Two Simpletons

Miss Sally Aldridge had reached that point in age where people were referring to her as an old maid. Sally Aldridge didn't care, however. She had a farm left to her by her parents, and by hiring some help and doing considerable work herself got along all right and kept her young sister Nannie in school.

Miss Sally invested in six hives of bees and waited. She likewise got stung 54 times and waited. She carefully followed instructions, and at the end of the first season there wasn't enough honey in the hives to feed the bees on through the winter. She sold them for a dollar a hive and tallied it up to experience.

It was at this time that Mr. Welcome came along to buy potatoes. He was an old bachelor living 10 miles away. He also had commercial dreams and ambitions. He also had decided to experiment. Sally Aldridge had no potatoes to sell. Her bees had taken precedence of the tubers. She and Mr. Welcome had a talk, however. He was a pretty blunt man, and before going away he asked permission to call and get better acquainted.

"Oh, yes, but it won't do you any good," was the reply.

"But should our friendship ripen into love?" he asked.

"But it won't."

"But if it should I should certainly ask you to be my wife."

"An I should just as certainly say no to it."

"I simply shan't marry until I have found a bigger fool than I am."

He laughed and went his way, and Miss Sally went in to read up on poultry raising for market. Nothing in Shakespeare compares in interest to a poultry book. The reader feels like crowing with the roosters, clucking with the hens and piping with the chickens.

She took 500 head of poultry, three incubators and several barrels of dope. The dope wasn't needed for the chickens—they were never sick an hour but for the buyer. There were grounds to be laid out—houses to build—wire fences to put up. No trouble at all, as the books say! Any child 10 years old can run the machine after five minutes.

Miss Sally was no child. Neither was she a chicken. For 10 long months she was a hen. She was with them all day and a part of many nights. She got to know what pip and gapes are. There were a hundred motherly old hens that did nothing but sit around and have chills, soft corns, backaches and fits of various kinds. They must be doctored by day and sympathized with during the long hours of night. Some of the incubators roasted the chicks, and some froze them to death.

The chickens didn't last as long as the bees. There were few eggs, and few broilers. The hospitals and hotels that had contracted had to turn to nurses to fill up their guests. There ought to have been a profit of $3,000 the first year, according to the seller, but there was a loss of hundreds the other way.

Miss Sally had "dead horse" to sell, and she sold it, and a few weeks later tried her third commercial experiment. It was ginseng this time. The little roots came from Persia and cost dollars and dollars per pound, but two acres of Persian ginseng would net the grower about $5,000 clear profit.

The ginseng roots from far-off Persia turned out to be burdock roots from nearby Michigan.

Meanwhile, Mr Welcome had made excuses to drop in now and then. He drove up one day with a look of determination on his face. Many a woman has seen that look and realized that the crisis was at hand. The old bachelor had hardly entered the house when he was greeted with: "I gave you my answer long ago."

"Exactly, Miss Aldridge. I have come to claim the fulfillment of your promise."

"I am a bigger fool than you are. Sit down while I prove it to you. You knew nothing whatever about bees, and yet you went into honey-raising."

"You had 20 old hens around your farm, and you figured that you could manage a thousand."

"You didn't know ginseng root from burdock."

"No, I didn't, and that's where I am safe. Where is a bigger fool?"

"Right here, my dear. I was let in on the ground floor on blue roses; I invested in a banana orchard in Ohio that was to be run by steam; I bought mahogany trees to set out in my farm; I bought mushroom seeds that turned out to be turnips; I raised and sold squabs for 14 cents each that cost me 28. My last experiment was trying to grow celery on a sandy sidehill. I am here to claim your hand!"

"Well, I said——"

"A bigger fool than you were. Those were your words. Sally, I shall come courtin' three nights a week, and in three months we are to be married."

And matrimony proved a successful experiment for both of them.

His Business.

"The young man you introduced to me certainly knows how to pave the way to an acquaintance."

"He ought to know how to pave the way to anything. He's a street contractor."

CHRIST-LIKE COMMON SENSE

Mutual Service the Basis of Confidence and Means Justice, Peace, Plenty and Virtue.

