

THE BIG CRANIUM.

Guy VanAlster was not a bad fellow. All his faults might have been summed up in the single statement that he had an exaggerated estimate of his own worth. When he was a clerk in a dry goods store he was quite sure he knew more about the business than his employer ever would learn. The employer disputed this and stopped his pay. Then the youth turned his back on vulgar trade and went to school, although he did not expect to find any one who could teach him anything. The truth was that Guy VanAlster had made up his mind to be great, and the added education might help a little.

From school to a newspaper office was only a step, so VanAlster took it. There he met rude men with ideas of their own. They jarred on his nerves, but did not lessen one whit his determination to be great. All the time he was wondering in his own peculiar way why gentlemen never became managing and city editors.

Five years passed, and the nearest that VanAlster got to greatness was the police beat. Something was wrong, so he set about to discover it and apply the remedy. In his mental inventory of the great men who had gone before he came upon Greeley. He could not recall any of the accomplishments of that editor which he could not duplicate with ease and improve on, so he concluded that much must depend on method. Greeley could hardly decipher his own writing. Greeley wore whiskers of a peculiar cut. VanAlster thought he had struck the key. He was already great, but no one knew it.

At the office they were somewhat surprised when VanAlster grew a fierce looking mustache and goatee and wondered what was the matter with the young man's nerves. His writing had always been as plain as print. Now it was the writing of an old man. They did not know that VanAlster had staid up nights practicing how not to write legibly. They did not know, either, that he had almost persuaded himself to grow a beard of the Greeley cut, but at the last moment had weakened and compromised on the goatee. Finally VanAlster's writing became so imperfect that he could hardly read it himself. He practiced variations. He would write up hill and then down. He would dot his "e's" and cross his "i's" with exacting care. The printers concluded he must have been studying



Chinese. All the time his head was increasing in size, but the deflation was soon to come.

While not trying to secure recognition for his greatness, VanAlster had found time to fall in love. Stella Brown was really a lovely girl, and, beside, her father was rich. Her regard for VanAlster was somewhat paradoxical. She liked him, but didn't like his ways. Several times VanAlster had been on the point of a proposal, but an invisible hand would clap itself over his mouth. Way down in his heart was a feeling that Stella Brown might not accept.

One day he stealed himself to the ordeal. He tried to telephone that he would call that night, but something was the matter with the wires. He wrote a note explaining, and in writing it forgot that he was not at the office.

At the Brown house the maid looked surprised. Miss Stella, she said, was not expecting callers. Would he step in the parlor and wait? He would.

Half buried in a wealth of pillows, VanAlster pondered. The boy had told him the note had been delivered to Stella Brown in person. He could not understand. When Stella entered and extended her hand, looking more charming than he had ever seen her, the twinkle in her eye only increased his mystification.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said. "I wanted to thank you. You are thoughtful."

"But the boy —"
"Yes, I know," the girl went on. "He reached me all right, and I began practicing it right away. I wish I had known you were coming. Perhaps I could have learned to play it by now. What do you intend to name it?"
"I—I think there is some mistake," stammered VanAlster.

You composers are so modest," demurely said the girl. "It is the penalty of genius, perhaps. Will you let me try to play it for you?"

"Play what? VanAlster spoke bluntly. He felt that even monosyllables were too expressive to convey his ideas.

"Why, the music, of course," smiled the girl, as she led him to the piano and began to finger the keys. Before her was VanAlster's note, written at his worst. She played on—a series of discords that cut their way to VanAlster's heart. Each twang was a pang. When she had finished she half turned and looked roguishly up. Their faces were near together, so he spoke only in a whisper.

"Stella," he said, "since I have heard you play I have thought of a name for my march. It is the last I shall ever

write, and I'd like the title to be enduring. Shall we call it our wedding march?"

The answer was inaudible, but the next day when VanAlster appeared at the office, clean shaven, and wrote his copy in a clear, running hand that any one could read, he confided in a friend that he was soon to be married.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW CABLE FOR ICELAND.

Will Be Very Valuable in Assisting Meteorological Observations.

