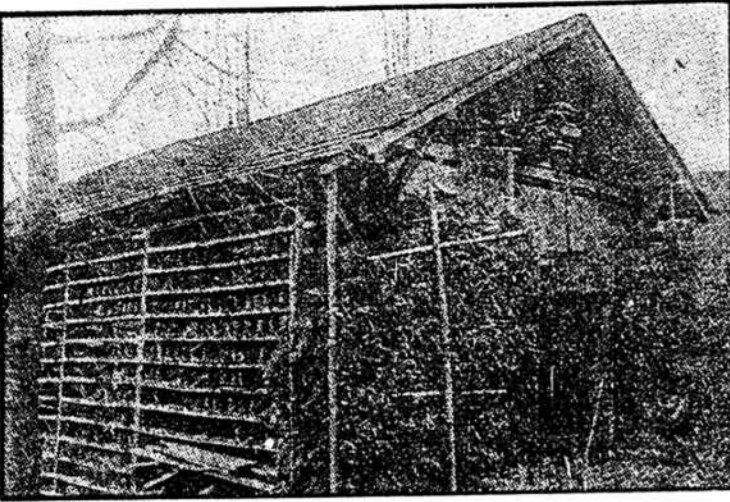


An Example of Swiss Economy.



We in this country talk occasionally about economizing. We draw a long face and tell our neighbors how careful we are, doing nothing this or that. Our horses are fed on cornfodder with a few ears of corn, the barn has gone unpainted, the old fence has had to be propped up for another year, and so on through a long list of short-sighted economies.

Last summer the writer was talking to Colonel Fox, of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, about his trip to Europe, and of the sights that impressed him the most. He said that for the first time in his life he had seen real far-sighted economy. While traveling in Switzerland he had noticed the strange-looking sheds shown in the photograph, and on further inquiry found that the peasants saved all the manure for fuel, drying it in little moulds shaped like flower pots, on shelves under the eaves of the building. At one end all the twigs and stripping from the trees that were cut for lumber, were stacked, while in the centre of the building was piled the lumber itself; not a thing was wasted. The result of such thrifty economy is that those people make a living from land we should consider only fit for goats to browse on. Of course there is no need for us to practice such rigid economy, but that we could save a vast deal for ourselves and our children by husbanding our natural resources and keeping everything up in thorough repair there can be no doubt.—A Farmer, in The Country Gentleman.

The Latest in Chairs.

The newest ease producer is a chair which tilts backward or forward as much or little as desired without getting up to adjust the parts. There is no rod, but instead a series of stops controlled by a push button. You simply touch the button and the



weight of the body carries the back to any angle wanted. Sit up straight and touch the button again, and the chair straightens up at the same instant.—Washington Star.

Fast Telegraphing.

The Democratic convention at Denver saw other records broken besides that for a political demonstration. One record that was smashed was for long-distance telegraphing. The man who broke this record was George W. Conkling, the Sun's chief operator.

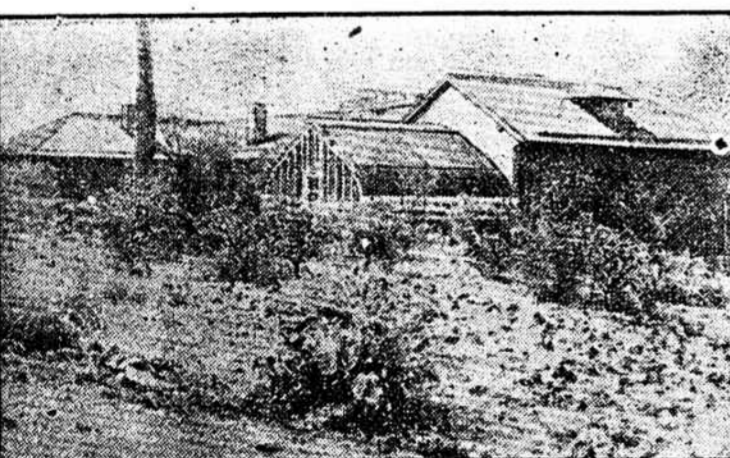
Working over a wire that stretched more than half way across the continent, about 2500 miles, Mr. Conkling attained the high speed of 3136.20 words an hour, or 52.27 words to the minute, a record which has never before been equaled anywhere. Furthermore, Mr. Conkling, in just twenty-eight working hours, sent over this wire to the Sun, by the Morse system, and using the Phillips code, a total of 73,000 words, an average of 2607.14 an hour, or 43.45 words a minute. Much of this matter was sent from a seat in front of the speaker's stand in the convention hall, while pandemonium was being raised.—New York Sun.

