CAMORRA TRIAL BORES VITERBO

ON THEIR WAY TO THE COURT ROOM.

IT IS impossible, I believe, to find any spot in Italy where good Neapolitans are more out of their element than they are in Viterbo, writes Juan Cartere in Paris Le Temps. As the crow flies, it is only a little more than 100 miles from Naples to Viterbo, yet the journey leads you in another world, another era. Whereas Naples is brilliant, noisy, gay and bustling, Viterbo has a savage aspect, harsh and repellent.

Naples, spread out along the shore of its enchanted bay, salutes and welcomes the traveler; white sails come bobbing toward him; the thronging streets seem to greet him; the city's windows are like smiling eyes; and the joyous hum of the place seems a song in his honor. Viterbo, on the contrary, arises from a hill, surrounded with walls and bastions and turrets. To reach it you must pass through a dense forest and pass beneath steep walls and go in through a narrow gate, with threatening carved bogies. Narrow and streets climb up over the hill and lose themselves among old fortified houses, in which mediaeval families sought protection against one another, just as the whole town sought protection against its neighbors. A heralds' lion, symbol of this proud city, frowns from every street corner, as if to say to the visitor: "Cave leonem."

And the inhabitants themselves have the noble, haughty air of their dwellings. As you pass they look at you without stirring from their doors or balconies, and they seem to you as formidable and immovable as their ancestors and black stones of their palaces. They have grand manners, though, replying in dulcet style to your questions, but without undue deference; they feel themselves the equals of anybody on earth. Yet where are the jolly porters of Naples, the loquacious beggars, the silver tongued shopkeepers and all the hurly-burly that surges around you there? Here no one accosts you, and the very cabbies wait a couple of days to take the initiative. The only hand held out to you in Viterbo was that of an organ-grinder, who musically imitated the organ playing the merry Neapolitan canzonetta. He has come from Naples, doubtless, and sought in vain for Viterbo. As the troubadour Blondel sang beneath Richard's tower, so his organ grinder played, "Sole Mio" and "Dormi Carme" near the Clemenzia' prison. He was like a locust shrilling upon a leaf blighted by spring.

A veritable eagle's nest was the proud savage Viterbo in the old days. For centuries it defied Rome and its history is a tornado of strong and fierce passions. Its people boast of descent from the ancient Etruscans and of having been masters of the world until Roman brigands came and despoiled their people. It without going back to the misty, pre-historic days, Viterbo has glory enough. During the Middle Ages it was the people's prominent part in the broils of Italy and especially in the affairs of the papacy. Many a time they fought Home herself, often with success, never with utter defeat.

In the time of the Emperor Barbarossa they assailed the Eternal city and carried off the bronze doors of the Lateran as a memento and it was only by trickery that the terrible Pope Innocent III. recovered them. Another time, about the middle of the twelfth century, Rome and Viterbo had a regular war, for a cause worthy of the time. The pope had fled from over the beautiful eyes of a noble lady of Viterbo named Galiana, whom a great Roman lord had carried off by force. The lords of Viterbo with their vassals and henchmen went to Home and demanded their fair compatriot back, and Home had to give her up.

Nowadays I don't believe the people of Viterbo have to go back to the middle ages to find tales of daggers and poison. The Romans never ceased to be bellicose and heroic and during the entire nineteenth century the southern frontier of the papal states seemed with the most romantic, adventurous brigands of Europe. Those brigands were no mere vulgar highwaymen; they were rebels, who took to the woods like the classic bandits of Naturalia. They were admired and adored by the people, who recounted their exploits in many a stirring ballad. One need scarcely be a middle age to know the hat of those princes of the forest for the last of them became entirely a little more than 20 years ago, and was mourned by the whole country. Ask an Italian to recite the exploits of Tiburca, Sciarchetti and Ansuini, and you will have a thrilling tale.

One day Fioravanti complained of a rich land owner who broke his word and attempted to betray the brigand. That worthy did not wait to summon a secret tribunal and condemn the traitor to death. He shouldered his rifle, went to the farm where the rich miscreant was boasting his peasants and there, with a royal gesture, summoned one of the laborers, who advanced, cap in hand.

"To-tell-your-master that Fioravanti has sent for him."

Without hesitation the lad obeyed. The master came, trembling, and as he confronted Fioravanti he realized that his case was serious and he fell on his knees.

"Have pity—don't kill me! I repent! I shall never try to harm you again!"

"Say your prayers!" replied Fioravanti. "And be quick about it. My time is valuable."

The man muttered a prayer. The servants silently watched from a distance as this scene of high justice proceeded. When the traitor had sobbed his "Amen," Fioravanti took aim, and fired, shooting him through the head. Then the bandit removed the dead man's hat, and turned away into the forest, calm and secure, aware that no one would think of censuring him for so legitimate an act.

How can you expect a race like his, with such a turbulent past, such traditions and such memories, to be troubled about the affair of the Camorra? We laugh loud and long, here, when we read in a foreign newspaper that the "quiet, peaceful citizens of Viterbo have been horrified and terrorized by the arrival of the Camorrists in their friends." People fancy that these little cities of Italy are like our timid provincial prefectures, not asleep, but four centuries of centralization; they think of Viterbo as another Tulle, another Marvejols! The Viterbans are not astonished by the Camorrists—or, rather, if they are astonished, it is because they are discommoded on account of such a small affair and because there is such an uproar in Italy and in Europe over the murder of a man and a woman for sake of vengeance.

My friend, Guelfo Vivinini, the poet and traveler, who so admirably understands the psychology of the old Italian cities and who has presented in the Corriere della Sera, has just told me a fine, scornful remark dropped by a man of the people as he was returning from the court room.

"And it took 40 of them to kill one man and one woman!"

At present the Viterbans are becoming bored by the affair. That ancient and heroic race, which for long generation after generation, for 15 centuries and more, has seen blood flow in private and public broils without number—and blood very different from that of the "Camorra" and the "Sorrentine." The trial no longer interests them. The Romans, their tyrants and their families seem to care. But they, of course, are directly involved. Most of them protest out and out—not because they be—cause they are the "Camorra," as because they are opposed to all exercise of authority.

"Do you understand this?" said a citizen, whose name was on the list and who was in danger of being called upon for jury service. "Do you realize that we are to be treated like beasts for some months or more, just because Napolitans have a quarrel with us? We are the government's slaves! Are we the guilty ones, that they should make us prisoners in our own city? Neighbor is it our fault if the courts don't know how to push a trial through in a few days, as we do? Is it our fault?"

"We are freemen; we are ready to serve the country when anything serious comes up; but we are being treated at being inconvenienced for the sake of a judicial comedy like this!"

And when the story got about that rebellious jurors were to be imprisoned, a Viterban said: "That would be a fine—putting us back to the dungeons of Viterbo in-prison. If they try that again there will be real blood, and no jury survivor either! The blood will be shed if a single judge can be found in all Italy to condemn us!"

As he said this the people at the gates—as high spirited as his dauntless ancestors were when they went to Rome to carry off the bronze doors or to reclaim the fair Galiana.

Delving into the Earth.

Simply to ascertain the nature of an accident in a city like this, which occurred half a mile below the surface, in a hole perhaps only six inches in diameter, requires some skill. Many devices have been perfected for capturing lost tools, and the necessity for first learning the shape of the object and the exact spot and the position in which it lies in order to proceed to recover it has even led to the invention of a small camera which can be lowered to the bottom of the hole to take photographs showing the conditions. Electricity is, of course, the agent employed in operating the devices.

INTERESTING TALES OF WAR

Three of Gen. Averill's Scouts Give False Report to Enemy and Escape by Swimming River.

During January, February and March, 1863, the Fourteenth Pennsylvania cavalry was encamped at Bolivar Heights, above Harpers Ferry, writes James E. Hays in the Washington Star. During that winter every week a Confederate spy camp into our camp. He was an Englishman about forty-five years of age, and passed himself as a peddler and sold us many articles. After the battle of Gettysburg this spy was arrested and hanged near Frederick City, Md., by some of the Army of the Potomac. They found on him maps of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, forts and breastworks around Harpers Ferry and Washington. This man dressed as a citizen was liable to deceive anybody.

When General Averill's Fourth Separate Brigade was formed in West Virginia in May, 1863, he called for a dozen of scouts. The following men were appointed: Sergeants Smitley, Willhide, Markins, Watts, Bailey, Lock, Sharer, Shirley, Gaddis, Mooney and Saylor. In the spring of 1864, when Averill's command became a cavalry division, White, Rowans and others were added to the list. M. G. Markins, T. Sharer and N. L. Lock were all killed in action. Others of this list were wounded.

C. W. D. Smitley was the chief of Averill's scouts. He was a brave, cool and daring man.

Once Miss Belle Boyd, the noted Confederate spy, was on parole. Smitley, representing himself to be a parole Confederate officer, called to see her. He found that she was violating her parole. When General Averill's command reached Hunterville on the return from the Salem raid a dozen of Confederate brigades were trying to head us off. Mooney, Gaddis and Shirley were sent up a valley with instructions to ride all night and to tell all Confederate soldiers that they were General Echols' men sent to General Imboden to tell him that Averill was coming up the valley and for Imboden to cut him off.

Having done this the scouts were to take the nearest route to Beverly.

About noon they ran into a Confederate lieutenant and 60 men. When they told their story to the lieutenant the Confederates became jubilant and made the scouts take dinner with them.

Also they fed their horses and put a shoe on Shirley's horse.

When ready to start the lieutenant sent a man with them to show them the way to Imboden's command.

As soon as the guide left them the scouts took a road that led towards Beverly.

The lieutenant and his men discovered the scouts' movements and now came the race for life.

They were 23 miles from Greenbriar River. The day was cloudy, snow on the ground. If they could only reach the river!

The Confederates fired at the scouts, but the bullets fell short. The scouts made good use of their horses, and they never became lame and he had to abandon him.

When they reached the river, which was swollen, they plunged into the cold stream and were soon safe on the other side.

As the Confederates reached the river they concluded not to attempt to swim it. They fired at the scouts in the distance waved their hats and cheered their foes.

"Jim" White, born in Maryland, was another good scout. I remember in the early spring of 1864 I was with a detachment of 100 men of our brigade at Winchester. Pa. We were feeding our horses when 500 Confederate cavalry charged on us. We all mounted our horses (some without bridles). We got down the pike at a breakneck speed. We lost 34 men, and would have lost more, but James White, dressed in a Confederate uniform, passed himself off as a Virginia trooper, rode with the Confederates and told them to follow us further, that the Yankees had a trap set.

In August, 1864, when General Averill surprised Mechanicsburg and Johnson's brigades and captured 600 of their men at Moorefield, Va., Jim White and some others learned that the enemy was encamped near Moorefield. Dressed in Confederate uniforms they captured the enemy's vedettes (this was done at two o'clock in the morning), and with the assistance of the prisoners and the whole men from hors de'ouevres to cheese, cousins or herrings and sprats—the latter, herrings in their infantile stage, served up in various ways. For once the herring is honored in accordance with its trap value, for the dinner is presided over by the mayor of the borough, and is attended by all the leading men of the town.

Herrings Waterloo fair came to be the excuse for a sausage dinner is not known to the writer, but the fact remains that the mayor and corporation of that city solemnly believed to be at most exclusively used by the lower classes of society; yet Yarmouth, "the home of the herring," has its annual herring dinner, when the whole mess from hors de'ouevres to cheese, cousins or herrings and sprats—the latter, herrings in their infantile stage, served up in various ways. For once the herring is honored in accordance with its trap value, for the dinner is presided over by the mayor of the borough, and is attended by all the leading men of the town.

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The Bayou Bridge and Cupid

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

With head bent and lips tightly compressed, Matilda hurried swiftly past the camp, down a steep clay road and on to the bayou bridge that led to rural delivery box No. 33, on the other side.

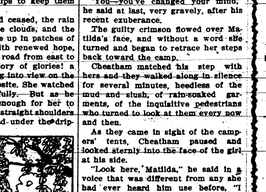
It was a gusty, disagreeable day. At intervals, the rain whipped down in sheets, alternately slackening to a sticky, penetrating drizzle. The wind tore at the willows beside the bridge, blotted the stream, and the waters of the bayou writhed under its violence.

Half way across the bridge, an aggressive gust suddenly seized the girl's umbrella and flung it viciously into the turbulent, black water. Turning involuntarily, with a futile grasp at the flying parachute, Matilda abruptly twisted her feet sideways, catching the heel of her boot in a crack between the planks. Just then, an angry cloudburst broke relentlessly upon the unprotected head of the hapless prisoner, and with hands tightly gripping the railing of the bridge, she waited, with what patience she could command, for its fury to subside.

When at last she could get her breath, she lifted her head and looked about her, struggling frantically to release the mutinous heel. But no avail. Every jerk and pull seemed to make it that much more secure. What should she do?

She strained her eyes up and down the bridge in desperation, but not a human being was in sight. Minutes passed, perhaps fifteen minutes. Then she stooped and made another wild effort to dislodge the boot. In so doing, she wrenched her ankle, so that further attempts to free herself were both painful and fruitless. With a sigh she leaned against the railing and bit her white lips to keep them from trembling.

Presently the wind ceased, the rain shrank back into the clouds, and the head of the sky broke up in patches of blue and silver. With renewed hope, Matilda scanned the road from east to west. And then, glory of glories! a man was just heaving into view on the brow of the hill opposite. She watched him eagerly, thankfully—but as he came nearer, near enough for her to recognize the broad, straight shoulders and the massive head under the drip-



Chestham Was Swinging Down the Road.

ping Panama, her eyes widened and the blood began to pound in her throat and temples. Mallory Chestham—the very last person on earth she wanted to encounter!

In her hand was the still unopened letter, addressed to him. It contained only a few lines, but it had taken her half the night to make up her mind what to say, and the other half how to say it. She had refused him, firmly and finally.

Chestham was swinging down the clay road, with a freedom and agility born of a light heart and a good dispositon. His gray crayenetted sombrero, from chin to ankle, and he twirled his closed umbrella in rhythm with his springing steps. As he came to the bridge, he glanced up and stopped short.

The sight of the girl, drooping helplessly against the railing, her hair straggling about her pale face, and the hat above it tugged into a most miserable mass of flowers and feathers, caused Chestham to give vent to a prolonged whistle, their swiftly double his pace to reach her side.

When he was almost up to her, Matilda's face grew scarlet with blushes. Held like a criminal in the pillory, she felt the cloak of contamination with one of belligerent silence.

After Chestham comprehended the situation, a smile struggled through his astonishment.

"For heaven's sake!" he exclaimed, "how under the sun—"

"Or rather what," he snapped Matilda, with a defiant toss of her head that made the brim of her hat flap ludicrously against her damp, and now very hot, cheeks.

But Chestham's eyes were glued to the letter she held in her hand, and an exultant light flashed into them as the pieces fell together, and the blotted characters on the back of it.

"Egotistical thing!" thought Matilda, reading his face like a book, "I'm glad I refused you!"

"I was beginning to grow impatient for your answer, dear."

"Do get me out of this!" she interrupted petulantly, flinching with pain as she gave her foot an impatient twist.

Full of solicitude, Chestham stooped and with a few deft manipulations succeeded in loosening the imprisoned heel.

"And now," said he, rising and looking ardently down into Matilda's decidedly cross face, "don't I deserve something for that?" He eyed the letter covetously.

But the girl said nothing, and she did not yield up the letter, either.

"It's addressed to me, isn't it?" urged Chestham in a crestfallen tone.

"Yes, but—Oh!" Just at that juncture an accommodating zephyr lifted the envelope from her fingers and tossed it out on the water, where a still more accommodating current bore it swiftly into the eddies.

Chestham thrust his hands into his pockets and stood staring at her, mingled curiosity and alarm showing on his good-looking face.

"You—you've changed your mind," he said at last, very gravely, after his recent exuberance.

The guilty crimson flowed over Matilda's face, and without a word she turned and began to retrace her steps back toward the camp.

Chestham matched his step with hers and they walked along in silence for several minutes, heedless of the stare and stush of rain-soaked garments, of the inquisitive pedestrians who turned to look at them every now and then.

As they came in sight of the campers' tents, Chestham paused and looked down intently into the face of the girl at his side.

"Look here," Matilda," he said in a voice that was different from any she had ever heard him use before. "I want you to be frank with me. If you've made up your mind to turn me down, I want you to tell me so before I've made any more fools of myself. I'm not exactly a fool, and the bulldog look came to his mouth.

"Mallory!" The exclamation was sharp, indignant, but the girl raised and lifted their sober curtains long enough to emit a lambent little flash that was noticeably not conciliatory.

"If you care to come into the camp until I can change these rags," she said presently, "I'm sure Mother and sisters will be glad to see you."

Chestham drew himself of his reclining coal and left it on a bench in the yard. Inside he roamed about the little "reception parlor" of the tent while Matilda flew to her tent to make her appearance.

She came in at last, governed in some diaphanous white stuff that Chestham thought made her look exactly like a star floating in a gauzy silver cloud.

Chestham reached forth eager arms to draw her into them, but the apologetic attitude of the slender, white individual caused him to reconsider for a moment.

"I beg your pardon, but somebody wish to speak to Miss Driscoll on de phone."

"Bad, good enough," said Chestham, "to tell the gentleman that Miss Driscoll is—is engaged."

When the door had been closed, humbly and obsequiously, he turned to Matilda for corroboration.

The next moment he was holding the white dainty hand against his breast, and the star seemed to have no objection to the new arrangement.

Each inn, "The Dickens Head," a novel use for Dickens' stamp was suggested at the meeting of the Dickens Fellowship, a connection of 1,100 Dickens Hero Worshipers of Birmingham wrote that, although Charles Dickens was the best friend of the poor, he accepted vicpatiers ever had in England, no single inn in the kingdom bore his name. As he came to the bridge, he glanced up and stopped short.

