

Reciprocity is essential to continue our friendship.

Even false hair is going up. This is like bringing the high-price epidemic to a head.

Prof. Todd also believes Mars is inhabited; but, truth, he might as well believe this as anything else.

Edison invented the phonograph, but it would be unfair to suspect him of designing the souvenir postal card.

A Chicago man in Battle Creek fell 45 feet and escaped unhurt. He probably landed on a bale of breakfast food.

Hydrophobia is a disease the government investigators tell us. They seem a dog-gone long time admitting the obvious.

The brain of a New York man was found to weigh only half of the average man. Science solves the mysteries of the ages.

A corset saved the life of an Akron woman who was stabbed by her husband. The man should have known that of corsets would.

A Kingston, Ont., man broke his ribs laughing at a joke. The nature of the quip ought to be ascertained and put on record as a side splitter.

An Illinois woman asks divorce because her husband forbids her sitting on the lawn. Few judges would consider this ground for divorce.

"I envy the lot of every man who is not an emperor," wrote Francis Joseph long ago. And he never felt disposed to alter the sad statement.

Two-thirds of the weight of the average girl, according to a London chemist, is sugar. We know several love-lorn swains who will believe that.

Lillian Russell says she never bets more than \$100 on the races on any one day, and that she always wins. The two statements seem to be mutually irreconcilable.

There are 6,397 different kinds of alcoholic drinks used in the world, according to statistics. The job undertaken by the W. C. T. U. looks rather formidable, doesn't it?

A meteorite recently fell upon the Russian town of Verkhneudinsk. It may be said, however, that the name of the place was the same before the catastrophe occurred.

Hetty Green's comment that a girl who seeks a husband abroad is not what she gets, is putting it gently, but it should be construed from the strictly snappish point of view.

A Pittsburg father, who spanked his 15-year-old daughter for staying out late at night was upheld by the judge. Evidently the old man doesn't intend to spoil his child by sparing the rod.

At the ripe old age of 77 Henri Rochefort is still able to give up the direction of one Parisian newspaper and take on that of another. He remains the world's foremost fighting editor.

A Camden, N. J., bank teller is dead from blood poisoning caused by handling money. Up to date this is the most effective of all the arguments against tainted coin that have been produced.

Wireless telegraphy is an accomplished fact; wireless telephoning is under experimental processes, but the limit of human ingenuity is expected to be reached when it comes to wireless politics.

It is heard from Washington that "collecting old bank notes has become quite a fad." It is, however, a more widespread custom for people to drop their level bet to collect any old kind of bank notes.

The vigilance committee of an Arizona community sent elaborate resolutions of congratulation to a neighboring order of strangers on the occasion of the hanging of a horse thief. There was the tie that binds.

Marconi is through with so simple a problem as wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic, and is now getting ready to send messages across the Atlantic and America by the Pacific. Mature reflection should induce him to delay his experiments until after the football season if he does not want his second waves disturbed.

A remarkable news item comes from Vienna of the celebration of the 100th anniversary of a wedding in a neighborhood village. The husband is 80 and the wife 116 years of age, and neither of them has ever been outside the immediate vicinity of the village. But then they have a Fourth of July in Austria and the village is probably inaccessible to automobiles.

A baseball fan transformed into a baseball bug in a curious manner. He makes all decisions before the umpire does, giving the close ones to his side and shouting in glee when the umpire confirms his judgment. The meeting is so lively when the umpire cannot see it that way. Another mark of the species is that every simple catch made by his side is a "beautiful" play. The bug is as anxious to meet it as they have to all in front of him for the weak and hear him shouting, "Great! Great! Great ball!" when only the ordinary thing is happening.

NEEDS OF FILIPINOS

PROGRAM FOR CONGRESS IN AF. FAIRS OF THE ISLANDS.

Bevering In is Urged to Grant More Favorable Terms for the Admission of Their Goods to United States.

No dispassionate observers of affairs in the Philippines ever leave long unspoken the wish that congress may cause the tariff to be lowered to the demands of the sugar and tobacco interests and give the Philippines more favorable terms for the admission of their commodities to our markets.

