though he has learned from his father some of the two and three-tone native songs of the Ojibways, and he knows, of course, the chants of the Indians as they dance and perform Longfellow's great poem.

The other day Genesee, who was born up on the Cattaraugus reservation and is the grandson of the Indian who holds the medal for being the finest physical type of Iroquois left alive after the inroads of civilization, wanted to introduce a flying machine into the most critical part of the performance. He has been looking at the papers and has een pictures of Curtiss sailing through the air. With a cracker box the boy had made a fair flying machine model and wanted Breathes Hard, his father, to have a big one made so that the soul of Minnehaha, after she had been "buried" in the branches of the trees "in the forest deep and darksome, underneath the moaning hemlocks," could get back to earth.

Old Nokomis, his grandmother, who takes the poem play very seriously, refused to listen and his father cuffed him for the unholy suggestion. This made Genesee feel bad. "It's too old fashioned," he secretly told the ancient arrow maker's daughter while he was dressing for the part of the boyhood of Hiawatha. "But wait!"

The next day he went over to the beach dressed in a little shirt and leggings, to swim with the other bathers, and there he heard a song that had more than three tones. It was full of notes, and they rippled up and down the scale to the ravishment of his little ears. There was one line that pleased him very much. It began, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" He got away by himself and sang it over and over.

The next morning there was a rehearsal in full dress. The play had reached the point where Hiawatha paddles away across the lake to the tent of the ancient arrow maker and, killing a deer, throws it down at the feet of Minnehaha and her father. Across the lake the voices of the Indians rose and fell in harmony. The voice of the hidden reader came: "At the doorway of his wigwam sat the ancient arrow maker; at his side, all in her beauty, sat the lovely Minnehaha."

Just then in the tense silence out on the float at the lower end of the lake appeared a tiny Indian boy, his feather head dress trembling with excitement at the example of modern progress he intended to give, and, stretching up his arms skyward to the abode of the Great Spirit, he sang in a boyish soprano that could be heard all over the island:

"Has anybody here seen Kelly,
Kelly with the green necktie?"

That was as far as he got, for Kwasind, the young man, dodged out of the doorway and bore him away.

How He Found Out.

There was silence for a moment.

Presently she spoke, and the tone of voice she elected to use was tremulous and pleading.

"Gustavus, dearest, do—do you ever drink?"

Reluctantly he admitted that there were occasions when he glanced carelessly upon the wine when it was ready.

"Ah! dearest," she continued, with anxiety depicted on her lovely features, "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover that his only daughter's future husband drank?"

"He discovered it yesterday afternoon," responded Gustavus, with some of the same old reluctance.

"Oh; and what did he say?" she inquired, breathlessly.

"He said"—the manly young fellow's voice trembled—"he said, 'Well, Gustavus, my boy, I don't care if I do; mine is the same, with just a dash of bitters.'"

There was silence for a moment—possibly two moments.

The Ideal Mourning.

Apropos of the unexampled extravagance and luxury of New York multimillionaires, Mrs. August Belmont said at a dinner at Tuxedo:

"Then there's young Knickerbocker. Look at young Knickerbocker now. He has 19 regular servants at his town house, and yet since King Edward's death he has hired four extra ones—colored ones, you know—just to bring up black-edged letters and to look after visitors dressed in mourning."—Los Angeles Times.

Relative Risks.

"You know the fate of the pitcher that goes to the well too often."

"Going to the well never hurt any pitcher yet. It's going to the corner saloon that send him back to the bush leagues."

A King's Memorial.

It has been suggested that Crystal Palace be bought and turned into a children's palace of education as a memorial to the late King Edward. The king was always interested in any charity that was for the benefit of the children of the world.

Hadn't Picked It Out.

Mrs. Newlywed—Before we were married you said that my slightest wish would be your law.

Mr. Newlywed—Exactly, my love; but you have so many vigorous and well developed wishes that I am at present unable to decide which is the slightest.

TREASURE WELL PROTECTED

How Uncle Sam Carefully Guards the Gold and Silver in His Mints.

The precautions taken at the United States mints against waste of the precious metals are of a most extraordinary character. No miser could guard his treasure with more sedulous care than does your Uncle Samuel.

Every evening the floor of the melting room is swept cleaner than a good housewife's kitchen. The dust is put carefully aside, and about once in three months the soot scraped from every flue is transferred to the same precious dust heap. This is then burned and from its ashes the government derives a handsome income.

The earthenware crucibles used in melting are not employed more than three times. Then they are crushed under heavy rollers and in their porous sides are found fine flakes of fine silver. Like Aladdin with his lamp, Uncle Sam would not exchange old crucibles for new ones.

