

Aunt Sally's Conscience

By CLAUDE PANARIZ

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Never was there a better natured, more conscientious woman than Aunt Sally Warner, relict of Job Warner, who departed this life after a fall from the roof of his barn, but did have half a dozen nieces and nephews, and among the latter was the rollicking, frolicking Joe Henderson, who at twenty years old at the time the great calamity fell upon the house of Warner. Reference is not made to the fall from the roof of the barn, but to a calamity that overtook Aunt Sally's conscience.

One day nephew Joe, whose parents lived five or six miles away, arrived at Aunt Sally's on an errand. She was about to set out for the village of Rawsonville to do some "trading," and Joe volunteered to go along as driver of old Hobbin. Aunt Sally had not been over that run for a month, and she was surprised to see circus pictures pasted up on every barn on the route. Since childhood she had had a fondness for circus pictures, but these were brought up before her as eternal punishment awaited every one who pursued the life of the circus itself. During his lifetime Job had discharged various hired men, and he had refused to deal with certain men who had accepted free tickets for the privilege of posting pictures on their barns. As the good aunt and her nephew jogged along the dusty highway and came to barn after barn decked out in gayest colors of printer's ink Joe heard her sighing. He said for a while she would either she was sighing over the death of Uncle Job or the fact that she couldn't attend a circus promising so much entertainment, but he forthwith proceeded to console her.

"If a single person could conceive it would have been called a conspiracy as well as a plan. He made no comment on the bareheaded men, the women jumping through hoops, on the rickshaws grating along the banks of the African River and the byena sneaking about in the Indian thicket. He just sat still and chuckled, and when he wasn't chuckling he was talking about going to Alaska to dig for gold.

When they reached town and found things in a town that he had never seen before. He explained that an exhibition was to be given that afternoon for the benefit of widows and orphans, but he didn't say too much. While Aunt Sally was making her purchases the merchant might have referred to the "exhibition" and called it by some other name if nephew Joe hadn't given him the name of the woman. When ten yards of calico, fifteen of sheeting, three towels, one table cloth and thread, pins and needles had been bought Aunt Sally suddenly remembered something and turned to Joe and said:

"If there is anything going on for the benefit of widows and orphans I ought to be interested, being as I am a widow myself. Is the spelling book or anything of that sort?"

"Oh, no. They have got a tent and a collection of wild animals. It's what you might call a natural history exhibition. Did you ever see a live lion ar tiger, Aunt Sally?"

"No, I never did."

"Ever see an elephant or a zebra or giraffe?"

"No."

"Well, you can see them now and help the widows and orphans the same time. It's 25 cents for the tent, I've got the money for my ticket."

"But I shall pay for both of us," replied Aunt Sally as she handed over a dollar. "When I set out to do anything for the benefit of the poor I'm not one to scrimp at it. There won't be any gambling or horse racing, will there?"

"Mercy, no. The bills say they'll be nothing of the sort the most fastidious. Come on."

They had a quarter of a mile to go to reach the tent, and during the walk Aunt Sally was puzzled at the real reason people should have turned out in the case of charity. If she had had her glasses on she might have read signs on the gaily painted wagons to arouse suspicion, but she passed by with the innocence of a child of five.

It was the menagerie, and Nephew Joe guided her around and saw that she missed nothing. It was the real reason for the woman's interest in the circus growing a bit reckless under the wave of enthusiasm. She ate peanuts and drank lemonade, and after taking another look at the tiger who had killed seven men and was anxious to finish off seven more as soon as possible she said:

"Joe, this is real nice, and I'm glad we came. Why are the folks going into that other tent for?"

"Oh, that's part of the show," you know. There are folks who don't care to look at wild animals, and so they have some riding and tumbling in there for them."

"But why can't we see it?"

"We can, and it won't cost a cent more."

They went in and found seats, and the circus performance opened. How was the guileless Aunt Sally to tell that it was a circus? It was her first experience, and she had never had the performance described to her. She gazed from the time the clown first appeared, and the burlesque jumping and backstab riding brought "Oha!" and "Aha!" from every body. Her second her was delighted. She bought lemonade and peanuts every time the boy came along, and when the performance was over at last she said to her nephew:

and was ever at last she said to her nephew:

"Joe, I could go to such a show every day in the week and not see enough. I don't know who got it up for the benefit of the widows and orphans. I'm telling you he was a mighty sensible fellow. If it had been a hunking he wouldn't have taken in half the money. If you want to see my neighbors like it this summer you let me know, and we'll go."

