For where do her labors end?

Then it's needle and thread and an aching head And see how the needle flies!

Brush, brush, brush! For there's many a boy to clean, And start to school with a slate and rule, With a breakfast to get between. Comb, comb, comb! In the minute she has

to spare,
For what is so wild—unreconciled-As the wastes of a youngster's hair?

Sweep, sweep; Sweep! Oh, follow the flashas with the towel bound her forehead

round She goes from room to room.

Dust, dust, dust! As down on her knees she kneels.

For there's much to do in the hour or two Of interval 'twixt meals. Bake, bake, bake! For the cookie jar piled

But yesterday, in some curious way

white. For well she knows how the story goes Of a small boy's appetite.

Scrub, scrub, scrub! For the floor that was spick and span,
Alas, alack! has a mucdy track
Where some thoughtless youngster ran.
Splash, splash, splash! For the dishes of

Are piled up high to wash and dry And put on their shelves away.

Patch, patch, patch! And oh for a pantaloon
That would not tear or rip or wear In the course of an afternoon! Patch, patch, patch! And see how the needle

for a mother knows how the fabric goes Where the seat of trouble lies. Toil, toil! For when do her labors end.

With a dress to make and a cake to bake, and dresses and hose to mend? Stew, stew, stew! Fret and worry and fuss, And who of us knows of the frets and

In the days when she mothered us? -J. W. Foley, in N. Y. Times.

A VALENTINE VERSE

NCE upon a time Drouet wrote a val-NCE upon a time brought with entire verse to a girl—and sent it. his was a foolish thing to do, and Rrouquestion is exceptionally pretty and charming and Drouet did not then know that she is as mischievous as delightful. Had he known this it is possible the verse would not have been

The girl "scratches for a living" by means of the daily press and the magazines, so she scanned the verse critically, in more than one sense. She smiled over it a little, amused, but nevertheless poetry promptly upon its receipt." pleased, womanwise, to receive it, read it over several times after she almost girl frowned, uneasily. "I must end knew it by heart, and tucked it away in it.' the souvenir corner of her desk. Then she forgot all about it for some time.

"Oh, just a little bit of verse some one sent me," she explained with a blush when her dearest chum pulled it forth one day and insisted upon looking it over. "I've been thinking I'd throw a lot of that stuff away before long."

Which statement, if not strictly true, served the purpose of changing the subject. For the girl had begun to like Drouet very much by that time, and felt correspondingly unwilling to talk about him. Again she read the paper, tucked it away and forgot all about it once

But last month she received a letter from a countryman of high-sounding name, who wrote that he was preparing an anthology of Chicago poets. Might he not include the name of the girl, some of whose lovely verses he had seen, and would she not kindly furnish him with

she might know? The girl, who had no mind to later subscribe to a costly, leather-bound. deckle-edged list of unknown writers, merely for the not altogether unaccustomed pleasure of seeing her name in She was about to close the letter when ranged between them. And the girl, in a brilliant thought flashed into her

mention that he had heard from the downcountry literateur with the impressive name. But she laughed merrily over the matter in secret every time its memory recurred to her. She hoped. too, that John Drouet would somehow manage to let her know if he did hear from the anthology compiler so that she might enjoy some open merriment at his expense. The anthology man evidently believed in prompt action. Three days after mailing her own reply the girl received, a letter from the man whose verse she had recommended.

"Dear Miss Martha," so he addressed her, "the inclosed letter is self-explanstory. Since you were good enough to recommend my poetry to this man. be good enough to write something for me to send him. You know I can't write poetry. In fact, I never wrote but one bit of verse in my life."

Pinned to the top of this letter was a florid epistle from the anthological compiler. The florid epistle explained that Miss Marcia Gurning, Washingon boulevard, had spoken admiringly of John Drouet's verse. The girl, highw amused, was by no means ready to retire from the field in favor of John Drouet. She copied the valentine verse and sent it off to the author.