In the melting room when the casters raise their ladles from the melting pots a shower of sparks flies from the molten surface of the metal. For the most part they are bits of incandescent carbon, but clinging to the carbon is often a minute particle of metal. Lest such particles should escape the ashes and clinkers below the furnaces are gathered up at night. The debris is ground into powder by a steam crusher and then is sold to a smelter, like ordinary ore, at a price per ton warranted by the assayer.

The ladles that stir the precious metal, the big iron rods, the strainers and the dippers all are tested in a most curious fashion. After considerable use they become covered with a thic layer of oxidized silver, which looks for all the world like brown rust. The implements are then laid in baths of a solution of sulphuric acid, which eats away the iron and steel and leaves the silver untouched.

Gradually the ladle, or whatever the implement is, will disappear, and in its place remains a hollow silver counterpart of the original, delicate as spun glass. These fragile casts reproduce the ladle with perfect accuracy in all its details, although their surfaces are perforated with innumerable little holes. Scarcely have they been molded, however, before they are cast into a crucible, to become in time dollars, quarters and dimes.

There is a large tank in one corner of the melting room and into it newly cast silver bars are dropped and left to cool. Infinitesimal flakes of silver scale off and rise to the surface of the water, which acquires the metallic lustre of a stagnant pool. Here is silver which must not be lost, so beneath the pipe through which the tank is emptied is banked a thick layer of mud. As the water filters through it the mud retains the precious residuum.

Four times a year this mud is removed, and each experiment shows that some $50 has been saved by this device.

Before the Passion Play.

As the time for the first production approaches, the religious spirit of the people deepens. The productions are given several times a week during every tenth summer. They continue from May to September, and are now going on. At seven o'clock the nights preceding the performances, a band of musicians marches from one end of the town to the other announcing the next day's performance, with the intention of warning all those who expect to attend to prepare for it. At five o'clock the next morning the village cannon, placed at the foot of a high peak crowned with a large cross which stands guard over the town nestling at its foot, calls all to early mass, both villagers and visitors, and they are expected to respond.

At seven o'clock the musicians again march through the town to warn those who have no reserved seats that they had better hasten to the theater. At eight o'clock the cannon sounds again, and the play begins. Before the curtain is raised, the 500 who are to take part join the pastor of the church in silent prayer behind it, and with this preparation the drama opens.—Harper's Bazar.

Call for Dr. Blank.

To have themselves publicly called out of a crowded place of entertainment on the pretense that they are urgently wanted by importunate patients is stated to be one of the stock methods of advertising resorted to by young doctors who wish to build up a practise. A budding physician tried this device. He instructed his boy to go to the doorkeeper of the theater and say that a patient of his was in urgent need of attention.

"Right you are, sir!" said the servant, with a solemn wink. "You leave it to me. I'll manage it all right."

But apparently the honest retainer exceeded instruction in his zeal, for at the end of the second act the manager appeared before the curtain and made the announcement:

"If Dr. Blank is in the audience, I am requested to tell him that he is wanted at once, as the poor fellow he gave some physic to this afternoon has been having fits ever since!"

Wick of a Phoenician Lamp.

There has recently been found at Tunis a Phoenician lamp which still contained the wick. This lamp could not have been later than the second century before our era. The discovery is interesting, for we learn that up to now it has never been decided as to what material the wick consisted.

There have been diverse hypothesis—elder pith, tow and various threads, lint, papyrus, and even skins of animals. The wick now found will set doubts at rest, for under microscopical and chemical analysis M. Eugene Collin has established the fact that the wick was originally lint. M. Eugene Collin has made his report to the French Academy of Sciences.

Doesn't Mind It Now.

"This doesn't smell like the last gasoline I had," said the man who recently bought an automobile.

"It's all right, sir," said the garage man. "You're getting used to it."

HEROINE OF CRIMEA

"Angel of the Battlefield" Revered by All Soldiers.

Florence Nightingale's Life Was One Long Sacrifice for the Cause of Suffering Humanity—The First Army Nurse.

London.—A woman whose name for over half a century has been a household word throughout the civilized world and who was universally loved and revered as few women have been, was claimed by death when Florence Nightingale passed away in her London home. She had been an invalid for a number of years. During recent years, owing to her feebleness and advanced age, Miss Nightingale had received but few visitors. On May 12 last she celebrated her ninetieth birthday and was the recipient of a congratulatory message from King George.

"The Angel of the Crimea," "The Soldiers' Friend," are titles which were conferred upon Florence Nightingale for her memorable service in behalf of the wounded and dying in the Crimean war. The last honor to be conferred upon her by a grateful country was in 1908, when the freedom of the city of London was bestowed upon her. Before that, in 1907, she received from King Edward the English Order of Merit, the most exclusive distinction within the gift of the British sovereign. She was the only woman who has ever received that honor.