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Manchester Enterprise
BY MAT D. BLOSSER.
THURSDAY, MAY, 18, 1911.

CAT CARRIES WRITER'S COPY

Intelligent Animal Pressed Into Service Does Work Better Than Boy Can Do It.

Bob, a handsome black cat, owned by Francis John Willoughby, a story-writer, who lives in Clinton, N. J., is the apple of his master's eye. So intelligent is he that he has now taken the place of the copy boy whom the writer formerly employed to carry manuscript to his stenographer. His owner asserts that the cat not only knows how to carry copy in either direction, but also can tell time, and

Willoughby's nerves are sensitive. He must have absolute quiet when he writes. Therefore, he has his study in the upper part of the house, and the stenographer works on the first floor. His plan is to write a page of copy in long hand and then send it to the typewriter to be copied. Until a few weeks ago he had a boy to do the running up and down stairs. Boys will be boys, however, and the one he had made an unusual amount of noise, which often disturbed the writer. The boy and cat were friends, and on all the trips Bob accompanied the copy carrier, until he finally became familiar with the work.

Several weeks ago the boy quit. Willoughby wondered if he could get something quieter than a boy. He thought of the cat. Putting a sheet of paper in Bob's mouth, he told him to go down to the stenographer with it. Bob went and returned with the copy the girl was sending to her employer. Once started the plan worked to perfection.

Willoughby writes from three until five o'clock each afternoon. The cat has learned his hours. Promptly at three o'clock he stations himself on the door by Willoughby's side and watches and purrs until a page of copy is finished. Then Bob seizes it and rushes down stairs. If the stenographer says "Thank you, Bob," the cat knows he is to return to his master at once. If she receives the copy in silence, he just knows he is to wait for a return message.

His One Fault.

In a southbound subway car two men stood in front of a woman. The men were laughing to strange and startling to each other. One was a tall, big man with an ordinary sort of voice, the other a small man with a voice that could be heard by all in the car above the banging, rattling and roaring of the train. Each word he uttered was ear-splitting.

Turning to the woman who sat near her the woman in front of whom these men stood, said: "Merciful heaven, what a voice!"

"I may well say 'what a voice,'" was the response. "What would you do if you had to live in the house with it and had to listen to it almost from morning until night, and then, even echoed in your dreams?"

"But what would you do? I would not, I could not stand it. I'd go crazy!"

"Yes, I have tried to get out," said the woman, addressed, "but I can't. He is my husband, and I really had his voice the only bad thing about him."—New York Press.

Steady Indeed.

The head waiter of a New York cafe pointed out an old portly gentleman to "He's been coming here regularly for 'steen ever since I've been on the job, and that's going on eight years, and he may have missed when I was off, but that hasn't occurred often. He doesn't vary three minutes in his coming, and he never stays at his table more than thirty minutes. So far as I have learned he is above a mortgage, and what he orders as he is in other things. He seldom talks to anybody here. Summer and winter he wears the same style of coat and hat. I have heard rumors that the hat is the same he wore when he began coming here. If it is he takes good care of it. He comes from Philadelphia, and he goes there every Saturday afternoon, returning here on Monday. Aside from being his steady customer spoke to me but once. I asked him how he was, and he replied that was his business. So I let it go at that."

Happy Family.

Mrs. Scrappington (in the middle of her reading)—Here is an account of a woman turning on the gas while her husband was asleep and asphyxiating him.

Mr. Scrappington—Very considerate of her. I'll bet she never waves her husbands up, and then talk them to death."—Puck.

In the Wild, Wild West.

Stranger (at Frozen Dog Tavern)—Quite a crowd you have here. Pete shooting himself. Suicide, I suppose.

Barkeeper—Suicide nothing! Pete's playin' a game of patience. That's all.—Puck.

Reliable.

"Congratulations, old man! How much does your new baby weigh?"

"A ton."

"Quit your kidding."

"Honestly. I'm a coal dealer and I weighed the boy on my own scales."—Toledo Blade.

Their Position.

Belden—Do you go in for society, Miss?

Miss—Well, Johnny has a gang, my wife has a set, and I have a crowd.—Harper's Bazar.

Sympathy.

"I have good reasons," said the bachelor maid, that the world is populated with twice as many men as women."

"Well," his wife replied, "why shouldn't it? You're practically a bachelor."

Nothing Serious.

Timberlegs—I found a lock of hair among your old papers. I never gave it to you.

Gyver—You needn't worry. I don't remember who did."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

DO THE duty which lies nearest you, which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already become clearer. —Thomas Carlyle.

STRAWBERRIES.

Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but your grandmother never mentioned it.—Lowell.

The strawberry season will soon be at hand, and as there is no berry that is superior to the queen of all berries, a few recipes and ideas on canning may be acceptable.

First of all, there is no way of serving the fruit more attractively than fresh from the vines, garnished with its own leaves.

When we can strawberries, a fruit that is difficult to keep a good color, buy the berry that is a rich red all the way through and use this method, which, though not new, may not be well known:

If you have berries from your own garden, the conditions may be ideal. If picked at night, before the dew falls, they may be put in an airy, cool place until morning. Hull them, if not washing, if possible, as a little moisture on the berries spoils the firm texture and flavor. If necessary to be washed, do it quickly, and put the fresh berries in ones into the cans, with as handling as possible. When are full, make a rich sirup, as rich as liked, and pour boiling hot over the berries. Put on the rubbers and lids tight. Have a large clothes-boiler half-full of boiling water, set the jars in a low-backed skimmer and lower into the boiling water. See that the cans are covered to a depth of four inches. Put on the cover and let it throw several thicknesses of carpet over the boiler. Let the fruit stand for twenty-four hours or longer. Take out of the water and store in a cool, dark place. Such fruit will be fine flavored and beautiful in color.

Try all fruit canning this way and see if the work is not much pleasanter. The cans may be filled in a cool place under the trees or out on the porch, and with the hot sirup ready, the boiler of water prepared, fruit canning need not spoil the complexion.

In all fruit canning, see that the jars have been well sterilized by putting them with the covers into cold water and bringing slowly to the boiling point. Then see that the rubbers are new and the jars air tight.

HE inner side of every cloud is bright and shining,
Therefore turn your clouds about, and always wear them inside out,
To show the silver lining.

MORE ABOUT STRAWBERRIES.

Early in the season when strawberries are expensive, they may be used as a garnish for dishes or in small quantities.

For a change, try:

Strawberry Custard.—Separate four eggs, putting the yolks into a pint of milk and four tablespoonfuls of sugar into a double boiler. Mix the yolks of the eggs and sugar, adding to the milk. Stir until thick and smooth. Place a pint of fresh strawberries in a glass dish, and pour around them the custard and add the stiffly beaten whites, which have been sweetened with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Set in the oven to brown and serve cold.

When making strawberry shortcake roll out the cake rather thin and butter generously, then lay on another layer of cake, and then they will split without being soggy.

Strawberries in Snow.—Pour one quart of fresh cold water and one cup of sugar over half a package of gelatine. When soft, add one cupful of boiling water and the juice of two lemons, then the whites of four well-beaten eggs. Beat all together until light and foamy. Arrange in glass sets and a pile of whole strawberries and pour into a mold that has been dipped in cold water. When set, add whipped cream.

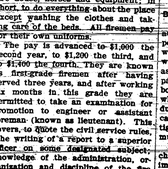
Strawberry Salad.—Arrange tender white head lettuce in the form of cups. Fill each with fresh strawberries and put a tablespoonful of mayonnaise on each. When making mayonnaise for this salad, omit the mustard.

Strawberries mashed with sugar, powdered with cinnamon, with a little lemon juice makes a nice filling for sandwiches. Thin sponge cake could be used instead of bread for the sandwiches.

A delicious pie is made by baking a rich pastry shell and filling it with sweetened fresh berries. Over the top put a cover of sweetened whipped cream and garnish with quarters of berries.

Nellie Maxwell.

Home-Made Paper Cup.



A Matter of Training.

When Josephine was six years old she was taken for the first time to see a trained animal show, and when home much pleased with the performance she begged at times slow to obey, her mother thought this a good time to teach her a lesson, so she said: "Josephine, I think it is time that if dogs and ponies and monkeys can learn to obey so well, a little girl like you, who knows much more than animals, should obey ever more promptly." "Of course, I would, mother," came the instant reply, "if I had only been as well trained as they have been."

Table Popularity.

"They say Miss Lulu is very popular when charity banquets are in question."

"So they tell me. She is a regular dinner belle."

in these islands, except in some sheltered spots, and the inhabitants therefore prize them greatly. When they are used they are decided to leave the trees in the middle of the carriage way rather than be guilty of the crime of felling them.

Comfort for the Tramp.

Bill Snodgrass (reading from a humorous paper) "To be really well dressed a man's clothes should have the appearance of having been worn once or twice. What O!"

Pastry Custard.

Separate four eggs, putting the yolks with a pint of milk and four tablespoonfuls of sugar

FIND STATUE OF HERCULES

Piece of Sculpture Twenty-Two Centuries Old is Discovered in London.

London.—Buried in a jungle of merchandise in a city warehouse for over fifteen years the famous marble statue, the "Guarnacci Hercules," reputed by competent experts to be twenty-two centuries old, has once more been resurrected and transferred to Earl's Court, where it will constitute one of the numerous interesting attractions of the ancient art exhibition to be held there this summer. Attributed to Lysippus of Sycione, or one of his pupils, this

An Old Statue of Hercules.

ancient marble has had a remarkable history. It is supposed to have come into being in the fourth century B. C. With the fall of the Eternal City, it lay buried for centuries until during the pontificate of Clement XI., 1700-1721, it was resurrected between the slopes of the Aventine and Palatine hills. Sometime in the early seventies it was purchased by an Italian art dealer in London and exhibited by him at his showroom in Regent street. The damage which Hercules sustained through the fall of Rome was as nothing to that which it suffered during its return trip from Paris to London after the close of the exhibition of 1878, where it was shown. At the docks Hercules's right leg was found amputated and the massive right hand separated from its wrist. The cunning of the Grecian chisel is seen in every detail.

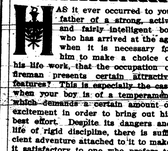
SANITARY CUPS END PERIL

Home-Made Cup by Which Pupils Can Drink Without Touching Germs.

Chicago.—Children in a dozen schools have been taught how to construct a paper drinking cup which is very easy serviceable and which does away with danger of contagion through use of a common drinking utensil.

The cup is constructed from a sheet of paper about eight inches square. A unique method of folding provides a cup that may be collapsed or extended at will.

The simple directions are as follows: Secure a sheet of paper about eight or ten inches square. Fold it in half from corner to corner and open out (Fig. 1 and 2). Next take the uppermost free corners, J and K, and fold down on each side to about one-third



of the distance between top and bottom (Fig. 3). Next take the free corner A and bring it almost to D, and fold the paper at C E (Fig. 4). Then take up the free corner B and insert it into the exposed fold between A and C. Now take the free corner B and bring it to C on the other side of the paper, tucking the free corner into the exposed fold, D B, on that side (Fig. 5). Open the center, press in the bottom to give the cup stability, and fill with water.

It can be used six or seven times at least, and some pupils have employed the same cup for a week.

Any sort of tablet paper may be used, but it has been found that an oiled paper or a toolcloth with glaze lasts the longest.

Walk 3,000 Miles on Three Dollars.

New York.—H. E. Bickel, twenty-three years old, of 132 East Twenty-third street, and John Arthur Johnson, twenty years old, of 321 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, started from the city hall to walk to San Francisco. They expect to cover the 3,000 miles in 109 days and will follow the line of the Union Pacific railroad. Each of the walkers took three dollars in cash and a change of underclothing.

Your Boy's Life's Work
What Shall It Be?

FIREMAN?

If your boy's temperament demands a life in motion that is active and adventure is what he craves in the fire department of a large city, it is a calling involving hard work and more or less danger, but it offers chances for advancement that are attractive despite the unusual risk. With nerve and ambition, there are prizes to be obtained by the young man who makes this his life work.

By C. W. JENNINGS.

HAS it ever occurred to you, father of a strong, active and fairly intelligent boy who has arrived at the age when it is necessary for him to make a choice of his life work, that the occupation of fireman presents certain attractive features? This is especially the case when your boy is of a temperament which demands a certain amount of excitement in order to bring out his best effort. Despite its dangers and life of rigid discipline, there is sufficient adventure attached to it to make it satisfactory to one who prefers to live in a condition of almost constant excitement.

So, if your boy is of a venturesome turn he can find in this work plenty of opportunity for the exercise of his bent—more even than would be likely to come to him if he should enlist in the army or navy. If he is lacking in nerve and stamina he should take up a quieter calling, but if he has courage he might look farther and fare not so well.

Since fire departments in all large American cities are conducted under practically the same rules and regulations, and because New York's fire control system is regarded as a model for all others, I shall make use of it to illustrate what I am about to offer in regard to the mode of procedure for a young man who wishes to become a professional fireman.

To get into the fire department of New York your boy must be twenty-one to thirty years of age, between 5 feet 7½ and 6 feet 5 inches in height and weight between 140 and 185 pounds. His education need be only the most ordinary, in arithmetic, including long and short division, which is practically all there is to the test, except some questions showing that he understands the city, lays well and has a general knowledge of its government. There is also a physical examination, which is reasonably but not excessively strict.

Having passed this test, your boy is then placed on eligible list, and as soon as there is a vacancy he is put on probationer for 30 days. He spends this month learning to tie knots, climb ladders, use scaling ladders, rescue people from burning buildings, etc. If, at the end, his progress has been satisfactory, he is transferred to a company where he has been in training, to one of the company fire houses to don his uniform and go to work as a full-fledged fireman of the fourth grade. If your boy is of average intelligence, height, he goes into the engine company; if over 5 feet 9, to a truck company. He is put in the first year, including the probation month, at $900.

All firemen, from the highest officer down, are on duty in the fire houses. They are on duty twenty-four hours a night, except during time allowed for meals. If they go out to eat three times a day, they are allowed an hour and a quarter for each meal; if two meals, two hours each; if only one meal, two and a half hours. While on duty for firemen in four periods a month of 36 hours each and two of 24 hours, and they also allowed four weeks a year under full pay. Lieutenants and captains are allowed three weeks' annual vacation and battalion chiefs and deputy chiefs a month.

Firemen, besides handling the hose, ladders, standpipes, extinguishers, paratus and doing all that is to be done at a fire, are to take care of the fire house, horses and equipment, in short, to do everything about the place except washing the clothes and taking care of the beds. All firemen pay for their own uniforms.

The pay is advanced to $1,000 the second year, and the third year, and to $1,400 the fourth. They are known as fourth-grade firemen after having served two years, and after spending six months in this grade they are permitted to take an examination for promotion to captain or assistant foreman (known as lieutenant). This covers, as does the civil service rules, the writing of a "theory to a superior officer on some designated subject; knowledge of the administration, organization and discipline of the department; knowledge of the administrative relations of such department with other departments of the government; knowledge of laws or ordinances relating to fire duty; knowledge and construction of apparatus; rules and regulations; and such other pertinent subjects as the commission may prescribe."

If your boy should aspire to be an engineer he must learn to manage the steam engine, which is the most critical in a sort of school to help out the theory. A similar rule governs appointment to pilot on a fireboat. Engineers are paid $1,000 a year, and pilots $1,200. The promotion to the grade of assistant foreman, or lieutenant, is the one generally sought, as it gives the direct line of advancement to still higher positions. It will now take a salary of $2,100 annually.

After serving six months as lieutenant your boy is eligible to take an examination for promotion to captain, or foreman, a position which carries a salary of $2,500; but this does not mean that he will be made a captain four years after he has started in the department. Vacancies do not occur so conveniently, and promotion comes only when there is a place to fill. The higher the promotion the fewer there are of them and the longer they are to reach. However, positions often become vacant and there are always chances for advancement that are attractive despite the unusual risk. With nerve and ambition, there are prizes to be obtained by the young man who makes this his life work.

By C. W. JENNINGS.

When Corbett Beat Sullivan.

Writing in Harper's Weekly, William Harding Carter describes Corbett's defeat of Sullivan in the historic encounter at New Orleans 18 years ago. "I can see the big man, telling with all his might of the last phase of the meeting, after Sullivan had failed to rise. "He knew the moment he had struck that blow, and God knows what thoughts flashed through his mind of life ruined, of fortune squandered, of a million wrenched from his hands; but John's great heart never wavered for an instant. He stood there, the strong arm that had stricken down hundreds of warriors, and the roaring crowd hushed to silence, and he waited for 7 three nothing at all to say. All I have to say is that I came into the ring once for love, and, if I had to get licked, I'm glad I was licked by an American. I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan."

Big Pencils for Lower Grade Schools.

The Baltimore school board has authorized the use of large round lead pencils in the lower grade schools, where children are just beginning to write, so as to prevent what is known as "scribe's cramp." This is a kind of paralysis which is common among bookkeepers, accountants and others who use the pen or pencil constantly during the day and is primarily caused by gripping the pencil too tightly and cramping of the muscles of the hand.

By the use of the large pencils the child just learning to write finds it impossible to grasp the pencil except in an easy way, and writing is less tiresome and without discomfort to effort. Many mothers have wondered why children are using the big pencils, accordingly, they will understand it.

Van Sickle Is the Reason.

Far Girls.

Booth Tarkington, at a dinner in Indianapolis, praised wittily the husband of a certain lady.

"A good match," he said, smiling so hard a group of pretty Indianapolis girls, "a good match, ladies, is one who never goes out."

