The Tarboro Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett

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HEALTH INSURANCE

The man who insures his life is wise for his family.

The man who insures his health is wise both for his family and himself.

You may insure health by guarding it. It is worth guarding.

At the first attack of disease, which generally approaches through the LIVER and manifests itself in innumerable ways TAKE

Tutt's Pills

And save your health.

The New South.

Wise in the wisdom that souls must
aye suffer to gain,
Hers the calm gladness that grows
from the dark silt of pain;
Strong, with strength plucked from
the deeps of unplummeted woes;
Peace in her breast—though still
abide scars of old blows—
Clear-eyed, confident, fronting the
morning she stands,
Smiling at Fate as one smiles who
holds fates in her hands;
Flushed with the faith that does
deeds, leaving issues to God,
Eager, with feet on the threshold of
empires untrod!
—Don Marquis, in Uncle Remus's
—The Home Magazine for April.

Pride, the neverfailing vice of fools.—Pope.

—At Macnair's Drug Store , you can find a full line of Garden, Farm and Flower seed, in bulk or packages. 12t8

—Laughter is considered undignified and effeminate in Persia.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

—The fog banks of the North Atlantic, as a rule, are about 30 miles in diameter.

It is said that new stockings should always be washed before they are worn. They will last longer if this is done.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

—According to Consul D. R. Bircher of Alexandria the final authentic estimate fixes the size of the Egyptian cotton crop, now being marketed, at from 625,000,000 to 650,000,000 pounds.

—It has recently been shown that an automobile can make the trip to Calcutta from the extreme northern part of India without a hitch.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

—On the basis of a bushel of corn producing 2.5 gallons of alcohol, it has been figured out that last year's crop in the United States was sufficient to furnish 20,000,000 horsepower for 10 hours a day for an entire year.

—The United States is considerably ahead of Great Britain in sales to Japan of steel rails, iron nails, locomotives and other railway rolling stock.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

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THE MCIVER LOAN FUND.

Its Purpose And Value As a Movement to Aid in Woman's Education.

There are two things about the McIver Loan Fund that of themselves are sufficient eendorsements of the movement: the name and the purpose.

The purpose of the movement is to raise a fund that may be to aid young women of small means, who would not otherwise be able to do so to complete their college education. It is not intended that the fund shall be a charity, for those who receive assistance from it will be expected to repay it; but the loans will be made on easy terms so that those who receive them can by earnest endeavor repay them without great sacrifice. It is not intended that the benefits shall go primarily to the State Normal College; whatever benefits the college receives will be indirect; the direct benefits will go to those who are helped by it. The women who are pushing the movement have in view, not the college, but their less fortunate sisters throughout the State. The movement therefore, is worthy the endorsement and help of all, who are interested in the manhood and the womanhood of North Carolina regardless of any interest they may have in the State Normal or any other college.

The name of the movement endorses it. It is useless to speak of the work and services of Charles D. McIver. Regardless of what the world may say or think of him, the steadfast loyalty of the young women who, during his administration were students at the State Normal College, is a tribute to his character, his services, and his memory that nothing which the world may think or say can add to or detract from. Women are the best judges of character: the women who knew Dr. McIver best, admire him most. Nothing in the history of North Carolina can be compared to their love for and loyalty to his memory except the love, and loyalty of the students to the University for the memory of David L. Swain. To honor the memory of such men is a duty we owe not to them but to ourselves. In no better way can we express this honor than in the way the students of the State Normal College have marked out—a way that will grow with years and increase with use.—R. D. W. Connor.

The above clipping from the News and Observer explains the purpose and value of the McIver Loan Fund. The Edgecombe Normal girls have a part in the raising of this fund. Are we doing that part? I, for one, am not.

This is an earnest appeal to every loyal Normal girl in this County, to do her part, by contributing as much as possible in the way of money and hearty support. If you won't contribute anything won't you write me a letter stating whether or not the movement has your approval, and also suggesting some plan by which we can raise an amount to be pledged by our County?

There will be a meeting of the Edgecombe Normal Association, on Friday afternoon, April 23rd, 5 o'clock at the High School Building, to make plans for commencement and elect a delegate to our Alumnae meeting. I wish every Normal girl in the County could attend Commencement as it would do her so much good as well as do the College good. Be sure to come to the meeting on the 23rd.