The projected telegraphic communication with Iceland is made the subject of a report to the state department by Victor E. Nelson, American consul at Bergen. The cable will be valuable in assisting meteorological observations, the various observatories thus being able to obtain daily telegrams concerning the state of weather in Iceland. It often happens that storms from the north sweep over Europe, without previous atmospheric indication of their approach. The main question at issue, says Mr. Nelson, is laying the cable. It will be 650 kilometers (403.89) miles in length, extending between Iceland and the Shetlands. The Northern Telegraph company of Copenhagen, Denmark, has offered to lay this cable under the following peculiar contract: The Icelanders shall pay the company a yearly subsidy of \$9,380 for twenty years; Denmark is also to pay a yearly subsidy of \$13,400, and the neighboring countries are requested to contribute an aggregate sum of \$91,450; thus, together, the interest included, an amount of \$1,407,000 is desired by the country. Undoubtedly the business would yield a fair profit, as the usual price of laying a submarine cable is not higher than \$1,200 a sea mile, and, according to this figure, the cost of laying the proposed line would not exceed \$850,000. Another telegraphic company has offered to lay the cable between Iceland and Orkney islands (a greater distance than the proposed line) for about \$850,000, thus showing that the amount asked for by the Danish company exceeds by more than 50 per cent the expenses involved in laying the cable.—San Francisco Chronicle.

AGRICULTURE ON THE YUKON.

Wheat, Vegetables and Small Fruits Will Grow There.

Vice Consul Morrison of Dawson City, sends to Washington a report on the results of agricultural experiments, written by a resident of that day, which reads in part, as follows: "Grain has done exceptionally well, being well filled, and I see no reason why it should not be extensively and successfully grown here. As far as my observations go, the climate here is as suitable for raising winter wheat as in any place in the northwestern or the northern states of America. From my experience of the last two years, I see no reason why this country should not be able to produce its own vegetables and grains. As for flowers, the success I have had proves that all hardy annuals will do well. The coming year I intend planting several hundred hybrid roses, also summer flowering bulbs, a large variety of other hardy and half-hardy annuals, and some of the hardy perennials. Small fruit, such as strawberries, currants, blackberries and raspberries should do well. Currants, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries and blueberries grow wild here."

Onions as a Nerve Tonic.

A German scientist says that people who habitually use onions are much less liable to nervous diseases than those who affect to despise them. They tone up systems that are run down and assist the digestion and assimilation of food. As an interesting item in this connection, the same scientist says that if a sprig of parsley is chopped fine, sprinkled with vinegar and eaten after onions, there will be no trace of this vegetable on the breath. This is well worth knowing, if true, and certainly it is not difficult to try the experiment. As a further item of interest in regard to onions, it is claimed that they are one of the best cleansers of the skin, and that onion eaters, all other things being equal, will have the finest of complexions. This being the case, the market value of onions and parsley ought to increase with great rapidity.

Athletics and Health.

There is a popular delusion that an athlete must necessarily be a healthy man, by reason of his athleticism, but as a matter of fact, muscular development is not an affair of the constitution; it is an accident, pure and simple. Strong limbs are frequently to be found associated with a weak heart, and many a strong man dies of consumption. If health may be defined as a capacity for hanging on to life, then in many cases the weakest are the healthiest. If such a definition is accurate, women are healthier than men, their average length of days being greater. It is doubtful, however, if centenarians, merely because they are centenarians, are absolutely the healthiest. It is as hard to say what life is as to say what health is, and the way in which unhealthy people are tenacious of life is not surprising.

He Knew.

Pastor—"I suppose you know where the bad little boys go?" Johnny (who has been told to stay in the house)—"Yes, I do. They go skatin' and sled-din', and have a jolly good time."—Philadelphia Press.

Under Social Pressure.

Judge—"What explanations have you to offer for stealing this dress suit?" Prisoner—"Your honor, I was invited to a ball."—Chicago Record.

WATERING THE LAND

HOW IRRIGATION IS PROGRESSING IN IDAHO.

