

Proverbs and Phrases.

Rage furnishes no weapon. In prosperity no altars smoke. He that hath a trade hath an estate.—Franklin. A good man's pedigree is little hunted up.—Spanish. He who helps the wicked repents it before long.—Phaedrus. Midsummer reports indicate that the Chautauqua crop is also above normal. So. 34-'09.

Where Horror Reigns.

Berlin, By Cable.—The story of an isolated arctic district in Siberia, where a few political exiles are detained, was told by Harry de Windt in a lecture at the Travel Exhibition at Olympia. The place is Sredni Kolymsk, and its existence is probably known in Russia only to the Russian secret police, who have sole charge of it.

"At Sredni Kolymsk," said Mr. de Windt, "I witnessed such scenes of indescribable horror and misery that I cannot even now recall them without a shudder. I doubt whether the existence of such a place is known to the Czar."

When Mr. de Windt visited the place he and his companions were the only white people not exiles who had ever been there, with the exception of a couple of shipwrecked sailors. At Sredni Kolymsk there have been ten suicides in seven years, although no more than a score of political prisoners are there at a time. It is situated well within the arctic region, at the extreme end of Siberia, 9,000 miles from St. Petersburg. It takes the exiles three years to make the journey, and owing to the swamps surrounding it the place can only be approached in winter.

The last part of the journey is done by the exiles in reindeer sleighs, with shelter huts every 200 miles. The nearest settlement to this forlorn prison is 470 miles and the nearest town is thousands of miles away.

Cause of Leprosy.

A new tubercular theory as to leprosy was suggested some time ago by Dr. Chas. E. Macdonald, of the army, who noticed in the Philippines the same facts as to fish diet which have long been held by Hutchinson as the cause. The present idea is not that the diet itself is at fault, but that there is an infection from tubercular fish—rather startling to be sure, but not at all improbable.

The matter is of timely interest in view of the difference of opinion as to the transmission of bovine tuberculosis. The vast difference between bird tuberculosis and the human variety has long been known, and it raises the suspicion that there may be very many kinds of tubercle bacilli, some of which produce in man other conditions than tuberculosis as we now consider it.

How Consumptive Cured Himself.

"While in a small Arizona town recently," said Henry S. Friel, of St. Louis, at the Talane, "I met with a man who had lived for one year on the plains without clothing or shelter. He tried the experiment of living the life of a savage in the effort to rid himself of the dread disease of consumption. The experiment was a tough one, but successful. To-day he is sound and well. He lived in the open. Herbs, game and fruits furnished him nourishment. He slept right out on the ground and now weighs 170 pounds. When he first went out to Arizona from an eastern city he weighed less than 120 pounds."—Nashville Tennessean.

The new York lawyer whose life was saved by a fountain pen probably feels that the pen is also mightier than the bullet. So. 34-'09.

Poor maids have more lovers than husbands.—John Webster.

BAD DREAMS Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night, for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare.

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions. "I was astonished at the flavour and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wean every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug—ordinary coffee.

"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of it would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned.

"A young lady friend of ours had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit coffee and began the use of Postum, and is now perfectly well. Yours for health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They

KINGDOM OF KILLING RULED BY ARMOUR

NINE MILLION CARCASSES A YEAR.

Mostly Animals Meet Death Stupidly and Without Resistance—What Becomes of Their Lives?

The soldiers of the modern king are standing armies of workmen, not armies of fighting idlers. Rockefeller's millions and Armour's millions are millions invested and reinvested in labor, in building, in adding to the actual visible wealth of this country. That wealth belongs to the country and to the people of the country. It is subject to this disposition by taxation or otherwise. It is fortunate for the people that these kings, unlike the old kings, do not waste human labor with courts, retinues of servants and organized dissipation, do not waste human life in wars, but use their energies simply along the lines of organizing industry and increasing tangible wealth. It might be worse with a people as supine as our own.

It is a fact, of course, that Armour does not really own this great world-wide butcher business. The stockyards own him. He was born with the big load upon his back. He tells you quite simply: "I inherited this business; I did not create it. I have tried to do as well as I could with it. It just happened that I had a smart father and a rich father."

In so vast an industry, bigger than all the men that manage it, suggestions seem rather foolish coming from outside. But there are some things, it would seem, that Armour and the other big packers could do easily, at once, and without unreasonable sacrifice. They might make the prices of beef to consumers uniform and reasonable.