It is a goodly thing to die with the blessed consciousness of never having taken advantage of another's infirmity, or poverty, or ignorance.—Henri Perreyve.

If you will secure a contented spirit, you must measure your desires by your fortune rather than your fortune, not your fortunes by your desires.—Jeremy Taylor.

Know the Value of Personal Work

EACH one of us as a creature of God has a part to do in life. Mine may be a much more obscure part than yours, yet I am accountable to God for my part. God does not expect those with one talent to do what those with five talents will accomplish. We are all here for a purpose and it we will answer the purpose of our creation we must give God our heart and make a full and complete surrender to him. Out of the heart are the issues of life."

If we would have success in doing personal work we must ourselves be thoroughly converted. Jesus said to Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

In doing personal work it is necessary that we lay aside all sin and worldliness and let God lead our way. If we will not let him have his own way, our power will be crippled and men will be lost that we might have been instrumental in saving.

We must have a working knowledge of the Bible. "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. 4:12). In Jer. 23:29 we read, "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" It is able to melt and break hearts. Oh, Christian friends, how very essential it is to know the word of God. It is the instrument upon which we must rely in doing personal work.

We will be prayerful. We may be free from sin and we may have the Bible knowledge but, unless we are closely connected with the power-house of God, all our efforts will be vain.

Look to God for Guidance.

We must pray to God to lead us to the right person to do personal work. It would not be wise to speak to every one we meet. We must pray to God to show us just what to say to those to whom he leads us. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" (II Tim. 2:15). After all when we have studied the blessed word, we need God's guiding hand at all times.

We must pray God to give power to that which he has given us to do. We need not only a message from God but power from him to send the message home. Sometimes in doing personal work we reason and plead with men and even warnings from the word of God, but they will not be moved. Why? Soon we will see that we are trying to reason them in our strength and as soon as we see that we must look to God with a sincere and prayerful heart, we will see that God will sweep away like the fog, the work will be done right and we can expect good results.

Last but not least, love is another important part in doing personal work. We may be a praying people, and we may know the Bible, but unless we have a love for lost souls, our work will not profit us anything. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing" (I Cor. 13:3). Further long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up" (I Cor. 13:4). Paul's desire was to help the lost. There was great heaviness and increasing pain in his heart for them. Do we have a love for souls who know not the downward road to ruin, who will find sorrow and death at the end? When we are constrained by love we will not wait for some one else to do it.

Opportunity Ever Present.

Perhaps a word or two will brighten somewhat. It may take the clouds away. It may bring a bright smile of the last phase of the meeting, after Sullivan had failed to rise. "His face was pale, and his eyes were burning, and God knows what thoughts flashed through his mind of life ruined, of fortune squandered, of a million wrenched from his hands; but John's great heart never wavered for an instant. He stood there, the strong arm that had stricken down hundreds of warriors, and the roaring crowd hushed to silence, and he waited for 7 three nothing at all to say. All I have to say is that I came into the ring once for love, and, if I had to get licked, I'm glad I was licked by an American. I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan."

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Talk, the Enemy of Doing.

An astute old Russian statesman said, "Much talking is the enemy of doing. The more you talk, the less you do. The enthusiasm, the interest requisite for doing, evaporates in talk. If you have worked off in talk, like steam, all an open beer bottle, and nothing is left for the work. The steam that should have run the engine is whistled off, and blown off, until nothing can be accomplished. If you want to accomplish anything, keep your mouth and go about it. As long as you keep it to yourself you are likely to do it; but if you talk it over, it is quite likely that will be the end of it.

WHERE COLLEGE SPIRIT RULES STRONG

By EDWARD B. CLARK

WHEN William H. Taft was a candidate for the Republican nomination for president some newspaper paragrapher said that Hopkins every delegate to the convention who claimed Yale as his alma mater would vote for his nomination of Mr. Taft, no matter what his instruction were from the people who made him a delegate.

Of course this paragraph was jocose, but Yale men seem to be particularly loyal to the president of the United States, and it is a curious thing to note that the loyalty of the men of all colleges to graduate of their institutions is marked in Washington. Every official of high position seems to have the enthusiastic support of the graduates of the school which sent him out into the world with a sheepskin under his arm, and party politics seem to cut no figure at all in the matter.

Of course not all Yale men are not all for Taft, for Yale has turned out men of all parties, and men to whom party means much more than mere personality. It may be, however, that Mr. Taft, if he runs again, will get the vote at the polls—conventions' vote not considered—of every man who was graduated from Yale in the New Haven school. They say in Washington—and some of the president's classmates live here—that he was as popular with his classmates as any man whom they claimed as their own, perhaps more popular, but the Yale men don't care to make comparisons that might seem invidious.

The Yale men who were at school with the president and who come to Washington to visit, always make straight for the White House. This means sometimes a very dear lady, who is very sensitive soul. It is worded, pictured, sculptured or—sung only by those who have attained a high inward development. And beauty becomes more more spiritual as we pass from the beauty of forms and faces, to the beauty of friendship, of nobler motives, of faith, and grace through exercise. The supreme grace is the beauty of spiritual devotion, the love that denies self, the heart and genius of the Christ.—Rev. Horatio W. Dressler.

There are soldiers and sailors of high rank, men gray in service and gray in years who have never been able to live down some little act of their lives at either school or college, something which made them unpopular with their fellows, and the effect of which lasts to this day.

Yale men are not given to specific case with date and circumstances it may be said that in one of the greatest controversies which ever vexed the country, Yale men were on the wrong side of the question, but did not win out with his fellow officers, and he did not win out with them simply because they knew the Bible, but they believed and shocked officers could put in an interlocutory, calmly commanded the soloist "to get a move on him."

They grabbed Pete out from his middle pew and marched him down the aisle of the middle front corridor. When the corps was dismissed and was marching back to the barracks Pete was going in the opposite direction headed for the prison ship, Santee, with his books and his blanket swung over his shoulder.

As he passed the marching middies and the officers in command he was heard loudly soliloquizing, with his head well down in counterfeit abjectness:

"Poor Pete, poor Pete, breakers right under poor Pete's bow."

Some time Pete set to work during his idle hours and constructed a skeleton more fearfully and wonderfully made than any man. Pete was a mechanical genius, and the officer whose habit it was on entering a midshipman's room to see if all was well and orderly, to turn the door knob with his left hand and look behind it for traces of sweepings, for it was a common habit with midshipmen to sweep things behind the door in the hope that they would pass unnoticed.

Pete finished his skeleton and by the exercise of some ingenuity, which might have succeeded in so adjusting it that when the door was given a sharp, quick jerk, the thing would drop down and stand in the door way in the place of the man who did the jerking. It wasn't intentional on Pete's part, for he simply forgot, but he went to recitation one morning and when he returned he found the door put up, and left his roommate, who didn't know that the skeleton behind the door was in existence, to suffer any consequence which might come. The inspecting officer came and gave the door a jerk and was promptly poked in the eye by the bony hand of the skeleton.

The officer instantly marched Pete's roommate, all innocent that he was, to the Santee, where he was locked up. In three hours the roommate heard some shuffling steps outside his prison door. Looking out he saw Pete with his books and his blankets coming out of the door. He called to him:

"What's the matter, Pete?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Pete, "only I forgot to take that d——d skeleton down."

When William W. Russell first went to Venezuela in a subordinate diplomatic capacity, an American naval officer who knew him well, who liked him, and who had memories of the diplomat's pranks at Annapolis, concluded that Pete should have a proper reception, but it is needless to say that he didn't take Pete into his confidence.

When Russell, newly accredited to the "court" of President Castro, drove from his hotel to the presidential palace in an open carriage and wearing a black frock and high hat of diplomacy, he was greeted in the middle of every block and at every street corner with a shower of rotten oranges, all the street gamins that Caracas possesses. The mighty cry that went up almost constantly from hotel to palace of his:

"Viva Pete Skeleton!"

It is said that William W. Russell's memory was cherished at the naval academy. His name is held in remembrance, as a midshipman, and no midshipman named Russell who has entered the academy in the nearly 50 years which have elapsed since our former Venezuelan minister severed his school connection has escaped the name "Pete."

Missouri Mules for Africa

By the steamship Welsh Prince, which arrived in Cape Town, South Africa, on the morning of the Daily Consular and Trade Report, there came a shipment of American mules which, by those competent to know, are adjudged to be the finest mules yet landed in South Africa.

They were purchased by a well-known local farmer, who formed the state of Missouri to get them on behalf of Brice Bros. of Springs, who had the contract for the supply of mules to the Johannesburg corporation. The shipment consists of 124 mules, all of which are between two and three years old, stand 15 hands in height, this being the stipulation made by the corporation, who further stipulated that they must all be bred by the state of Missouri, which is in such high repute as a mule-breeding country.

The representative of the South African News had an opportunity of seeing the shipment, and he states that they are a magnificent lot and have been bought up from America by the agents required for their railway transportation to the American port, 30 days at cost, with three more days to unloading.

On one occasion a heavy sea was shipped and portions of the mule boxes washed away. The capital of the vessel, and the mules, for about 48 hours while the whole crew erected other boxes. On the whole voyage there was not a casualty, and considering the time the mules had been on the journey, they looked well and fit. This is the second shipment that Brice Bros. have brought. According to a local dealer, the mules just imported are worth £100 ($485.65) to £120 ($582.78) a pair in Cape Town.

"It was said breed mules like those in this country," said a South African authority, "our fortunes would be made." The buyer stated that mules were very dear in Missouri, at $150 (£34.66) each being considered an average price, and while in Missouri he saw one pair which realized $3,000.

Superstitious Racing Man

Last year Mr. Fairie did not enter his famous three-year-old, Lemberg, for the Newmarket Biennial, says London Answers.

It is an odd fact that no winner of the Biennial has ever been successful in winning the Derby. One horse attempted the double, but it left the race is an unlucky one for Derby aspirants. Whether Mr. Fairie was influenced by this superstition or not it is impossible to say, but at any rate Lemberg was not entered.

Trainers, taking them all round, are a practical, hard-headed class, but they are, like other jockeys as well as the racing public at large, have a large share of superstitious beliefs.

Some have their favorite courses. Fred Archer, for instance, preferred Epsom to any other and certainly it was the scene of his greatest triumphs. On the other hand, he disliked Manchester and he did not like Ascot, either.

The late Tom Loates always said that he felt something would happen to him at Manchester if he did not take a fearful smash there and lay in hospital for many weeks.

Wells, who rode the Derby winner twice running, would never ride without a potato in his pocket. Fordham had given Tom Cannon, a jockey, a potato for luck. It was hardly larger than a big pea and as hard as a stone. He believed that it brought him luck.

"Well, I'll be durned," he pathetically exclaimed, and wearing a black frock and high hat of diplomacy, he was greeted in the middle of every block and at every street corner with a shower of rotten oranges, all the street gamins that Caracas possesses.

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WAYS TO COOK EGGS

SOME NEW AND A FEW THAT ARE WELL KNOWN.

Spanish Style Popular With Those Who Like a Highly Seasoned Dish—Delicious When Served With Melted Cheese.

Spanish Eggs.—Cook two cups of ripe tomatoes with a chopped-up sweet pepper, frying the ones in a tablespoonful of butter. Add paprika, salt and a teaspoonful of finely-minced chives, and reduce to half the quantity, which will take about 10 or 15 minutes. Toast slices of white bread, put poached eggs on top, and pour over the tomato and pepper sauce. Serve at once.

Poor-Woman Eggs.—Heat a little butter in an earthenware dish and then break six or more—or fewer—eggs into it, and sprinkle over fresh bread crumbs. Set the dish in the oven and let it cook for two minutes or until the eggs have set. Add salt, white pepper and a tablespoonful of olive oil, flavored with a little garlic and make the sauce very light and airy.

Eggs and Mushrooms.—Peel, wash and drain a quarter of a pound of fresh mushrooms. Place them in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of good butter, and season with salt, white pepper and two drops of lemon juice. Cover the saucepan and cook for 15 minutes on a moderate fire. Add two tablespoonfuls of good madeira wine, letting this simmer to one-half, which will take a very few minutes. Prepare as poached eggs, but put them in a hot dish over the sauce, with the mushrooms piled in the center, and serve piping hot.

Eggs and Melted Cheese.—Grate two ounces of Parmesan cheese in a baking dish, melt in the fire, add half a glassful of white wine, a pinch of minced parsley, a little chopped chives, and a dash of cayenne, with salt and pepper to taste. Stir thoroughly while cooking and when the cheese has melted break six eggs in a bowl, pour them into the sauce and stir all together until the eggs are turned, but not too well done. Serve on hot fried toast.

Omelet With Herbs.—Break six eggs in a bowl, adding a pinch of finely chopped parsley, half a pinch of chives and half a cupful of sweet cream. Beat the whole without stopping for four minutes, then melt a little butter in a pan and when it begins to crackle pour in the eggs, letting them cook on one side for about three minutes; fold over carefully with a pancake turner, letting the inside get more solid, then slide the omelet onto a hot dish, baste with melted butter, add a fine sprinkle of raw parsley and serve at once. The salt and pepper are beaten up with the eggs.

Simple and Delicious Dessert.

This is a very good baking apple as desired pans and core with apple corer; fill the centers with sugar and spread the outsides with butter. Place in baking pan with sufficient water to keep from burning and bake in oven until soft. Serve with milk or cold with a sauce made as follows: One pint milk, yolks of three eggs, half-cup sugar, one tablespoonful corn starch, juice and rind of one lemon. Beat the yolks, sugar, cornstarch and half cup of milk together. Put the remainder of the milk and cook until as thick as cream. When cold add salt and lemon juice. The beaten white of one egg added to sauce make a most delicious combination.

Burnt Sugar Cake.

Put one cup of sugar in a pan on the stove and burn till dark brown, stirring constantly; add one cup of water and half cup boiling water and flour. Take one-and-a-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup milk, two cups flour, two and a half teaspoons baking powder, yolks of three eggs, one cup of water, flavor with vanilla and add four or five teaspoons of burnt sugar; add the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in three layers. Make the ordinary white frosting filling and add the rest of the burnt sugar.

Mutton Kidneys.

Cut some mutton kidneys, open down the middle. Do not separate them; peel and pass a skewer through them to keep them open, season and dip them in melted butter, broil over a clear fire, doing the outside first. Remove the skewers, have ready a piece of toasted bread, on some chopped parsley, salt, pepper and the juice of lemon juice, and a dash of nutmeg, put a small piece of this butter in the center of each kidney and serve hot.

Vassar Fudge.

To make the plain Vassar fudge, take two cups of white granulated or soft brown sugar and one cup thick cream. Put this over the stove and when it gets hot add a quarter cake of chocolate, grated or broken in five pieces. Stir constantly and vigorously when it reaches the boiling point add a teaspoonful of vanilla and stirring until a little poured on a saucer comes with beating. Take from fire, beat until cool and pour in buttered tins.

Italian Rice.

Wash well half a pound of rice in several changes of rice; fry a chopped onion in butter until brown; add three sliced tomatoes and cook into a pulp; add this into the rice with the yolks of two eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt and one and a half ounces of grated Parmesan cheese. Mix well over the fire until the cheese has entirely dissolved. Serve with tomato sauce.

Delicious Corn Cake.

Seven tablespoonfuls of corn meal, six tablespoons flour, 3½ tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one half cup of butter, one teaspoonful soda (or two scant teaspoons baking powder), pinch of salt and sweet milk to make a thin batter. Bake in a hot oven.

Vanity Cake.

Six eggs, the whites, one and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of cornstarch, one and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor to suit taste. Follow the usual directions for mixing and bake carefully.

SONG OF THE VINEYARD

Sunday School Lesson for May 21, 1911.

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Isaiah 5:1-12.
MEMORY VERSE—11.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Woe Unto Them That Are Mighty to Drink Wine, and Men of Strength to Mingle Strong Drink." —Isa. 5:22.

ERA.—Probably near the beginning of Isaiah's long life as a prophet, which was inaugurated in the year when King Uzziah died, B. C. 76 (Beecher), or B. C. 740 (Hastings).

PLACE—Isaiah prophesied in Jerusalem.

KINGS—In Israel, Menahem; in Assyria, Assur-dan III.

PROPHETS—Hosea, Micah.

Isaiah, like all great teachers, was obliged to speak many stern warnings. Individuals and nations are best pleased with leaders that praise and flatter them; but such men are enemies rather than friends, demagogues rather than statesmen. In our own nation we have many braggarts, and many soothing, over-sanguine citizens; but the wise men are like Isaiah, clear-eyed to perceive national and personal sins. Vice and liberty in a nation and peace in an individual. The Great Great maxim, "Know thyself," still the foundation of true knowledge and wisdom. In our lesson the great prophet warns his nation against three national sins: Selfish materialism in God; the menace of ungodly and uncharitable wealth; intemperance the great peril of the nation.

We can look back over a history full of warnings. America was settled by men seeking to escape civil and religious oppression. The colonists had barely marvelous deliverances from the Indian and other foes. The United States has been saved by the greatest civil war in all history. We have had warnings our leaders some of the world's chief men—Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Jefferson, Franklin. The world's history is full of warnings for our nation from attack. We have a vast territory, wonderfully rich in minerals and products. Harvests abundant enough for us and for other nations.

The natural fruit of a vineyard, carefully prepared, cultivated grapes, and a full crop; that is, he expected obedience to his commands, and love and gratitude and worship. Instead, he got nothing, but wild grapes, small, sour and hard—such results as a farmer might show that had received no special benefits from Jehovah.