This is rather cool weather for such talk. The silly season passed some weeks ago. Men have returned to a normal basis of reasoning and action, and it is surprising to find that Judge Taft's literary is being interpreted in such pessimistic terms.

As for increased powers of self-government, it contents itself with the hope is expressed that this bureau may ultimately be taken out of the hands of the war department and placed under officials whose experience is primarily administrative.

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Mr. Roosevelt at Vicksburg. Though he spoke to the people of Vicksburg on a subject of vital interest to all residents of that region, the subject of improving the levees by federal assistance.

Three days before Thanksgiving a large package was brought into camp by Indian Jack. It was addressed to Miss Katy Holt. She took it and gave orders that no one was to open it.

She stepped from her horse, fairly dragged Uncle Billy into his cabin and there talked with him for a long time. He shook his head repeatedly, stamped two or three times and shook his head.

"Hello, Uncle Billy," she cried, as she reached the camp. When she saw the particularly fond she always called Uncle Will "Billy," and he understood and liked the nickname when she spoke it.

"Such a pretty idea," she said, "and so romantic. Where did I get it? Wouldn't the girls think it too sweet for anything?"

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TAFT'S CALL AT BERLIN.

Folly to Attribute Political Significance to Visit.

Some alarmists are protesting to see sinister signs in the decision of Secretary Taft to return to the United States by way of Berlin. They affect to spell serious international complications in the visit to the German capital, to the exclusion of the other European political centers.

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How Katy Made Thanksgiving for Her Father and Uncle Will

Although a vain, brassy turkey rustled his gorgeous feathers in a corral, and there was a host of cranberries and some raisins and other "fixings" which showed preparation for a Thanksgiving dinner, Katy Holt grew thoughtful every time that Thanksgiving was mentioned. She had a large scheme on hand that needed tact, courage and good luck to carry it through.



Katy.

William deeded his share in the Red Dog to Tom, and Tom gave papers to William for a share in the Golden Wonder mine, on the other side of the mountain.

No more partners, both said at heart, but both too proud to acknowledge that he was the least in the partnership.

Tom Holt smiled, the first time in a month, and felt better already. Three days before Thanksgiving a large package was brought into camp by Indian Jack.

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Then she went to town and there bought two gold rings with her 20-dollar bill and inside of each she had the words engraved, "Day of Thanksgiving." With these rings she went home, and on the way made Indian Jack promise that he would not say where they had been.

When she rang the bell for her father to come in he stood speechless and in surprise to see that the table was set for three.

"How is this, Kitty?" he asked, hastily. "Whom have you asked to come to dinner with us?"

Katy pretended to be busy taking something out of the mysterious package that Indian Jack had brought in some days earlier. Suddenly she said: "Why, here is a letter from grandpa and from your mother."

"And say, dad, just see what grandpa has sent to you! Don't you know how you used to say that, when you were a boy, you used to go to grandpa's place and find an earthen jar full of sugar cookies that she had made, and how you used to hook some of them to carry away to your baby brother?"

"Hush, Katy; no more of him. He has gone his way and I have gone mine. No more."

"And, say, dad," went on Katy, now herself disconcerting her father, and don't you remember what you said grandmother told you one time, after you had stolen the cookies and she found out that you did not eat them but gave them to your baby brother—I shall look to you to care for Billy?"

"Katy," cried her father, "I see it all now. Was this what you did when you leave the school, where you were so happy?"

Katy nodded, breathless. "Yes," said her father, "if you did that, you deserve a reward, but let Billy come to me."

Katy went to the door and called "Uncle Billy."

From the creek behind Uncle Billy came toward the house. His face was a little red, but it was not more red than her father's.

She slipped out of the house to let them see when no one was by. She made a pretense of being busy outside. When she came back to the cabin she saw the two brothers sitting on a wooden bench, each with an arm about the other and overlaid in their eyes.

What a dinner that was! There never was such a turkey before. And as for a housewife, Tom said there never was one like Katy, except her mother before her.

When the turkey had been attended to and the other delicacies, also, Katy said: "Why, dad, here is your letter from grandpa. Did you read it?"

