

TO AN OLD PLAYMATE.

Your lips, dear girl, were roses,
Your hair was ripened wheat,
The brook forgot his song to hear
The music of your feet.

Your hands were swift white butterflies,
Your eyes were wells of blue,
Oh, what a riot in my heart
Was wrought by June and you!

And now for years beneath the grass
Your heedless hands have lain,
And recollection wakes in me
A hurt that scarce is pain.

Asleep with Nature, breast to breast,
How peacefully you lie!
Above your heart the care-free flowers,
And over them—the sky.
—Boston Transcript.

Naomi's Legacy.

HUSH, children! There's your father coming!

Mr. Jobson fell, metaphorically speaking, like a wet blanket on the bosom of his family. They all trembled as he came in. Charley dropped the "Robinson Crusoe" that he was reading, and deftly substituted an arithmetic in its place. Juliet sewed harder than ever at her patchwork. Mrs. Jobson made haste to fling another log upon the fire, and the old grandmother in the corner drew her knit woolen shawl closer around her shoulders with a little shudder.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Jobson; "dear me! It's just as I said. There's another cold wave coming from the northwest, and coal is two shillings a ton higher. Goodness knows what's to become of us all."

Presently he looked around inquiringly.

"Eh? How? What's that I smell? Chickens? Actually chickens roasting! Where's the cold pork that was left from yesterday's dinner?"

"I thought," said Mrs. Jobson apologetically, "that as we had so many young chickens coming on—"

"Every one of those chickens," said Mr. Jobson, speaking slowly and counting off the syllables on his fingers, "will be as good as a crown piece when the holidays come on. Poultry is going up—up—up, as steadily as a rocket, and here you are roasting it for an everyday dinner. I never saw such an extravagant manager as you are, Jane. Hereafter I shall count the fowls, and if one is taken away, I shall take means to know the reason why. And those in this house who are too dainty to eat cold pork may live on bread and cheese."

Mrs. Jobson murmured something about "trying to do what seemed right always," and a gloomy silence fell over the whole group.

"There's the wing of the old kitchen," said he. "I've put Naomi Brush out of it this morning."

Mrs. Jobson looked up in surprise. "Put Naomi Brush out?" she repeated; "and what is the poor soul going to do?"

"That's her lookout," said Mr. Jobson; "she has preyed long enough on me and mine. I've got an offer of a crown a month from Tom Diggs for the old room. And I may as well say, now, that I don't at all approve of the way you women have been going on about old Naomi. I never could teach you the necessity for being economical. How am I ever to pay Jones the two hundred pounds that I owe him, if this is the way we are to go on? How—"

But here the old grandmother spoke out in a mild tone.

"Not by being economical at the expense of other people, Calvin," said she gently.

"God has said, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' He has not said, 'Scrape and pinch, and grind the faces of the poor, and you will get rich.' Naomi Brush is solitary and friendless, and when you turned her from the sole shelter she has, you did a cruel and ungenerous thing."

And, taking up her knitting, the good old woman went quietly out of the room.

The children all stared.

Mrs. Jobson looked apprehensively at her husband, and Mr. Jobson himself turned all manner of colors.

"That settles the matter," said Mr. Jobson hoarsely to himself, as he walked out of the house with his hands in his pockets. "It isn't every son-in-law who would have borne the burden of a helpless old woman as cheerfully as I have done. But when Mrs. Price undertakes to dictate to me, she assumes a little too much. I'll tell Jane, this afternoon, that she must find some other home for her mother. I suppose she'll cry and make a great fuss over it, but I can't help that. Grandmother must go. I don't at all doubt that it's she who has been putting Jane up to all this senseless extravagance in the matter of charity."

In his intent self-absorption he almost stumbled over a portly little man in a fur-trimmed overcoat, who had been coming in his direction with a resolute step.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Squire Jones?" said he obsequiously.

"Yes, it's me," said the squire, recover-



Masking Negatives.—Very effective results can be obtained by masking negatives so that a narrow white line appears around the border. To do this it is necessary to have some masks cut to definite sizes, but as very many are often required to suit the necessary size of picture required it is a somewhat troublesome business to cut out so many of them. A very simple plan is to make two right angles of some opaque material, such as the backing of roll film. If these two right angles are made sufficiently long and wide, they can be utilized for very many various sizes, say, from half-plate downward. The method is to place them over the film side of the negative, so as to inclose the requisite amount of view, and then to temporarily tack the two pieces together with stamp edging. The sensitive paper is then carefully adjusted over all, and the printing proceeded with.—Ex.

PROFIT FROM NICKELS.

It Has Made This Man Several Times a Millionaire.