Mutual service is the basis of mutual confidence. Mutual service means justice, peace, plenty, virtue. It means the beginning at least of that mutual love which is the crown and glory of the divine life of a perfect humanity. If we are committed to that we are on our way to the realization of the Christian ideal. If not, no belief will save us. We may fast and pray and humiliate ourselves before we can put the message of Jesus into such form as to reach the mind, the conscience, the heart, of this generation; we must get at the spirit in which he, being what he was, spoke and acted. If, by sympathy, we share the spirit that moved him we begin to know not what he said and did then so much as what we ought to say and do now and here. What he said about the rich and the poor, the scribes and the Pharisees, the Gentile publicans and Jewish sinners he might not say today if he were dealing with the problems of modern society. What he did at any moment depended upon the peculiar circumstances of the time and place. He might act differently now and here. If, however, we can discover the spirit in which he used the gifts of his nature and the power of God that was in him we may in the spirit know how we ought to apply ourselves to the needs of our time and what will help us in our work today.—Christian Register.

CORONATIONS OF OLD DAYS

Quaint Ceremonials That Formerly Were Observed at the Banquet in Westminster Hall.

Westminster hall saw some picturesque pageants at old-time coronations. Among these, according to a writer in the Queen, was a coronation banquet, at which were observed some quaint ceremonials. The first course was brought into the hall with much courtly splendor. At the crowning of George IV. Lord Anglesey, as lord high steward, rode in the center wearing his robes and coronet, and with a plume of white feathers on his horse's head. The duke of Wellington as lord high constable rode on his right on a white charger most richly caparisoned, and on the left rode Lord Howard of Effingham as deputy earl marshal of England.

These three, with many other attendants, escorted the gentlemen pensioners, who bore the hot dishes for the king's own eating. At this banquet cups of wine were offered by the lord mayor of London and by the mayor of Oxford; the lord of the manor of Lyston presented a plate of wafers, and another lord of a manor gave three cups of maple unto his sovereign. These cups of maple were presented and accepted by King Edward at his coronation in 1902. Westminster hall is no longer used on the occasion of this solemn service.

Ancient Discourse.

The vicar was a very old man. He had been in the parish forty-two years. During his last year the curate was practically in charge of the services, but now and then, when he was able, he occupied the pulpit. His eyesight was bad, and he was altogether unfit to compose fresh sermons, so had to fall back on old ones. One Sunday morning his hearers were alarmed with a discourse, much as follows: "We are standing today," he said, "face to face with a great power in the east. We are on the verge of war. (Long pause.) We are—we are—er—we are on the brink of war with Russia. I—er—we, I mean—we will now proceed to consider the next point." In the vestry, after service, the curate asked him about the projected war, as he had seen nothing about it in the papers. "That sermon," he said, with a very far-off look in his eyes, and a slight suspicion of a smile—"that sermon I wrote forty years ago."

The Man in the Stocks.

Thomas Hardy lived to see many changes in his native Wessex. "I have seen with my own eyes things that many people believe to have been extinct for centuries. I have seen men in the stocks. I remember one perfectly when I was very young. I can see him now, sitting in the scorching sunshine with the flies crawling over him." Incidents like this were used in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "The Return of the Native." Max Gate, the house in which he lives, is built on what was formerly crown land belonging to the duchy of Cornwall. When Hardy's offer to purchase was received the late King Edward, then prince of Wales, remarked: "Let him have the land he wants; he has set his heart on it, and we must do all we can to make our authors contented."

The Main Requisite.

A pale, intellectual looking chap, wearing eyeglasses and unshorn hair, visited an athletic instructor not long ago and asked questions until the diplomatic athlete finally became weary. "If I take boxing and wrestling lessons from you, will it require any particular application?" he asked. "No," answered the instructor, "but a little arnica will come in handy."

This Commercial Age.

"Are you acquainted with him at all?"

"Only in a business way. I married his daughter."—Spokesman-Review.

DIDN'T REMEMBER HIS NAME

Queer Instance of "Stage Fright" at the General Delivery Window on Sunday Morning.

"Many people get stage fright at the general delivery window," said a post office clerk. "It is particularly likely to catch them on Sunday morning, when a big crowd is lined up waiting for mail. Most always they recover in time to give their name and address, but once in a while a man suffers such a severe attack of momentary aphasia that he has to step aside long enough to remember who he is.

"A queer incident of this kind took place at this window not many Sundays ago. The usual Sunday morning crowd was on hand. In the line was a man who was struck with the worst kind of stage fright the minute he approached the window. It is the custom for every applicant to sing out his name without being asked, but that man's mind had suddenly become such a blank that he had no more idea what he wanted to say than if he had never been christened. At a busy time like that a clerk has no time to waste on imbeciles, so I asked him to step aside and give the rest of the folks a chance. Before he could make a move the man directly behind him sang out a name and address over his shoulder. The man's stage fright vanished instantly.