EMILY S. AUSTIN, President,
Edgecombe Normal Association.

Swept Over Niagara.

This terrible calamity often happens because a careless boatman ignores the river's warnings-growing ripples and faster current. Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the kidneys need attention if you would escape fatal maladies—Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see Backache fly and all your best feelings return. "After long suffering from weak kidneys and lame back, one $1.00 bottle wholly cured me," writes J. R. Blankenship, of Belk, Tenn. Only 50c at W. H. Macnair's.

Stumped, By Gosh!

Editor Southerner:

Believing you are in a humor just now to know everything, I would be glad, if you would inform the public, as to the name of a certain bird in droves, that I have noticed here for the past week, on a visit to the English sparrows. I suppose they are related, hence their long visit. They are about the size of their host, with a black tail and butt of wings tipped with black, neck, breast, wings, long feathered, orange or buff. Their affinity from association seems to be the English sparrow. I know you are up in birdology, so name them.

B. C. H.

The above was written with the idea that Bro. Alexander was on the tripod.—Ed.

—In California one rarely sees a bank note. The money in circulation is all gold and silver. It is common to see a collector walking along the streets with a bag of gold on his back. Curiously, the very weight of the money—one person can hardly carry more than $40,000 in gold—ofte acts as a deterrent feature in embezzlement.

Before It is Too Late.

If you've a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reached Heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you've forgot it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent
The long forrgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent—
For these some hearts are breaking
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

—Exchange.

State News.

Earle Cotton and Tim Holderfield, convicted of murder at Raleigh in the second degree and sentenced to 30 and 10 years in the State's prison, respectively, have been taken to the penitentiary.

Following a quarrel which was begun two years ago, Oscar Woolwine, a young man 18 years old, was shot and mortally wounded at Sandy Ridge Sunday by Marion Shelton, 16 years old. Woolwine died next day and Shelton is still at large. Shelton also received a flesh wound.

"Dandy Johnson, a colored hackman of Wilmington, was sentenced to the roads for six months by Recorder Furlong Monday on a charge of retailing. He appealed the case and in default of $400 bond went to jail. Johnson is charged with running something of a blind tiger on wheels, witnesses testifying that upon embarking in the colored man's hack and driving off a short distance, they are furnished with most anything in the refreshment line that is desired.

In a special school tax election held in Cardenas, Tuesday, there were cast twenty-six votes for the measure and two against it, giving the schools a majority of twenty-four votes. This shows that the people of this district favor education.

At Monday's session of the Catawba Presbytery in Charlotte, an offer of $12,500 was made to Biddle University, Concord, by a friend of the institution, provided a like amount is raised for a library building. Immediate action was begun for the raising of the necessary amount and a liberal collection was taken. It was also requested that every communicant within the bounds of the Presbytery give at least ten cents to the "Biddle Library," which will come very near to meeting the required sum.

The suit of Mrs. John Brame, of Guilford county, against United States Marshall J. M. Millikan, for the recovery of $25,000 damages, on account of the killing of Mrs. Brame's husband by Marshall Millikan over a year ago, was called in the Federal Court in Raleigh, Monday, but was continued until the October term. Brame was shot by Marshal Millikan while resisting arrest on the charge of operating an illicit distillery near Greensboro.

During a baaseball game in New Bern, on the campus of the colored Graded School, a lively bout took place. One of the combatants, a young colored man about 20 years old, received an ugly wound on the head. He was taken to a physician who dressed his wound. The difficulty was the outcome of the indulging too freely in fire-water.

Two negroes, Belk Stevens and Jeff Dorsett, were tried before Justice D. H. Collins, in Greensboro, on the charge of beating rides on a train. They were fined $10 each and the costs. When arrested each one had on two or three new suits of clothes and the men will be held pending an investigation.

A colored girl 11 years old whose parents live near Dillar Stokes county, 10 miles from Madison, gave birth Sunday afternoon to a fully developed girl baby weighing 8 pounds. The father of the child is only 13 years of age.

