



Ella—There aren't many faces like mine. Stella—No; but I guess the supply will equal the demand.

CUTICURA CURED HIM.

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—Could Not Wear Shoes Because

Of Bad Scaling and Itching.

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the confounded itching. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908."

Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

TRAGEDY ON A BANK NOTE

Bitter Words Found Written on a Dollar Bill by the Receiving Teller.

"Yes, I collect queer bank notes," said the receiving teller. "I've been doing it for years. You know there are some very odd things written on bank notes sometimes." He pointed to a one-dollar bill hung in a frame of black oak on the wall. "Read that," he said. "And I've got queer ones than that even in my collection."

On the bank note in red ink was written in a feminine hand: "You have robbed me of all the rest, and of my soul also. May this burn your hand when you touch it. May all you buy with it be accursed. You have the last. Are you now satisfied? Murderer!"

The collector sighed sentimentally. "Think of the tragedy," he said, "that may lie hid behind those simple little phrases, eh?"

Troubles of People on Venus.

Inhabitants of Venus, if there are any, must feel it extremely difficult to establish units of time. Venus always turns the same race toward the sun; so the planet has no day, and the lack of a moon deprives it of a month. Finally, it has no year, for its axis of rotation is perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, and the latter is almost circular.

They Should

"My honest conviction, based upon my own experience and that of my friends, is that 'Hunt's Cure' will cure a larger per cent of skin troubles, especially of an itching variety, than any other remedy. Certainly those afflicted with any form of itch should try it."

J. O. Moore, Aitchison, Kas.

Sub Rosa.

She—She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

He—The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her.

She—I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you.

It Keeps Them On

They are pretty bad this year—no mistake—and they bite viciously. We tried to kill them, but a little Hunt's Lightning Oil applied to the irritated spots makes the skin easy. It keeps them off if used in time.

MYSTERIES OF NATURE

By George Frederick Wright, A. M., LL. D.

OIL "GUSHERS" AND THEIR ORIGIN

The commercial discovery of petroleum dates from the memory of men now little past middle life. Between 1850 and 1860 much alarm began to be felt throughout the civilized world because the whale fisheries were becoming unproductive. The disappearance of whales meant the disappearance of whale oil, which was the main dependence for light.

But it was discovered that oil could be economically made from certain kinds of coal, especially cannel coal, which abounded in west Pennsylvania and Virginia. Capitalists from New England began to invest large sums in these coal mines and to put up extensive plants for manufacturing coal oil, and numerous inventions were made for its use as an illuminating fluid. The oil was sold at 25 cents per gallon.

For some time, however, rock oil, or petroleum, had been known to exude in small quantities in western Pennsylvania, and was put up in small bottles and sold for 25 cents as an ointment good for rheumatism and other ills. Sometimes this was called Mexican oil, but more generally Seneca oil, from the name of the Indian tribe settled on the Allegheny river where it was chiefly found. But there had been no thought of getting it in quantities sufficient for fuel and light. Still in some places it formed such a "scum" on the small streams that it was reported the small boys who went in swimming were made so slippery that they could not keep their clothes on.

Titusville, Pa., has the honor of being the place where rock oil was first found in large enough quantities to make it commercially valuable. There, on boring down a few hundred feet, it was found that oil could be pumped out of the rocks like water, and a craze was started that is still going on after more than forty years have elapsed and gives no signs of abatement.

As the quality of this oil is nearly the same as that derived from coal, the inventions already made served for the utilization of this also, though in this as in everything else mankind has kept going on to perfection.

Throughout western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and eastern Ohio, which were the main centers of production for the first 25 years, the oil was found in a porous sandstone lying under the coal measures and above thick deposits of Devonian shale, which contained a good deal of carbonaceous matter. These shales crop out continuously from a little south of Rochester, N. Y., all along parallel to Lake Erie to the vicinity of Sandusky, O., and then turn south, continuing to the Ohio, near the mouth of the Scioto river. Over all the area south and east of this line these shales are several hundred feet thick, and are reached by the drill at depths, ranging from a few hundred to 2,000 or 3,000 feet.

In Ohio these shales contain from ten to twenty per cent of very fine comminuted carbonaceous matter, derived probably from seaweed which floated around in the Devonian period over the Mississippi valley, as it does now in the Bargoosa sea in the middle of the Atlantic. Indeed, in the earlier period of which we have just spoken Prof. Newberry was proposing to obtain oil by distilling this shale, from which he calculated oil could be produced indefinitely for 35 cents a gallon. It is comforting to think that we have this source of supply to fall back upon when our present method fails.