No women or children should, under any conditions, be permitted to witness the killing of the animals. It is a dreadful thing to see long lines of little boys and women and little girls walking through the slaughter houses, watching the sticking of pigs, the stunning of steers, and all the horror of blood. The effect is brutalizing on the children, and for the mother of an unborn child to witness so horrible a spectacle is a shameful crime.

Some legislators in Illinois should start the movement to prevent this. The packers themselves would do it, but they say: "If we close up our slaughter houses, or keep any part of the public out, we shall be accused of having things to hide."

It is a great kingdom of death over which Armour rules. There are huge buildings for killing, surrounded with pens in which the sheep, hogs and cattle are confined, waiting for the fatal hour. In one place hogs in thousands are driven into pens. Below, hidden under a platform, there is a cracking of whips mingled with squealing and grunting. You look down and see a man, black from head to foot with mud, rushing about among the half-crazed swine. He has a huge black-snake whip in his hand, with which he drives them to the narrow entrance that leads to their death. In the last pen there is a great revolving wheel. Each hog is seized and hooked by one hind leg. The turning wheel lifts him in the air; he is passed on to a wheel that slides along a rail, and then comes one knife thrust and death.

The killing of the sheep, fortunately, is hidden; it is too pathetic for the sight even of modern civilization. The killing of the cattle is less noisy and shocking than that of the swine. The big, heavy, fattened steers walk slowly into pens. Heavy hammers stun them, and as a rule, they bleed to death without regaining consciousness.

The Blood Could Be Heard.

But there is certainly room for improvement in the killing. And if the improvement can be made it should be made—if necessary, under compulsion. Out of every ten steers slaughtered one or more invariably require more than one blow for the killing. This means suffering, and it is unnecessary. The spending of a very little extra money, two or three cents a carcass perhaps, and probably less, would pay for the fitting on each head of an apparatus that would make the death blow absolutely certain.

Study of the animals as they go to their death would disturb the calm belief of the individual who thinks that an animal has no soul, no real life, no thought. It is true that a great majority of the animals die stupidly and without resistance. Among the swine, whose shrill squealings answer the cracking whip and the upward turn of the fatal wheel, there appears to be, fortunately, little or no conception of what death and danger mean. It is not always so. One day the harmony of the "killing bed" was vastly disturbed by one small, black pig. Huge creatures, double the black pig's size, were walking through the door, resisting only feebly as the chains were put around their hind legs and they were jerked up to death. This little black pig had other ideas, another character. No hero in human life ever fought more desperately for his life than did that small creature. As soon as he entered the fatal pen he dashed at the man in charge, flew at his legs, drove him out of the pen, finally climbed up over the backs of the other swine, jumped out of the pen himself, and dashed at the man with the long knife who was "sticking" the pigs as

downward. Half a dozen men combined succeeded in killing this rebellious, anarchistic disturber of the packing house peace, and they killed him in not at all a scientific manner. If a human being had made so plucky a fight for his life against such odds he would be talked of with admiration.

The stockyard butchers, men that should know, are firmly convinced that the different animals that come up to them for killing are as different in character as human beings are. Fortunately, however, they are all agreed that not one animal in ten thousand has any idea of his coming fate. Death is a surprise to them all, and therefore practically painless.

Amid all this lowing, squealing and struggling there arises constantly the thought: What becomes of the life in those animals? What becomes of that consciousness which has animated them, protected them and directed them? In what way is it different from the consciousness within the two-legged animal that stands there covered with blood from head to foot, stabbing relentlessly each living creature as it comes before him?

We know what becomes of the animals' bodies. The tenderloin goes to the rich man's house, the shinbone to the poor man, the head to the immigrant from certain foreign lands; the tongue, prepared with spices, is sent often far away to India. The hide is made into boots, chauffeurs' coats, harness. The bones are cut up into buttons that fasten the workmen's shirts, or are changed into the foolish little things upon which babies chew when their teeth are coming. A part of the body makes pepsin for those that lack digestion, and the indigestible parts go to those that later on need the pepsin.

In all directions the bodies are scattered, but what becomes of the nine millions of lives, the nine millions of separate consciousnesses that Armour scatters into space every year, as he feeds the millions of thinking, meat-eating animals?—Arthur Brisbane, in The Cosmopolitan.