The probabilities are that Washington will soon have in operation a system of street railway cars. Supplies, consisting of poles, plies and other equipment are arriving daily, as actual work, it is understood, will begin during the great jubilee week, and the work will be rapidly pushed to completion. It is the purpose of the company in charge of the construction to have the whole system completed and the cars in operation by the first of August.

Kenilworth Inn a noted southern resort was completely destroyed by fire Wednesday. Scantily clad guests were taken in at Battery Park Hotel and nearby residences.

A bold thieving is reported this morning by Mr. J. B. W. Overton, who, last night had his horse, buggy and harness stolen from his stables at his farm about three miles from this city in Nash county. The stealing was done at an early hour last night and the thief entered the stables and took the horse out and hitched up and drove off, taking a special route however driving through an orchard near the home in order to avoid going near the home. The horse was a bay mare and weighs about one thousand pounds.—Rocky Mount Record.

INDIAN MAID "POPS QUESTION."

Asks Mother For Youth She Loves—He Is Not Consulted.

Shall women propose is a question which does not bother the Hopi Indian maiden, who not only invites her chosen one to matrimony, but if necessary drags him to the altar or its Hopi substitute, by main force.

When a girl has selected her victim—this ungallant way of putting it is that of a writer in the Trans-Magazine—she simply calls upon his mother and talks business. If the old lady lends a willing ear the matter is settled forthwith and the young man has no course left open excepting to bow to the inevitable. At times, it is said, violence has been restored to drag an unwilling youth to the altar.

Once the matter has been settled to the satisfaction of the women concerned, the girl goes to work to grind meal for her prospective mother-in-law for a period of thirty days while the man in the case is set to work to weave his future bride's wedding garments. At the expiration of the thirty day period the ceremony takes place.

Whenever a Hopi maiden feels that the time has arrived when she should begin to think seriously of choosing a husband she does up her hair in two gigantic whorls, one over each ear. These are danger signal warning the young men of the community that she is gunning for a husband. Sometimes it happens that half a dozen or more young men will take to the tall timber on learning that the whorls have appeared upon the head of a young woman. Flight is the only hope, as the mothers are so zealous of the perogative of their sex that they rarely interpose on behalf of an unwilling son and the fathers are not consulted.

Something in a Name.

A Winston-Salem woman, bearing the same name as the Rockingham county Mrs. Turner, who gave birth three weeks ago to five babies, is being deluged with letters of congratulation from all parts of the country. The mail carrier yesterday delivered a neat bundle, postmarked from some point in England, upon which an import duty of 50 cents had been paid. The package contained five baby bibs, with a card stating that they were made especially for these youngsters. One woman in the Far West writes that if Roosevelt were in office now he would grant the mother a pension, and that President Taft should be asked to issue such an order. Four of the babies have died, but the bibs and congratulatory letters will be forwarded to the mother.

Bill Nye on Hornets.

Last fall I desired to add to my collection a large hornets' nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gay and airy house of the hornet. I procured one of the large size, after cold weather, and hung it in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it until spring. When warm weather came something reminded me of it; I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way, and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I though it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory;—a warm memory with a red place all around it.

Then some more hornets came and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. I thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling so that I could go through the folding doors and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off, because they were so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet. I remember once while I was watching the busylittle hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him with a club, more as a practical joke than anything and he came and lit in my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and walked around through my gleaming tresses quite awhile, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smokehouse in order to smash him; and I had to comb him out with a fine comb, and wear a waste-paper basket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet; but he has an odd, quaint way after all, that is forever new.

—You should not delay under any circumstances in cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble. You should take something promptly that you know is reliable, something like DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are unequaled for weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, etc. When you ask for DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, be sure you get them. They are antiseptic. Accept no substitutes; insist upon getting the right kind. Sold by all druggist.

—The world's oceans contain 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt.

What She Said.

Yes, once she said she'd never wed
A man who was not noted—
The common kind most women find—
No matter how devoted.
She wanted mind. No Boeotian blind
And earthy, dull and grubby
Could win her hand, you understand
But have you noticed hubby?
A handsome face, a form whose grace
Suggested an Apollo
She would require, and in attire
To beat Beau Brummel hollow.
You couldn't hire her to admire
A sloven small and scrubby.
She wanted what she never got,
For—have you noticed hubby?
At seventeen a girl may mean
To get the best that's going.
At twenty-eight 'most any mate
Brings joy quite overflowing.
So at this date she doesn't hate
The commonplace and tubby,
She's satisfied to be a bride
Say—have you noticed hubby?
—Chicago News

All Over The House.