The most plausible theory to account for the great supplies of oil which are now found in the "oil lands" of western Pennsylvania and vicinity is that if in a slow accumulation from the distillation of these shales, which has been made to seep through the cracks, there are some of the surface and has found refuge in the interstices and fissures in the rocks, and that it is in this way that the oil is now being produced.

to two of hydrogen. A large amount of gas almost always escapes from oil wells, while often gas only is produced. These were at first called dry wells, and were thought to be useless, the gas being allowed to escape into the air. What was well called the "Mulligan Snorter" for years poured forth its pent-up treasures into the air of western Pennsylvania with a sound that could be heard for miles, like a steamboat whistle.

But now the gas discovered is carefully preserved, and other wells are sought for on every hand to supply the demand for it. Pipes are laid for hundreds of miles to warm and light distant cities and to furnish heat and some of the more delicate forms of manufacture, like glass. Cleveland is now partly supplied with gas piped from West Virginia.

When gas and oil are found together the gas is above the oil, as it naturally would be, since it is the lighter. The whole is often under enormous pressure, so that when the reservoir is penetrated the gas and oil gush out with tremendous force. I well remember visiting the Karg well soon after it was opened in Findlay, O. The pressure was more than 700 pounds to the square inch—about five times that on a locomotive when put to its hardest work. The roaring could be heard five miles, and when the gas was lighted it made the day brilliant for ten miles.

New fields of gas and oil are constantly being discovered. Those in western Ohio and in Indiana are among the most important in this country, and were the greatest surprise to geologists, for they occur on the Trenton limestone, a geological horizon far below that of western Pennsylvania. The oil is also so different in its impurities that it is thought to be derived not from vegetable decomposition, but from animal. Probably the remains of sea animals whose shells form the Trenton limestone furnished the oleaginous matter contained in this oil district.

More recently important discoveries of oil have been made in Colorado, Wyoming, California and Texas.

The oil fields of Russia at Baku, on the Caspian sea, however, bear the palm both for abundance and constancy of production. From the earliest times gas has been known to come out of the rocks there, so that it early became a sacred place for the Parsees, or fire worshippers. For thousands of years the sacred fires were kept burning beneath the dome of a great temple built by the priests, and religious devotees came from as far away as India. Indeed, it is only a few years since their visits ceased.

But the discovery of oil in this region in vast commercial quantities has crowded out the religious devotees. The facts are stranger than fiction. A territory of some 100 square miles, a single township, contains more oil than the whole of the United States, and has continued to do so for many years. Our consular reports show also that the percentage of increase in that field is greater for the last five years than it has been for any.

At Baku they must go down with their wells only a few hundred feet, when they strike a reservoir which is under tremendous pressure. The drills are thrown out of the well, followed by a bombardment of shot which batters the device to pieces and piles up a pyramid of stones about the mouth, and the oil pours out in torrents. This is preserved, not in large iron tanks, as it is collected in pools by a dam across the valley.

It is not always true, however, that a flowing oil well is a source of profit. Two years ago a well was bored in the neighborhood of Baku, and it was found that it was a dry well.

It is interesting to see Alexander the Great, when he was in the neighborhood of Baku, and he was told that there was a well of oil, he said: "I will not touch it, for I have seen the wells of the East, and I know that they are all dry."

MAP ON A HEN'S EGG

TOLD JUST WHERE LONG BURIED TREASURE COULD BE FOUND.

That is Why Ezra Burt Holds Priceless the Scrawny, Disreputable Looking Fowl, Though She Has Never Laid Again.

Ezra Burt, who lives about a mile east of the Corners, has a hen which no amount of money will buy, the New York World says. It is a scrawny, ill-appearing fowl, with bedraggled feathers and a semibald head, and, what is more, it has laid only one egg in its entire two years' existence. Still, old Betsy, as the hen is called, has a niche in Ezra's heart and gets the very best grain the farm affords.

The secret of all this is that the one-egg Betsy laid contained on its shell a raised water-line map of the spot where old Jeremiah Burt, Ezra's great-grandfather, buried his gold at the time of the revolutionary war, and with the aid of this map Ezra recovered the treasure. Just how much this was no one has been able to find out, but it is known that the mortgage on the farm has been paid off and the Burt family is living in comfort.