"How about this for real poetry?"

she tersely inquired. "That verse is not mine, but yours," came back the speedy answer. wouldn't have the nerve to call it poetry, any more than you would if you weren't trying to have fun with me. Besides, I never write for publication;

I wrote it for you." "I will waive all rights in the valentine poem and sign a statement to this effect," replied Miss Martha, by return mail. "Far be it from me to to me a good and important word, and stand in your literary light. Send the I thought the best words should alanthology man your-my-verse with with my blessing. Let me know when

your name gets into print." She felt quite happy over this brilliant piece of strategy; she was so I did not want to get rid of his majesty." broken or left behind.

much amused, in fact, that she took neveral friends into her confidence. She felt she must have some one to share her curiocity as to what John Drouge would do under the circumstances.

enough to send the verse," was her view of the matter, "and yet he's so serious-minded that he may not see he joke. That he did see the joke-also a way to improve it—was proven by Miss

"I don't believe he's conceite

Martha's next communication from "Many thanks for your kind offer."

he wro.e. briefly "I have written the anthology man that you control all the verse i have so far written, and that he must deal directly with you."

Next day came a letter from the high-named compiler of anthologies. "Dear Madame: I have been informed by John Drouet, whose poetry you so warmly recommended to me, that you control his entire poetical output, and that I must deal directly with you in regard to including Mr. Drouet's name and some specimen's Is empty again, oh, my!
Stir, stir, stir; in a froth of yellow and of his work in my proposed 'Anthology of Chicago Poets.' May I ask for some of said specimens with duly signed and witnessed copyright release, by re-

turn mail?" The girl laughed until she cried upon first receiving this letter, but the laughter faded as she realized the awkward situation in which she had been placed. To send Drouet's simple verse, on the one hand, would be to expose him to cruel laughter and harsh criticism should the "proposed anthology" ever crystallize into stern fact and Drouet's contributions come to the notice of his other fun-loving friends. To withhold the verse, on the other hand, would hearty recommendation of the same.

She fell back upon strategy again. "I cannot send you anything of Mr. Drouet's writing without his explicit consent," she wrote to the authology

compiler. "Mr. Drouet's consent is given, by implication, in the letter of which I forward you a copy," was the anthology man's reply. He inclosed a copy of Drouet's statement to the effect that Miss Martha Gunning must be directly doelt with if the verse was to be ob-

tained. "Consent by implication is not sufficient," the girl wrote back, in desperation. "I am not on good terms with Mr. Drouett at present, and must have an affidavit stating his willingness to et is not usually foolish. But the girl in have the verse published before I can treat with you further."

She believed the matter ended, and again laughed with her friendly confidantes over it. The return mail, however, proved her once more mistaken. "I have written Mr. Drouet of your decision," the indefatigable anthology

man informed her. "I hope to send you the required affidavit to-morrow. Please forward specimens of Mr. Drouet's "The thing is getting uncanny," the

"Call off your anthology man, somehow, and I'll concede you the victor in our tilt," she wrote Mr. Drouet. "If

you don't end the matter at once I'll really send him the verse." "Do so, at your pleasure," was Mr. Drouet's polite answer. "Only, if you do, I shall feel constrained, in the interests of my artistic reputation, to tell him how the verse came into existence, and for whom it was written. This will make good, live copy, don't

you think?" "I yield, and humbly," so the girl thology bombardment. "Tell me what I shall do to purchase peace from this troublesome compiler."

"Write him that we have formed a close partnership, literary and personal," was Mr. Drouet's suggestion, "and that no verse will hereafter be the names of other Chicago poets whom published signed by my name only. And tell him to leave out your name also, because long before his book is ready for publication you won't answer

to that name at all." By the time the girl had been rescued from the indignant tears into print, briefly answered that she felt which the reply had plunged her, matquite unworthy of the offered honor, ters had been suite comfortably arthe first flush of her engaged happiness laughter-loving mine. She added a line, and pity for all non-engaged mortals, saying that John Drouet, of No. - La wrote the anthology compiler that she Salle street, had done some beautiful and Mr. Drouet had together decided not to allow the publication of any of The girl had no thought that she would his verse at present, but that later riey ever hear more from the matter, unless | would be glad to subscribe for a copy indeed, John Drouet should happen to of the book.-Chicago Record-Herald.

> HE WANTED A LARGE WORD Man Prayed at Revival That the King Be Annihilated-Realizes Mistake.

Many years ago, in the tens or twenties of the last century, there was a revival at the Congregational chapel in Penzance, Cornwall. The pastor, John Foxell, was a famous minister in his day. On the occasion referred to a revival had been going on for some time. Various converts were allowed to have their say.