"'That's my name,' he said. 'How on earth did you know it?' I never saw you before.'

"'But I have seen you,' said the other man. 'I have just moved into the apartment house where you live. I found out from the janitor who you are. I wanted to know because it is your dog that howls half the night.'

"So even that victim of stage fright got his mail, but that was an exceptional case."

RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS

Interesting Ceremonial When the Escort of the Sacred Carpet Gets Back to Cairo.

Yesterday morning, writes the Cairo correspondent of the Queen, was devoted to watching the ceremonial return of the Mahmal and its attendant escort of soldiers and pilgrims from Mecca. The sacred kiswe or carpet, which is the annual tribute from Cairo and which journeyed to Mecca with the pilgrims, has now taken its place as the covering of the Kaaba, while that which it replaced has already been divided as valuable mementos among the faithful.

The ceremony of the return of the pilgrims as that of their departure is celebrated in the great Place Mohamet Ali, below the ramparts of the citadel, the square being outlined with Egyptian troops. The khedive was present of course yesterday with all his ministers and staff, and many of the European notables and a tremendous concourse of less important spectators were present to view the ceremony.

The departure of the Mahmal took place so early in November that but few visitors were in the place to witness it, and as the Mohammedan calendar is nearly a fortnight shorter than ours, before long this interesting annual event will be relegated to the days of the early autumn, whereat the European element will be deprived of one of the few remaining purely Egyptian festivals. Statistics from Mecca this year state the number of pilgrims at the enormous figure of 90,651, out of which Egypt accounted for no less than 15,619.

Doing Your Own Papering.

In preparing the paper for hanging, first trim off all white edges which might show afterward. Then spread the paste on the paper, very evenly, to obviate the danger of irregular drying and later spotty effects. Regulate the temperature of the room so that the paper will dry within one hour after hanging.

The following method of estimating the number of rolls of paper may be of help. This estimate holds good for rooms of from seven to nine feet in height. Measure the number of yards around the room, and multiply this by two. The resultant figure represents the number of full-length strips. For each ordinary sized window and door allow two strips each. Subtract this from the first figure, and divide by five. This will give you the number of double rolls required. This estimate makes allowance enough so that the trimmings fill in odd places.—Country Life in America.

Fashion a Necessity.

The women of the West Indies have been wearing the hobble skirt for years and are apt to wear it for years to come. The hobble may have originated with these women of the tropics, but they probably care little for the credit, as their hobble is more of a necessity than a fashion decree. They wear a bell anywhere between the shoulders and the hips, and the tight hobble cord is placed just below the knees. They are often forced to walk through long, wet grass and ford streams, and when occasion demands it the skirts are pulled up and the hobble cord holds them in place. Every native woman wears a hobble, but she calls it a "grazitto."

In Proportion.

Wife—I want a cap, please, for my husband.

Shopkeeper—Yes, madam. What size does he wear?

Wife—Well, I really forget. His collars are size 16; though I expect he'd want about size 18 or 20 for a cap, wouldn't he?

KITCHENS IN OLDEN TIMES

Size of Culinary Department Was More Important Than Its Furnishings Long Ago.

In olden days the size of the kitchen seems to have been of more importance than its fitments in detail. At Hurstmonceux, for instance, there was a kitchen 28 feet high, with three huge fireplaces, and a bakehouse with an oven 14 feet in diameter; then there is an old Welsh kitchen at Penrhyn Old Hall, near Llandudno, dating from the Fifteenth Century, which has many primitive culinary contrivances, now obsolete or superseded by more modern devices; a meatjack with a flywheel, a steel toasting stand, and a fan bellows. A wonderful old kitchen is at Battle Abbey, and that at St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, is remarkable for the famous "knave's post," to which possibly recalcitrant scullions were temporarily attached. There is a medieval kitchen in Westminster Abbey, although nowadays little remains whereby to identify it save the rubble flooring, the buttery hatch and an adjoining cellar—now or lately the dining-room of the resident canon. Hampton Court Palace, too, has its "great kitchen," with a vast vaulted roof and sets of antlers on the walls.