The Broad Smile.

"Pardon me," the photographer said, "but I think your smile is unnecessarily broad. It will show all your teeth."

"Those teeth cost me \$100," growled the sitter. "I want 'em to show."—Richmond Times.

DESERT BOTANICAL LABORATORY IN ARIZONA.

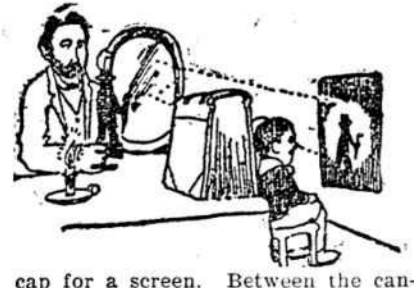


THE ONLY INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

New Chinese Shadows.

The following is a very simple method of producing on the wall a series of new Chinese shadows, the operator, as well as the little folk delineated, remaining behind the lookers-on, which is sometimes an advantage.

Place a candle on a table, and on the wall opposite affix a sheet of fool-



cap for a screen. Between the candle and the screen intercept some opaque body, such as a cardboard calendar or a large volume. Now, how are you going to project your shadows on the screen when it is already dark? Very simply, by means of a mirror fixed at the edge of a table.

The Decline of Immigration.

There is probably no good reason for regretting the marked decline in immigration which is reported for the last fiscal year. We are told that in 1907-1908 not half as many immigrants arrived at this port as in 1906-1907, while more went abroad than came hither. It is not to be supposed that such conditions will long continue, and that emigration will permanently exceed immigration. There is a pretty general agreement that last year's conditions were due to the financial disturbances and business depression which prevailed here for a time, and perhaps to the fear that they would grow worse until the country was struggling with a genuine and protracted period of "hard times," and there is a reasonable expectation that with the restoration of the full tide of business prosperity here the tide of immigration will again rise toward the flood.—New York World.

Of One Purpose.

The stranger advanced toward the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway, with a rough stick in her left hand and a frown on her brow.

"Good morning," said the stranger politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole."

"So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to the other hand. "Everybody's."

Polite Attention.



"Please, mum, there's a gentleman down stairs."

"Very well, Jane. Show him up to the drawing room."

"But he's come to sweep the chimney, mum."

"Very well, then, show him up the chimney."

The average life of a ship is about twenty-six years.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. MERLE A. BREED.

Theme: Realizing the Pattern.

Lincoln, Neb.—The Rev. Merle A. Breed, who recently ended upon the fifth year of his pastorate of the Congregational Church at Monticello, Iowa, occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of this city Sunday morning. He spoke from Hebrews 8:5: "See, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern that was shewed thee in the mount," taking the subject, "The Pattern in the Mount, the Building on the Plain." Mr. Breed said in the course of his sermon:

Our text, which is a quotation from Exodus 25:40, sets before us a picture as interesting as it is suggestive. The hosts of Israel have been waiting long before Mount Sinai. Their leader, Moses, is hidden in the cloud-steps, far-rising summit of communion with Jehovah. While the people are waiting in the plain, he has gone forth to the mountain's towering peak to be with God, to hear His will for them and for himself, and to bring down a divine pattern of a tabernacle for God's worship and the uplifting of men's hearts and lives to heavenly things. The people in general had no vision of the pattern. Moses was hidden in the clouds and darkness of the mount, they were occupied with dancing and feasting, with eating and drinking, and making golden calves to worship, Moses is beholding the pattern of that tabernacle about which the religious life of the nation was to arise, and which was to stamp its impress upon the world. Moses is filling his soul with the vision which he is to endeavor to realize among the rude, ignorant, superstitious, half-wild Israelites in the plain beneath him. To one man came the vision of heavenly things. The rest were to receive it through him. His life work was to be that of bringing this within their reach and making it real to them.