Something really new had come into Aunt Sally's life, and she talked of it all the way home. Joe let her do most of the talking. He was preparing for the impending calamity.

It came within fifteen minutes of their arrival home. Mrs. Bronson, a neighbor, was at the house on an errand, and as soon as Aunt Sally began to describe the show given for the benefit of the widows and orphans she came out of the bag.

"Do you know what you've done, Aunt Sally Warner?" asked the caller in serious tones.

"Why, I've had a good time."

"Yes, you've had a good time, and you are going to pay an awful price for it. I wouldn't be in your shoes for all the money this side of Jericho."

"But what do you mean? Isn't it everybody's duty to help the widows and orphans?"

"Not if it's going to send your soul to the bad place. Aunt Sally, you've been to a circus."

"No! I haven't! I wouldn't go to a circus for a thousand dollars, and you know it."

"You've been to a circus—a regular circus—with a show and a band and how on earth you are ever going to get forgiveness for it is more'n I can say."

Nephew Joe was called in from the barn and the matter put to him, and he had to acknowledge that he had worked a plot.

"I never would have believed it if you—never!" wailed Aunt Sally. "To think that one of my own kids and his would take me to a circus and make me lose my chance of going to heaven!"

"But the animals interested you."

"Yes, they did."

"And you liked the peanuts and lemonade."

"Alas, but I did!"

"And you thought the show was funny and the riding good."

"I've forgiven me, but I did!"

"Well, I don't see where the kick comes in. I don't believe you are any wickeder than before."

But Aunt Sally could not be comforted. Her conscience was roused and she could eat no supper. She thought of the sacred bull of India and wept both tears.

She thought of the two horns of the wild ox, and she wept through hoops, and hid her face. She had an accusing night of it and never shut her eyes, and early the next morning she was up at the house of the village minister and told him all. He asked many questions in a kind way, and when he had got to the root of the matter he said:

"Well, Aunt Sally, being as your nephew deceived you and being as there were animals and peanuts and lemonade, and being as there might not be another circus along here for five years, I'll forgive you, but let me off this time, but on your hired man plays dancing tunes on his fiddle you watch your feet and don't let them get so shuffling!"

A Famous Duel.
One day the famous duelist Pierrot d'Isaac went to see his friend, the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie. It should be explained that in French pierrot means sparrow and merle means blackbird. "Merque," said d'Isaac, "I am a Bonapartist, and you are a royalist. Moreover, I am the sparrow and you are the blackbird. Don't you strike me if that there is one bird of us too many?"

"I precisely do," said the marquis. "My choice is pistols, and, as is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight with shotguns. If it were not so sufficiently ridiculous a thing that one man should challenge another because his name was sparrow and the other's blackbird, the duel was actually fought on the ground below. The pistols were fired at the signal. There was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut trees. It was Pierrot d'Isaac, who was wounded severely in one leg, came tumbling to the ground. At this point the marquis began to chirp triumphantly, imitating the song of a blackbird. This was a fresh insult, to be atoned for in only one way, and d'Isaac waited for his wound to recover to challenge Sainte-Marie for the chirp. This time the duel was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded. The sparrow had avenged himself on the blackbird."

Calvary Art Aids Health.
The Russian physiologist Pavlov clearly demonstrated, in his researches on digestion, that the ingestion of substances with a purely nutrient value does not sufficiently satisfy the demands of the body. Taste and appetite must also be taken into consideration. These are satisfied only by the addition to the food of spices, but this is largely due to the influence of these condiments that the proper amount of gastric juice is liberated by the mucous membrane of the stomach. The action upon the stomach of reflex stimuli is shown by the favorable effect on the flow of the gastric secretions made by mental impressions induced by the mere sight and odor of a well prepared viand.

In this manner Eppien leads up to the broad claim that the proper preparation of all food, as demanded by the essential requirements of the culinary art, is a luxury, but a physiological necessity, and to develop and disseminate this knowledge is an act beneficial to the public welfare.—New York Medical Record.

Trading With Mexico.

Trade of the United States with Mexico in the fiscal year 1905 aggregated in value \$22,000,000. In 1905, only a decade earlier, it was but \$21,000,000 and in 1885 \$18,000,000, thus practically doubling in the decade ending with 1905 and tripling in the decade ending with 1905.

The exchanges of merchandise between the United States and Mexico are more nearly equally divided as to imports and exports than is the case with most countries. In our trade with the countries of Europe, for example, our exports to them are twice as great as our imports therefrom. In the case of Mexico our exports are no greater than our imports. Indeed in the fiscal year 1905 exports to Mexico were about \$1,000,000 less than imports from that country, though in 1904 the conditions were reversed, exports to Mexico being about \$2,000,000 greater than imports therefrom.