Isaiah next comes to particulars—the two great fundamental sins of his people, and of all nations. It is with remarkable persistence that in every generation the two main passions of the human heart, love of wealth and love of pleasure, the instinct to gather and the instinct to squander, have sought possession of the soul, pronounced by Isaiah in which to work their social havoc—appropriation of land and strong drink. Every civilization will develop sooner or later in land questions and strong drink.

Is the land question an American question also? In its essentials, yes. Land, what land? Agricultural land? Is the fundamental difficulty? The menace of ungodly and unphilanthropic wealth, the land, or mines, or roads, or mines, or mills, or

The Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER

For nearly 61 years the news given for Manchester and surrounding towns. We invite everybody to call at the ENTERPRISE building and see us. We want to know you and you to know us. We want to know what you know, if it's worth telling to the public. If you can't call, write us, signing your name. We want your advertisements, your job printing and order for stationery.

Phone 44

We want you to take the ENTERPRISE and keep posted on what is doing in Manchester and vicinity.

—$1.25 a Year in Single Copy 5c

and must be paid in advance.

Notices of any event where a fee is collected must be paid for; also obituary notices, card of thanks, etc., 5 cents a line, but other notices of social events may be inserted free.

We want to do your probate advertising. Ask Judge Lehman to send notices to the ENTERPRISE and he will.

When you write or 'phone, don't ask for anybody just say:

THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1911.

It is reported that President Diaz and Vice President Corralit of Mexico will resign before June 1st.

That settles it. Gov. Osborn has wired Pres. Taft offering his services in favor of the reciprocity treaty.

If all property in Michigan were divided equally every man, woman and child would receive $486.93 pretty nearly enough to buy each an auto.

Jackson county with 12,888 children of school age will get $80,716 early in June. Columbia township gets $2,709; Grass Lake $8,553; Napoleon $1,645; $1,099.

The question of putting up signs at the corporation limits, warning auto drivers not to exceed a ten-mile an hour speed was voted down by the council last night.

The appropriation of primary school money is to be made at $7 per capita. The total number of children in this county is 11,425 and $79,975 will be drawn. Bridgewater gets $1,933; Freedom $2,170; Manchester $3,487; Saline $3,360; Sharon $1,520; Sylvan $4,552.

A report comes from Tecumseh that Charles Allison, who worked for Dan Gage last year and who in what was supposed to be a fit of temporary insanity ran away in a light and was found over near Twin lakes, assaulted a four-year-old daughter of Ed. Wood, a farmer, south of Tecumseh. He is in jail at Adrian.

The little sparrow is a robber. Neighbor Kingsley called our attention a few days ago, to a robin that was searching for worms on his lawn. As soon as it would grasp a worm a sparrow would light close by and the moment the robin had dislodged the worm it would dash up, grab it away and fly off with it. It repeated the operation several times with in a few moments.

A few days ago the little five year old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Clarence Hall of Grass Lake, formerly of Sharon, suddenly disappeared and her parents and the neighbors searched high and low for her. For two hours they kept it up peeping into windmill tanks, wells and cisterns. At last the lid of a trunk was raised and there the little one was found just at the point of death. It was a close call and the parents who are well known here have the congratulations of their many friends.

It has been ascertained that people spent four times as much last year for soda water as was spent for automobiles. According to statistics $500,000,000 was spent for soda water by Americans in 1909.—The value of automobiles constructed in the United States during the same time was only $185,000,000. During this period $1,400,000,000 was spent for liquor. "It is generally conceded," said Mr. Hubbert, "that if a man earns $3,000 a year he can afford to buy and maintain a moderate-priced automobile."

The Manchester and Sharon friends of Lyman S. Hulbert are rejoicing because he won the oratorical contest at Albion by a margin of 10 points last Friday night. His oration was entitled "Government and the Voter." Mr. Hulbert won first place in the contest a year ago in Saginaw and was very much at ease Friday night, but spoke a trifle fast so that his words did not reach the audience as well as they might. His composition made up for this defect, however, and he was awarded first place. Relation of each voter to the government as a whole was fully explained and the consequence of a continued apathy were taken up and examples were taken from the Adams county vote selling and the Lorimer investigation.

Rev. Fr. Fisher is a very busy man these days. Aside from his regular pastoral work he has the care and responsibility of the erection of a beautiful and costly new church. With the difficulties encountered when they began work on the foundation, finding the soil of such a nature that they were obliged to drive hundreds of piles on which to lay the foundation to prevent the heavy stone walls from settling, he certainly met a proposition that would have baffled an ordinary man. But he called to his aid some experienced builders and acting on their advice is, we think, finding a safe and perhaps the most economical way out of the situation. The church will be an ornament to the village and he should have the assurance that his labors are appreciated.

PERSONAL MENTION

Simon Nissley was home from Ypsilanti over Sunday.

Mrs. T. J. Farrell was quite ill last week but is much better now.

Rev. Moon of Milan was in town Wednesday calling on friends.

Miss Ruth Blomhardt visited Mrs. Lilly at Tecumseh last Saturday.

Miss Jennie Frey of Owosso is visiting her parents and other friends here.

Katherine Faulhaber of Adrian is visiting her parents, here this week.

Mrs. J. White and daughter of Ypsilanti spent Sunday at Paul Quirk's.

Mr. & Mrs. Troop Gray of Clinton visited at Paul and Bert Quirk's Sunday.

Raynor Haeussler and T. B. Bailey went to Detroit today in Raynor's automobile.

Paul Kress went to Detroit Wednesday for a week's visit with relatives and friends.

Miss Celia Miller came home from Detroit last Friday and is sick from tonsilitis.

Bradley Dresser and Miss Florida Ladd of Brooklyn came here Sunday in Miss Ladd's auto.

Elon Gauntlett of Milan was in town Tuesday looking after the interests of his store, "The Fair."

George Sisson went to Morenci to visit over Sunday. He says that his wife is improving.

Miss Mary Senger returned home Tuesday after spending a week with relatives in Jackson.

Mr. & Mrs. Michael Bank drove over from Francisco, Saturday to see Mrs. Bank's sister, Mrs. John Moehn.

Edward Mahrle of Norvell was a pleasant caller at the ENTERPRISE office Tuesday, while in town on business.

Jacob Briegel who is serving on circuit court jury came home last Friday night and remained over Sunday.

Ferdinand Faulhaber who is working here on the new Catholic church, visited his family in Clinton, Monday night.

Wm. Heston who has been visiting here the past few weeks, returned to the soldiers' home at Grand Rapids, Monday.

Mrs. B. F. Burtless went to Jackson last Saturday to meet her husband who came here from Lansing to spend Sunday.

Mrs. C. Vogelbacher who has been suffering from malarial fever for several weeks was obliged to take to her bed last week.

Mrs. La Mar Brown of Alpena came here last Saturday to visit her parents Mr. & Mrs. M. Hough and various friends.

We received a brief but pleasant call from Prof. C. M. McCallum of Ypsilanti who will be superintendent of our schools next year.

Michael Coleman had his hand badly scratched by a turkey's claws and came to town Wednesday to have it dressed by a physician.

Mrs. Ralph Baldwin and two daughters of New York are visiting at Emmett Lowery's. Mrs. Baldwin is a sister of Mrs. Lowery.

Mrs. Sylvia Gregg of Cleveland and Miss Lotha Coleman of Jackson visited their parents, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Coleman, over Sunday.

H. K. Berger went to Toledo last Saturday to visit his son and hear Billy Sunday the evangelist who is creating such a stir in the Maumee city.

Mr. & Mrs. Louis Lonier went to Detroit Saturday and from there to Marine City to attend the christening of a friend's child for whom they stood sponsors.

Frank Lenson, master of Manchester lodge F. & A. M. expects to go to Port Huron next week to attend grand lodge. J. H. Kingsley also expects to attend.

A letter from Mr. & Mrs. Byron Hall of Tucson, Ariz., states that they will leave for Manchester on the 21st, if their baby which has been sick, continues to improve.

M. B. Wallace had a pleasant visit from his only brother, J. P. Wallace, of Pelican Rapids, Minn., on Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Wallace is a banker and is several years younger than Mark.

Ferdinand Haber administrator of his late father's estate and John Spafard administrator of the estate of Herman Bertke and A. J. Waters went to Ann Arbor Monday on probate business.

Ernest Lutzenhan has moved his family to his farm in the west part of the village, recently purchased of the Isaac Hall estate. His father-in-law, Harvey Bialedell remained at his own home.

Mr. C. F. Kapp went to Detroit Tuesday afternoon to attend the state meeting of the Degree of Honor lodge as delegate from Manchester lodge. She will also visit her children there a few days.

The Detroit Sunday Free Press contained a very good picture of Will F. Steinkohl, who is vice president of the Phi Sigma Omicron fraternity of the Detroit college of law that had a banquet Saturday evening.

Mrs. Clara Hawley and son Harry, Misses Sophia, Alma and Marie Schmid, Julia Kirchhofer and Carl Bomboom of Ann Arbor and Mr. & Mrs. FloydAger of Tecumseh were guests of the Kirchhofer and Schmid families on Sunday.

We have two slightly soiled corn planters that we will sell at a very reasonable price.

DRESSELHOUSE & DAVIDTER

Ice Cream at the Manchester City Bakery.

Bring your Baggies to Ralph Kimble, Manchester, to be painted.

For Sale, the most beautiful building spot in Manchester, with house, stone shop and small barn, corner of Jackson and Union Streets, 8x9 rods. Inquire of A. A. Snowman, or F. Steinkohl Lansing, Mich.

ANN ARBOR, MICH. May 15. 1911

Editor Enterprise: You say in last week's issue of your paper that "Dr. E M. Conklin is feeling mighty fine because the Supreme Court has decided the case of Conklin vs Conklin in his favor." I can hardly believe that, (and may I record my convictions to the contrary); because Conklin came up from Detroit last week "feel" "mighty fine" over what the Court, speaking or writing through Justice Blair, has said in its decision; such is incredible.

There are some of the expressions of the Court, (and it would be wholesome reading if the entire opinion should be published) namely: "As an intestate estate, none of the parties to this suit had any interest in it whatever but the entire estate would have gone to the first cousins." * * * "The complainants believed, and had good reason to believe, that the will was obtained by defendant Conklin by undue influence and in the language of the circuit judge, 'It is difficult to understand why the defendant Conklin made this contract, except upon the theory that he doubted the validity of the will and feared the result of a contest.' * * The relations of defendant Conklin to testatrix raised a presumption of influence which would call for explanation on his part." * * * We think Mr. Freeman was well within the probabilities in representing to defendant Conklin that a successful contest of the will could be made upon the ground of undue influence," etc., etc.

Complainants were denied relief because the contract in suit was void upon the ground of "Public Policy," that is, the will of testatrix having been brought into existence by the fraud and undue influence of the Doctor, as the Court intimates and "as complainants believe! and had good reason to be'eve," the property should have gone as intestate estate and according to the statute of distribution; and it was therefore against public policy for complainants to have contracted with defendant to withdraw their proposed contest and to sustain or assist in sustaining or to discourage a contest of a will thus inspired. This was a holding that the courts can not be properly invoked to aid by favorable decision any party to a contract—a plaintiff or defendant—to establish supposed rights under such a contract which had for its purpose the probate of a will that ought not to have been probated.

As the court says, 'had the will been denied probate the estate would have gone to the first cousins," scattered as they were, some of whom testatrix did not know, and second cousins would inherit no portion of the property. But that good man, whose memory I deeply

—Continued on 5th page

Dr. BURNHAM'S

San - Jak

Kidney, Liver and Catarrh Cure

This remedy is absolutely original and contains sufficient merits to obtain quick and lasting results to the reproductive system. It is truly harmless, and can be taken by young or old, male or female, for any length of time.

It is the indicated remedy for all Kidney and Catarrhal troubles, cures Coughs and approaching Cold with hoarseness in 24 hours, and is positively the most scientific discovery for diseases of the genito-urinary organs of male or female. It is the only known, and safe remedy for Prostatic Troubles of old Men, Painful or Difficult Micturition and all Urethral Inflammations and is truly a vitalizing tonic. It is valuable in curing Tuberculosis of nose, throat and glands

San - Jak

can be used favorably and safely in all irritations of the throat and lungs, as Catarrh, Asthma, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Lung Hemorrhage, etc. Acidity of the Urine, Rheumatism, Nephritic Colic, Albuminuria, Chronic Cystitis, Leucorrhoea, Prostatis.

San - Jak

is a re-constructive tonic, it vitalizes the accommodative muscles of the entire body. Issues the abnormal sag of the abdomen of male or female and is the speedy cure for bed wetting young or old.

Sold in A. A. Snowman's Drug Store only, who are reliable and will return the price of one bottle ($1.00) if San-Jak fails to do good. Made by Jan-Jak Co, Chicago, Ill.

San - Jak is sold only by

A. A. SNOWMAN,

Manchester, Mich.

Made by

San-Jak Co., Chicago

Saturday, May 20th

3 BIG SPECIALS 3

20 dozen Men's 10c Canvas Gloves 5c

5 dozen 20c Pudding Pans 10c

8 dozen 10c Drip Pans 5c

Every Article in Our Store is Sold at a Bargain

at any time but when we run an article as a special you get double value for your money.

THE FAIR,

Kimble Block, Manchester, Mich.

DON'T WEAR CLOTHES

That fail to give perfect satisfaction. Don't be content with a "pretty good fit." Have it PERFECT.

If your coat isn't just right at the shoulders and collar; if the front wrinkles and sags; don't wear it.

Woodhull, Goodale & Bull Clothes are guaranteed to give good wear and PERFECT SATISFACTION. If they did not do it they would not be guaranteed.

Their patent front, firmness and durability of material, and superior construction and workmanship make perfection.

They are ready made. This means you know exactly what you pay for and GET IT.

We SELL W. G. & B. Clothing. Come and see us.

Yocum, Marx & Co.

FORD

EVERY FIFTH CAR SOLD in this country is a FORD Model T. The car the great majority has proven reliable must appeal to you.

One of the reasons why FORD Model T cars are so extremely popular, so extremely satisfactory, not only as pleasure cars, but as a business car, lie in the extreme simplicity of control. You know simplicity of control is not possible without simplicity in design.—This is one of the marked tributes to the marvelous mechanical genius of Henry Ford in designing a car so perfect for the purpose, and yet so simple, that anybody of ordinary sense can quickly understand every part of it.

There is nothing intricate, there is not much to it, a few parts, and every part specifically designed for a purpose, and that purpose plainly observable, plainly understandable. The owner of a FORD Model T is never stuck by strange mysteries in the construction and operation of his car. He has no puzzling problems to face. The motor is as easy to understand as an old fashioned dasher churn, and it produces a power in excess of any other motor of the same size.

FORD Model T Touring Car

4 Cylinders—5 Passengers

$780

With Full Equipment—Extension Top, Automatic Brass Windshield, Speedometer, Two 6-inch Gas Lamps, Generator, Ford Magneto, built in the motor; Three Oil Lamps, Horn and Tools for $780.

This same Car with Three Oil Lamps, Horn and Tools, $700.

The FORD Magneto is built-into-the motor, the only one of its kind in the world. It thoroughly does away with all ignition troubles, insures combustion under all circumstances, requires no attention. When the Motor runs the Magneto runs, and when the Magneto runs the Motor runs—rain or shine, night or day, up hill or down hill, rough roads or asphalt boulevards.

Any man or woman, or boy, or girl, can drive FORD Model T, because there is never any necessity to remove the hands from the steering wheel. The control of the car is regulated by the feet. You can,if like the wind or creep like the snail, changing the power instantly, and the FORD Model T is always under the perfect control of the driver.

Call in and let us show you these and other exclusive advantageous features in the FORD Model T, allow us to take you for a ride and give you a practical demonstration of the simplicity of FORD control and the luxury in FORD riding.

The Schaible-Wiedman Auto Co.

Saline, Mich.

Agents for Washtenaw County Phone No. 230.

For sale, sow and nine pigs. Henry Tirb, Bridgewater.

Get your Baggy fixed up for use July 4th. Ralph Kimble at Manchester will do it.

Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.

Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the 15th day of May A. D. 1911, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of John Fisher, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, for examination and allowance, on or before the 15th day of November, and that such claims will be heard before said Court on the 15th day of July and the 15th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, May 15th, A. D. 1911.

EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 8th day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

Present, HONORABLE EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Orrin Sprout, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Wm. H. Kimball, executor of said estate, praying that the final account of said executor and administrator be allowed, and that he be discharged from his trust as such executor and administrator, and that said estate be assigned and distributed to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered, That the 8th day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said account, and said petition.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Washtenaw.

EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy)
DORCAS C. DOREMUS, Register.

Step in at Haeussler & Son's and get a free sample of ZEMO and ZEMO SOAP.

"The worst and most committal treatment for eczema, pimples, eruptions and all diseases of the skin and scalp. Do not neglect this." They will give you prompt relief and put you on the road to a sound, good for infants as well as grown persons.

Haeussler & Son

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 2nd day of April, in the year thousand nine hundred and eleven.

Present, EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Marie E. Brookway, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Lotta Brookway, praying that the administration of said estate may be granted to Willard G. Vanfleet or some other suitable person.

Thereupon, It is ordered, That the 12th day of May, next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Washtenaw.

EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy)
DORCAS C. DOREMUS, Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 2nd day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

Present, EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Emma J. Goodyear, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Blanche M. Conzon, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Wm. H. Harrison or some other suitable person and that appraisers be appointed.

It is ordered, that the 20th day of May next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing of said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Washtenaw.

EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy)
DORCAS C. DOREMUS, Register.

To All Persons Liable to Assessment for Taxes.