The goddess Success does not confine her habitation to Wall street, to the giant trusts, to gold mining, to the cattle ranches of the west, or to the newly discovered oil fields of Texas. She may be found and wooed and won in every walk of life, and always stands ready to reward industry, integrity and ability. To win her golden favors it is not necessary to deal in railroads or to erect and combine giant manufacturing plants. She has smiled as encouragingly on the man dealing in five and ten cent articles as on the men who build locomotives for the trans-Siberian railroad.



F. W. WOOLWORTH.

Fifty-one years ago there was born on a farm at Rodman, Jefferson County, a boy baby. The baby grew to manhood with no better prospects than has each of a thousand and one farmer's boys. At 21 he went to Watertown, the nearest town of importance, and secured a clerkship in a store. For a month he worked for nothing. For the next three months he received \$3.50 per week. Then for six months he worked for \$4 a week. At the end of six years he was receiving \$10 a week and had married. He seemed to be at the top of the only ladder in sight.

But he made up his mind there were other and higher ladders in the great outside world. From his employer he secured on credit a stock of goods to the amount of \$350 and came to Utica, N. Y. Here he opened the first strictly five-cent store. Only a partial success followed. He removed to Lancaster, Pa., secured a store 14x35 feet and did his best. Success followed in a modest way. He opened a branch store in Harrisburg, Pa., 12 feet by 20 in dimensions; then another at York. He made a point of paying back his first loan as quickly as possible, saving every cent possible and buying and selling for cash. From this insignificant beginning the business has branched out until to-day the farmer's boy, Frank W. Woolworth, conducts 74 five and ten-cent stores in various parts of the country, sells goods to the amount of \$10,000,000 a year, is worth several millions in the clear, and has just been elected President of the Guardian Trust Company, of New York. His advice to young men is:

"Live well within your means; save at least one-fourth your income, no matter how small; never run in debt; select that business which will be a pleasure to you."—Utica (N. Y.) Globe.

MARRIED A FAMOUS LAWYER.



MRS. CLARENCE S. DARROW.

She was Ruby Hamerstrom, of St. Louis, and a writer of some note. Mr. Darrow, a lawyer, of Chicago, represented the United Mineworkers in the arbitration proceedings which settled the great coal strike. The couple will spend a year in Europe.

When a man has a new baby, and it is a boy, he consoles himself with thinking how much the Czar would give for him if left at his house.

Science AND Invention

The house fly, with a total life of about ten days, develops in these periods: Egg from laying to hatching, one-third of a day; hatching of larva to first molt, one day; second molt to pupation, three days; pupation to issuing of the adult, five days.

The new boat of M. Turc, of the French navy, designed to pass through the waves without roll or pitch is described as a combination of submarine and high platform. The submarine is three hundred feet long, seventy-five feet wide and twelve feet deep, and is to contain boilers, engines and steering gear, which will be submerged to a depth of twelve feet. From the submarine will rise vertically two floaters, sixty-five feet apart, each two hundred feet long and ten feet wide.

In addition to an eight-inch disappearing gun, firing a light projectile by compressed air, there is, in an armory of the National Guard in Brooklyn, a model of a ship's cutter, carrying a crew of ten men and a one-pounder gun, and running on concealed wheels, which are driven by means of a rope attached to the oars. A rudder-post is geared to a guiding wheel in the stern, so that, with oars swinging and men bending to their work, the boat glides about the armory floor, and looks, in partial darkness, as if it were genuinely afloat. The boat and the disappearing gun, together with the model of a fort, enable the regiment to practise many of the manoeuvres of coast attack and defense as they are carried on in actual warfare.

A scientific investigation of muscular fatigue has been begun by M. A. M. Bloch. From questions sent to persons of many occupations he finds that it is not the most used muscles that are most subject to fatigue, but those that are kept under tension, although doing no work. The back, loins and neck need more exercise to strengthen them, the arms and legs less. The baker becomes first tired in the legs, the wood-sawyer in the calves of the legs or the loins, the road-digger in the legs, the blacksmith in the back and loins, the young soldier in the back of the neck, the horseman in the thigh, the artilleryman in the neck and loins, the immature violinist in the neck, the practiced violinist in the left hand, the expert fencer in the right shoulder, the oarsman in the calves and insteps.

The department of agriculture has undertaken a series of experiments intended to answer, if possible, the old question, "How long can seeds remain buried in the soil and still retain their power of germination?" Many extraordinary stories have been told of the prolongation of the vitality of seeds during many years, and even centuries, but very few actual experiments have hitherto been made. In 1901 Doctor Beal reported that he had found seeds which responded to germination tests after having been buried twenty years. The seeds buried by the agricultural department at the Arlington farm last December were packed with dry clay in porous clay pots, covered with saucers, and placed at various depths, from six inches to three and a half feet. There are 32 complete sets, in 3,584 pots, representing 109 species, 84 genera and 34 families. Tests are to be made at the end of 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40, and 50 years.