Heterogeneous Arid Regions Being Rapidly Transformed Into Gardens—Farmers Societies in Many Instances Own the Irrigating Works.

(Boise, Idaho, Letter.)

Most of the people who farm in the rainfall regions suppose that the irrigation of land is a complicated process and that the art of doing it can only be acquired after years of experience, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is about the easiest and most simple work the western farmer has to do. In most cases the children attend to it under the direction of their parents, and any boy of 10 or 12 can do a man's work when it comes to irrigation.

The western farmer is wholly indifferent as to rainfall. He doesn't depend upon it in the least. The water that interests him is that which flows down into the valley from the melting snows in the mountain ranges. These waters he diverts into great canals which run along the rim of the valley about the irrigable lands and are tapped at stated intervals by what are called "laterals" or sub-ditches which flow from farm to farm and out of which the farmer takes the water for his fields. In some cases the waters of these mountain streams are acquired by the community of farmers along their course, each one holding as many shares of stock in the co-operative canal scheme as he owns acres of land, and being entitled to so many inches of water for every acre of his ownership. This is the usual plan. But when the construction of the main canal, owing to engineering difficulties, is too expensive a piece of business for the farmer to afford, irrigation companies undertake the work and build the canal into portions of the country where large areas of land are to be reclaimed. These irrigation companies are "common carriers" of water and furnish it for a nominal price per acre per annum to the farmer. Sometimes these irrigation companies own large tracts under their ditch which they sell in small farms with the water right, to settlers at a nominal price per acre. In other instances they do not own land at all, leaving that to be acquired by the settler under the various acts of congress.

Perhaps no portion of the Union is now making such active progress in irrigation development, or is receiving so large a quota of immigrants as southern Idaho. There are millions of unoccupied acres in that state which only await settlement to become as productive as the lands upon the Nile. Efforts are being put forth by the state authorities to bring the advantages of these lands to the notice of the eastern farmer, and the several railroads of the state are engaged in the work.

Perhaps the easiest and the best way to acquire information is from the General Passenger Agent of the Oregon Short Line at Salt Lake City, from whence conservatively prepared pamphlets descriptive of irrigation methods and containing reliable information about the various localities now open for settlement, are being mailed free.

The time is certainly not far distant when the unoccupied public domain of Idaho will be entirely taken up, a condition which will be most unfortunate to those who delay taking advantage of the rare opportunities now offered.

Saw a Frozen River Explode.

A farmer living near Banker, on the Nebraska side of the Missouri river, had a remarkably narrow escape from instant death as the result of an explosion—not of dynamite or nitroglycerine, but of ice in the Missouri river. Banker was driving across the river on an ice bridge. When about the center of the main channel he suddenly heard an ominous rumbling underneath the ice, and was not long in deciding that something unusual was about to happen. Lashing his horses into a wild run, he headed for the shore, which he had just reached in safety, when the explosion or "blow-up" occurred. It is said that large bodies of heavy ice in an area of about a square mile were thrown fully forty or fifty feet into the air by the force of the upheaval. The phenomenon is said to have been caused by the sudden and extreme change in the weather to colder, the ice forming so quickly and so solidly that no air-holes were left, the pressure of the imprisoned air finally becoming so great as to force its escape in the manner stated, by tossing hundreds of tons of ice into the air as though it were feathers.—Minneapolis Times.

No Name for His Colonel's Home.

The colonel of a well known Highland regiment, on retiring from the army, built for himself a snug villa which he named "The Retreat." His gardener, who was an old soldier from the same regiment, on being shown over the place for the first time by the colonel, was asked by the latter what he thought of the house.

"Fine! But I divva like that," said the old soldier, pointing to the name painted on the entrance gate.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" "Weel, sir," replied the veteran, drawing himself up, "ye ken ye never heard that played on oor bugles."—Answers.

Not Worth His Salt.

The above is an expression we often hear, but few people realize its antiquity or its original meaning. It is handed down to us from ancient Roman days, when the soldiers received a portion of salt as part of their pay. "Salt" is the Latin for salt, and when in the course of time the salt was commuted for money the amount was called "salarium," or salt money. Hence our word salary, and also the phrase, "not worth his salt."—Golden Penny.