IN THE VILLAGE OF MANCHESTER, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, for the year 1911.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessment Roll for the above named village for the year 1911 will be been completed and that the Board of Review of said Village will be in session at the Council Room in said Village, on Monday, and Tuesday, May 8 and 9, A. D. 1911 from 9 o'clock to 12 o'clock a. m. and from 1 o'clock to 5 o'clock p. m. of said days, at which time and place any person assessed may be heard to be assessed or have a correction, and all persons who may consider themselves aggrieved by any valuation or assessment as appears on said Assessment Roll, or who may have cause to allege any error contained in said Roll or omissions from the same, or who may have reasons to object to the assessment made upon the property owned by said Board of Review, and all errors found to exist in said Assessment Roll will be duly corrected, and all property subject to taxation within said village not assessed, will be assessed, and all persons liable to assessment but not assessed will be assessed thereon by said Board of Review.

Assessment Roll, as corrected and finally adopted by said Board of Review, and finally approved by said Board, will be the Assessment Roll of said Village for the year 1911.

Given under my hand at my office in said Village this 8th day of May, A. D. 1911.

ADAM SCHMID,
Assessor of the Village of Manchester, Mich.

PATTON'S SOLE-PROOF FLOOR COATINGS

are made to resist heel knocks and scuffing. They give you a high polish that lasts. Moreover, for variety of decorative work for chairs and tables, for all kinds of furniture and farming implements, for floors and linoleum, they are unsurpassed.

With the Sole-Proof Graining Outfit, even an amateur can get the charming natural wood effects.

Sole-Proof Floor Coatings are sold in six colors by reputable retailers whose business reputation depends upon the value they give.

Beautiful color card and descriptive booklet sent upon request.

PATTON PAINT CO.
Lake Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Haeussler's

Rexall Store

The Enterprise

Published weekly at Manchester, Mich.

By MAT D. BLOSSER

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1911

BRIEF LOCAL ITEMS

What would we give for a good working rain?

Rev. Scheurer has the frame for his new residence up.

Supervisor Renan has nearly finished taking assessments.

The dandelion crop seems to be unusually large this season.

R. M. Teeter has put a window display case in E. H. Gosmer's store.

Some farmers are planting corn while others are plowing corn ground.

G. H. Breitenwischer has a new advertisement about summer dry goods, etc.

Keep it in mind that the county pioneer society meets here next Wednesday.

Fred Houck has a foxy team now. He bought a horse of Frank Lowery to match his.

The village has done considerable work on the streets in the eastern part of the village.

None of the members of the 31st Michigan living here, went to Lansing to attend the reunion.

A telephone cable splicer has been assisting Manager Walch in locating and overcoming cable trouble.

B. G. Lovejoy has erected a fine looking wire fence in front of his resident property on Jefferson street.

An electric light should be placed over the center of Exchange place bridge for the protection of pedestrians.

The deputy game warden is on the look out for people who violate the law by catching bass before June 15th.

There should be a limit to the speed autos can be run inside the corporation for protection of life and property.

Now is the time to spray the fruit trees. We wish some man with a sprayer would go from house to house as the vacuum cleaners do.

The weather turned cold last Friday night and there was a white frost the next morning but we have since been having summer weather.

"The Fair, a variety store in Kimble's block is having a very satisfactory trade and many people say: "It's just what we needed here." In another column they advertise some specials for Saturday.

Wm. Burtless and Dr. Conklin were returning from a fishing excursion Monday night in the doctor's automobile and when they reached home they discovered that the back seat and top were missing. They hiked back nearly four miles where they found it all right.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday June 5, 6 and 7, Rev. Fr. Grace of Hillsdale will conduct exercises preparatory to the first communion. The first communion will be administered on Thursday at 8:00, confirmation will be on Friday at 10:30, procession and corner stone laying at 2:30 p. m. Friday.

Work at the new Catholic church appears to be progressing as rapidly as could be expected. The driving of piles is nearly completed, the work of building the concrete walls immediately over the piles is being pushed as rapidly as possible. George Bailey is driving a well. All the men seem to work in harmony and it is expected that the work will be sufficiently advanced by the 9th of June so the corner stone may be laid by Bishop Kelly.

Mrs. A. G. Curtis of Detroit has been here the past few days in the interest of the Children's Home Society whose hospital is located at St. Joseph. The society takes friendless children, many of whom are blind or crippled, and furnishes homes for them. The work receives no state appropriations but is supported by voluntary gifts and membership fees only. Saturday, May 27, has been designated as Tag Day when private homes will be visited and tags sold all day in the stores, offices and on the streets for the benefit of blind and crippled children. Volunteers are needed to sell the tags apply to Mrs. J. H. Kingsley, president, or Mrs. E. E. Root, secretary, of the local society.

About 8 o'clock Saturday afternoon Miss Ann Dennison's residence was partially destroyed by fire. Miss Dennison had lighted her gasoline stove which blazed up so fiercely that she thought it better to flee than endanger her life by trying to put it out. The alarm was given and people ran to the building and found the rear portions wrapped in flames. The boys soon had the chemical engine and the fire engine at work and did good service and if it had not been for the bursting of a hose they would probably have saved all the house except the kitchen. Part of the goods were saved. The house was insured for $300 which will probably repair it. There was no insurance on the contents. Several pieces of clothing appeared which Miss Dennison was inquiring for customers, were burned together with all her apparel except what she was wearing. The loss to her is a great one and all express sympathy for her. A paper was circulated and people gave willingly to assist her.

Miss Ann Dennison, whose home was burned last Saturday night feels well and moreover over her loss. She was cared for by Mrs. Etta Nestell until yesterday when on account of measles in the house she was taken to T. J. Thorn's. Last night she suffered greatly and a physician was called but she expired about 11 o'clock. She had undoubtly inhaled considerable smoke in the fire. Poor old soul her cares and troubles are over. The funeral will be held, Friday at Mr. Thorn's.

Manchester Chapter O. E. S. will have a "post offices" meeting Friday evening when the chairs will be filled as follows:

W. M.—Mrs. Fred Spafard
Associate Matron—Mrs. A. F. Freeman
Patron—O. W. Case
Conductress—Miss Julia Conklin
Associate C.—Mrs. M. Hendershott
Adah—Miss Elizabeth Farrell
Ruth—Mrs. Alice Goodall
Esther—Mrs. E. E. Root
Martha—Mrs. G. J. Richmond
Electa—Mrs. Arthur Lowery
Secretary—Mrs. L. S. Glover
Treasurer—Mrs. E. M. Conklin
Chaplain—Mrs. F. O. Clement
Pianist—Mrs. J. F. Spafard
Warder—Mrs. Wm. Burtless
Sentinel—Mrs. Fred Spiegel
Sentinel—J. A. Lynch

There will be two candidates, Miss Estella Case, and Miss Lillian Robison of Clinton.

At the banquet there will be toasts and responses as follows: "To Our Past Officers" by Miss Kirchhofer, "The Star" by Bennett Roe, "The Masonic Brothers" by Mrs. J. F. Spafard, "The Goat" by A. J. Waters.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR DECORATION

By Citizens, the School and G. A. R. Tuesday, May 30th.

THE committee of arrangements informs the ENTERPRISE that everything is working satisfactorily for a general observation of Decoration Day at Manchester. Next week we will probably be able to give a complete program but the arrangements are about as follows:

The Tecumseh band will arrive on the 9:40 train and will play a few pieces before dinner. At 1 o'clock local time the band will proceed to the central school building for the children and will stop at the G. A. R. post room on their return for Comstock Post.

It is hoped that people having autos will stop in front of the post room, facing west, to take the speakers and such members of the G. A. R. as are unable to walk to oak grove cemetery. Those who will do this, should report before hand to the committee. Sodexlie states he intend to march in the procession will also kindly so notify the committee. People in carriages are requested to join in the procession instead of coming to the cemetery in advance, thus taking part in the proper observation of the day.

The band will entertain the assembly at Oak Grove while the G. A. R. decorate the graves of deceased comrades, after which the following program will take place:

Music	The Band
Prayer	The Chaplain
Song	The School
Short Exercises	The G.A.R.
Song	The School
Address	Hon. H. Wirt Newkirk
Benediction	The School

The committee in charge is

T. F. Rushton Lewis Lonier
Addis Gillette C. W. Case
Frank Blaisdell R. B. Hanselmer

Short School Notes.

Mr. Nichol of New York City was a pleasant caller at the high school last Thursday afternoon.

The school will join the G. A. R. and citizens in the exercises for decoration day. Songs are being learned.

Rev. Fr. Fisher conducted the exercises Monday morning and gave a very helpful talk on "Kind Thoughts."

Miss Jane Palmer taught the ward school Thursday and Friday of last week as Miss Alice Case attended the May festival at Ann Arbor.

The girls of the junior class gave a banquet to the boys of the class at the home of Estelle Jenter last Friday evening which was greatly enjoyed by all.

C. W. McCallum who has been elected superintendent of our schools for 1911—1912, was in town last Saturday and is helping in perfecting arrangements for the coming year.

Parents should visit the school to learn how their children are doing. Any assistance that the teacher can give to both pupils and parents will be willingly and cheerfully given.

Sight of the district school pupils attended the spelling contest which was held in the grammar room last Friday afternoon. There were no perfect spellers. Miss Grace Randall missed but one word.

"Mother's Day" at the high school last Friday afternoon was a very pleasant gathering. A permanent mothers' organization was formed with the following officers: president, Mrs. Arthur Lowery; vice president, Miss Julia Conklin; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. R. A. Tracy. Refreshments were served and a social hour was spent.

The high school ball team went to Napoleon Tuesday afternoon to play their high school team and was defeated by a score of 6 to 3. Napoleon's battery was Leasing and Thresher and Manchester's was Knorpp and Walter. Walter scored 15 strike outs and they got only three hits off him. Our boys were at a disadvantage because of the smallness of the diamond, causing them to make wild throws.

SCRVELL.

Mrs. Coder of Napoleon called on friends here Friday.

Henry Linde of Lake Odessa was here over Sunday.

Z. T. Kimble purchased a fine horse of Chas. Ray last week.

Misses Alice Aten and Gladys Dean were in Jackson Friday.

Mrs. A. J. Atwell of Parma is visiting Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Dean.

C. Cameron and O. Squires went to Jackson on business Saturday.

Will Bancroft of Ann Arbor visited relatives here part of last week.

Wm. Hanbley of Jackson visited at the home of his father Geo. Hanbley Sunday.

G. Hocck is now doing blacksmithing in his new shop and C. Cameron is at the old stand.

During the past week several new monuments have been placed in the Norvell cemetery.

Mrs. Warren Kimble of Manchester visited her niece Mrs. Clyde Beckwith one day last week.

Mrs. Homer Palmer and little son of Owosso came Monday to visit relatives in Norvell and vicinity.

Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Heaton and little daughter spent Wednesday with Mr. & Mrs. F. P. Coder of Napoleon.

Mrs. Eva Greene visited Mr. & Mrs. J. G. Palmer at the home of Mr. & Mrs. G. Lazaway near Brooklyn Wednesday.

Miss Salisbury of Jackson returned to her home Saturday after spending several days visiting Miss Grace Pittman.

Mr. & Mrs. C. P. Bancroft of Ann Arbor were pleasant visitors among friends and relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Elmer Pour had the misfortune to lose a horse last week. He purchased another in Clinton and is on the milk route as usual.

Miss Agnes Spokes went to Jackson Saturday and later in the day returned with a new Ford touring car which is now the property of the Spokes family.

Mrs. E. Foor and daughter Ida, Mrs. C. Lemmlie and daughter Ida, Mrs. F. E. Greene and Miss Loella Palmer were in Jackson on business Saturday.

Chas. Fish and family have moved their household goods up stairs in the Frey house and plans are being made to move the building vacated across the street on the lot recently purchased by C. Atkinson.

Mrs. Josephine Beckwith entertained Mrs. W. Underwood and son Murl and Mrs. Mary Underwood of Bolton Friday. The former were here to take part in the entertainment given for the C. E. Society. This part taken by Master Murl was highly appreciated and showed much talent in the way he handled the snare drum, bass drum and triangle. The home talent was also good. Receipts $15.35.

NORTH SHARON.

Miss Edith Biggs of Detroit is visiting her cousin Miss Mabel Biggs.

Miss Harriet Irwin of Grass Lake spent the first of the week at J. E. Irwin's.

Mr. & Mrs. F. E. Ellis spent Sunday with their brother Charles Ellis at Grass Lake.

Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Holden spent Wednesday with their son Ashley and wife of Chelsea.

R. C. Rhodes returned to his home in Ann Arbor after spending some time with his daughter Mrs. Gertrude Ellis.

Mrs. Cramore who has been spending sometime with friends in this vicinity returned to her home in Jackson Sunday.

Miss Florence Hewlett closed a successful year of school in the Irwin district Thursday, on Friday the school will visit Jackson.

NAPOLEON.

Amelia Butler is teaching in Springport.

Mrs. E. R. Palmer visited friends in Jackson Saturday.

Miss Hewitt excused school Monday p. m. on account of being ill.

Bertha Ward and Pearl Smith spent Friday and Saturday in Jackson and Hanover.

Mrs. Sarah Hastings and Mrs. Cora Hastings were Brooklyn shoppers Saturday.

A number of our local sports accompanied our high school base ball team to Hanover Saturday and witnessed their defeat in a score of 11 to 1.

Dr. Slosh is driving a new Overland runabout which he purchased in Tobias. He and M. A. Graham went to Hanover Saturday to the ball game.

Woodbine Hive No. 884 will spent Thursday in Jackson in response to an invitation from the Central City Hive to help them celebrate their birthday anniversary.

FREEDOM.

Miss Louise Jedele of Mishawaka, Ind., is a guest of Rev. & Mrs. Mayer.

Emanuel Heinel of Fort Wayne, Ind., visited his parents here over Sunday.

Some very good strings of bluegills and bull heads have been taken from Pleasant Lake.

J. C. Rose was gathering mushrooms in the woods on the Dresselhouse farm Sunday when a large rattlesnake struck at him. He secured a club and killed the reptile. It had eight rattles.

BRIDGEWATER.

Mrs. Floyd Ager of Tecumseh was here last week caring for her mother, Mrs. Hugh Ager who is slowly recovering from her injuries and her sister Miss Mabel who is now able to be about again.

The Piano belonging to St. Mary's congregation is still on exhibition at Haeussler's Drug store. Price $300. Terms to suit.

There will be a party at Arbeiter hall on the evening of Decoration Day, May 30th.

IRON CREEK

Mr. & Mrs. C. F. Bauer spent Sunday at Jackson.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Book and sons, Robert and Harold stopped here on their way to Chicago for a few days visit with relatives.

W. R. Foor has torn down the older part of his house and will build an upright 16x26 in its place. S. B. Decker will do the carpenter work.

Mr. & Mrs. H. D. Witherell and son, Leonard of Chelsea came here Saturday to visit relatives. He returned Sunday evening but Mrs. Witherell stayed for a longer visit.

Continued from 4th page

revere, now sleeping in yonder cemetery, and I honestly thought that we were entitled to testatrix's bounty in equal degree to the one so generously provided for by this alleged will and had the testatrix been unsiefenced we firmly believed that we were. Moreover, having special and extraordinary solicitude for others named in the will, including the doctor for a liberal amount as well as for the one who had purchased the one half of his legacies, we did so contract, we did forego contest under most earnest appeals to that end, and refused to join with others in a contest, though strenuously urged to do so and, personally, I threw down proffered employment for such purpose. It seemed equitable thus to contract and pull together to sustain this will, but we were mistaken. I am still pleased, however, that this alleged will was probated, having been done in the Circuit Court by compromise with the heirs, the contestants, upon appeal by them.

We relied too much, it seems, on the integrity, the supposed veracity of the parties with whom we were contracting, another mistake. We were blinded in our vision, we did not anticipate the trick that was being played by those who therefore with us had been honorable. They subsequently repudiated the contract after the will had been probated after six months or a year, it other legatees, (we enjoy the fruit or benefit of it as well as all that complainants did to support and probate the will so rich to their treasury and, while the Court deprecates the ill gotten gain, public policy seems to forbid complaint, ants relief but leaves the plunder in the legatees possession because nothing else can be done, since the will has gone to probate. But some day it may be appreciated how hard Dr. Ben Conklin and I labored and managed to preserve the legacies of this will, though up to date nothing but abuse has been heaped upon us for so doing, and I expect a continuance from now on.

All this may be right, probably is in view of the public policy and as public weal, but I do not believe one can feel "mighty fine" to win a prize or one such slippery and treacherous track. Viewing affairs from such an angle and in the light of the Court's opinion, complainants should not seriously regret or mourn the outcome of the case; at any rate, the opinions of our courts should be respected and law abiding citizens should say "Amen" to their mandates.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not looking for newspaper notoriety or controversy but dictate these few lines simply to awaken thought for a reflecting mind and, in some thoughtful hour I trust these suggestions will sink into the understanding. Conclusions, in all matters, will surely work their own proper way out and finally, unerringly, compass a proposition with truth and justice, no mistake about that; and by that test we will all eventually be judged.

Very respectfully,

A. F. FREEMAN.

On account of the new pastor being unable to move here at the present time the pulpit at the Evangelical church will be supplied by other preachers for about four Sundays. Next Sunday Presiding Elder Koehler will preach here and at Wampler's lake.

Next Sunday there will be two masses at St. Mary's church, at 8:30 and 10:30 a. m.

Born.

MARTIN—In Bridgewater on Tuesday May 16, 1911, to Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Martin, a son.

HOOK.—In Manchester township on Thursday, May 18, 1911, to Mr. & Mrs. Harvey Hook, a son.

Died.

DENNISON.—At the residence of T. J. Thorn in this village on Wednesday, May 17, 1911, of heart trouble, Miss Ann Dennison, aged 74 years.

Live poultry wanted every Wednesday at the Central Market.