One Sunday the usual sermon gave way to short prayers and singing. One convert, a well-meaning, but not too well educated man, burst forth in prayer and, among other remarks, he appealed to the

Lord to "annihilate" the king. This caused no little surprise to the loyal section of the somewhat "classy" congregation. Some were uneasy, and the pastor, at the conclusion of the ser7ice, quietly called the speaker aside and asked him why he was so reckless as to use such republican language on such a serious occasion. The poor fellow seemed puzzled and dazed; he did not

the way. "What on earth did you want to annihilate the king for?" asked the pas-

"Well, why not, if it were for his good?" replied the man. "Perhaps you do not know the exact meaning of the word, "annihilate,"

retorted Mr. Foxell, kindly. "I admit I do not," remarked the convert, "but I happened to come across the word a few days ago, and it looked ways be reserved for the king, and when I was praying and put in a word for his safety I thought it a good, grand and above the grass, the ashes are solemnly swinging word to use in his behalf; but knocked out on the top, and the pipes

CITY OF ROSES TAMING BUFFALOES NORTH DAKOTA NEWS

EXPERIMENT WITH CALVES.

Fierce - Story of the Author's

Futile Attempt to Photo-

graph These Creatures.

people seem to have definitely made up

covered the western plains as with a

should affect the matter of his preser-

vation, for, apart from all question of

A PORTION OF THE HERD.

should unite in a strong effort to save

unfavorable to the cause of the buf-

To attempt the rearing of buffalo

calves by hand, to study their habits

day by day, and later to attempt to

break them to the voke, has been the

dream of the writer ever since he

of Corbin Park, N. H., in which is cen-

fined the largest herd of bison in the

world. No one but he can know with

what longings he used to lie for hours

the foundations or ruined buildings.

watching the movements of sundry

tawny youngsters as they punched

stampedes, held their places in the fly-

ing herd, fleet as polo ponies and sure-

footed as goats. At times I was al-

hiding place and try to capture one in

my arms, but a moment's reflection

was enough to show me the absurdity

of the thought. In the first place, one

might as well try to capture a jack-

rabbit; in the second place, if one suc-

ceeded in catching it, a greased bob cat would be easier to hold, and even

if one could hold it, the probability of

being killed by the mother was so

strong that it amounted to a dead cer-

By and by came April, and with it

well as a written record of the ex-

periment. I journeyed to the buffalo

yards, ten miles across Croydon moun-

they were taken from their mothers.

with the exception of certain elderly

bulls, which seem to have grown mo-

rose, possibly from living too much by

themselves, most buffaloes are peace-

ably disposed, save only at the time

when the calves are young. Then, the

tows are savage demons or protecting

angels, according to the point of view

But from whatever point of view one

looks at them, they demand the abso-

lute respect of every visitor who would

a magazine editor from New York, in

search of the simple life, and good

"Bill" Morrison, a Scotchman, who has

spent 15 years of his life handling

the "Corbin" buffaloes. The cows lost

the shutter. But I never got that pic-

ture, for the cow put her head to the

ground, and I knew exactly what that

meant. I reached a certain tree before

Impartial.

"Mr. Scatterton prides himself on be-

"Yes," answered the unamiable man;

"I once went shooting with him. He

didn't seem to care whether he hit the

An Overpowering Passion.

"Every person has some ruling pas

"I presume so. At least, I have one."

"My wife."-Kansas City Drovers

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

aw went off to join him.

ing strictly impartial."

"What is it?"

Telegram.

As I entered the tree-dotted yard

inspect or photograph the babies.

falo.

tainty.

At this time, when the American

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR THEY BARE OPPORTUNITY GIVEN TO BLOOM IN PORTLAND.

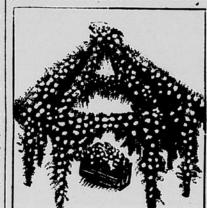
This Flower a Feature of the Lewis and Clark Exposition - Thousands Given Away-The Boutonniere Club.

By W. E. Brindley. Portland proved her title to fame as the Rose City of the world by holding | their minds to save the last remnants during the early days of the Lewis and of the vast horde of bison which once Clark exposition the most successful rose show ever held in America. The robe, it is of interest to know how show, which took place in the Auditori- far this great wild creature can be um at the exposition, demonstated to made to conform to the present conthe many easterners who were present ditions of the country, and whether or that the stories of Portland roses nor he can be tamed and added to were not myths, for half a million man's list of useful domestic animals. blossoms, some of them as large as the Not that either the success or failure biggest sunflowers, hore fragrant testi- of an attempt to domesticate him mony that half had not been told.