GATHERING RUBBER.

HOW THE MILKY SAP IS COLLECTED.

Gives Employment to Industrious Colonies on the Para River—As Seen From the United States Steamer Wilmington.

By studying on a map of Brazil you can see that the Para river extends almost due west, south of the island of Marajo, to a network of narrow streams, known as the Passes, which connect the Para with the Amazon. These numerous channels are from 70 to 150 yards in width, and some of them are navigable for vessels of 18 to 20 feet draught. These passes are interesting enough to those traversing them in small craft, but to the officers and sailors of such steamers as the United States ship Wilmington they are trebly so. At night there is little to arrest the attention other than the weird, dark shapes of the banks, which ever seem close aboard. The land being low and flat, and the trees near the water's edge, it seems as if the ship has forsaken her natural element and is running overland on invisible wheels. When daylight comes in a sudden burst of light like the unheralded flash of the theater's illumination, there is revealed on each side of the narrow channel the forest's solid wall, exposing to view a panorama of overhanging vines, of creepers and foliage and branches brilliant with the multitudinous hues of tropical vegetation. There is a strange chattering of animal life and a whirl of winged insects. The discordant cries of myriad parrots echo from the trees. There is human life, too. Here and there embowered in the jungle can be seen little wooden huts, with thatched roofs and sides open to the cooling winds. These are the houses of the rubber gatherers, who labor day in and day out collecting the milky sap of the Hevea brasiliensis. This rubber gathering is interesting, and the Wilmington's crew watch curiously as the winding channel reveals little groups of natives at work along the edge of the stream. Those on board who have read the descriptions tell others of the manner in which the half-naked Indians labor, of how each family works what is called an "estrada," or street, a path through the forest, which embraces as many rubber trees as can be conveniently tended, of how these trees are slit with a machete and a cup fitted in the cut to catch the sap, and of the manner in which the owner makes his daily round and brings to his hut the collected juice. There is also interest in the description of its next stage, when the sap is dipped up by a stick and revolved over a smoky fire. The smoke causes each layer to coagulate on the stick, and when the desired amount is formed it is removed and made ready for shipment. These balls of crude rubber usually weigh in the neighborhood of twenty-five pounds, and are of a dark, lustrous hue. It was a novel experience, this visit of the Wilmington's crew to the home of the rubber gatherers, and the closest attention was paid to the ever-changing scenery as the white cruiser steamed slowly along through the Passes.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Heating Capabilities of Wood.

From time immemorial soft wood has been regarded as comparatively valueless for heating purposes. Hard wood has brought high prices and has been in much greater demand than soft, on account of this generally prevailing notion. Experiments with woods of various sorts have demonstrated that the linden, which is one of the softest of woods, gives the greatest amount of heat. The value of other woods in their order, as ascertained, is as follows: Fir with 0.99 heating power; next follow the elm and pine with 0.98; willow, chestnut and larch with 0.97; maple, spruce and fir with 0.96; black poplar with 0.95; alder and white birch with 0.94 only; then comes the hard oak with 0.92; the locust and the white beech with 0.91, and the red beech with 0.90. Hence hard wood heats the least." It is one of the remarkable facts of the day that so many theories that have been held for many years are fast giving way before the critical analysis of science.

Singing Spiders.

A naturalist who has given many years of study to some of the smaller forms of insect life has discovered that certain sorts of spiders are possessed of organs for which there seems to be no use save to create sound. They are mostly used when the little creatures are alarmed, although the opinion is held by some that this is their means of calling to their mates. The alarm idea, however, has some support in the case of the rattlesnake, which is provided with the means of making its presence known whenever an enemy approaches. Whether the possession of organs for creating sound is designed merely as a protection or warning is a point to which naturalists are giving careful and enthusiastic attention.

A Dig at the Hunters.