The United States participates more largely in the foreign trade of Mexico than does any other country. Figures compiled by the department of commerce and labor, through its bureau of statistics, show that Mexico's total imports of merchandise 53 per cent are drawn from the United States, and of her total exports 71 per cent is sent to the United States. Indeed no other country, with the single exception of Canada, draws as large a percentage of its imports from the United States as does Mexico. During the last ten years trade between the United States and Cuba has doubled, that between the United States and Canada has more than doubled, and that between the United States and Mexico has trebled.

The principal classes of articles forming the large commerce between the United States and Mexico are, on the import side, tropical products and materials for use in manufacturing and on the export side, agricultural manufactures. One item of imports which figured in 1905 to the amount of nearly \$500,000 is used in the manufacture of a single brand of chewing gum.

No Halt in the Making of Books.
A feature of the book output for 1906 is the publication of announcements in the comparatively large number devoted to reform in business and politics. Writers have rushed into print with volumes on the sins of the plutocrats, great fortunes, trusts, insurance, railroads, municipal ownership, and the like. It remains to be seen what proportion of these works, prepared to meet a transient phase of thought, has permanent value.

Among the books already published and to come are many on country life, farming, gardening and various phases of outdoor sport. If we may judge by the literature on the going back to the soil movement shows no signs of getting tired. Fiction leads every other department of literature this year, as usual, but the output also includes a large variety of technical works on a great variety of subjects. Nearly a thousand different works have been published in the market for the spring and summer lists, a showing which, in view of the unusually heavy purchases by the public in the fall and holiday season last year and the printers' strike early in this year, must be considered remarkable.

Fly time will happen long soon, and it may surprise some people to be told by the scientists of the United States bureau of entomology that the black pest which invades the house and sinks its fangs into the human flesh isn't a house fly at all. The innocent house fly is the "Musca domestica," and the pesky biter is the "Stomoxys calcitrans L." So it is a waste of energy to strike back at the biter unless we know which is which.

Our national banana bill for the calendar year 1905 was \$9,820,800. We paid more last year for imported bananas than we paid for imported art works and nearly as much as we paid for imported wines. We paid twice as much as we did for spices. The banana appetite is evidently a fixture in America, and Luther Burbank or some other wizard of the plant world ought to develop a hardy variety for growth in our home soil.

A stern woman scientist of England having proposed to evolve the male of all species out of existence, another woman scientist springs to the rescue with a shriek of alarm. For this relief much thanks, and yet if the women are all going to be scientists, it is not to be any great shakes for the rest of us mortals.

John Burns, the English labor leader, has a cabinet job at high pay, and at one of his meetings a woman cried, "How do you spend it, John?" Burns replied, "Ask the missus." And the well prepared evidently thought no more need be said on that point.

China had football "brutalities" and football reformers 3,000 years ago. If the reformed game survived to be handed down to these times perhaps we had better be content to "let well enough alone."

DIFFERENCE IN DAIRY COW

Wilber J. Fraser, Chief in Dairy Husbandry, University of Illinois, Gives Interesting Statistics.

Rose, a cow at the University, has the remarkable record of producing 394 pounds butter fat per forty-seven years. This means 1.23 pounds butter per day for 3,650 days. Queen, another cow in the same herd, has a six years' average of 152 pounds butter fat. The one earns \$96 per year and the other \$38. If it cost \$35 per year to feed Queen and \$43 to feed Rose, Rose would return as much clear profit as seventeen Queens.

In eighteen Illinois herds numbering 333 cows tested for one year by the Experiment Station, thirty cows were found that averaged 342 pounds butter fat per year, and 74 (or one in every five) that were each as poor as Queen and averaged but 126 pounds butter fat.

The writer recently visited seventeen dairy herds in one part of Illinois and among other things made inquiry as to how much milk each herd was giving. In the best three herds numbering 131 cows the average was 24 cows to the can (8 gallons). This is the poorest of three herds containing 89 cows it required 53 cows to yield a can of milk. At this rate a cow in the poor herds would give 11 gallons per year, and in a year of ten months would produce 2650 pounds milk, which at \$1.15 per 100 pounds would bring \$42. If it cost \$32 to feed this cow one year, the net profit would be \$10. But the average cow in the best three herds would produce 3 gallons per day or 7650 pounds milk per year, which would sell for \$88.32. If it cost \$40 to feed this cow (feeding her better than the poor producer) the net profit would be \$48.32, or nearly five times as much as from the poor cow.