Our ancestors fully recognized the advantages of having a large kitchen. An order, dated April 19, 1206, commanda Hugh de Nevill to have the king's kitchen at Clarendon roofed with shingles, and to cause two new kitchens to be erected, one at Marlborough and the other at Ludgershall, to dress the royal dinners in; "and it is particularly directed that each kitchen shall be provided with a furnace sufficiently large to roast two or three oxen.

ENGLAND GETS BEST COFFEE

All the First Grade From Java Goes There—America Uses Much Formosa Tea.

"America does not get the highest grade of coffee produced in Java, nor the best grade of tea from Formosa," said Horace T. Tompkins, an American exporter from the island of Formosa.

"It is somewhat strange that it is almost impossible to get good coffee in Asia, as it would seem that Java could supply that part of the world, but it is a fact that good coffee is unknown in the Orient. One can get first class coffee in Belgium, in France or in England, and good coffee in the United States, but here we get only the second grade of the coffee bean. In fact there is not a great quantity of first class coffee produced, and it all goes to England, where the demand for the finest grades of everything to eat is limited. Formosa sends to the United States every year about 18,000,000 pounds of tea. It is of good quality, but not the highest grade. In the whole island no more than 1,000 pounds of the very best tea is grown, and this is shipped to various countries. But a small quantity of it goes to New York.

"Formosa has a population of 3,600,000, most of whom are Chinese. There are about 35,000 Japanese. The Viceroy of Formosa, Satsuma, is a man of great ability, and is friendly to the United States and Americans. Tientsui, the principal city of Formosa, has a population of 135,000."

The Young French Girl.

A young French girl enters the theatre with her father. She takes her seat directly in front of the privileged American girls "finishing" their education abroad. Her untouched flower-like face is alight with anticipated pleasure, with a soft vividness of intelligence that could never be cursed with the word "brainy." Her hair is bound with a little old-fashioned snood and tiny buckle, a strangely simple evening dress covers the exquisite ardor of her slender body.

Quickly four faces, the faces of the overindulged, the overprecocious, the overathletic and the overdressed, turn to study her. There is something to learn in this little French maid, whose eyes never meet a man's, who is never allowed to walk alone on the street, whose unconscious grace envelops her like a veil, who is sheltered like a delicate bird yet trained to the utmost energy, reserve, accomplishment and usefulness.—The Atlantic.

Low Stage of the Mississippi.

As showing the low stage of the Mississippi river an eastern Missouri paper prints this: "A load of steers was driven from Town Island to Tibbits Island on dry land in the middle of the Mississippi river at Clarksville Sunday. It was a spectacle that never had been witnessed in the memory of Clarksville residents. A sandbar extends from one island to the other, due to the low stage of the river, and the cattle, owned by Mayor Buchanan, followed this route.

"Persons from Illinois drive half way across on dry sand and are met by the Clarksville ferry, which transports them to the Missouri shore, while north of town there is one place that can be waded from shore to shore."—Kansas City Star.

What Did Mamma Do?

Dominie—What a lot of pennies you have in your little bank! Were they given you to buy candy?

Freddie—No, sir. Those are the ones ma gave me to put in the collection basket.—Judge.

ELECTRIC FOG HORNS USED

Pressure on a Button Replaces All the Old-Time Hooting with Voice or Working Bellows.

The time honored fog horn and still the one in most common use on myriads of smaller boats is of the sort that you raise to your lips and blow. Tolerably hard work blowing a fog horn.

Bigger fog horns for larger boats are set in a box, the box containing a bellows by which the horn is blown. Attached to the bellows is an outside lever by means of which the bellows is operated by hand. A lot of noise this fog horn makes, to be heard for a considerable distance.

There are now made, used on many power boats and yachts, electric fog horns the operating of which calls for the exercise of neither lung nor hand power. In these horns there is attached, enclosed at the smaller end, a metallic diaphragm to which is connected an electric coil, which, when electricity is turned into it, vibrates the diaphragm and sounds the horn. Electricity is supplied from a storage battery or from current generated on the boat if it is electrically equipped. To blow an electric fog horn you simply press a button.

GAVE LESSON IN PATIENCE

Wise Man's Lecture to Wife Was Interrupted by Spilling of Milk on His Trousers.

