

CARCASSONNE.

"I'm growing old just threescore years, In wet or dry, in dust and mire...

"This is better," he said. "We shall get along all right now. I can see the new medicine is doing you good."

GARDEN, FARM and CROPS



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

Economy on the Farm. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad, in a recent address to farmers at the Minnesota State Fair...

Advantages of the Silo. Hon. R. M. Waaburn, state dairy commissioner of Missouri, gives the following summary of the advantages of the silo:

QUAINT AND CURIOUS. The output of brass in the United States for 1905 was 300,000,000 pounds. Germans, and not the Irish, consume the greater quantity of potatoes...

Best Stock is Cheapest. All favor the practice of economy; it is part of the business of life. True economy comes in practice here...

The Cream Line. When milk or cream is furnished that has been pasteurized to secure a more healthful and better keeping article...

The Merely Wanted Bill. A dear old lady, who had never left her native village before, decided last summer to pay a visit to Portland...

Nurse's Mistake. Young Mother—Do you think baby looks like me or his papa? Nurse—Like you, mum. Mr. Jenkins is a mighty handsome man.

Slow Starvation. Prospective Tenant—This is a healthy neighborhood, isn't it? Landlord—Healthy! I should say so!

A RETURN TO NATURE.

HOW SOME WOMEN SOLVED THE VACATION PROBLEM.

Peace and Quiet for the Tired Workers, Who Dislike a Crowd or Social Obligations—The Small Farm Experiment and Its Success—Rational Rest Periods at Small Cost.

"We are to have a vacation this year in our program of discussion to wit: to secure a more rational vacation time for unattached women-kind."

Fall Care of Livestock. During the months of fall, livestock need, extra care, if the condition resulting from summer's pastures is to be maintained.

Women's Vacation Problem. "The vacation problem which a tired housewife faces each year has enough discouragements to make her resolve to ignore every rule of common sense."

WHEALTH IN BUNCHES. New Orleans is Largest Banana and Coconut Port.

From a Shepherd's Note Book. Weeds and sheep don't get along together. Water and shade are very important at this season.

Bird Criminals. A subject which has exercised me this summer, which has been to me a bill seemingly smaller than a Jay's which plunders other's nests, breaking and sucking the eggs.

The Evil and the Cure. "The weary mother had finished setting the hatch of dough to rise in the kitchen and was resting herself in the parlor when the silence was disturbed by her six-year-old son who came running upstairs, crying, 'Mamma, mamma, there's a mouse jumped into your bread pan!'"

Mental Limitations. "Your honor," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."

THE COAL-TAR LEMON PIE.

A pure food commission in Chicago recently dissected a lemon pie bought at a store, and found it to contain the lemon, butter, nor sugar. The principal ingredients were various forms of coal tar and glucose.

Some Successful Experiments. "One woman, an artist, bought a cottage with a small barn and two acres of land, near the Little Village, for \$300. Her barn has been transformed into a studio."

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A Lawyer's Love Affair.

By Ashmore Russan.

Mr. Alfred Marshall, of the firm of Colne, Valley & Marshall, solicitors of the Supreme Court, had risen from a clerkship to be junior partner in that well known firm by industry, ability and discretion—particularly the last.

During three years or so he had been writing letters periodically and quite automatically to a Mrs. Mayford, always very much the same thing: "Madam—We are instructed by our client, Mrs. Fairfax, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to inform you that she sees no reason to reconsider the decision she came to at the time of your marriage. We are yours truly, 'Colne, Valley & Marshall.'"

The first instructions had been received a long time ago. Since then, at intervals of about three months, letters addressed to Mrs. Fairfax had been forwarded to the firm, with the brief intimation: "Please acknowledge as before." Nobody in the office had ever troubled to read those long, close-written sheets of paper, and the inquisitive clerk who had seen them, said nothing about the fact.

"I am very poor." "Well, I am going to do what I can. If I find you a suitable post, will you accept it?" "I shall be very, very grateful," she rejoined. "I have been trying so long to get something to do, without success. Please say I am to delicate. But I am quite strong."

"Please consider yourself my client," he said, as they shook hands, "and promise me that you will always take your lawyer's advice." II. Mrs. Fairfax dwelt in Saxbridge. She was not the only client of Messrs. Colne, Valley & Marshall in that sleepy little town. There was another, a rising young doctor and old school chum of the junior partner—Jack Johnston.

It was remarkable how soon the junior partner ascertained that Dr. Johnston's most profitable patient was a Mrs. Fairfax, who was very ill, worrying herself into the grave owing to the unattractive conduct of her daughter, who had married against her wish and now refused to be reconciled. He asked question after question, until he finally learned that the doctor was seeking a nurse for her.

Mr. Marshall was also greatly interested in Mrs. Fairfax's heir, Mr. Strangeways, described by the doctor as "a bad lot," but so attentive to his aunt that he called every morning. After a little information himself. "Oh, by the way," he said, "your patient, Mrs. Fairfax, is a client of ours. I know the very nurse for her, a lady in every sense of the word. Shall I send her down?"

"I wish you would," said the doctor. "But if she's a friend of yours, you had better tell her the old lady is very hard to please." "I'll do that. You needn't let Strangeways know that I'm sending anybody."

FUNNY SIDES.



The possibilities of life diminish as our knowledge grows.—Puck. Every man worries many women and every woman worries some man.—Chicago News.

The only secret society which has managed to keep its aims hidden is Humanity.—Puck. Men are so naturally wicked that they have no use for a parrot unless it swears.—Arlington Globe.

The man in office nowadays who has never been suspected is indeed a fit subject for suspicion.—Judge. "She is going to marry him to reform him first?" "Why don't she reform him first?" "Oh! he'd have too much sense to get married then!"—Chicago Journal.

Mr. Poetues—This poem will set the world ablaze! Mrs. Poetues—Well, you'd better practice with it on the kitchen fire—we're out of kindling.—Cleveland Leader. The secretary—I find that your property in Swampville cost you \$4 a foot, sir. What price are you willing to sell it for? The rich victim—Oh, I'll let it go for \$2 a gallon.—Life.

"So your daughter has become a soloist?" "Necessarily," answered Mr. Chumox, solemnly. "Perhaps I ought to be thankful that she isn't a trio or a quartet."—Washington Star. "Mater," "Well!" said the druggist. "Maw wants to know if she can't get a porous plaster for a week or so like it, will you exchange it for tooth brush?"—Minneapolis Tribune.

"Why did you leave your last post, asked the lady of the house. "The quarrelled too much, mum," said the cook. "About what?" "Generally the cooking, mum."—Milwaukee Sentinel. Miss Passy—You weren't at the ball last night, Miss Fern?—No, were you? Miss Passy—Yes, and Jack Dasher said I was the youngest looking girl there. Miss Fern—I didn't know that was a masterpiece.—Houston Post.

Sentimental youth (to partner, shaking by a passing tremor)—Oh, I hope to be something like 10,000,000 cents. In few branches of its trade has the port of New Orleans shown a more marked tendency to continue to grow, and for that reason great things are expected of the tropical fruit trade during the next twelve months. With a fleet of fruit vessels made up of steamers operating in and out of here, there is every reason to believe that the present growth will continue, even despite adverse conditions, drawbacks and competition.