LUCKHARDT & KIEBLER.

Cut The Weeds.

Sign cards for Highway Commissioner for sale at ENTERPRISE office.

For S

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF THE OFFICIAL CUR SCIRCLE STAIRCASE—THE MAN IN LOWER TEN, ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends, Jimmy was rotund and looked shrewd, but he really was a big schoolboy in his fifties to be taken seriously, but people steadily underrated him. Art is considered a huge joke on Art in himself, if he asked people to dinner to meet his wife, Jimmy's friends would be called to me. Your uncle is going to look as angular as a problem in geometry. I'll—I'll be the original Redactio ad absurdum. Do you want me to stand on my head, Flannigan? Wouldn't that reduce something?"

"Your brains, sir," Flannigan retorted, dryly, and presented a pair of boxing gloves. Jim visibly paled, but he put them on.

"Do you know, Flannigan," he remarked, as he fastened them, "I'm thinking of wearing these all the time. They hide my character."

Flannigan looked puzzled, but he did not ask an explanation. He demanded that Jim shed the bath robe, which he finally did, on my promise to watch the sunset. Then for fifty minutes there was no sound save of feet running rapidly around the room and an occasional soft thud. Jim was accompanied by a grunt or two from Jim. Flannigan was grimly silent. Once there was a smart rap, followed from the policeman, and a mirthless chuckle from Jim. The chuckle ended in a crash, however, and Jim was lying on his back on the floor, and Flannigan was wiping his ear with a towel. Jim sat up and rubbed his head ruefully.

"They're all here," he observed after a minute. "I thought I missed one."

"The only way to take a man's weight down," Flannigan said dryly.

Jim got up.

"Down on the roof, I suppose you mean," he said.

The next proceedings were mysterious. Flannigan rolled the barrel into the tent, and carried a small glass jar, and from them he concocted a mixture. Then she began to laugh, one of her hysterical giggles, and she turned and went down again. As Jim and I stared at each other we could hear her gurgling down the hall below.

She had violent hysterics for an hour, with Anne rubbing her forehead and Aunt Selina burning a feather out of the feather duster under her nose. Only Jim and I understood, and we did not tell. Luckily, the next thing that occurred drove Bella and her nerves from everybody's mind.

At seven o'clock, when Bella had dropped asleep and everybody else was dressed for dinner, Aunt Selina discovered that the house was cold, and ordered Dal to the furnace.

It was Dal's day at the furnace; Flannigan had been relieved of that part of the work after twice setting fire to a chimney.

In five minutes Dal came back and spoke a few words to Max, who followed him to the basement and in ten minutes more Flannigan puffed up the steps and called Mr. Harbison.

I am not curious, but I knew that something had happened. While Aunt Selina was talking suffrage to Anne—who said she had always been tremendously interested in the subject, and if women got the suffrage would they be allowed to vote?—I slipped back to the dining-room.

The table was laid for dinner, but Flannigan was not in sight. I could hear voices from somewhere, faint voices that talked rapidly, and after a while I located the sounds under my feet. The men were all in the basement, and something must have happened. I ran down the basement stairs, to meet Mr. Harbison at the bottom. He was grimy and dusty, with streaks of coal dust over his face, and he had been examining his revolver. He was just in time to see him slip it into his pocket.

"What is the matter?" I demanded. "Any one hurt?"

"No, not yet," he said coolly. "We've been cleaning out the furnace."

With a revolver! How interesting—and unusual—I had felt dizzy, and slipped past him as he barred the way. He was not pleased. I heard him expostulate with Anne when I came back after me, but I had the voices as a guide, and I was not going to be turned back like that. The men had gathered around a low stone arch in the furnace-room, and were looking down a short flight of steps into a sort of vault, under the pavement. A faint light came from a small grating above, and there was a close, musty smell in the air.

"I tell you it must have been last night," Jim Dolbert was saying. "Wilson and I were here before we went to bed, and I'll swear that hole was not there then."

"It was not there this morning, sir," Flannigan insisted. "It has been made during the day."

"And it could not have been done this afternoon," Mr. Harbison said, quietly. "I was fussing with the telephone wire down here. I would have heard the noise."

Something in his voice made me look at him, and certainly his expression was unusual. He was watching us all intently while Dallas pottered out to me the cause of the excitement. From the main floor of the furnace room, a few feet below the ground, a rough stairway led into the coal cellar, beneath the street. The coal cellar was of brick, with a cement floor, and in the left wall there gaped a hole, roughly about three feet by three, leading into a cavernous vault, perfectly black—evidently a similar vault belonging to the next house.

The whole place was ghostly, full of shadows, shivery with possibilities. It was Mr. Harbison finally who took Jim's candle and crawled through the aperture. We waited in dead silence, listening to his feet crunching over the coal beyond, watching the faint yellow light that came through the ragged opening in the wall. Then he called through to us.

"Place is locked, over here," he said. "Heavy oak door at the head of the things. Whoever made that opening has done a prodigious amount of labor for nothing."

The weapon, a crowbar, lay on the ground beside the bricks, and I picked it up and balanced it on his hand. Dallas I felt, was as comical in his bewildered surprise as Jimmy—he slammed a piece of slag against the furnace and walked away. At the door he turned around.

"Why don't you accuse me of it?" he asked, bitterly. "Maybe you could find a lump of coal in my pockets if you searched me."

He slammed up the stairs then and left us. Dallas and I went up together, but we did not talk. There seemed to be nothing to say. Not until I had closed and locked the door of my room did I venture to look at something that I carried in the palm of my hand. It was a watch, not running—a gentleman's flat gold watch, and it had been hanging by its fob to a nail in the bricks beside the aperture.

In the back of the watch were the initials "J. H." and the picture of a girl, cut from a newspaper.

It was my picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FREE

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

TRADE MARK

A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed and cured fully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They do not force into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not gripe, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 28 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system, becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produces rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any other ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they make the stomach digest the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills, 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.

SETTING A HIGH STANDARD

Child's Idea of Goodness: Set Forth in Perfect Faith, Without irreverence.

All things are relative, and to the child, gazing at life and its wonders with eyes as yet undimmed by sophistication or sorrow, nothing is impossible, nothing unspeakable, nothing too sacred to be discussed or too difficult to be understood. Not irreverence nor impertinence, but innocence prompts such speeches as that recorded of the child of a popular journalist by his devoted paternal grandmother.

"Grandma," said the little boy, delightedly addressing her, "do you know what's going to happen? Papa says that if we're real, real good, he'll take us to the circus!"

"That's nice," smiled the youngsters' doting grandmother, and the eager youngling no hint of age separation mars perfect comradship. "How good do we have to be?"

The embryo man, after a moment of silent consideration: "Oh, as good as God, I guess!"

Socially Launched.

In his early life Jimmy had always been most popular with young and old, but when he was sent away to boarding school, he was for a time too homesick to make friends. His first letter was little more than a wail.

"I'm way behind the other boys in everything," he wrote, dolefully. "Not only studies, but it's grumsium and banjo and everything. Don't believe they'll ever have much use for me."

But the second letter, writing after a week in the new school, was quite different in tone.

"I'm all right," he wrote to his mother. "The boys say they'll teach me all they know about the game to have me here. I can stretch my right hand an inch wider than any other boy in school, and I'm not the longest by a full inch. So you don't have to worry about me any more."

Youth's Companion.

"Kicking the Bucket."

When speak facetiously of some one for whom we have no reverence we say, "kicked the bucket," we employ a phrase that would seem time as a piece of latter-day slang, but as a matter of fact, it dates back to old England, when, about the year 1725, one Bolsover hung himself to a beam while standing on the bottom of a bucket, and then kicked the bucket away. Although at first used only in cases of suicide, it has been applied in the course of years to any death, without distinction.

His Wurst.

The German proprietor of a Brooklyn delicatessen store has got far enough along to pun in English. A writer in the New York Sun reports the fact.

Hanging in the window of the little shop is this advertisement:

"The Best You Can Do Is Buy Our Wurst."—Youth's Companion.

Well-Meaning.

Thus the inquisitive boarder:

"What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to call a spade an implement of husbandry?"

Response by the white-haired lady:

"I think she married the old-fashioned man who used to crack his knuckles regularly twice a day."

Ambiguous.

Obliging Shopman (to lady who has purchased a pound of butter)—Shall I send it for you, madam?

Lady—No, thank you. It won't be too heavy for me.

Obliging Shopman—Oh, no, madam, I'll make it as light as I possibly can.—Punch.

Too Much Like Work.

"The boss's son is kicking."

"Why?"

"He says he's overworked. All he used to do was tear the pages off the office calendars once a month. Now he has to wind the office clock, too."

Very Much Attached.

Swenson—Why do you always hear a ship referred to as "she?"

Olson—Because she is because she sometimes becomes very much attached to a buoy.

The expectation of being pleased which prevails so much in young persons is one great source of their enjoyments.—Powdler.

BETTER FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAN CASTOR OIL, SALTS, OR PILLS, AS IT SWEETENS AND CLEANSES THE SYSTEM MORE EFFICIently AND IS FAR MORE PLEASANT TO TAKE.

SYRUP of FIGS and ELIXIR of SENNA

IS THE IDEAL FAMILY LAXATIVE, AS IT GIVES SATISFACTION TO ALL, IS ALWAYS BENEFICIAL IN ITS EFFECTS AND PERFECTLY SAFE AT ALL TIMES.

NOTE THE NAME

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

in the Circle,

on every Package of the Genuine.

ALL RELIABLE DRUGGISTS SELL THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WITH CLASTOR OIL. ALTHOUGH THEY COULD MAKE A LARGER PROFIT BY SELLING INFERIOR PREPARATIONS, YET THEY PREFER TO SELL THE GENUINE, BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT TO DO SO AND FOR THE GOOD OF THEIR CUSTOMERS. MORE IS NEED OF MEDICINE. AND DRUGGISTS ARE THE ONES TO DEAL WITH, AS YOUR LIFE OR HEALTH MAY AT SOME TIME DEPEND UPON THEIR SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN BUYING

Note the Full Name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS THE FRONT THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CENTER, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE. ONE SIZE ONLY, FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. REGULAR PRICE, FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS THE ONLY PERFECT FAMILY LAXATIVE, BECAUSE IT IS THE ONE REMEDY WHICH ACTS IN A NATURAL, STRENGTHENING WAY AS CLEANSES THE SYSTEM, WITHOUT INVIGORATING THE ORGANS AND WITHOUT IRRITATING, DEBILITATING OR GRIPING, AND THEREFORE DOES NOT INTERFERE WITH ANY WAY WITH BUSINESS OR PLEASURE. IT IS RECOMMENDED BY MILLIONS OF WELL-INFORMED PEOPLE, WHO KNOW THAT IT ACTS ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS, WITHOUT ANY OBJECTION, AND THAT IT IS THE MOST BENEFICIAL EFFECTS ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE, MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

A NEW DISCOVERY for particular people. Ask the woman who knows about "Sloseni" Nail Gloss Liquid produces a beautiful pink healthy instrument. Easily applied, one application only necessary. Put up in neat bottle with brush. Sent prepaid, postpaid, in cash, hand bag size. Always ready for use. Agents wanted in every locality. Secure local territory by writing immediately. Samples sent on receipt of 50c. E. M. GALL CO. 1042 Warren Avenue, West. Detroit, Michigan

Good Health —is within reach of nearly every man and woman who earnestly desires it. Start right with Beecham's Pills Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 10c. and 25c.

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE. TRADE MARK. PLANTEN'S BLACK C&C OIL. SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR MEN. AT DRUGGISTS, THREE SIZES, 50 CENTS, $1.00 AND $2.00. P. PLANTEN & SON, 86 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

LIGHTNING RODS 8½c PER FOOT. Best Quality Copper—Entire Heavy Cable. Prices guaranteed satisfactory or your money back. Just write a postal for our catalog and learn how to save money. The J. A. Scott Company, Dept. 5, Detroit, Mich.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS in New York City. Best features of country and city life. Out-of-door sports on school park of 35 acres near the Hudson River. Academic Course Primary Class to Graduation. Upper class for Advanced Specialists. Music and Art. Write for catalogue and terms. Mrs. Sara Hall Miller, Director, Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York City.

DAISY FLY KILLER. Placed anywhere, these attractive, convenient, ornamental, cleanly, and cheap traps will last all season. Any fly will get into them, but none can get out. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 15c. RAMBLER WIRE WORKS, Dept. 5, Detroit, Mich.

LOST FAITH IN WHITE MAN

Eskimo Tested Efficacy of Telephone Scheme, and Realized He Had Been Deceived.

An interesting story is told regarding the efforts of an Eskimo to construct a telephone line. The Eskimo came into possession of a piece of wire of considerable length and never having seen wire before he asked Professor McMillan of the Peary north pole expedition what it was and what it was for. He was told that the white man strung it on poles stuck in the ground and a voice talking to an instrument at one end could be heard at the other end. After some search the next morning the Eskimo was found to be engaged in telephone construction work of his own. He stuck some poles into the ground and hung the wire on them. He held one end of the wire to his mouth and talked to it at the top of his voice, and he ran as fast as he could to the other end and held his ear to his wire and the expectation of hearing his own words repeated.

When he failed to hear any sounds the expression on his face revealed his opinion of his white friend.

The Riddle.

The Sphinx propounded a puzzle.

"Why does it always rain the day after the picnic?"

Herewith the ancients gave it up.

When a girl yawns it's up to the young man to get in the home stretch.

Can't Get Away From It

Is it possible to nourish, strengthen and rebuild the Brain by food?

Every man who thinks uses up part of the brain-each day. Why don't it all disappear and leave a empty skull in say a month of brain work? Because the brain rebuilds each day.

If he builds a little less than he destroys, brain fag and nervous prostration follows. If he builds back a little more each day, the brain grows stronger and more capable. That also is sure. Where does man get the material to rebuild his brain? Is it from air, sky or the ice of the Arctic sea? When you come to think about it, the rebuilding material must be in the food and drink.

That also is sure.

Are the brain rebuilding materials found in all food? In a good variety but not in suitable proportions.

To illustrate: we know bones are made largely of lime and magnesia taken from food. Therefore to make healthy bone structure we must have food containing these stuffs. We would hardly feed only sugar and fat to make healthy bone structure. It is growing child.

Likewise if we would feed in a skillful manner to insure getting what the brain requires for strength and rebuilding, we must first know what the brain is composed of and then select some articles or articles (there are more than one) that contain these elements.

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Goodpasture, shows of Mineral Salts: Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash) 2.91 per cent of the total, 2.33 of all mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined, Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus (which join and make Phosphate of Potash) considerably more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the construction of the human body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic-cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (matter is to supply the lacking principle with albumen and by the addition of oxygen it saves brain fuel or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a vast number of other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor and has the power within itself to attract, by its magnetic force, all things needed to complete the infinite.

Mind acts for a healthy brain upon which it bases its reasonings. Truth and Reason is the supreme guide, truth and reason are the two great factors in the world's progress.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required. Brain rebuilding material is certainly found in

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

54-40 OR FIGHT

BY EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE

ILLUSTRATIONS by MAGNUS G. KETTNER

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SYNOPSIS.

John Calhoun becomes secretary of war in the Polk cabinet, and begins his preparations to acquire both Texas and Oregon. Nicholas Tret, his secretary, is sent with a message to the Baroness von Ritz, spy and reputed mistress of the British minister, Pakenham. Tret encounters the baroness and assists her in escaping from pursuers. She agrees to see Calhoun, and as a pledge that she will tell him what he wants to know—and feeling the invention of a lie too much of a task—she gives him a slipper, the mate of which has been lost. The baroness is invited to Montreal on business, and arranges to be married to Elizabeth Churchill before her departure. The baroness says she will try to prevent the marriage. A drunken gentleman, who is assisting Tret in his wedding arrangements, blunderingly sends the baroness slipper to Elizabeth instead of the owner, and the marriage is delayed until Nicholas finds the baroness in Montreal, she having stolen a horse and ridden 40 miles to escape the Englishman's officious attentions. She tells him the slipper he had, contained a note from the lady who assisted Pakenham, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 30 days she would lose both Texas and Oregon. Pakenham orders Tret to lead a party bound for Oregon. Calhoun discovers the secretary, Mr. Polk, and hands over the PROMISSORY NOTE he has taken, as a reward for his services as a British warship. She tells Nicholas Calhoun, and he shows the slipper caused the breaking off of his marriage, and that he has gone on horseback to Washington to repair the wrong. Nicholas finds Polk in a quandary, by the way that Polk has been elected and Texas annexed, and that Calhoun has a war with Mexico. The baroness tells Tret that Calhoun is in love with Elizabeth Churchill, and, to her surprise, to a degree, she has sold herself to Pakenham. She tells Nicholas Calhoun, and he tells Tret breaks Pakenham's key to the baroness' cipher, and Calhoun's plans for his price, and the baroness refuses to pay. Tret, cowed, goes down on his knees to apologize, holds him up in his true colors, and leaves him. Tret, in a rage, is a lily. The treaty is signed by Texas and Mexico, and Calhoun is left to treat with Calhoun's wife, Elizabeth, and Nicholas Calhoun invites the baroness to a diplomatic ball at the White House.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

Beautiful she surely was. Her ball gown was of light golden stuff, and there was a comb towards upon her hair, and her dancing slippers were of coral hue. There was no more strifed-looking Baroness von Ritz. Her jewels blazed at her throat and caught here and there the flimsy folds of her gown. She was robed for conquest, if seventy happy. She came mysteriously enough; but I knew that Mr. Calhoun's carriage had been sent for her, and I learned also that he had waited for her arrival.