The juice of onions will quickly allay the intolerable stinging pain from a bee or wasp sting.

A ruffle on the bottom of a work apron, well starched, will prevent spots on the skirt below.

No excuse for fragments to lodge in corners and crevices of the refrigerator when skewers will dislodge them so quickly.

A few pieces of glue tucked into the earth around house ferns and palms will furnish the soil fertilizer in an inoffensive manner.

Grated Irish potato scattered freely, then well swept, is recommended as a fine carpet cleaner, reviving the colors without injury to delicate shades.

Unpainted wire netting not only makes a good rest for flatiron when several thickness are used, but it is most effective to clean them on.

It is said flies will not congregate on the outside of a screen door if the woodwork is rubbed occasionally with kerosene, the odor of which seems to be offensive to them.

The Southern laundress uses a lump of arrowroot in a thick, cotton cloth and boils it with the fine white pieces to give them a dainty odor more delightful than from sachet powder.—Katherine Kay, in The Pilgrims.

Helping Flood Sufferers.

As a result of the recent visit to Lieut. R. S. McKennie, U. S. A., to the flood district along the Cape Fear river in the Canetuck and French's Creek township sections of Bladen and Pender counties, more than a thousand bushels of seed and feed corn have been sent to flood sufferers in those regions out of an appropriation lately secured by Congressman Thomas. Between 700 and 800 bushels were sent to the sections named and about 275 bushels up the Northeast river to the Holly Shelter territory where crops were destroyed in the earlier freshet. Directly after the flood, Lieut. McKennie, reporting to the War Department gave the opinion that the people would feel the worst of their loss when planting time came on and the recent visit fully justified this opinion, the corn being shipped soon after his return. Prior to the shipment of the seed corn, other seed was furnished to those in need out of what was left of a fund raised by citizens of Wilmington directly after the freshets. The aid given by the government has been a Godsend, so it is said.

Words To Freeze The Souls.

"Your son has Consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens a leading merchant of Springfield, N. C. by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for Coughs and Colds, its the safest, surest cure of desperate Lung diseases on earth. 50c and $1.00. Guarantee satisfaction. Free trial bottle. W. H. Macnair.

—Deposits of pitchblende have bee discovered in the old Cornish tin mines, while a new and quicker way has been found to extract radium from the pitchblende. The yield of radium from 200 tons of pitchblende is only a grain or so. If the pulverized ore can be made available by science in curing disease, the saving will be enormous.

—Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by all druggist.

—The gold mining possibilities in the districts of Cananzas, San Francisco, and Sante Fe, Panama, are encouraging. The richness of many of the quartz and placer mines is a matter of history. The Spaniards in the early days worked them to such an extent as their primitive mining machinery would admit.

—DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the best known pills and the best pills made, are easy to take and act gently and are certain. We sell and recommend them.Sold by all druggist.

FIRE IN STORE.

Resultant Water and Smoke from Accidental Fire Damages Bisco Pittman's Store.

Probably 25 minutes before midnight, Thursday, fire was discovered in the store of Bisco Pittman, corner of Main and Wilson streets. The alarm soon drew the firecompany which extinguished the flames quite expeditiously and before fire itself had done much damage, not more than a few dollars' worth. But water and smoke did jointly and severally very much more, how much will be a matter of conjecture, because Mr. Pittman had no insurance and there will probably be no appraisement.

It is not known how the fire originated, as there wa no fires to be seen there a short time before the discovery.

Mrs. Pittman, from all circumstances believes that the fire originated from coffee. Some coffee was parched for the store and burned, this was placed under the counter in a barrel. All signs indicate that it was at this point the fire started.

IN AND ABOUT NEW YORK.

Automobiles Destroying the People's Patience at a Rapid Rate.—A Primeval Forest Within the City Limits.—Millions of Rich Men's Money Going Where it Will Do Most Good.—City Beneficences Unwelcome in the Country.