The vision spread came to him on the heights. The details, measurements, gathering of materials, labor of construction, were all to be wrought out on the levels of common life upon the plain. We may easily imagine that the children of Israel and the roving tribes about them greatly admired the completed tabernacle, with its curtains of blue, purple and scarlet, with its gold and silver, its stucco and cherubim, its pillars and table, its canopies and courts, its holy place and holy of holies, its laver, mercy-seat and mysterious separating veil. But there was one who had seen something better, who knew that, beautiful and costly as it was, the tent of meeting had dimly foreshadowed forth the glory of that pattern shown him in the mount. The people saw only the tabernacle in the plain, but the eyes of Moses looked beyond and through that and saw the pattern he had beheld in the mount with God. And that is our thought together this morning, the pattern in the mount, the building in the plain, for life still has its Sinait, where we behold ideals, and it has its plain, where these are to be realized. Surely he is a sorry creature who has seen no pattern in the mount.

For the success of our building, much will depend upon our choice of a pattern. The costliest building is manhood and womanhood, that something we call self, life, character. Yet there is such haphazard building. With the greatest variety of plans there is little attention to standards, and an infinite variety of results, because the pattern is not selected with the care an architect draws his designs upon his trestle board.

What shall we build our lives—novel, or palace, or temple? It is an exhilarating reflection that every act or thought is building them into something. What an infinite variety of patterns. We can not build after them all which shall we choose? There must be unity in the design. The eclectic method, pure and simple, will hardly avail for this. What one age approved fails to win the approbation of the next. There must be permanence and real worth in the pattern, if it is to satisfy ourselves or others as the years pass. As we read history and the great names of past eras move before us, we often feel how transient they were. How like a novel is Midas, the Phrygian king of legend and story. How like a mouldering ruin upon the shores of time is Pompey the Great. How like a dust covered ruin in the Roman forum is Caesar.

Now we may all be tabernacle builders, like Moses, if we will. For this method Moses followed is not to be thought of by us as exceptional. It is a type for our entire building. We, too, are building, building every day, building for eternity, and our Scripture lesson told us that our building must stand God's test. We have like opportunities with the great Jewish lawgiver. If he had eyes to see God, and ears to hear God, so have we. Will we choose the tabernacle pattern for our lives? "Every human soul," wrote Hawthorne's greatest divine, "has a complete and perfect plan, cherished for it in the heart of God—a divine biography marked out, which it enters into life to live. This life, rightly unfolded, will be a complete and beautiful whole, an experience led on by God, and unfolded by His secret nurture, great in its conception, great in the divine skill by which it is shaped, above all great in the mysterious and glorious issues it prepares." Life may be used for other purposes, no doubt, but do they satisfy? Is not life insipid, unsatisfying, lost, till it is all wrought out a temple, a dwelling place for God most high?