City Sportsman—Any game around here? Farmer—Yes; the woods are full of it. City Sportsman—I supposed it had been pretty well killed off by now. Farmer—Oh, no. No one ever hunts around here but you city fellows.—Chicago News.

An Inherited Opinion.

Mrs. Gay—Well, suppose I was a coquette! There's no great harm in a girl flirting a little before she's married. The Colonel—Do you teach your daughter that? Mrs. Gay—Why, no; it isn't necessary!—Puck.

DRAMATIC SCENE

At a Hanging Owing to a Mistake About a Reprieve.

"The dramatic interruption of the Wright hanging over in Gretna," said a New Orleans lawyer, "reminds me of a strange and tragic episode which occurred years ago at a little river town in Kentucky, where I first began the practice of law. I'll tell you the facts in a few words. A worthless white man named Jim Early had murdered an old farmer under very atrocious circumstances, and was convicted and sentenced to death. As is often the case with such men, Early had a most excellent and devoted wife, and she moved heaven and earth to save his neck, but without success. She did everything humanly possible, and the day before the hanging, when she finally realized that her efforts were in vain, she made a formal application to the court to be allowed to have her husband's remains, which would otherwise have been turned over to a medical college. The next morning the judge, in glancing over his papers, happened to remember that he hadn't written the official order for Early's body, and, doing so in some haste, gave it to a clerk to deliver. The clerk in turn handed it over to an old deputy, saying, 'Here, take this over to the sheriff right away. The judge has granted that order for Mrs. Early.' The old man, who was half-blind and deaf, totally misinterpreted the remark, and, supposing the paper to be a reprieve, started bareheaded on a run for the jail. He arrived just as the poor woman was bidding her husband good-by in front of his cell, and thrusting the paper into her hand he bawled out: 'Stop! Stop everything! Here's a reprieve!' For a moment everybody stood petrified. Then one of the officers began to unbind the prisoner, and Mrs. Early, sobbing and weeping and calling out that God had answered her prayers, flung herself into his arms. The paper had fallen to the floor, and the sheriff picked it up mechanically. He told me afterward that he felt as if he had received a bullet through his heart when he read the contents. Instead of a reprieve it was an order for the man's dead body! I was present, yet I can hardly tell what followed. I only know there was a scene of terrible confusion; that they dragged the woman away by main force, and proceeded with the execution as quickly as they could. The terrible double shock left him so stunned that I doubt if he knew what was happening when he went through the trap."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NEW SYSTEM OF BREAD-MAKING

French Process Supposed to Be Filled with Nutriments.

Bread-making is so important a fact of economy and existence that it even interests the officials of the United States government. The United States consul at Roubaix, France, recently sent to the state department a very accurate description of the Schweitzer system of bread-making, which is now being operated at a suburb of Paris, and which is to be established in all the cities of France by a society organized for that purpose. It is claimed for the Schweitzer bread that it contains more nutritive nitrogenous properties than bakers' bread and double the phosphates to be found in the latter. The system consists of converting the wheat into bread within a short time after it enters the mill to be ground into flour. At the Schweitzer establishment the wheat is first treated to a cleaning process, being brushed and washed. Then each grain is split in two, after which the wheat goes to the grinders, which crush it in such a way as to retain in the flour all of the gluten and other nutritive properties, the bran alone being expelled. The freshly ground flour is mixed with yeast, salt and filtered water and carried at once by machinery to the kneaders, which are operated by steam. It is possible to knead 4,409 pounds of dough per hour. When the dough comes from the kneaders it is carried automatically to a room, where it is cut into loaves of all sizes and shapes. The bread is then baked in gas ovens of a peculiar device. By this system of bread-making it is said to be possible to get 100 pounds of wholesome bread from 100 pounds of grain. This bread is sold at the rate of less than 5 cents for a loaf weighing over two pounds, which is nearly 2 cents a loaf less than the usual price for bread. Ten big two-horse wagon loads of bread are sent out from the establishment twice a day and the trade is growing.

Oom Paul as a Solomon.