It is safe to say that ninety-nine of every hundred New Yorkers hate automobiles as the devil hates holy water. The hundredth man is either in the auto-business or owns an automobile which has not yet had time to kill him or somebody else or to make his bank balance on the wrong side of the book. No matter how nice some of the more costly machines are to look at and long for, they are all pretty much alike in their ability to pollute the air with stifling odors and dust, spoil any and all roads that are not of solid stone or good old original American mud, pierce the air with barbaric sounds, scare a lot of people almost to death and kill others so quickly and unexpectedly that they have not time to be scared Nobody who knows the mechanism of these nuisances doubts that they might be propelled through the streets without subjecting any one to harm or annoyance, but nobody who knows human nature doubts that the kind of men who are fondest of automobiling and spend most money and time on it will never cease to menace life and comfort until their impulses are restrained by the strong arm of the law with a big fist at the end of it and a policeman's club in the fist. As a sample of these fellows' contempt for law and order and other people's rights, more than a hundred of them were recently arrested for cause in a single evening in a single street of this city, although not all the evening was given to the job or the entire street under surveillance. Honest automists, for there are such, confess to their friends that the longing to go fast is as irresistable as the craze for drink; it seems to be a bit of human dynamite that can't be controlled after it begins business. I have seen it turn truthful men into unblushing liars for the time being and incite loveable women with babies in their arms to wild glee when their auto frightened older women at street crossings. There are exceptions to the rule, as there are occasional honest men in jail, but the "We-own-the-earth" and "The-public-be-d——d" manner of autoists in general has created a general sentiment of rage that may yet make the people take the law into their own hands. A law forbidding the use of automobiles capable of making more than ten miles an hour has been talked of in New York, and undoubtedly it would reform the "sport" out of existence, for it would rule out the pestilent class that cares nothing about riding but everything about speeding. Tollgates too, with high charges, are being discussed in the suburbs, where the finest macadam roads in America are being ruined by huge, heavy speedy touring-cars belonging to men who are not taxpayers in the town or county whose property is to abate the nuisance is sure to be devised before long, no matter how much money the auto-makers and drivers may put up to defeat it.

As New York was the first American town to put on airs and call itself a city, a man in search of a bit of primeval forest would hardly expect to find it here. Yet we have one, and not the more recently annexed area either, but right on Manhattan Island. Some of the trees are so old, although still healthy, that that they had got their growth when Hendrick Hudson first sailed into the river which bears his name, and behind them was an Indian village from which emerged a husky lot of sons of the first families of Manhattan, who put up a good fight against Hudson's crew. This forest is at the extreme northern end of the island, and although residence sites on the edge of it command about a hundred thousand dollars an acre the wilder portions have not yet seen a surveyor's lines and stakes. It owes its longevity to its ground-plan, which like the East Indian kingdom of one of Rudyard Kipling's characters, is principally on edge and in holes. Any one attempting to build terrials by balloon or sink a deep in it would have to convey his materials through many hundreds of feet to a practicable road. But the coming Hendrick Hudson memorial celebration indirectly called attention to this bit of nature undefiled; a handsome bridge to keep the old explorer in mind is to be erected near by, and the forest is probably to be acquired by the city and preserved as a public park.

Speaking of bridges, we have still another ten-million dollar one so far advanced that the workmen can cross it on foot instead of trusting their lives to ropes, pulleys and slings. Its legal name is Manhattan Bridge, it is parallel to and not more than half a mile from Brooklyn Bridge, the oldest and handsomest of four that span East River, and it is expected to make life less miserable for the hundred thousand or more of men, women and children who daily cross the river to Brooklyn, where they live, New York being merely their working place. Great crowds may be seen daily at many places in the city but they are mere handfuls to the human mass at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge for two hours every evening and which is maintained by the arrival of about a thousand people a minute, every man, woman, boy and girl wanting to be first, and the entire crowd pressing about and into several parallel endless chains of trolley cars and trains without making any perceptible lessening of the throng. It increases one's wonder at engineers and their calculations to learn that the bridge daily bears twice as much strain as it was planned for, and without showing a danger sign, although to the unprofessional eye far enough away to take it all in it looks as slight and flimy as if a forty-mile breeze, such as often visits it, could snatch it from its piers and whirl it away like a disabled airship.