Here some will say, "But my life is cast on other levels. It ceases with common things, with the doing of momentous acts and routine service. What opportunity can there be for me to achieve such large or worthy results? If conditions were different, or my calling other than it is, all this might be of interest to me. I long to put just this into my living, but it is all too remote from life as I have to live it." Here lies the value of the scene before us. Through Moses the humblest of the people became partners with him in building the tabernacle. Moses did not rear it upon the cloud-encircled mount, but in the plain, that you and I might be encouraged to realize the purpose of God for us in the field of common day relations and amid what will otherwise be the drudgery of daily living. He leaves us the same task. Merchant and teacher, sailor and soldier, farmer and workman, author and editor, housewife and clerk, mistress and maid, lawyer and preacher, however humble and obscure our lives seem, we are to be fellow workmen with God in bringing things divine out of these seemingly common and unmeaning activities and relations. After the clouds and glory had with-

drawn from Sinai, the humblest Israelite could point to the tabernacle and say: "The glory of God still follows us all through our wilderness wanderings in that tabernacle yonder, and without me it would never have been completed. Your life, where it is, is needed for the rearing of something greater and better than the tabernacle in the world of to-day, and without it the kingdom of God will never come in its fullness. Before this all other needs of our time sink into insignificance; for the truest tabernacle for the showing forth of God to the world is not a pattern, but a masterpiece of unapproachable heights, nor is it temple or cathedral, helpful as these may be, but a life simple outwardly, though with luxuriant and divine furnishings within; a life spent on the levels where our fellow men live theirs, filled not with such consecrated furnishings as adorned the tabernacle Moses fashioned, but with the graces which kindly deeds need to see and feel near at hand. This is our work, as divinely appointed to us as it was to Moses. It is the greater building, in which all our common tasks and humblest efforts may have an honored place as truly as did the altar and laver in the ancient tabernacle.

But for this successful building of our lives into God's purpose, we, too, must see to the matter of the pattern. God Himself builds according to plan. Even a casual glance at His wonderful world this morning will disclose that. Purpose and plan are everywhere. Not one grain of seed is a law unto itself. Not one flower blooms, or withers, unbidden. Not one leaf drops before its time. Not a bird note is unrelated; its music is born from present conditions and waxes its own echo. All things fall into their place and carry out the divine purpose.

This is the method of the divine building, whether in nature or in human lives. And it may be so in your life and mine. We may know God's purpose for us and follow it as truly as the grain of sand, the flower, the bird or the air. If the man will, he shall do His will," said the Master, "he shall know." God does not withhold His plan from any man. The mount is ever ready for the revealing of the pattern, but men must take the time to learn, to withdraw to its retreat. The pattern came not to Moses till he had twice spent forty days and forty nights in the mount alone with God. After a man's year's tuition in the wilderness came John the Baptist, herald of Christ. The wilderness was his mount of vision. Handel had a spiritual ear, and gave the world the oratorio of the Messiah, and when we hear it we must not forget the long period of preparation. Michael Angelo had the spiritual eye and hand and painted the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, the martyrdom of St. Peter and the conversion of St. Paul, and carved the statues of "David" and "Moses." If Paul spent three years in Arabia to meditate upon the vision he had had of the Christ, who had met him on his way to Damascus; if Christ Himself retired to solitary places for quiet and prayer, and I need not say for such a discourse, the vision will for us as he is waiting to give. Before we can rightly rear the tabernacle of our lives in the plain of daily service we must seek the pattern in the mount, not Sinai, but the heaven-reaching life of Christ. The divine pattern has come near men in Jesus Christ. We have not to seek it amid the perils, darkness and difficulties of Sinai; it is here with us, but it is not to be seen on the levels of our daily needs; supplying us with all desirable inspirations, helps and satisfying fellowship, opening the very veil by which we enter into the most holy place itself. It is not a mount distant and removed, but a presence near at hand, familiar with our needs, to which we may withdraw in moments of discouragement or temptation, full of divine comfort and solace for the hours of sorrow, full of divine strength and vitality in our days of weakness when all other help seems far away, full of gracious warning when we are careless and ungodly. We need ever to be withdrawing into this mount, Jesus Christ, if we are to realize the pattern in the plain of our earthly living. Because it is so accessible, so complete in its ministry. "See, therefore, that thou make all things according to the pattern that was shewed thee in the mount."

Why?