As I first saw Helena von Ritz, there stood by her side Dr. Samuel Ward, his square and stocky figure not undignified in his dancing dress, the stiff gray mane of his hair waggling after its custom as he spoke emphatically to some lady. I knew the old man, Dr. Ward, but under his gray mane there was a clear brain, and he is the one to meet there beat a large and kindly heart.

Even as I began to edge my way toward these two, I saw Mr. Calhoun himself approach, tall, gray and thin.

He was very pale that night; and I knew well enough what effort it cost him to come out at all. Perhaps Calhoun's display she stopped.

"Mother," she asked, pointing to the big wistful eyes in the window "Is God's eye as big as this?"—Cleveland Leader.

A Question of Change.

A story is going the rounds of a country town. Young people who attended church recently found the collection plate being taken up the young man connected with fishing in his pocket for a dime. His face expressed his embarrassment as he hoarsely whispered to the usher: "I haven't a cent, I changed my pants." The usher, a lad who had been examining the unknown regions of his mother's dress for her purse, turned a pink color, and said: "Here, take mine."

Quite Often.

Flint—Two negatives make an affirmative, you know.

Fogg—With a woman it takes only one.

A woman's idea of a brave man is one who isn't afraid to go into a dark closet in which there may be a mouse.

"They say that love is not possible at twenty-seven," said Celina. "For my own part, I wish with you."

She interrupted with a light tap of her fan upon my arm. "Look; is not that she?"

I turned. A little circle of people were bowing before Mr. Polk, who held a soft of levee at one side of the hall. I saw the tall young girl who at the moment swept a graceful curtsey to the president. My heart sprang to my mouth. Yes, it was Elizabeth! Ah, yes, there flamed up on the altar of my heart the one fire. It long ago for her. So we came now to meet silently, with small show, in such way as to thrill none but our two selves. She, too, had served, and that largely. And my constant altar fire had done its part also, strangely, in all this long coil of large events. Love is a big thing, and it does big things, makes our maps. It makes our world.

Among all these distinguished men, these beautiful women, I felt no envious tribute of admiration. I felt rather than saw that she was in some pale blue gauzy stuff, with flounces, with skirts and sleeves looped up with pearls. In her hair were green leaves, and she looked sweet and good. So she seemed greater, sweeter, than when I last had seen her. I say my heart leaped up within me. All I could think was that I wanted to take her into my arms. All I did was to bow.

My companion was more expert in social maneuvers. She waited until the crowd had somewhat thinned about the young lady and her mother, I saw now with certain qualms that this latter was none other than my whilom friend Jack Dandridge. For a wonder, he was most unduly sober, and he made, as I have said, no bad figure in his finery. He was a very handsome fellow, a little loud of speech, but, being very intimate in Mr. Polk's household, he was quite welcomed at that gentleman and by all around him.

"She is beautiful!" I heard the lady at my arm whisper.

"Is she beautiful to you?" I asked.

"Very beautiful!" I heard her echo. "Her hands—she is good. I wish I could love her. I wish, I wish—"

I saw her hands beat together as they did when she was agitated. I turned then to look at her, and what I saw left me silent. "Come," said I at last, "let us go to her." We edged across the floor.

When Elizabeth saw me she straightened, a pallor came across her face. It was not her way to betray much of her emotions. If her heart was a very secret one, it indeed was guarded, she too lacked not in quiet self-possession.—She waited, with wide straight eyes fixed upon me, while I myself unable to make much intelligent speech. I turned to see Helena von Ritz smiling with wistful eyes at Elizabeth, and I saw the eyes of Elizabeth make some answer. So they spoke some language which I supposed men never will understand—the language of one woman to another.

I have known few happier moments in my life than that. Perhaps, after all, I caught something of the speech between these women, perhaps not all cheap and cynical maxims are true, at least when applied to noble women. Elizabeth regained her wonted color and smiled.

"I was very wrong in many ways," I heard her whisper. The answer I heard her whisper. "Hush!" Helena von Ritz stepped close to her. Amid the crash of the reeds and brasses, the rise and fall of the broken conversation which swept around us, I knew what she said. Low down in the fourteen-hundred-and-one embroidered silks, I saw their two hands meet silently, and cling. This made my heart glad.

Of course I saw Jack Dandridge who broke in between us. "Ah!" said he, "you jealous beggar, could you leave us to be happy for one minute? Have you come back, a mere heathen, and proceeded to monopolize all our ladies? I have been making the most of my time, you see. I have proposed half a dozen times more to Miss Elizabeth, have I not?"

"Has she given you any answer?" I asked him, smiling.

"The same answer!"

"Jack," said I, "I ought to call you out."

"Don't," said he. "I don't want to be called out. I am getting found out. That's worse. Well—Miss Elizabeth, may I be the first to congratulate?"

"I am glad," said I, with just a slight trace of severity, "that you have managed again to get into the good graces of Elmhurst. When I last saw you, I was not sure that either of us would ever be invited there again."

"Been there every Sunday regularly like you went away," said Jack. "I am not one of the family in one way, and in another way I am. Honestly, I have tried my best to cut you out. Not that you have not played your game well enough, but there never was a game played so well that some other fellow could not win by coppering it. So I coppered everything you did—played it for just the reverse. No go—lost even that way. And I thought you were the most perennial fool of your age and generation."

I checked as gently as I could a jovviality which I thought unsuited to the occasion. "Perhaps," said I, "you know the Baroness von Ritz?"

"Certainly! The particeps criminis of our bungled wedding—of course I know her!"

"I only want to say," I remarked, "that the Baroness von Ritz has that little shell clasp now all for her own, and that I have her slipper again, all for my own. So now, we three—no, four—at last understand one another.

"Elizabeth, I said to her, 'are you not ashamed?'

She looked me full in the eye. "No!" she said, and smiled.

"'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"—Francis Scott Key.

On the night that Miss Elizabeth Churchill gave me her hand and her heart forever—which I say, lest I not yet ceased to thank God—there began the guns of Palo Alto. Later, there came the fields of Monterey, Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churbusco, Molino del Rey—at last the guns sounded at the gates of the old City of Mexico itself. Some of that fighting I myself saw; but much of the time I was employed in that manner of special work which had engaged me for the last few years. It was through Mr. Polk's secret agency that I reached a certain importance in these matters; and so I was chosen by the commissioner to negotiate a peace with Mexico.

This honor later proved to be a dangerous and questionable one. Gen. Scott wanted no interference of this kind, especially since he knew Mr. Calhoun's influence in my favor. He thwarted all my attempts to reach the headquarters of the enemy, and did everything in his power to make me fail in his own, at the mouth of the cannon. I could offer no terms better than Mr. Buchanan, then our secretary of state, had prepared for me, and these were rejected by the Mexican commissioners. I was ordered by Mr. Polk to state that we had no better terms to offer; and so for myself, I was told to return to Washington. At that time I could not make my way out through the lines, nor in truth, did I much care to do so.

A certain event not written in history influenced me to remain for a time at the little village of Gaudalupe Hidalgo. There, in short, I received word from a lady whom I had formerly known, none less than Senora Yturrio, once a member of the Mexican legation at Washington. True to her record, she had again reached influential position in her country, using methods of her own. She told me now to pay no attention to what had been reported by Mexico. In fact, I was approached again by the Mexican commissioners, introduced by her. What was done then is history. We signed then—and there the peace of Guadalupe Hidalgo—in accordance with the terms originally given by our secretary of state. So, after all, Calhoun's kindness to a woman in distress was not lost; and so, after all, he unwittingly helped in the ending of the war he never wished begun.

Meantime, I had been recalled to Washington, but did not know the nature of that recall. When at last I arrived there, I was at once disliked and discredited. My actions were repudiated by the administration. I my self was made to feel that I was without pay—sad enough blow for a young man who had been married less than a year.

Mr. Polk's jealousy of John Calhoun was not the only cause of this. Calhoun wrote me, indeed, that he was the less, after his usual fashion, he was not averse to receiving such credit as he could, and was proud of the part of the treaty upon the senate! It was debated hotly there for some weeks, and at last, after much delay and my gratification, it was ratified!

The north, which had opposed this Mexican war—that same war which Wilmot, uncouth Democrat, he was now found itself unable to say much against the great additions to our domain, that, indeed, had been secured. We paid fifteen millions, in addition to our territorial indemnity claim, and we took a realm whose wealth could not be computed. So much, it must be owned, did fortune do for those who deserved it ill.

And, curiously enough, the smoke had hardly cleared from Palo Alto field before Abraham Lincoln, a young member in the house of congress, was introducing a resolution which asked "the question of the spot where that outrage was committed." Perhaps it was an outrage. Many still hold it so. But he forgot that before him lay Lincoln's life and matters not gone just as they did.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Backache Means Dying Kidneys

How You May Cure Yourself Quickly and Thoroughly.

Every man and woman should know that backache is usually a well-defined symptom of ailing kidneys. Neglect may lead to dropsy, gravel and bladder trouble are caused from nothing more nor less than kidneys that do not filter the poison from the blood.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Once they are made to work properly, these diseases should quickly disappear.

Doan's Kidney Pills are recommended by thousands of people who have pain in the small of the back, profuse or scanty urination, pain in the bladder, disorder of your urine, not to fail to get a package today at Dr. Bigelow's drug store, or any other kidney treatment.

Dr. Bigelow's Kidney Pills are now sold at all drug stores—50 cents per box. Manufactured by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GREATLY ATTACHED TO IT

Husband Who Had "Married Money" Acknowledged the Truth to His Friends's Query.

Apropos of a beautiful young wife, worth $40,000,000, who had just divorced her penniless husband in Reno to marry Henry B. Davis, Jr. Davis, the comedian, said at a dinner in New York:

"The young man who marries for money has none too easy a time of it. His rich wife is likely to tire of him and propose to him in a few years, or else she is likely to limit his allowance to 25 or 50 cents a day.

"I married money, a man once said to me.

"Wasn't there a woman attached to it?" I asked.

"Yes, you bet there was," he replied. "So much attached to it that she never parted with a penny."

ECZEMA BROKE OUT ON BABY

"When my baby was two months old, she had eczema and rash very badly. I noticed that her face and body broke out very frequently in red, red as a coal of fire. I did not know what to do. The doctor ordered castile soap and sulphur baths, but they did no good. She would scratch, as it itched, and she cried, and did not sleep well at night for about a week. One day I saw in the paper the advertisement of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I got them and tried them at once. My baby's face was as a cake of screa.

"Then I went and bought the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I could see a difference. In color it was red, and Pap Simmons said it looked as if getting shaved, and by hek, when it comes to antique mugs, I reckon I know a thing or two. I looked at it dismayed, amazed, for lo, it was a royal flush.

A Strange Situation.

"Humor is a funny thing," said Binks.

"It ought to be," said the Philosopher.

"Oh, I don't mean that way," said Binks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke, and I can speak English, but I'm blest if I can see an English joke."

"Most people are," said the Philosopher.

"Are what?" said Binks.

"Blest if they can see an English joke," said the Philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."—Harper's Weekly.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

Many a time this summer you're going to be just about done out by the heat—hot, and so tired that you just mean nothing could quench it. When such moments arrive or when you just want a cool, refreshing drink, just step into the first place you can find where they sell COCA-COLA. It's delicious, refreshing, and a most completely thirst-quenching. At soda-fountains or carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Insist on the COCA-COLA. Don't take a substitute. Get their free booklet "The Truth About COCA-COLA." Tells what COCA-COLA is and why it is so delicious, cooling and wholesome.

Some Antique Mugs.

The college collector of antiques stopped at Bacon Ridge.

"Good day, sir," he said, addressing the postmaster. "I am collecting old-fashioned articles and would like to know if I could find anything of the kind in his hamlet. Say antique mugs, for instance."

Uncle Jason stroked his chin whiskers.

"Antique mugs? By hek, I know the very place where thar be two of 'em now."

"You do? Here's a good cigar. Now where can I find these antique mugs?"

"Why, down on Main street, in Hiram Spruceby's shop. Grandad Wheatley and Pap Simmons are there, a-setting shaved, and by hek, when it comes to antique mugs, I reckon they be the oldest in the country, stranger."

To the Point.

Over in Hoboken in a shop frequented by Germans, hangs a sign framed in mournful black, reading thus:

"We regret to inform our honored customers that our good and generous friend, Mr. Credit, expired today. He was a noble soul, always willing and helpful, but has been failing for some time. May he rest in peace. PAY CASH!"

Legal Color.

"I understand that sixteen different women have brought suit for breach of promise against Ritter. What's his defense?"

"Oh, he claims that he was simply getting material for his next novel. Put out of sounds love stories."—Puck.

For over fifty years Rheumatism and Neuralgia have found great relief in Hamlins Wizard Oil. Don't wait for inflammation to set in. 25c. a bottle.

If You Have Money.

That fellow Gotrox is a multimillionaire. He has more money than brains."

"Well, what does he want with brains?"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain; CURES WIND COLIC. 25c. a bottle.

It's easy to see the blessings of poverty through the eyes of a millionaire.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 $3.50 $3.00 & $2.50 SHOES.

W. L. Douglas shoes cost more to make than ordinary shoes, the extra cost of hand-sewing makes them easier, more comfortable, and more durable. These are the reasons why W. L. Douglas shoes are guaranteed to hold their shape and fit better and wear longer than any other shoes you can buy.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES AND IMITATIONS.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom, which guarantees full value and protects you against high prices and inferior shoes. INSIST ON W. L. DOUGLAS. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE IF DEALER TRIES TO SELL YOU ANOTHER MAKE. Sold by best dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. Shoes sent direct from factory to wearer, all styles, all leathers, all sizes, all widths, delivered free, $2.00 to $5.00. Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES one size smaller when using Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It gives instant relief to tender, hot, aching, swollen, sweating feet. Sold everywhere. For Free trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Some parents are a long while in finding out that money in a boy's pocket will do him little good, unless he also has brains in his head.

Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you must give it away or your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and find it difficult to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has nature given you a different taste, so that it is a task to get up to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different person. It will make you fit to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. For over forty years, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been the most efficacious remedy for lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in the worst cases. Sold by druggists. R. H. Ross, 75 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the smallest, most easy to take, and most effective laxative pills. They are purely vegetable, and perfectly harmless. They are sugar coated, and are as easy to take as candy. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial.

Instead of Liquid Antiseptics Peroxide

100,000 people last year used.

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

The new toilet germicide powder to be dissolved in water as needed. For sat-ter and hygienic uses it is far more and more economical. To save and beautify the teeth, remove tartar, prevent decay. To keep the mouth, destroy disease germs, and purify the breath. To keep artificial teeth and dentures clean, odorless. To remove nicotine from the teeth and purify the breath after smoking. To eradicate perspiration and body odors by sponge bathing. The best antiseptic wash known. Believed to strengthen tired, weak, inflamed eyes. Heals sore throat, wounds and cuts. 25 and 50 cts., at druggists or by mail postpaid. Sample Free. THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they are small pills, but they are powerful. Cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Bilious Dizziness. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must have Signature

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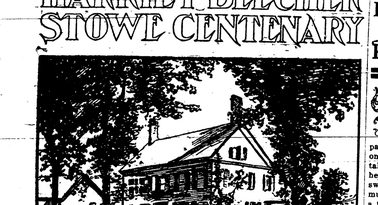
It will bring you in money. Send for Catalog. P. K. DEDERICK'S SONS 100 Tivoli St., Albany, N. Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. At all druggists 50 cts. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. LTD., BUFFALO, N. Y.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE CENTENARY



HOUSE IN BOUSWICK, L.I., WHERE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN

IN JUNE of this year the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Harriet Beecher Stowe will be widely celebrated. A new life of the "little woman who made the great war," as Lincoln called her, is about to come from the press, written by her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe.

Among the most interesting of the facts it brings out is that it never occurred to the "little woman" that there was anything about "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the least likely to precipitate a war. She wrote the book with the kindliest feelings toward the south, and her aim was to be not only just but generous.

To begin with, Mrs. Stowe was not of the extreme abolitionist type. It was her firm belief that the better element in the south hated slavery, and that this element was much larger than was commonly supposed. Then, too, while she loathed the system with all her heart she was willing to believe that it took more often than not the kindly paternalistic form.

She gave Uncle Tom three masters, and two of them were kind. She made one of her plantation owners detest slavery and free his slaves. She wanted to make the north understand that the best southerners would cooperate with them in a reasonable attempt to do away with the evil.

Never was a little lady more surprised to find herself execrated. Her feeling had been when she first wrote the book that it would displease the abolitionists and bring sympathetic response from the south—that is, if anybody ever read it at all, which she had doubted.

When the book appeared the world turned topsy-turvy for her. Garrison, with whom she never quite agreed, wrote her that she was no longer abused—she had drawn it all on her side. People in the south who had not read the book, or who had read it with their minds made up beforehand, thought her some sort of a monster. A cousin who lived in Georgia did not dare put the book in her house on the envelope when she wrote to them.

Mrs. Stowe found herself in short put in a class of agitators with whom she had never belonged, and the poor little dove of peace she had sent out came back with its feathers ruffled to avoid recognition.

Now the fact, though she was utterly disappointed at the attitude of the south, she would not forsake her game. She believed there was nothing in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" not based on actual occurrences. All this might be found out in the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," published many years ago, but that book long ago passed almost out of print.

Harriet Beecher Stowe did not write "Uncle Tom's Cabin" without having served a long apprenticeship to pen. From babyhood she had two great models—the Bible and the Lord in some way, as did the Hebrew prophets, heard about in church, and to write something good. At the age of nine she contributed to a conversation contest at school an essay on "The Difference Between the Natural and the Moral Sublime," and two years later another composition, "Can the Immortality of Mind Be Proved by the Light of Nature?" was read aloud at a public exhibition. It is interesting to note that the eleven-year-old theologian answered in the negative.