The President's Trip.

The President's trip is likely to induce more of his countrymen to see the magnificent scenery of the West. He was happy in his choice among his companions, of two such lovers and interpreters of nature as John Burroughs and John Muir, writers whose preaching of the gospel of outdoor life is one of the sanest influences of our berated times. Mr. Roosevelt's debt of health to the West and his appreciation of its great natural features lend practical force to his wish that his countrymen shall know it better. His regretful statement that the larger proportion of visitors to the Yellowstone are foreigners would probably apply to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado as well, if not to the Yosemite. All three of these marvelous regions should be as familiar to our people as Niagara or the White Mountains. "The spoiled child," say the Japanese, "should be made to travel," a prescription which may well be made for the child in danger of being spoiled. It would be fortunate if well-to-do parents in the Eastern States could see the advantage of sending their sons out from the fret and luxury of our complex life into the wholesome calm, simplicity, and unforgettable majesty of these Western wonderlands.—Century.

We haven't much use for the citizen who always cheers the Old Flag, but who neglects pretty much every other duty.



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UNCLE SAM'S DEBTS.

Monthly Statement of Public Debts at End of Year.

Washington.—The monthly statement of the public debts that at the close of business December 31, 1903, the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$914,150,880, which is a decrease for the month of \$11,618,530. The debt is recapitulated as follows: Interest bearing debt, \$901,747,220; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, \$1,196,539; debt bearing no interest, \$390,582,025; total, \$1,293,525,775.

This amount, however, does not include \$935,328,869 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding, which are offset for their redemption by an equal amount of cash on hand held for their redemption. The cash in the treasury is classified as follows: Gold reserve fund, \$150,000,000; trust funds, \$935,328,869; general fund, \$148,133,774; in national bank depositories, \$172,159,338; total, \$1,405,621,982, against which there are demand liabilities outstanding amounting to \$1,026,247,086, which leaves a cash balance on hand of \$379,374,895.

The cash in the treasury was increased during the month by \$10,137,465, which is largely due to decreases in disbursing officers' balances.

Spokane Retail Prices.

Vegetables—Potatoes, 65@67c, 100 lb sack; turnips, beets, carrots, rutabagas, 1½c lb by sack, 2c in small quantities; dry onions, 2@3c lb; celery, 5@7½c bunch; cabbage, 2@3c lb; horseradish, 15@20c lb.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, 13@18c lb; turkeys, 24@25c; geese, dressed, 16@18c; ducks, dressed, 18c.

Dairy Products—Creamery butter, 34@40c lb; country butter, 25@30c lb; cheese, 20@25c.

Eggs—Case, 30@35c; standards, 35@40c; fresh, 45@50c.

Meats—Retail—Beef, porterhouse steak, 15c to 18c lb; sirloin steak, 15c to 18c; round steak, 12½c; shoulder steak, 10c.

Grain and Feed—Timothy hay, \$1 cwt; \$19 ton; grain hay, 90c cwt, \$16 ton; alfalfa, \$16 ton; chicken feed, \$1.35 cwt, \$25 ton; oats, \$1.25 cwt, \$24 ton; bran, 80c cwt; bran and shorts, 85c sack 90 lbs; shorts, \$1 cwt; barley, \$22 ton, \$1.20 cwt; corn, \$1.40; chopped corn, \$1.50.

Flour—Wholesale, eastern hard wheat, \$4.75@5.50 bbl; retail, fancy patents, \$1.20 sack; standard brands, \$1.15 sack; common grades, \$1.10 sk; lowest, \$1 sack; Washington wheat, \$4.40@4.60 bbl; buckwheat, 40@50c 10 lb sack.

Prices to Producers at Spokane.

Vegetables—Potatoes, 40@55c cwt; eggs, strictly fresh, case, \$11; onions, \$1 cwt.

Poultry and Eggs—Chickens, roosters, 7c; hens, 7@10c live weight; young chickens, 10c lb; turkeys, dressed, 20c.

Live Stock—Steers, \$3@3.50 per cwt; cows, \$2.50@3 cwt; mutton—ewes, \$2.50@2.80; wethers, \$3.25 cwt; hogs, \$4.50.

Wheat Market.

Portland—Walla Walla, 73c; blue-stem, 78c; valley, 79c.

Lewiston, Idaho.—Club, 57c; blue-stem, 61c; oats, 80c cwt; barley, 67½c cwt; flax, 72c bu.

Dizzy?

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