Is there not something minutely pathetic in the continual going back of one generation after another to the old, sad mystery of pain? There is, I suppose, says the Rev. George Jackson, nothing new to be said about it; there is no fresh light to be cast upon it; yet still men wait and watch with hope, still the poor brain busies itself and the torn heart cries aloud, "My God, my God, why?" Other questions we answer, or they answer themselves, or we are content that they should remain unanswered; but this question is always with us. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise, since on every man, soon or late, the dark mystery thrusts itself? "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." The words are very old, they are never obsolete. The generations come and go, but sorrow and pain and death abide.

Turning to Jesus.

How naturally we turn to Jesus for comfort and help when trouble or misfortune befalls us. Like Jesus we should never be forgetful of the kindness we have received in the home of our friends. In making others happy we are often paying the way to our own greatest happiness. How precious are tears of sympathy to the heart that is crushed with sorrow. The tender, loving heart of Jesus is always touched by the grief of those who love Him. The grave cannot hold our loved ones then the conqueror of death and the grave comes to the man to come forth. The joy of the Bethany home when Lazarus was returned was but a shadow of the joy that will fill the heavenly home when on the resurrection morning we gather to part no more.

Taking Worry Rightly.

There must be a way of taking worry rightly, so that it shall do us good and not harm. Worry, rightly taken, should train to quietness, humility, patience, gentleness, sympathy. It ought not to eventuate (though it naturally does) in making others suffer because we are uncomfortable, in making us a source of painful worry to others because we are worried ourselves.—A. H. K. Boyd.

The Reason.

The saint loves truth because it is true, and loves God because He is right, and loves God because He is God.—Rev. J. Ossian Davies.

The True Conqueror.

The greatest conqueror is he that has mastered the world that lies in his own breast.—Scottish Reformer.

A Truthful Answer.

He was a beggar, with old, worn clothes, unwashed face, unkempt hair and unbrushed shoes. He waded up to the counter of a bank in Lombard street, and told, between his sobs, tears, groans and sighs, how his stomach yearned for a bite of bread. A sympathetic clerk drew forth a new and shining threepenny bit, which he laid kindly and gently into the beggar's quivering and blackened hand.

"Now, my poor friend, what do you propose to do with that money?" "I have inquired the generous clerk.

The beggar looked down at his soiled and tattered garments. He scanned his benefactor curiously for a moment, and then, in a tremulous tone, said:

"Young man, you see me as I am, wearing the habiliments of an outcast. Yet I am honest, and I will give you a truthful answer. I shall first go and buy me a good dinner, then I will take a bath and have a shave and hair cut, and mayhap after that adorn this handsome form with a new suit of clothes. If there is any of it left after that I shall, upon my word, come back and deposit in the bank. I am exceedingly obliged. Good day."—Tid-Bits.

ONE KIDNEY GONE.

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly disordered. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again."

I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them, and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Government Caught an Octopus.

The big Government dredge Cumberland while at work with her giant suction pump in the Savannah River drew up into the vessel a real live octopus. The animal was not quite as large as other octopi are pictured, and seemed badly frightened at being caught by a Government vessel. The eight tentacles fish died soon after being caught, and in one instance, at least, the United States has put an octopus out of commission.—Savannah Correspondence Atlanta Constitution.

Breaks a Cold Promptly.

The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds: One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce Toris Compound and one-half pint of good whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a tablespoonful every four hours.

This if followed up will cure an acute cold in 24 hours. The ingredients can be gotten at any drug store.

It Made a Difference.

A Chipman of noble birth had been invited to dine at William's home. His mother was very anxious that the guest should not be made uncomfortable by the little chap's curiosity, so she took him aside and explained all about the yellow skin, long braid of hair and almond eyes of the Mongolians, and even showed him pictures of Chinese. She impressed upon him more than anything else the fact that the visitor was his father's friend and was to be treated with respect. Upon the Celestial's arrival, William tried hard not to stare or to look too curious, and succeeded in being very quiet for some time, when, much to the surprise of his mother and the amusement of the Chinese, he called out: "Mamma, if he wasn't our friend, wouldn't he be funny?"—Bellman.