There have been rose shows in many cities, but the Portland rose show was utility, there are a hundred good and different from others in that the roses sufficient reasons why Americans on exhibition were grown out of doors, in front yards, rather than in hot houses under the watchful care of experienced florists. In Portland everybody has roses. There are rose hedges in the yards, and rows of roses line the boulevards, while climbing roses lift their flower heads to second and thirdstory windows. The roses displayed at the exposition were the kind which are found everywhere in Portland, and which may be had for the asking. There were 28 contests, all but four being amateur rosarians. Besides those who look extremely strange after her tried for prizes, hundreds of people contributed to the success of the undertaking by giving their choicest blossoms, and, although half a million blooms in all were shown, and perhaps as many more rejected as unworthy of Portland's fame as the Rose City, no visible impression was made on the bounteous supply.

In Portland, as elsewhere, June is the the last few hundreds of the finest month of roses, but no one speaks of it animals which ever trod their soil, as such, because while the blossoms Nevertheless, such an attempt is interare rather more abundant in June than esting, and if successful, should not be at any other season, the rose blooms the year around. During the holiday season last winter, when people in the east were paying fabulous prices for flowers. Portland folks picked fragrant clusters of roses from their own front yards. In Portland, every day is a rose day. and every one may wear a rose every morning, and have a bouquet of roses

on his dinner table every night. At the rose show of the Lewis and Clark exposition there probably were more roses than ever before were gathered under one roof. De Caprio's administration band, which was enthroned on the stage, was almost completely hidden by a bank of fragrant plossoms. The frame of an Italian per- little heads, or, in the occasional mad gola, which towered 30 feet toward the



AT THE ROSE SHOW

ceiling and was covered completely with a mass of roses and twining smilax tain, to photograph the calves before formed the center of the bank, while at either side tier after tier of roses in Now, it has been my experience that huge bouquets made a wall of color. The official flag of the exposition, made in colors by the ingenious use of bluets, irises, carnations and roses, compose the centerpiece of the whole

Perhaps the most attractive feature of the rose show was a bower in the center of the building, built after the manner of a grape arbor, and covered, like the pergola, with a profusion of choice blooms. Aside from the pergola and the bower, there was no attempt at elaborate display, but the whole effect was far more delightful than would where the cows and their little calves have been the case had the show been were quartered, had two assistants-

made more artificial. In Portland, this summer, during the exposition period, which continues until October 15, there will be a rose show every day, for there are 20,000 rose bushes on the fair grounds, in plats and little time in showing their mettle, and scattered about the walks and drive- the first photograph I got was one of ways, and these are all blossoming with my friend the editor, perched well up a prodigality of bloom that is character- in a tree, where, like a sensible fellow istic of Portland. The early visitors that he was, he remained until hosat the fair have admired its charming tilities were over. Morrison did what setting, which is far superior to any he could to drive the cows to points enjoyed by an earlier enterprise of a like where they might be photographed, but nature, and they have marveled greatly | they were in no humor to be driven, at the mighty logs which compose the and several times he had to sprint to Forestry building, and at the agricul- friendly trees and fences. At last I daily. tural products shown in the displays saw a fair chance for a picture, and, made by the various counties, but per- camera in hand, I went out for a shot. haps more than anything else, they have | The cow was standing with her tawny enjoyed the roses, which constitute calf peeping from beneath her harry an entirely new exposition feature, and | neck, and I stepped carefully toward one not possible at any exposition less her, focusing as I went. She was lookadvantageously situated. There is a ing right at me with flashing eyes, all Boutonniere club in Portland, com- the while pawing the earth, and occaposed of men and women who agree to sionally letting out a hoarse grunt, wear a rose every day in the year, and with such force that it shook her body every one who visits the fair may be a from end to end. I continued to admember of the club during his stay in | vance, aware of an occasional warning the city, for in the forestry building word from Morrison, but anxious to thousands of roses are given away every get a fair-sized image before releasing day.

French Financiering. Money is easy in France. The French allotment of shares in the Central Min- she did, and the next instant we were ing and Investment corporation (the all playing tag around the trunk of it. new South African trust) were applied Fortunately, the calf decided not to little fellow stepped. know that he had said anything out of for nearly 90 times over. Subscribers follow, and with a parting snort, the get only about one and a quarter per cent. of their applications. Already the shares are at 13 per cent. premium. That reads a good deal like the days of John Law and the first days of the French Panama canal.