Here is another of the innumerable stories of President Kruger. A question about a division of some property as to which two brothers had a dispute, was referred to him, and it was agreed that his judgment should be accepted. After hearing both sides, said he to the elder one: "I decide that you, the senior, should have the dividing of this property; but," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I also decide that your brother shall have his choice of the two portions!"—Collier's Weekly.

Making a Billiard Ball.

It requires skilled labor to turn out a billiard ball. One-half of it is first turned, an instrument of the finest steel being used for the work. Then the half-turned ball is hung up in a net and is allowed to remain there for nearly a year to dry. Next the second half is turned, and then comes the polishing. Whiting and water and a good deal of rubbing are requisite for this. It is necessary in the end that the ball shall, to the very fraction of a grain, be of a certain weight.

The Real Article.
Smith (excitedly)—Say, old man, I got the cutest baby in town. What do you suppose he called his nursing bottle this morning?
Jones (sarcastically)—Goo-goo?
Smith—No; rubberneck.—Puck.

Our Nation's Wealth.
The material wealth and strength of our nation is in iron, the most useful of all metals, just as the wealth of a human being lies in a useful stomach. If you have overworked yours, try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will relieve the clogged bowels, improve the appetite and cure constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Marital Economy.
"The fact was finally borne in on Brabson that stalls for two, with supper afterward, was not the way to save money."

"And so he married?"
"Exactly. He didn't see the fun of paying for two when they could be made one."—Judge.

Spring Medicine

There's no season when good medicine is so much needed as in Spring, and there's no medicine which does so much good in Spring as Hood's Sarsaparilla. In fact, Spring Medicine is another name for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not delay taking it. Don't put it off till your health tone gets too low to be lifted.

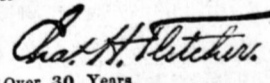
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will give you a good appetite, purify and enrich your blood, overcome that tired feeling, give you mental and digestive strength and steady nerves. Be sure to ask for HOOD'S, and be sure that you get HOOD'S, the best medicine money can buy. Get a bottle TODAY. All druggists. Price \$1.

How to Catch Cold.
The various ways in which a cold may be brought on are thus described by Dr. J. H. Kellogg: "A little knife-blade of air blowing in through a crack in a window upon some part of the body will chill that part and the blood vessels of that region will become contracted, affecting somewhere in the interior of the body, an area in reflex relation with this portion of the surface of the body. For instance, the blood vessels of the skin of the top of the shoulders and the chest are associated with the blood vessels of the lungs, so that whatever happens to the blood vessels of the skin of the shoulders and chest happens also to the blood vessels of the lungs. If there is a contraction of the blood vessels of the back of the neck there will be a contraction of the blood vessels of the nose and throat, and if there is a contraction of the blood vessels of the top of the shoulders and the shoulder blades there will also be a contraction of the blood vessels of the lungs. When the influence of the cold is continued this contraction is followed by congestion.—Good Health.

Literary Men in Paris.
Oliver Goldsmith is great in the hands of Stuart Robson and his excellent company. James Young does very well with Lord Byron. And all this is suggestive. Who knows but that after awhile our leading American authors will be staged in this same fashion? A hundred years hence we may—at least our literary executors may—see such announcements as "The distinguished tragedian, Mr. Blank Blank, in the celebrated romantic drama of 'Edwin Markham, or The Man With the Hoe,' to be followed by the delightful humorous skit, entitled 'Charles Dudley Warner.' Also next Wednesday the thrilling tragedy of 'Mark Twain,' with 'James Whitcomb Riley' at the matinee."—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of  J. C. Ayer
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Proud of Her Name.
It was at the First Presbyterian church Sunday school, and the teacher was endeavoring to impress her class with the idea of the Lord's omniscience.

"Why, just think," she said, "He knows the name of every one of you."
Little Hazel Kirschenchlagler leaned forward in her chair, with an expression of incredulity on her face.

"Well," she said, after a moment, perhaps He does know my name, but I'll bet He doesn't know how to spell it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Commonly speaking, Boston has an uncommonly nice park.

Sometimes a coquette neglects saying yes until it proves to be of no use.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm, buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.