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DRAPERY AND CATARRH CURE.
 INHALENT CATARRH JELLY Cures Drapery and Catarrh. Trial treatment by mail free. REA CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more good; brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye. Hesson and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Early Rising Problem.

Tommy was a very sound sleeper and wouldn't get out of bed earlier than 10 o'clock, no matter what his mother said to him. So one morning she tried coaxing, and said to him: "You have heard of the little boy who got up at 6 o'clock in the morning and when he went out he found a purse of gold?" "Oh, yes," said Tommy; "but what about the little boy who got up before him and went out and lost it?"—New York Globe.

"Chance."

When you talk of chance you are only confessing ignorance. The very spin of the coin is governed by the nerve, muscle (or manipulation) of the thumb and brain that spin it. The only chance about it is your ignorance of the forces that lift, twist and catch the coin. If you could calculate the physical and mental forces between the half-penny's leap and return you might buy the world. But you can't. And it's just that bit of blindness that we have to call chance.—London Chronicle.

PISO'S
 Coughing Spells
 are promptly relieved by a single dose of PISO'S Cure. The regular use of this famous remedy will relieve the worst form of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and diseases of the throat and lungs. Absolutely free from harmful drugs and opiates. For half a century the household remedy in millions of homes.
 At all druggists, 25 cts.

SEVERE BLEEDING HEMORRHOIDS.

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now eighty years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During this time sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 28, '07."

Streets running north and south have the best health records.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

Of the English in India, there are six men to one woman.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Islands For Sale.

It may perhaps be of interest to some of your readers to hear that in the South Seas there is a number of small islands at present on the market.

Among these may be mentioned Sophia Island and Nassau Island, both about seven days by steamer from Samoa, and both planted with coconuts.

Last year I visited the New Hebrides group, where there are also several islands for sale, but these are not so healthy as others, fever being somewhat prevalent. Also in the North Marshall group several small islands might be purchased.—E. King, in a Letter in the London Daily Mail.

Well Understood.

Barber (looking for business)—"Excuse me, sir, but your hair is going to come out soon by the handful."

Jags (who was out all night and is just going home to face his wife)—"You (hic) shope I don't know (hic) that?"—The Bohemian.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CROSBY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

He Had Refused.

"Uncle, Mose," said the drummer, addressing an aged colored man who was holding down a dry goods box in front of the village store, "they tell me that you remember seeing General Washington. Is it true?"

"No, sah," replied the old man. "Ah uster 'membah seeln' him, but Ah don't no moah since Ah done 'j'in'd church, sah."—Judge. N. Y.—47

For Sale 6000 Acres in 14 States. Strout's mammoth illustrated catalog of barneys gains with State maps mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 157 SPARK ST., NEW YORK.

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 If so, take advantage of today's opportunities for the merchant, farmer, fruit grower and business man along the Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Descriptive Booklet Free. W. S. HOWELL, G. E. A., New York.

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 Engines, Corn Shellers, Cotton Planters, Boilers, Saw Mills, Stocks, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS GENERALLY.
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Whether you raise Chickens for fun or profit, you want to do it intelligently and get the best results. The way to do this is to profit by the experience of others. We offer a book telling all you need to know about raising Chickens. You need to know on the subject of raising Chickens, and in that time necessarily much money to learn the best for the small sum of 25 CENTS in postage stamps. It tells you how to Detect and Cure Disease, how to Feed for Eggs, and also for Breeding Purposes, and how to make a success. SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF 25 CENTS IN STAMPS.

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 FOR MEN
 If the bottom of your shoe is different from the bottom of your foot, it presses it out of place, strains the cords, and causes foot-ache and lameness. SKREEMER shoes are made like human feet, and so really do fit. Look for the label. If you do not find these shoes readily, write us for directions how to secure them. FRED. F. FIELD CO., Brockton, Mass.