Smoking Mourners.

A very curious old custom is associated with interments in the cemetery of rabbit, the dog or one of his friends."-Labruck, Connemara. A box of pipes- | Tit-Bits. short clays-is brought with the coffin, and a pipe with tobacco is served out to each mourner. The pipes are smoked in silence after the earth has been filled in and a mound of stones raised

Grand Forks. - The installation of officers closed the annual meeting of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of North Dakota. The installation ceremony was conducted by Evarts C. Stevens, Towner, retiring When Little Ones Come Mothers Very most eminent grand priest. The new officers:

Grand High Priest-E. G. Guthrie, Fargo. Deputy Grand High Priest-C. W.

Greene, Devits Lake. Grand King-John Riessbeck, Dickinson. Grand Scribe-Frank H. Sprague, Grafton.

Grand Treasurer-A. C. Mather.

Grand Forks. Grand Secretary-Frank J. Thomp son, Fargo. Grand Captain of Host--A. B. Tayor, Fargo.

Grand Principal Sojourner-W. L. Williamson, Lisbon. Grand Royal Arch Captain-H. E. White, Jamestown. Grand Chaplin-L. G. Moultrie, Val-

ley City. Grand Master Third Veil-Anson Bartlett, Mandan. Grand Master Second Veil-C.-A. Hale, Grand Forks. Grand Sentinel-C. E. Tillson, Car-

rington. The next grand chapter meeting will he held at Fargo.

Disappointing.

Fargo .-- The returns from the township assessors over Cass county indicate a gain of only three people in the county outside of Fargo. The showing is disappointing. The western tier of townships held their own or made gains, but the eastern side of the county showed a decrease.

The city of Fargo will show an increase of something over \$3,000. The chief cause of the lack of gain is due to the fact that many Cass county farmers have gone to the northwestern part of the state and to Canada in the past five years. Several families have removed from nearly every township. Their lands were purchased largely by remaining farmers and no new families arrived to take the place of those removing.

New Towns. Fargo-A great many new towns are being platted throughout the state. Probably none of them will reach the came, a year ago, to live within sight dimensions of Chicago, but many of them will become thriving country towns, and there is no reason why they should not make good residence places as well as good business places. behind rocks or trees, or hidden in Why would it not be good policy for the promoters to lay plans for a little beauty as well as a little utility by retheir shaggy mothers with their hard serving a few small park sites? The expense just now would be simply the value of the bare land and the fact that such provision for the future had all day." been made would add immensely to most tempted to dash out from my the value to the rest of the property.

Nearly Killed. Pembina. - Daniel Hynes, a colored man, was thrown from the circus train at a point six miles east of here, and was taken to this town for medical treatment, seriously injured. The man had been employed by the Forepaugh-Sells Bros. circus. He quit at this place and after the train had started some of the bosses of the circus aggregation found him on the train. and he was picked up bodily and thrown off while the train was runthe first of the buffalo calves, and, as ning at full speed. Sheriff Atchinson I desired to make a complete pictorial of Pembina came down with a warrant for the arrest of the are responsible for the injury of Hymes. He was unable to locate the

Lively Times.

Minot.-The Ward county fail was the scene of a very lively fracas, the participants being Sheriff Lee, Deputy Sheriff Walter George and Warren Colby of Sawyer who is serving a pig

Sheriff Lee was oblidged to fire one shot from his revolver in order to subdue Colby. The shot took effect, entering his thumb and three fingers on his right hand and smashing into splinters a razor which he brandising.

Relics. Jamestown. - Rev. Burleson and a farmer assistant excavated an Indian grave on the bluff on the west bank of Arrowwood lake in this county last week. The grave was surrounded by boulders and was about four feet below the surface. The skeleton of a big Indian, the state of good perservation was brought to the city. No arrowheads or other relics were found.

News Notes. Kenmare-We expect the new Soc ine from Thief River Falls to be completed by Sept. 1.

LaMoure-The creamery turns out more than 1,000 pounds of butter Edmore-A blacksmith received

word that he was one of four heirs to a \$50,000 estate in Missouri. Washhur n-The county teachers' institute enjoyed an enrollment of fortyeight teachers.