"Patience, my dear, patience," remarked Noey Tall, blandly, to his wife at breakfast the other morning when she spoke rather abruptly to one of the children for dropping his bread and butter face downwards on the table cloth. "Accidents will happen, and we were children ourselves once. I'm sure that Jimmy didn't mean to—Great Jerusalem! There goes Harold's glass of milk all over my new trousers! This is the limit. Get a cloth, woman, can't you, and swab up this mess! It beats comprehension that a man can't sit down at his own table without being tormented and bespattered as I am every time I try to eat a meal under my own roof. You've got the manners of a hog—the lot of you! Look at these trousers—absolutely ruined. Wait till I get hold of that cub. Just let me get my hands on him, and I'll teach him to deliberately hurl a glass of milk over a $7 pair of trousers. Don't tell me he didn't mean to do it. He came to this table with the deliberate intention of doing it, and I'll—I'll——"

The Stenographer's Limit.

James Ford Rhodes, the Boston historian, was talking about history.

"Accuracy," he said, "is the sine qua non of historical writing. It is, indeed, the sine qua non of all social intercourse. If we are inaccurate we are sure to be tripped up.

"I knew an old-fashioned and aristocratic banker who is inaccurate in his pronunciation. He says 'obleeged' for 'obliged,' 'thankee' for 'thank you' and so forth. That is the way bucks used to talk, you know, in Georgian times.

"Well, the banker invited his stenographer, a clever young woman, to lunch at his residence in Beacon street with his wife and himself one day, and during the course of turkey he called the guest's attention to the celery—or 'salary,' as he called it.

"What do you think of my salary, miss?" he said.

"'Fine,' the young girl answered. 'I think it's fine.'

"'Yes, isn't it?' said the banker, proudly. 'I raise it myself.'

"'Do you?' she returned, with a laugh. 'I wish you'd raise mine, then.'"

At a Psychic Dinner.

"Have you been to a psychic dinner yet?" asked a pretty girl at a studio tea. "No? Then you have missed the latest development of an idea adopted by those who always keep up to the very last scream in metropolitan life. It seems that real food is served just as at any ordinary dinner, and one has to pay for it in real money, but everything has a psychic, soulful atmosphere. At one held recently a woman, presumably happily married, told of having met in her travels one of her past husbands—that is, a man to whom she is sure she was married in some previous existence. Isn't it a wonder what people can dope out when they try?"

Hamilton's Midnight Oil.

Men who serve their countries faithfully have, in many instances, been forced thereby to neglect their own and their families' interests; or, at least, their energies are severely overtaxed. Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, in his biography of his grandfather, Alexander Hamilton, gives a celebrated Frenchman's observation.

His studious tastes and habits drew forth the famous comment of Talleyrand, who one night passed Hamilton's window and found him at work. He wrote later:

"I have seen a man who made the fortune of a nation laboring all night to support his family."—Youth's Companion.

Unhealthful.

For near a thousand years Rome sat on her seven hills. Then she began to decline.

"These sedentary pursuits do tell on one sooner or later!" sighed the mistress of the world.

Meanwhile the learned doctors were making all sorts of guesses as to what ailed her.—Puck.

Precocious Infant.

William Lyon Phelps tells this story about Robert Louis Stevenson, as illustrating the cosmopolitanism of Russian character, which Professor Phelps says is accountable, in a measure, for the international effect and influence of Russian novels. Stevenson, writing from Mentone to his mother, 7 January, 1874, said: "We have two little Russian girls, with the youngest of whom, a little polyglot button of a three-year-old, I had the most laughable scene at lunch today. . . . She said something in Italian which made everybody laugh very much . . . after some examination, she announced emphatically to the whole table, in German, that I was a madchen. . . . This hasty conclusion as to my sex she was led afterward to revise . . . but her opinion . . . was announced in a language quite unknown to me, and probably Russian. To complete the scroll of her accomplishments . . . she said good-by to me in very commendable English." Three days later, Stevenson added, "The little Russian kid is only two and a half; she speaks six languages."

Farmington Postoffice.

MAIL SERVICE.

M. B. Pierce, Postmaster

Mails arrive at 8:05 a. m. and 5:05 p. m
Depart at 7:50 a. m. and 3: 50 p. m.
Rural Route No. 1 — Will Sprague
Rural Route No. 2 — Clyde Adams.
Rural Route No. 3 — Lyman Sprague
Rural carriers leave the P. O. at 8:30

M. B. PIERCE, P. M.

For removing ashes or teaming of any kind, leave orders at E. C. Grace's store; E. H. KRUEGER.

23w4p.

Custom sawing done on short notice. Bring in your logs. Bert Simpson.