WORK OF TEREDOES.

Rapidity With Which They Demolish Wooden Piers and Caissons.

That the teredoes in the vicinity of Fort Mason are the hungriest and busiest and equipped with the most effective augers of any of their kind to be found in the bay has been demonstrated by the contracting concern that is building the new army transport wharves at Blackpoint. The company has paid a fancy price for its knowledge, and incidentally and at its own expense has demonstrated the wisdom of the all concrete construction advocated by the present Board of Harbor Commissioners.

The new army wharves are to rest on concrete piers and the plans call for the construction of a concrete breakwater to provide shelter for the troop ships that may be tied up at the wharves. In the construction of this breakwater great wooden caissons were built and sunk, to be pumped out later and filled with concrete.

A temporary wharf was built of green piles and on this were erected the concrete mixing machinery and other gear essential to carrying on the work. A few weeks ago this wharf tumbled down and an investigation showed that the teredoes had eaten the green piles as easily as if they had been young onions. The wharf is now being rebuilt with creosoted piles.

In anticipation of the early restoration of the temporary pier an examination was made yesterday of the wood yesterday of the wooden caissons, and to the contractor's grief it was discovered that they had been practically consumed by the teredoes. The chewed up caissons will have to be replaced and then it will be a race between the concrete mixers and the teredoes, with the betting on the worms, if in the meantime they should eat through the creosoted piles that support temporary wharf No. 2 and cause another delay in filling the molds with concrete.—San Francisco Call.

Mystery in Salad Dressing.

In Washington the recent death of George W. Harvey, known since Lincoln's day for the rare food of his famous "oyster house," has recalled the following anecdote: "On one occasion Mr. Harvey visited New York and his praises were sung by some of the prominent men who were his friends. A dispute ensued as to the merits of certain dishes, and a contest was arranged between Mr. Harvey and several famous New York chefs. The competition centred upon the mixing of a salad dressing. The jolly, fat judges watched the preparation carefully and observed that Mr. Harvey as a finishing touch took from his pocket a tiny vial, carefully uncorked it, poured a few drops into the dressing and set it before the arbiters. They tasted each dressing in turn, smacked their lips and puckered their brows. Then they declared that all the dressings were very fine, the most delectable that they had ever put to palate, but that about Mr. Harvey's dressing there was 'an—ah—Indefinable something' which caused them to award it the prize.

"George, what was it you put in that dressing?" asked one of Mr. Harvey's friends later.

"Only water," he replied. "I knew a little mystery would catch 'em."—Chicago Post.

It is said that in the last five years the membership in temperance societies in Germany has more than

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR AUGUST 22.

Subject: Paul's Third Missionary Journey—The Riot in Ephesus, Acts 19:23 and 20:1—Golden Text: 2 Cor. 12:9.

TIME.—A. D. 58.

PLACE.—Ephesus.

EXPOSITION.—I. A Riot in Ephesus, 23-30. Paul had wonderful success in Ephesus (vs. 10-12; 18-20). He must also have testing before he leaves. It might seem to Paul to leave in the full blaze of his success; but God looks at these things quite differently from what we do. The Gospel Way is sure to create a stir sooner or later. Men do not realize all its bearings and all its demands at once, so they receive it quite calmly. But Demetrius will wake up to the fact that it touches his business. The Gospel faithfully and fully preached will stir up any community, at home or abroad. It is not necessarily a bad sign at all when things begin to boil in city, village or church. It may simply indicate that the fire is getting hot. The stir came because the new religion affected business (v. 25). Reforms and revivals are all right if they do not hurt anybody's business. If they do, why, of course, "business is business," and the reform and the revival must go. "The love of money"—what a prolific mother of evils it is (comp. 1 Tim. 6:9, 10, R. V.). The Sunday newspaper may be a great curse, but then the Christian merchant must advertise in it; for you see, "by this business we have our wealth." There are many applications. Let us see if we cannot find one that will hit ourselves. Demetrius uttered a very striking and truthful, though entirely unintentional, commendation of Paul (v. 26). Would that we had more Pauls who will persuade people and turn them away from the worship of false gods "to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven" (1 Thess. 1:9, 10). The first and chief danger was injury to business; but there was another; poor Diana was imperiled (v. 27). It is doubtful if Demetrius really cared much for her; but he knew that an appeal to religious prejudices would carry many with him whose co-operation he greatly desired. There are many to-day who become very enthusiastic religionists if they can coin money out of it or get into an office. His statement that all Asia and the world worshiped Diana was hardly consistent with his professed apprehension concerning her; nor was it exactly true. Some were enraged because they saw their business going to pieces; some because they saw their religion going to pieces. And then there was a concert of action to re-establish business and religion at the same time. In union they opened their mouths and yelled: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" This way of proving a point has not gone out of use, even in our day. The crowd who can yell the loudest are quite sure they have proved their point and carried the day. But somehow or other Diana of the Ephesians lost her hold on men from that day on, though they screamed for two straight hours. Points proven in that way do not stay proven. There was a rare combination of fearless courage and humble common sense in Paul. The mad mob awakened the manly fire in Paul's soul. He wished to go into the midst of the riot and proclaim Jesus. But he yielded to the entreaties of the disciples and the persuasions of his friends who were in place of power. Paul will have the opportunity of facing a maddened mob further on; the time has not yet come. Mobs are always irrational and mob law always insane. There was a babel of voices, one crying one thing and another another. There was utter confusion and the majority knew not why they were come together. The original cry (v. 28) is taken up again, and with one voice they shout it for two hours. What a strange sight, a great concourse shouting steadily for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" If shouting could prove anything, surely this proposition was proven. But shouting, no matter how loud, how long or how unanimous, proves nothing. The probability is they did not altogether believe it themselves in their inmost souls, and were trying to convince themselves of it by yelling the louder.