Stanley-This place is to have a new real estate office to be established by twin city people. Wahpeton-This city will erect a city hall on the proceeds of the sale of the land secured from the Red Riv-

er Valley U. in lieu of the donations for that institution. Grand Forks-Herman Schotthoeser. three years old, son of Joseph Schotthoeser, living near Reynolds, fellinto a well and was drowned. The well was covered, but one of the boards had been misplaced, and through this the

Bismarck-A local gardener has been eating new potatoes out of his own ond stanzas," should be "Sing the first patch, which is very early for this and second stan-as." season.

Fargo-The Salvation army workers of this state seem to be rejoicing over home rule. In the future the work will be under the control of the American officers instead of having North Dakota an annex to Canada. Starkweather-If the Soo builds

and down to Kensal on the other line as reported, it will open up a splendid section of the state. Hankinson-In a fight near here man had his throath cut by a railroad laborer. It is understood that intoxi-

cants were at the bottom of the trou-

DONT'S

For Speaker and Writer

Ready Reminder of Errors in the Use of Common Words, Arranged Alpha betically

BY EDWARD B. WARMAN, A. M. Author of "Practical Orthoepy and Critique," "The Voice: How to Train It;
How to Care for It," Etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B, Bowles.) Author's Note.—It is one thing to record errors, quite another to avoid them. He who waits for the faultless one to cast the first critical stone waits in vain; therefore, as one of many working for the betterment of the English language, I shall be pleased to receive kindly criti-cism, if, perchance, I, too, have erred. One's theory often is better than one's practice. This was exemplified by the teacher of language when he said to his class: "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with."

a sentence with."

Many years ago I began to be watchful of errors. I noted them in a little book; the book grew as the years passed. I profited much; shall profit more. I now record them that I may benefit others as well as myself. Many of them are re-corded for the first time. Don't say "social" for "sociable."

Example: "I am going to the social,

should be "I am going to the sociable." Note.-Social, is not a noun. Sociable is both a noun and an adjective. Don't say "some" for "about." Example: "It is some four blocks

away.' Don't say "some" for "somewhat." Example: "He is some better," should be "He is somewhat better."

'somebody's else." Example: "That is somebody else's

else book." Note.-This is merely preference. else's," but it would be somebody else's authority, not mine. I like Mr. Ayres' defense of the latter. "It is better grammar and more euphonious to consider else as being an adjective, and to form the possessive by adding the apostrophe and s to the word that else qualifies." -The Verbalist.

Don't say "some such a" for "some such.'

Example: "I think it was some such a boy," should be "I think it was some Note.-Same with no such, any such.

Don't say "standing on my feet." Example: "I've been standing on my feet all day," should be "I've been standing all day," or "I've been on my feet

Don't say "stopping" for "staying." Example: "I am stopping on the farm." should be "I am staying on the

Note.-The staying begins when one stops. One is not supposed to always onous character. It is especially efstop where he stays.

Don't say "strongest" for "stronger." Example: "Charlie and Willie are wrestlers, but Charlie is the strongest," should be "Charlie and Willie are wrestlers, but Charlie is the stronger." Note.-Don't say "stronger of the two," as the comparative admits of only two.

Don't say "such" for "so." Example: "I never have seen such a through the respired oxygen. large man," "I never have seen such a such narrow streets," should be "I never seen so handsome a woman," "I never

have seen so narrow streets." such large," etc. .

Don't say "summons" for "summon." Example: "I will summons him." should be "I will summon him."

Don't say "summonsed" for "sum-Example: "He was summonsed to anpear," should be "He was summoned to

appear." Don't say "sweep out" for "sweep." Example: "Sweep out the room," should be "Sweep the room (or floor)." Note.—One may sweep out the dirt, or sweep the dirt out of the room; but the room is not swept out.

Don't say "swore" for "sworn." Example: "I have swore to do it," should be "I have sworn to do it."

Don't say "take" for "have." Example: "Will you take dinner a Delmonico's?" should be "Will you have dinner at Delmonico's?"

. Don't say "temperance" for "abstinence." Note.—One may be temperate, yet not an abstainer. The former is opposed to

the abuse; the latter, to the use. Don't say "tend" for "attend." Example, "I'll tend to it," should be "I'll attend to it."

Don't say "the first and second." Example: "Sing the first and second stanza," should be "Sing the first and the second stanza."

article "the" following the conjunction should be omitted. Example: "Sing the first and the sec

Note.—If the plural form is used, the

Don't say "them" for "those." Example: "Them things are sold," should be "Those things are sold." Don't say "them" for "they." Example: "I think it was them."

should be "I think it was they." branch from this place to Devils Lake Don't say "they" for "there." Example: "Are they many grapes?" should be "Are there many grapes?"