"Yes, Katy; but it will stand reading again. Read it aloud to Billy."

"My dear Tom and Uncle Billy," said the letter, "I am happy today to think how blessed you are in the love of one another. I send you a jar of sugar cookies—such as mother used to make to help out."

"Our love for one another—that is just it," said Tom. "It is like a message that we both needed."

"Just the thing," agreed Billy, reaching out his hand. "Then there was a call for the sugar cookies and they were produced—jar and all—just like the old times; in fact, the old jar."

"And now," cried Katy triumphantly, "here are two gold rings, exactly alike, except for size. For my sake, wear them always from now on in memory of this day and of your love."

That was the crowning moment as Katy handed over the gold rings, and her father and Uncle Billy accepted them and found that they would fit.

"I think," said Tom Holt to Katy, "that we can afford to send you back to school again."

"Yes," said Uncle Billy, to college too. "Thank you dear, I would like to learn some more."

VETERAN OF THREE WARS.

A Pioneer of Colorado and Nebraska.

Mathias Campbell, veteran of the civil war and two Indian wars, and a pioneer of Colorado, now living at 218 East Nebraska Street, Elmer, Neb., casts a nostalgic eye on his old days. "I had such pains in my neck for a long time that I could not turn my head, and at times there was a total stoppage of the urine. My wife and I have both used Doan's Kidney Pills for what doctors diagnosed as advanced kidney trouble, and both of us have been completely cured."

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

FOUND OUT JUST IN TIME.

Or Finger Bowl Would Have Been Put to Novel Use.

The late William Cassidy, one-time editor of the Albany Argus, possessed the traditional Irish wit. On one occasion a number of his friends were a guest at a political banquet in Albany. At that time finger bowls were seldom used, and their correct usage (as passing food) mentioned to him by the napkin in the water did there-with daintily cleanse the finger tips.

Most of the men present eyed the innovation, when introduced so discreetly, with interest. One after another ended by plunging the hand into the crystal dish. But Mr. Robert Pruyn, a well-known Albany gentleman, corrected a slip of his napkin and loved his fingers. Mr. Cassidy watched him admiringly, not having as yet touched his own glass.

"That's good," he whispered to a neighbor. "That's good. If Pruyn hadn't done that I should have put my foot in it."—Harper's Weekly.

Missed His Vocation.

Reginald de Koven, the composer, tells of a grocer and a druggist who attended a Wagner concert. As the program did not please them they began talking in music in general and on Wagner in particular.

"Another example of the fact that every man wants to do something out of his line," said the druggist. "That's all right," answered the grocer. "Now, I'm a grocer, but I've always wanted to be a banker."

"You'd probably fall added the druggist. "Look me, I'm a success as a druggist, yet I've always wanted to write a book. This man Wagner tries his hand at music. Just listen to it. And yet we all know he builds good parlor cars."—Success.

Not to Be Thought Of.

There was once a multi-millionaire (he was very rich) who indeed had spent immense sums of money on his children. They had everything, including four automobiles and a steam yacht each.

Still they were not satisfied. "Can you not," they implored, "spend a little time with us, now and then?"

"Time!" cried the multi-millionaire, greatly shocked. "No, no, you are dreaming. It is impossible."

"This fable teaches that time is not money, in any practical sense.—Exchange.

His Word Not Good.

John and Jim agreed to settle a difference by fighting it out. It was understood that whoever wanted to quit should cry "ough!" John got Jim down and was hammering Jim soundly, when Jim cried "ough!" but John refused to believe that his cry and kept on pounding him. Again and again Jim called out "ough!" but John paid no heed and kept busy with his fists. A boy standing near asked: "Why, then, the fellow who 'ough!' he's yelled 'ough!'"

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Also Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I have used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher. "Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning. The trouble was a tension to the cry in the top of my head, and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head, and at times after a general 'meat' feast with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years. A short time ago friends came to me and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years ago I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all. 'This time, however, my friend made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Suddenly I found myself improving in a most decided manner. 'The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I have, I'll bet I'll be a Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter but stubborn facts which I am glad to make known. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in page. 'There's a Reason.'"