II. The Mob Quieted by the Town-clerk, 31-40. The town-clerk was a sensible fellow. He told them that there was no use in yelling so loud to prove what everybody believed. He also put in a protest against mob law. He told them there was a legal way of having difficulties settled and crimes punished, and that they were in danger of getting into trouble themselves by raising a riot. Men who incite a riot or set in motion mob law ought always to get in trouble themselves. The advice given the excited citizens of Ephesus is good advice for us all—"be quiet," do nothing rash." Paul and his companions had respected the rights even of idolators. He seems to have used his strength rather in preaching truth than in attacking error (v. 37).

Always a Pilot. We are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer and dare not hold a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way, though we do not. The ship of heaven guides itself, and will not accept a wooden rudder.—Emerson.

TO EXTRACT A SPLINTER. When a splinter has been driven deep into the hand it can be extracted without pain by steam. Nearly fill a wide-mouthed bottle with hot water, place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle and press tightly. The suction will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extricate the splinter and the inflammation will disappear.—Boston Post.



Poultry Notes.

Protect your poultry from spring rains.

Sour table scraps are not good for poultry.

Whole corn is good for laying hens during cold weather.

Hens do better if kept in separate lots of twenty-five each.

Give the laying hens fresh water slightly warmed three times a day during cold weather.

Large breeds should never be kept in the same flock with small breeds.

Table scraps should be cooked and given to the laying hens.

When hens acquire the feather-pulling habit they should be sent to market at once.

Feed the laying hens at daybreak and sundown, and keep them working the entire time between.

Roosts for poultry should be placed on a level, so that there can be no preferred positions.

Lice always attack poultry more when they are in an unthrifty condition than when they are well fed and properly cared for.

If hens are confined to the poultry house on cold days, see to it that they do not have to stand on the bare floor. Use straw, cornstalks, corn husks or other dry material for a floor covering. Hens with cold feet will not lay very many eggs.

Although turkeys will eat snow they should not be permitted to do so, but should be given plenty of fresh, clean water.

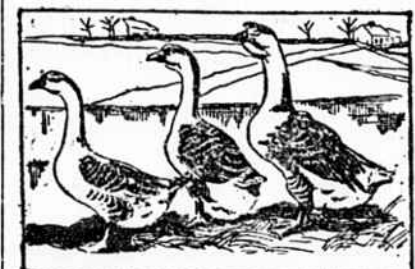
When raising turkeys for market medium sized ones will be found better than extra large ones.

Save a few of the old turkey hens, as the two-year-old is a better breeder than the young hen.

Turkeys should not be housed with chickens, as they require different conditions.

A Trio of African Geese.

African geese are popular with many who keep geese for the market. They are large enough and are good layers. They are hardy and will thrive where other breeds will die. In a way they resemble the Toulouse goose, their distinguishing feature being a kind of horn just over the upper part of the beak. They are, as



a rule, more sprightly than the Toulouse, and are considered better layers.