The Burts gave up hunting for the secreted wealth 40 years ago, after they had searched and dug until they were tired out. They knew that the paternal Burt sunk his gold somewhere in the earth and went off to war without telling his family where he had placed it further than that it was on the farm.

Last summer a gypsy came along selling beads and laces and offered to go into a trance and solve the treasure riddle, provided Ezra bought a dollar's worth of her wares. Burt took up the offer and in her trance the woman said that some day an old scrawny hen would lay an egg on which would be found a map. If this were followed the treasure would be found. Ezra thought he was "stung," but he paid the dollar.

Nothing more happened until a month ago, when Betsy was found in the woodbox behind the kitchen stove. Horrified at the idea of having a hen in her kitchen Mrs. Burt shooed her out, and was surprised to find an egg nestling in the shavings. The egg had peculiar raised lines on the shell and Ezra was called. He remembered the prophecy of the gypsy and carefully studied the shell. Sure enough, there was a map, with a little star at the base of an old maple tree in the sugar orchard.

With a pick and shovel Burt set forth and an hour later returned with a discolored copper soap kettle heavy with gold. The family kept the secret until the mortgage was paid, when it became common property. All efforts to get Ezra to tell how much money he found in the kettle have failed.

Blind, But Picks Berries.

One of the most expert strawberry pickers in this country is a blind man. Robert Jolly of Orcas, Wash., for years has made his annual expenses picking strawberries and other fruit for his neighbors, and so skilled is he, and so rapid, that he earns as much on the commission plan as a man with good eyes. Jolly finds his way along the rows of vines with his stick, and carries a dozen crates with him. His nimble fingers find the fruit, and while one hand is picking the berry the other is searching for more. Picking cherries or apples and climbing around on a ladder is as easy for him as for a schoolboy.

The Skeleton at a Feast.

Plutarch says that in Egyptian banquets, towards the close, the servant brought in a skeleton and cried aloud to the guests, "Look at this! Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you die!" Herodotus says the skeleton was a wooden one, about 18 inches in length.

Big Family in Iceland.

The queen of Denmark once paid a visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her that the Danes were worth seeing.

DON'T LIKE TO PAINT MEN

Miniaturists Declare They Are Too Coarse and Harsh to Be Good Subjects.

Perhaps woman suffragists don't need to be cheered up a bit, but if they do they may find a note of gladness in the fact that there is another class of persons besides themselves who have no use for a man. They are miniature painters.

"Can't you paint a man in miniature?" said the visitor, who had been looking at dozens of dainty feminine likenesses which reposed in a cabinet uncontaminated by association with a single man.

"We can," said the artist, "and we do, occasionally, but we don't want to. Men don't look well in miniatures. They are too harsh, too coarse. If a miniature is going to be a real work of art it must have for its subject something dainty, fluffy, and lacy. There is nothing very fluffy or lacy about a man's stiff linen collar, his unsightly lapels, his straight, short hair. In the days when men wore satin coats and powdered curls, miniature painters might have been able to work them up into a pleasing picture, but you don't meet many men nowadays who wear satin coats and powdered curls. Of course, if a man dressed in the ugly modern costume wishes to be painted in miniature no artist is going to refuse the commission, but she certainly will not approve of his taste."

SIX MONTHS.



Mrs. Bill—Now, tell me at once—where have you been all this time? Bill—Why, dear, it hasn't been long.

Mrs. Bill—How dare you tell me that? You have been out all night.

A Useful Baby.

Speaking of tricks to win the sympathy of juries in criminal cases, Judge Willard M. McEwen, in a recent address before the Illinois State's Attorneys' association, said: "I know of four cases where a baby played a prominent part in getting the acquittal of the defendant, and I later learned that the same baby had been used in each of the cases, although the supposed mothers in each case were different women."—Law Notes.

So, What's the Use?

"Yes, I went fishing yesterday," began the man who tries to be original. "Luck? Well, some. I caught two fish. One was three and a half inches long and the other two inches."

But was he believed? Not much. After he passed on some one commented:

"Bet he didn't get a bite."

PRESSED HARD

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in North Carolina says:

"My mother since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years, and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. He noticed a somewhat peculiar looking coffee, and asked him what it was. He replied that it was Postum."

"I was so pleased with it, that the meal was over, I bought a few cans to carry home with me, and with my mother's coffee."