So much gets into print about the way in which millionaires squander money on things which the reader is sure he would not look at if the cash were his, that it is pleasing to record a different kind of expenditure by some people who have money to burn but don't let it scorch their fingers or souls. A few days ago a daughter of the late Jeremiah Milbank gave the Children's Aid Society a full half million dollars to found a free sanitarium in the country for sick and crippled children. She had already given the city a superb outfit of public baths that cost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars and placed it just where it could be used principally by people too poor to hire homes with bathrooms in them, and she and her brother have given three million dollars to New York's Barnard College, the great women's school under the wing of Columbia University, which is drawing aspiring girls from every State in the Union and many from Europe and the waking nations of Asia. Her father established "The People's Palace" in Jersey City, across the river from New York—a building suggested by Walter Besant in his novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Unlike Besant's heroine, Mr. Milbank gave the "palace" to a church, but the thousands of men and women who use it do not find it a bit worse on that account. Large sums of money for similar purposes are being given from month to month by wealthy New Yorkers but much of it is bestowed so modestly and impersonally that the general public do not know anything about it until they chance to see or hear about a great, new perfectly appointed structure that cannot possibly bring any money into the pocket of the founder.

There might be more and greater public beneficences if it were not for the difficulty of finding sites for them, but city real estate is too costly and too hard to find in large plots for the purposes which some good millionaires have at heart, and there is almost unanimous opposition, in all the suburban districts within easy reach, to the erection of what are called "institutions" within their limits. Almost all our local hospitals, asylums, sanitariums, etc., which have needed to enlarge their facilities have been obliged to go out of the city to do it, and there are so many of them already in Westchester County, contiguous to the city, that a map showing them all resembles one of certain parts of the far west close together as thieves at a county fair. The ground was purchased when it was cheap, railway speed was much less than it is now and high rents had not driven hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers to suburban villages. But now any land within an hour of the city and a quarter an hour of a railway station is worth thousands of dollars an acre to cut up into building sites, and would-be buyers are swarming over all of it, to find in many cases that just the ground they want most of all is part of the site of a projected hospital, asylum or something of the kind, or is being held by the owner for a big bid from a company which has the money to start a new and enormous cemetery, like several which may already be seen in a fifteen-mile ride on a single suburban railway. Of course nobody wants to live in a town with a hundred-acre cemetery or institution, with no thoroughfares through it, and with no other way of getting from one part of town to another without going around three sides of a high fence from a half a mile to a mile long. The institutions look farther and farther out, so do the would-be founders of new beneficences for the afflicted and helpless; the natives wish them well on general principles, but—won't they please look a little farther out the road. A thoughtful lunatic in Bloomingdale Asylum has given the subject much attention and concluded that the only way out of the trouble is to move New York itself, with all its helpless and afflicted dependents, several hundred miles up state where land is abundant, too poor for farming, sparsely populated and therefore very cheap. But even this plan has its weak spots.

GRAGOYLE.

The March of Men.

If you could cast away the pain,
The sorrows and the tears,
And let the joys alone remain
From all departed years;
If you could quite forget the sighs
And recollect the song—
What think you—would be as wise,
As helpful or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down
That bows your head at whiles,
Shun everything that wears a frown
And live a life of smiles—
Be happy as a child again,
As free from thoughts of care—
Would appear to other men
More noble or more fair?

Ah no! a man should do his part
And carry all his load,
Rejoiced to share with every heart
The roughness of the road,
Not given to thinking overmuch
Of pains and griefs behind,
But glad to be in fullest touch
With all his human kind.

—Charles Buxton Going.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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MAKE ICE CREAM FROM WATER
and a small quantity of condensed milk, if fresh milk cannot be had.
RECIPE.
Mix pint condensed milk with . . . .06c.
Add enough cold water to make one pint 00
One 15c package JELL-O ICE CREAM Powder . . . . . .15c.
Total . . . . . .21c.
Mix all together thoroughly and freeze. Don't heat or cook it; don't add anything else. This makes two quarts of delicious ice cream in 10 minutes at very small cost.
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