. . . .

Don't say "think for" for "think." Example: "He has more experience 'n the art than you think for," should i ."

"He has more than you think" (he has).

Don't say "thoroughly une Example: "He thoroughly under-stands his business," should be "He understands his business thoroughly. Do not place the adverb before the verb it qualifies.

Don't say "those kind are" for "that

Example: "Those kind of peaches are gone," "Those kind of people are numerous," should be "That kind of peaches is gone," "That kind of people is numerous."

Example: "The three last pupils." should be "The last three pupils." Don't say "throwed" for "threw."

Don't say "three last" for "last three."

Example: "I throwed the ball," should be "I threw the ball."

NATURE'S GREAT CLEANSER

Disinfectant Always Existing Discovered Only Some Sixty Years Ago.

All down through the ages, when nothing was known of the microbe cause of putrefaction, and when street cleaners-even house cleaners-were almost unheard of, and streets and houses and men were as dirty as they are now in parts of Russia or China, sickness and death, although frequent, were not so frequent as they would away," should be "It is about four blocks have been without nature's watchful

care over her ignorant children. Although man knew nothing about it, there was a powerful disinfectant being constantly manufactured in the world's laboratory out of air and water, and this substance burned up the Don't say "somebody else's" for refuse which man did not know enough to destroy.

This purifier, which the chemists book," should be "That is somebody's discovered only about 60 years ago, is ozone. It is made up of oxygen atoms in a modified combination, and is There is good authority for "somebody sometimes called active oxygen, because of its strong oxidizing power. It is produced during thunderstorms by the action of the electrical discharges, and is also formed during the rapid evaporation of water. Sea air, therefore, contains it in small amount, and also air in the neighborhood of salt works, where a large amount of water is constantly being evaporated,

in order to get the salt. It is produced artificially by passing an electric spark through oxygen, or, better, by the action of a hightension current of electricity without sparking. It is also made in decomposing water by electricity. A mixture of ozone and oxygen appears at the positive pole.

Ozone has a peculiar odor (whence its name, from a Greek word meaning to smell), which anyone may have noticed who has been near where a lightning bolt struck. It can also be smelled sometimes during a thunderstorm. It is disinfectant by reason of its active power of oxidizing many substances, especially when they are moist, and so destroying their offensive and poisficacious in destroying the noxious emanations from putrefying substances, and thus acting as a deodor-

When breathing, even in small quantitles, ozone is irritating to the mucous membranes and it is believed by some physicians that many of the respiratory troubles and the influenza that prevail in damp winter weather are owing to a weakening of the resistant powers of the mucous membrance

handsome woman," "I never have seen | Persons Who "Never Have Time." Here and there and everywhere are to have seen so large a man,""I never have be found the man and the woman who "never have time." They would read good books if they had the time. They Note.—To satisfy one's self as to the would visit the sick and the needy, but corerctness of the foregoing, it is but somehow they have not time. They necessary to transpose any or all of the would call on their friends, cultivate sentences; as, "I never have seen a man good fellowship and add to the comforts of living, but they have so many other things to do that they cannot find time for this. They deceive themselves and think they are deceiving others. They are not. "Never have the time" simply because they do not take the time. Doers always have the time to do. Busy men always find time to complete their tasks.-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Far Too Modest.

Prince Edward of Wales, who is now nearly 11 years old, and is generally considered to be the flower of the flock, is an especial favorite with his royal grandfather. Like many other children, the young prince has a habit of expressing himself at times in an unexpected manner. When visiting King Edward the other day the king asked him what he was studying. "Oh, all about Perkin Warbeck," was the rejoinder. Asked who Warbeck was the little prince replied: "He pretended he was the son of a king, but he wasn't: he was the son of respectable parents."

-London fattler. In Oklahoma. "Halt, stranger!" called the cowboy

picket in the new settlement "What are you after around here?" "I-I go around hunting the heads of families," faltered the weathercock

agent. "The heads of families? Gosh! Yer must be one of those Filipino head hunters. Throw up yer hands!"-Chicago Daily News.



"I say, dad, I've found out why people laugh up their sleeve." "Why is it?"

"'Cos that is where their funny bene