Miss Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, May 12, 1820, and it was

Florence Nightingale.

in honor of the "city of flowers" that she was named. She was the daughter of a wealthy English landowner and returned with her parents to England when a child. She early displayed an inclination toward philanthropy, and was the first woman to follow a modern army into battle as a nurse. Although her father was a very wealthy man, she insisted on learning all that there was to be learned about the profession of nursing and became famous as a "probationer" in London hospitals. Later on she went to France and subsequently to Germany. A few years later she was in Africa nursing Arabs with such effect, says one of her biographers, "that the Moslems were almost convinced that the woman had a soul."

When the war of the Crimea broke out the British army sent to the front to help the French in the struggle with the Russians was not accompanied by the usual corps of women nurses. The struggle had been going on only a few months, however, when "Bull Run" Russell began sending to his English newspaper heartrending accounts of the frightful conditions that prevailed in the British hospitals and the horrible state of the wounded men. Instantly all England was in an uproar, and for a time the British ministry seemed tottering. Then, almost at the same moment, for their letters crossed each other, Florence Nightingale volunteered to take a corps of nurses to the front and Herbert Sydney, the secretary of war, suggested to her such a commission.

October 15, 1854, Miss Nightingale set forth on her errand of mercy at the head of a corps of 34 women nurses and equipped with most of the material for setting up a first-class field hospital.

Establishing herself on the heights of Scutari, near Constantinople, Miss Nightingale and her aids began the organization of a field hospital. At one time she had four miles of wounded—four miles of cots, side by side—with only 34 women to nurse her patients. Soon after this letters began coming in hundreds into the homes of England which established permanently in the hearts of the people the supremacy of Florence Nightingale among all English women. She was the "angel of the battlefield," "the angel of the Crimea."

In August, 1856, Miss Nightingale returned to England. A grateful country would have welcomed her royally, but she had no desire for public praise. She arrived in England when least expected and went to her home. The queen, however, was not to be denied. She sent for Miss Nightingale to visit her at Balmoral and decorated her with her own hand. The sultan of Turkey made her a valuable present. The English government, on behalf of the people, was very practical in its expression of appreciation and presented her with $250,000.

Perhaps the greatest good that has resulted from her noble life has been the setting in motion of a force which has led thousands of women to devote themselves to the systematic care of the sick and wounded.

Curiosities of Smell.

No substance that refuses to dissolve in water has an odor. It is the actual substance itself, floating in particles in the air, that appeals to the nose, and not simply a vibration of the air, as in the case of light and sound. The damper a thing is, the more powerful the odor it gives out. A pleasant proof of the fact can be had by walking in a garden after rain. There is no end to the curiosities of smell. It is, for instance, the vapor of a liquid that smells, and not the liquid in the mass itself. If eau de cologne be poured into the nostril the nose refuses to recognize any odor there at all.

DEATH TOLL OF A FLOWER

Many Lives Are Lost Yearly in Quest of This Commonplace Alpine Bloom.

Zurich, Switzerland.—Though Switzerland has had a cold wet summer this year, in common with the rest of Europe, the Alpine death roll has mounted high. In many parts of the

Edelweiss, Death Lure of the Alps.

mountains there have been exceptional storms, with the result that several parties of visiting climbers have been swept away by avalanches. But the alluring edelweiss remains the most fatal attraction of the summer tourist.

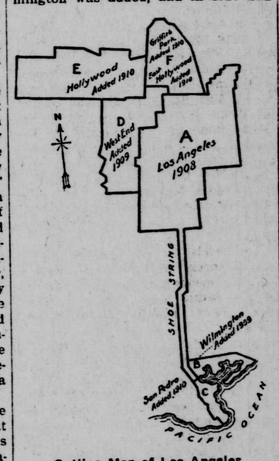
Not in itself a remarkably beautiful flower, edelweiss nevertheless appeals to that side of human desire that craves the difficult. Generally it grows in rock corners that are practically inaccessible. Invigorated by the mountain air, the climber espies the blooms in their dangerous crevice and determines to claim them for his own. Sometimes he succeeds in the quest, only to fall as he returns; sometimes a loose stone, trusted for a foothold, slips away, and the end is deep down in the ravine below.

One by one the edelweiss claims its victims, till the total is higher than that of the avalanche, which destroys the mountaineers in full parties. Thirty flower pickers sacrificed themselves for edelweiss during July, and every week during summer brings its tragic quota till the Alpine snows fill the nooks where now the flowers bloom.