The poorest herd of this seventeen makes a profit of but \$2.50 per cow per year, and it would take nineteen such cows to equal one cow in the best herd.

Thirty-six Illinois herds were tested for one year by the State Experiment Station. The highest eight of these herds produced an average of 285 pounds butter fat per cow. This at 25 cents per pound amounts to \$71.25. The lowest eight herds averaged 155 pounds butter fat per cow, or a return of \$38.75. Allowing \$32 per year to feed the poor cow and \$40 to feed the good cow, the one would make a clear profit of \$31.25, and the other of \$6.75. All the cows in one whole herd out of every five herds averaged as poor profit as \$6.75. Can a dairyman afford to keep and care for such cows when he can get cows that will make him 44 times as much? It would take 148 of these poor cows to earn the farmer \$1,000 a year, but a little herd of thirty-two of the good cows would accomplish the same thing.

Everywhere that individual cows and herds are investigated these large differences are found. The first step towards the remedy—which is to get better cows—is to find out what every single cow produces in the whole year. This can be done in just one way—to weigh each cow's milk separately and test it for butter fat at different periods during the year. The results will be surprising to any man who has been guessing at the amount of milk produced by the individuals of his herd. The next step is better cows and more profit.

HOSES FOR THOUSANDS.
Great Preparations Are Being Made for the Shoshone Reservation Opening Next Month.

Clarence T. Johnson, the state engineer of Wyoming, says that the irrigation plans now being completed for the Shoshone reservation lands that are to be thrown open to homesteaders provide for the irrigation of 300,000 acres

of the finest agricultural land in the west. The soil, says Mr. Johnson, is better and more uniform in quality than the other irrigated lands and the water supply of the Big Wind river cannot be surpassed anywhere.

The soil is a sandy loam, gently sloping to the south and east and the only part that cannot be irrigated are a few ridges that serve as wind breaks and shelter the agricultural country. In fact, stockmen have admitted that this section of Wyoming does not make a good winter range, for the reason that the wind does not blow and the snow lies on a level, making favorable conditions less desirable than where the wind is heavy.

The coded portion of the reservation lands is but forty-six hundred to fifty-six hundred feet above the sea level, and the farming which has been done along the river shows results that indicate that all kinds of crops can be grown.

WYOMING LOOKS GOOD.

Present conditions indicate that Wyoming will be at her best to welcome the influx of homesteaders this summer. The grass has a splendid start, there is an abundance of moisture which will assure a splendid range, and easterners will find as sleek herds in Wyoming as can be seen in any part of the country.

THE RESERVATION OPENING.

The President's proclamation has been given to the public and July 19 to 31st, inclusive, are the dates of registration. Beginning August 4th the names of those who have registered will be drawn to ascertain the fortunate holders of numbers entitled to make entry of a quarter section each. This drawing will take place at the rate of 100 entries per day, beginning August 15th.

Shoshoni and Lander, on the new railway extension connecting with the Chicago & North-Western Ry. at Casper, are the points indicated by the government for registration, and the final entry will be made at Lander.

Thousands of prospective homesteaders will visit Wyoming this summer to participate in this big opening of homesteads. The railroads have made special rates of less than one fare for the round trip for this occasion, and the train service will be especially arranged for the convenience of visitors.

THE NEW TOWN OF SHOSHONI.

Two-and-a-half miles from the reservation border a new city has sprung up since the town was plotted some months since. Its population is of that active western sort that shows its aggressive, pushing policy by getting ready for the future. It has banks, hotels, stores and all those things the older cities possess for the convenience of its citizens and the stranger within its gates.

The building of the Wyoming & North-Western Ry. to this point will make it one of the great stock shipping centers of Wyoming.

The terminus of the new line is to be at Lander Valley, where a great deal of irrigation has been done.

These western people propose to take care of the crowds during the reservation opening in the best possible shape, and with that end in view have inaugurated a system of hotels and boarding houses under municipal control.

It is stated that there will be no exorbitant prices charged and no unfair advantage taken of the rush of business, and municipal ownership will receive a trial under surroundings that are certainly unique.

GREAT INTEREST IS MANIFESTED.

The public is showing a great deal of interest in this opening of reservation lands to settlement and the messenger department of the Chicago & North-Western Ry. is sending out to inquire thousands of copies of pamphlets which tell in detail how to secure a quarter section of this land and what may be expected in the way of the character of the soil and plans for irrigation.

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