All gray colored geese are considered favorites for the table, and this, in a measure, is why the African geese are preferred to the white or dark colored breeds. They are being bred more generally each season, which in itself proves that they have merit.

Alfalfa Meal For Poultry.

We find that, as a rule, our hens fed on alfalfa meal lay very fertile eggs, which produce strong, vigorous and healthy chicks. We also find that they will moult quicker in the fall and commence to lay earlier in the season. For laying hens we put several quarts of alfalfa meal into a closed vessel, then pour boiling water over the meal until it is thoroughly moistened; place a cover over the vessel and let the mixture steep for a while.

Just before the feeding dash a little cold water over the feed. This brings out the green color, and the whole presents a very pleasing appearance and is as near grass as any feed can be. Some prefer to mix the meal with table scraps or grain, both of which add palatability and variety to the mash. Bone meal and meat scraps make excellent additions to alfalfa or clover meal, both of which are concentrated feeds and great egg producers.—A. L. C., Iowa Agricultural College.

Keeping Egg Record.

For keeping account of eggs received I hang a calendar with a white background near the door of my poultry house, so that on returning from a visit to the hens the number of eggs may be marked each day with the pencil attached. In this manner a daily, weekly and monthly account is kept, and I know what the average is per hen for any length of time. From this it is easy to calculate how hens pay. It takes only a few seconds a day for the record.

Skim-Milk For Plumage.

Nothing will give a better gloss to the plumage of exhibition birds than sweet skim-milk. When milk is plentiful it should be used to mix the mash instead of water.

For the evening meal, a good feed of whole grain; more corn in winter than in summer. The corn may be given them on the cob, as they are less apt to eat more than they really need if fed thus.

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Cooked Corned Beef

There's a marked distinction between Libby's Cooked Corned Beef and even the best that's sold in bulk.

Evenly and mildly cured and scientifically cooked in Libby's Great White Kitchen, all the natural flavor of the fresh, prime beef is retained. It is pure wholesome, delicious and ready to serve at meal time. Saves work and worry in summer.

Other Libby "Healthful" Meal-Time-Hints, all ready to serve, are:

Poorless Dried Beef Vienna Sausage

Veal Leaf Evaporated Milk Caked Beans

Ohov Chow Mixed Pickles

"Purity goes hand in hand with Products of the Libby brand".

Write for free Booklet,—"How to make Good Things to Eat".



Insist on Libby's at your grocers.

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

The Ideal PALATAL Cream Oil

CHILDREN LIKE THE SPOON. Relieves Flatulency, Colic, Griping, Acid Digestion. 25c. ALL DRUGGISTS.

Waterworks in a Desert.

There is a large quantity of water in the great desert of Chile, but more that either human beings or stock can drink. Science, however, has come to the aid of this rainless section of the country in the form of an ingenious desert waterworks, consisting of a series of frames containing 20,000 square feet of glass. The panes of glass are arranged in the shape of a V and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun evaporates the water, which condenses upon the sloping glass, and, made pure by this operation, it runs down into little channels at the bottom of the V and is carried away into the main canal. Nearly 1,000 gallons of fresh water is collected daily by this means.—From the Mexican Herald.

Does It Pay?

If you don't just like everything you see in your paper, go around the streets and howl. The editor is never supposed to make a mistake and of course could not do so. Other people can but not the editor. If you can't see a good point, don't fail to see a bad one. If a thousand pleasant things are said of people, hunt for something unpleasant. If you don't find it, howl some more; if you do, howl anyway. Never mind your own business; watch for something to find fault with in some other man's business; this will make you great.—Ex.

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment."

"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—Youth's Companion.

Jack Binns, who has gained lasting fame for his D. C. messages that brought relief to the Florida is suing to stop moving picture concerns from belittling his fame in putting the presentation on the canvass. He asks \$25,000 damage from the viagraph company.

DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope For Despairing Old

Kidney trouble makes weak, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, languor, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Ailing kidneys are the cause. Cure them. Mrs. E. G. Corbin, 84 N. Depot St., Dalton, Ga., says: "My body was racked with kidney aches and pains, and sometimes my arms were numb. I was dull and miserable all the time and hoped for death to relieve me. Doan's Kidney Pills soon brought improvement, and finally made me a well woman."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.