CITY HAS A CURIOUS SHAPE

Peculiar "Shoe String" Strip That Is a Part of Greater Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal.—This city claims the distinction of being one of the most curiously shaped cities in the world, the reason for its peculiarity being the desire to make a seaport out of an inland city. The part of the illustration designated as A shows the city as it was in 1908. In 1909 Wilmington was added, and in 1910 San



Outline Map of Los Angeles.

Pedro was annexed. The section designated as D was annexed in 1909 and E and F were made parts of the city this year. The coast annexations, San Pedro and Wilmington, are connected with Los Angeles proper by the narrow strip known as the "Shoe String."

Luxury of Ancient Eggs.

Chicago.—A chef, discussing the evils of cold storage, said with a smile:

"And yet the Chinese, who are great gourmets, adore eggs three or four years old, eggs that have turned quite green.

"Don't think they are ordinary bad eggs, these green chaps, though. If you've eaten Chinese food you'll know better than that. The Chinese are gourmets and their ancient eggs are ripened like fine cheese.

"It is a science. The eggs, I believe, spend nine months in a hot temperature, buried in sawdust, another nine months in a cool temperature, buried in chalk, and so forth and so on.

"They are green in the end, and they have an unpleasant, putrid odor. But Roquefort cheese is green, and its odor, too, is putrid and unpleasant.

"Dr. Wu, when he last dined here, told me that green eggs of the 1905 vintage cost two and three dollars apiece in Canton."

Cows That Never Drink.

The "wild cow" of Arabia, in reality an antelope, the Beatrix oryx, is said never to drink, which is probably correct, for unless these animals can descend the wells they can find no drinking water for ten months in the year. There is no surface water, and rain falls but precariously during the winter. These antelope, however, are provided by nature with a curious food supply, especially designed as a thirst-quencher. This is a parasite which grows on the roots of the desert bushes and forms a long spadix full of water and juice. The antelope dig deep holes in the sand in order to get at these.

CHEERFUL WORDS FOR SUFFERING WOMEN.

No woman can be healthy with sick kidneys. They are often the true cause of bearing-down pains, headaches, dizziness, nervousness, languor, etc. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Doan's Kidney Pills make strong, healthy kidneys.

Mrs. Della E. Chapman, 5 Winthrop St., Hartford, Conn., says: "I was a wreck from kidney trouble. I spent over $700.00 doctor-toring but to no avail. I was in despair when I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills but soon felt better. For seven years I have been free from kidney trouble."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

But it doesn't rain very hard on the unjust if he is roosting under a stolen umbrella.

For COLDS and GRIP

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediatly. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

There are two kinds of unhappy people in the world—those who are sad because they are not known, and those who are miserable because they are.

Didn't Want His Chewed.

Bill—Don't you like to see a dog chewing a bone?

Jill—Yes, if it's not one of my own.—Yonkers Statesman.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malaria and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 30 years. Price 50 cents.

A Summer Resort.

Noah disembarked.

"A combination of the mountains and seashore!" he cried.

Herewith he resolved to advertise the tour.

Got Stung, All Right.

Bill—This paper says that bees were unknown to the Indians.

Jill—Yes, I believe it was the traders who used to sting them.—Yonkers Statesman.

Then It Happened.

"What made you think he would propose to me?"

"Why, when I refused him he said he didn't care what became of him; but perhaps he wasn't serious."—Houston Post.

Active Possession.

Guinevere, aged four, was going out to walk with a young lady, of whom she was very fond. As they opened the street door they were met by a swirling cloud of dust, blown up from the thoroughfare.

"Keep your lips tightly closed, Gwen, or you'll get your lungs full of microbes," warned the young lady.

Guinevere pondered a moment and then, looking up, demanded:

"What are your crobes?"—National Monthly.

A Liking for "Hamlet."

"Do you like Hamlet?" asked the hostess of her unlettered, if gushing, guest.

"Indeed I do," ws the reply. "I am excessively fond of it, but I always prefer a savory to a sweet one."

There was a momentary confusion, and then the hostess realized that the admiration of the guest was of a culinary, not literary, character.

"I gave her ham with an omelette for breakfast next morning," said the hostess, when telling the story.—Scraps.

When the Fish Exploded.

Somebody discovered that fish are fond of gasoline, and this led to the idea of soaking worms in gasoline in order to make them more alluring when used for bait.

Mark the result.

Two of those gasoline-tempted fish exploded in the frying pan, and broke the kitchen window, and blew the cook's face full of mashed potato, and hurled the teakettle into the flour barrel, and painted the kitchen ceiling with stewed tomatoes.

Call it a lying world and let it go at that.

"NO FRILLS"
Just Sensible Food Cured Him.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 40 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me.

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use but finally to humor her I tried a little, and they just struck my taste. It was the first food I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over, and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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