She did not long hold without questioning the religious beliefs in which she was reared. The doctrine of predestination, or damnation, did not satisfy her heart, hard as she found it to disagree with her beloved father.

The question of slavery came into her life at an early period. It is not true that she knew anything of "the peculiar institution" at first hand. She had long in Cincinnati and met there many northerners, and, too, on plantations where she spent her vacations she felt the color for the book she was to write many years after.

She was hardly more than a girl when she visited the Kentucky plantation which became afterward the home of Uncle Tom and Eliza, and she was at the same time she met Topsy. Topsy came to Cincinnati in the company of a wealthy Louisiana family which had liberated its slaves and it was in trying to teach her religion that the famous conversation occurred: "Topsy, do you make you?" "Nobody as I knows on," Topsy I proved."

In 1836 Cincinnati became the bed of anti-slavery talk. Mr. Theodore Weld of Lane Theological seminary led the movement. He had spent much of his life in the midst of slavery and was declaiming the horrors of it to life to its overthrow. His abbest assistant, the editor of an abolitionist paper, was Dr. Birney, a slave owner from Alabama, who had freed his slaves, and come away to fight the system.

It was natural that with these friends Mrs. Stowe should have had kindly feelings toward the south. She should have thought that it would be a blessing to the barrer of slavery, and that the majority of Christians were anxiously trying to put an end to it. As far as the "cause" was concerned her associations were with anti-slavery southerners rather than the northern abolitionists.

Henry Ward Beecher edited in Cincinnati a small daily paper, his sister, now Mrs. Stowe, helping him. She recently found an instance of the agitation in Cincinnati that shows the fighting blood of the young man who was to become the great preacher.

Dr. Birney's abolitionist paper was wrecked by a mob, and she writes: "Many respectable citizens are inclined to wink at the outrage in consideration of its moving in the line of their predilections." Henry Ward Beecher did not wink. He feared an attack on his own paper, and his sister found him one day making bullets in the kitchen. She asked what he was making them for.

"To kill men with," he answered grimly. And Mrs. Stowe, telling her son about it years later, said: "I never saw Henry look so terrible. I did not like it, for I feared he was growing bloodthirsty."

Professor Stowe helped at times the underground railroad. He it was who took the original of Eliza and "Little Harry" to the house of the old Quaker when the master was pursuing the fugitives. It was not long after this that she wrote she felt keenly the evil of an intermediate party which would oppose slavery without violence of abolitionists. But, she said, the anti-slavery party formed many people would be forced to join the abolitionists "in spite of their excellences."

In 1850 the Stoyes left Cincinnati for Brunswick, Me. It was there that the great resolve was taken that she would use her pen to fight slavery. Already she was a successful author of books not especially interesting, but she felt that she could put her talent into the proposition—to her squeaky why did she not write about the subject nearest her heart and make people understand? It was in the little parlor of her Brunswick home. She read the letter aloud. As she finished she appeal she rose from her chair, crushed the paper in her hand—and said: "God helping me, I will do it."

The material for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to the Lord in some way, as did the Hebrew prophets, heard about in church, and to write something good. At the age of nine she contributed to a conversation contest at school an essay on "The Difference Between the Natural and the Moral Sublime," and two years later another composition, "Can the Immortality of Mind Be Proved by the Light of Nature?" was read aloud at a public exhibition. It is interesting to note that the eleven-year-old theologian answered in the negative.

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It was natural that with these friends Mrs. Stowe should have had kindly feelings toward the south. She should have thought that it would be a blessing to the barrer of slavery, and that the majority of Christians were anxiously trying to put an end

Know the Value of Personal Work

EACH one of us as a creature of God has a part to do in life. Mine may be a much more obscure part than yours, yet I am accountable to God for my part. God does not expect those with one talent to do what those with five talents will accomplish. We are all here for a purpose and if we will answer the purpose of our creation we must give God our heart and make a full and complete surrender to him, for "out of the heart are the issues of life."

If we would have success in doing personal work we must ourselves be thoroughly converted. Jesus said to Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

In doing personal work it is necessary that we lay aside all sin and worldliness and let God lead our way. If we will not let him have his own way, our power will be crippled and men will be lost that we might have been instrumental in saving.

We must have a working knowledge of the Bible. "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. 4:12). In Jer. 23:29 we read, "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" It is able to melt and break hearts. Oh, Christian friends, how very essential it is to know the word of God. It is the instrument upon which we must rely in doing personal work.

We will be prayerful. We may be free from sin and we may have the Bible knowledge but, unless we are closely connected with the power-house of God, all our efforts will be vain.

Look to God for Guidance.

We must pray to God to lead us to the right person to do personal work. It would not be wise to speak to every one we meet. We must pray to God to show us just what to say to those to whom he leads us. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" (II Tim. 2:15). After all when we have studied the blessed word, we need God's guiding hand at all times.

We must pray God to give power to that which he has given us to do. We need not only a message from God but power from him to send the message home. Sometimes in doing personal work we reason and plead with men and even give them the word of God, but they will not be moved. Why? Soon we will see that we are trying to save them in our strength and as soon as we see the wrong and look to God with a sincere and prayerful heart asking him to "take all self away like the song," the work will become light and we can expect good results.

Last but not least, love is another important part in doing personal work. We may be a praying people, and we may know the Bible, but unless we have a love for lost souls our work will not profit us anything. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up" (I Cor. 13:1, 4). Paul's desire was to help the lost. There was great heaviness and increasing pain in his heart for Israel. If we have a love for souls we who know are on the downward road to ruin, will feel compassionate towards them. When we are constrained by love we will not wait for some one else to do it.

Opportunity Ever Present.

Perhaps a word or two will brighten opportunities. It may be the child is away. It may bring an indifferent one to the Sabbath school. It may turn a deaf ear to the call to "come to Jesus" are the words of that fell from the lips of a woman at the wash tub in an open window, and with his head inside and his hook out he cheerfully inquired:

"Shall we go before the squar, widow, or to a preacher, I'm willing you should have your way about it."

"Neither, sonny, just pass on and you get out of that window," was called to him.

"Oh, it's got to be one or the other, you know. Think it over."

"I won't do it!"

"But, youll have to, Widow, I'm sot, and when I'm sot that's the end of it. You are going to be Mrs. Skeen. You can tell all your friends."

"I'll have you arrested before you do!" I'll go right off now and see the constable."

She was as good as her word. She

The Widower Was Hoeing Corn.

then he met her on the street as she was going to the postoffice and stopped her to say:

"Been thinking that thing over of course? When will you be ready?"

"Never in all my born days!" she replied.

"Oh, yes, you will. Widow, I'm a plain dealer. We are going to be married."

"I as just wondering why I didn't marry you two years ago."

"You pester me and I'll have the law on you!" she almost shouted.

"You can't make a pestering to ask a woman to marry you.—Joe along, Widow—I'll come for you when work slacks off a little."

Two weeks later the widow saw Mr. Skeen approaching the house and she shut and locked all the doors. He was in powise put out. He stopped at an open window, and with his head inside and his hook out he cheerfully inquired:

"Ready?"

"Why, I'm not ready for the squar, widow, or to a preacher, I'm willing you should have your way about it."

"Neither sonny nor pinny, and you get out of that window," was called to him.

"Oh, it's got to be one or the other, you know. Think it over."

"I won't do it!"

"But youll have to, Widow, I'm sot, and when I'm sot that's the end of it. You are going to be Mrs. Skeen. You can tell all your friends."

"I'll have you arrested before you do!" I'll go right off now and see the constable."

She was as good as her word. She entered the presence of that official with tears in her eyes to say:

"Zeke Parsons, you are a constable."

"Yes, widow, I have reached that high pinnacle."

"Aint there a law against pestering a body?"

"There sure is."

"Then I want Jim Skeen arrested and jailed."

"Whew! Why, Jim Skeen wouldn't pester a fly."

"But I tell you he is pestering me!"

"Sol How?"

"Asking me to marry him when I don't want to. He's asked me three times!"

"Yet that ain't pestering," said the constable, as a smile crossed his face. "That is, it ain't within the meaning of the law. That's courting. No law to stop a man courting as I knows of."

"But ain't it threats when he says he's bound to have me?"

"No. That's just saying that he loves you better than any other woman, and is willing to swim the millpond to get you. Why don't you marry him?"

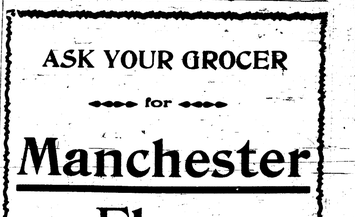
"Because I don't want to marry any one. I don't and I won't, and I call upon the law to protect me!"

"Lots o' laws in the statute books, Widow Faber, but I don't know—I don't know about this. If Jem Skeen was throwing stones at your bees or breaking your windows the law would grab him in a minute, but as long as he's only asking you to marry, I wouldn't think of hafor a minute!"

"Oh, yes, you will. You'll think of it a great many minutes, Widow Faber, you are going to be my wife. My wife as sure as corn grows and string beans climb!"

"I never will, and you get out of here and back to your corn!"

Mr. Skeen went back to his work whistling. The widow was as good as his. He let a week elapse and



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She was as good as her word. She

WASHINGTON.—Senator Cummins of Iowa, as chairman of the committee on civil service and retrenchment, proposes to put the question of a comprehensive civil service measure before the senate. It will provide for the designation by law of all offices under civil service classification, including those now in executive order, and which will regulate promotions and retirements.

As a member of the committee on interstate commerce he has already done some work on a bill to reorganize the interstate commission, increasing its membership and dividing it into five parts, these parts to have jurisdiction respectively over sections of the country, commodities, classes of traffic divisions as designated by the railroads.

It is not certain that the scheme for reorganization of the interstate commerce commission will be advanced beyond the preliminary stage at this extra session.

The proposition to subject first mentioned, however, it is the intention to introduce a bill within a short time and to do as much work on it as possible in committee during the summer.

Hearings may be held and as an indication of Senator Cummins' intention to keep his committee intact the first thing he did after reaching Washington the other day was to move his partners in the senate office building from the northwest corner to the northeast corner, immediately adjoining the room allotted to the committee on civil service and retrenchment.

Thus far, until Mr. Cummins became chairman, this committee has been one of the "do-nothing" committees of the senate. In the last congress it had hearings on the proposition to provide for the retirement and pensioning of superannuated employes of the various government departments.

It now is proposed to embrace the civil service proposition and the promotion and retirement features in one comprehensive measure.

It is the intention, it is understood, of assailing the executive branch of the government for the proposition to designate by law the positions that shall be filled under the civil service rules. It is designed, however, to make the rules more rigid and to prevent, in the future, the application of the rules by executive order.

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Cummins Seeks Rigid Merit System

Sherman Hard to Keep in Line

VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN'S fondness for mixing with the crowd, failing politics with his old associates in the house and a general dislike for formality, especially when the formality is a prolonged affair, has embarrassed the White House plans for the New Year reception.

Mr. Sherman was the first man received by the president. The vice-president is a member of the president's receiving party. The presiding officer of the senate contains his self-assigned job as long as possible, and then quietly stepped into the line of guests which had already passed Mrs. Taft and Miss Taft, down to the east room, where there were hundreds of politicians of various brands. The vice-president was having a fine time—when he was interrupted by Capt. Archibald Butt, the president's military aide.

"Mr. Vice-President," said Captain Butt, "you have been missed from the parlor. The president wishes to escort you back in time to receive the diplomatic corps."

"So long, boys," said the vice-president, waving his hand to his old cronies in the house. "See you later."

Disappointed after diplomat passed the president, and behind them the vice-president, the party moved down the broad adorning the east room, through less officers of the army and navy stationed in Washington.

"Those fellows don't want to see me for anything," said the vice-president, as he slipped back into the hall.

Half an hour later, while the vice-president was exchanging the compliments of the season and telling and greeting friends, he was again accosted by Captain Butt.

"I have been looking all over the White House for you," said the military aid.

"Well, here I am," remarked "Sunny Jim," slipping Butt on the back.

"What do you want this time?"

"President Taft's party is ready to go to luncheon," said the captain, "and we are waiting for you to escort Mrs. Taft."

FAR BEYOND THE MIND'S EYE

From the Sea the Palace of the Doges Is a Sight Which Exceeds Imagination.

A few strokes from the sweeps soon brought me to one of the most marvelous prospects which the human eye can behold—the Piazetta, seen from the sea. Standing in front of the motionless gondola, I gazed for some time in mute ecstacy upon that unrivaled picture, the only one perhaps that imagination cannot pass.

On the left, looking from seaward, the trees in the royal garden form a green line above the white terraces; next comes Zecca and the old library, the work of San Sovina, with its elegant arches and its crown of mythological statues. On the right, separated by a space which forms the Piazetta—the vestibule of the Piazza San Marco—the Palace of the Doges shows its golden facade with its rose and white marble, its massive pillars supporting a gallery of slender columns, the ribbing of which contains quarterfoils, with six oyival windows, a monumental balcony, enriched with brackets and niches finials statues and surmounted by a statue of the Virgin. The palace, the scarlet leaves of which alternate against the sky with the spiral fillet, which runs up the angles and ends in traceried pinnacles. At the back of your vista, towards the library rises to a prodigious height the Campanile, a great brick tower with high pitched roof surmounted by a golden angel. Near the palace, the Doges is seen a colossal lion, the symbol of the Venetian republic and behind them the vice-president, and behind them the vice-president, the party moved down the broad adorning the east room, through less officers of the army and navy stationed in Washington.

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MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

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MERIDIAN CHAPTER No. 43, R. & A. M. meets at Masonic Hall, Wednesday Evening on or before each full moon. Visitors are cordially welcome.
E. H. Root, Secretary. Frank G. Seaford, H. P.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL No. 24, R. & S. M. meets at Masonic Hall, Tuesday Evening after each full moon. All visiting companions invited. Nat D. Hosmer, Secretary. C. W. Case, Recorder. T. T. M.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER No. 181, O. E. S. meets at Masonic Hall, Tuesday Evening on or before each full moon. Visiting sisters are invited. Mrs. Edith Lowery, W. M. Mrs. Hattie Lowe, Secretary.

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SOIL AND WHEAT SPECIAL PLANNED

FARMERS' "SCHOOL ON WHEELS" WILL BE INTRODUCED THIS SUMMER.

TO GO SOUTHWEST IN STATE

Superintendent Taft Announces That the Train Will Be Run Two Weeks Either the Last of July or First of August.

Lansing.—An innovation in farmers' institute trains, popularly known as "schools on wheels" will be introduced this summer when a soil and wheat special will be run through the western and southern part of the state, Superintendent L. R. Taft, head of the farmers' institute work in Michigan, announced that the train would be run two weeks, either the last of July or the first of August.

The following routes will be covered, the train stopping at the points between the cities mentioned: On the Lake Shore, from Lansing to Hillsdale, thence to Adrian via Manchester, thence to White Pigeon and Grand Rapids; on the Michigan Central, Grand Rapids to Jackson, to Niles on the air line, to Jackson on the main line and thence to Lansing. The route all told covers approximately 1,000 miles.

The institute train will consist of three to four cars, in which numerous exhibits of special interest to the farmers of this section of the state will be displayed and a number of passenger coaches, in which agricultural experts will have practical lectures on various phases of scientific and improved methods of farming.

Farmers Won't Boycott Detroit.

Nathan P. Hull of Dimondale, master of the state grange, in a letter to the State Fair society denies that he and the grange will use their influence to line up the farmers against the fair because of the attitude of a number of Detroit business men in favor of reciprocity. A report to this effect was sent out from Washington.

The story intimated that if Detroit sent a delegation to the capital to work in the interest of reciprocity the grange would urge the farmers to keep away from Detroit. Mr. Hull's letter to the fair officials is as follows:

"My attention has been called to statements that have recently appeared in a number of newspapers that the grange will use its influence to keep the farmers of Michigan from our state fair in an attempt to spite Detroit. I hasten to assure you that we have never thought of such a thing, nor have I any fear of its being carried either directly or indirectly until May 1 in the newspapers. In the second place, I have no spite against Detroit. I have no spite against anybody in any way. And in the third place, I hope I am not small enough, or the grange is not, too low enough, to try such a petty reprisal as that, and this would be true regardless of anything when the time for the fair I am sure comes not nested with the fair took any stock in this story, anyway, but there are some people who seem to be acquainted with me who might believe it."

Mr. Hull has just returned from a trip to Washington. He is vice-president of the state society.

Judge Lindsey Praises Michigan.

That Michigan is the most progressive state and Detroit the most progressive city in the Union was the statement of Judge Ben Lindsey, juvenile judge of Denver, who lectured on "The Misfortunes of Mickey" at the Temple, M. E. church, Tuesday. Lindsey said Michigan's system of justice, especially in the care of juvenile delinquents, far surpassed that of many states, and he declared the industrial school for boys at Lansing is one of the finest and best equipped in the country.

"The authorities in this state are dealing with the great juvenile problem in a way that is most effective, and the only method to obtain right results.

"During my tours I have traveled from one state to another, but I am more highly enthused over Michigan than any other state in the Union. I suppose I should say that next to Colorado, Michigan is the best state, but I feel like saying that I say it very boldly. Michigan always attracted us as being so far ahead in its juvenile system. The judges of this great state have done much for the building up of good justice, good courts and good judges."

Memorial Day Proclamation.

Governor Osborn issued the customary declaration and Memorial day proclamation. The proclamation in part: "The custom of observing a day set apart for the purpose of paying fitting tribute of memory to those who so bravely gave their lives that our nation might live, is now a fixed and settled habit in our state. We have had a Union every Decoration Day since the war, 25; measles, 31; whooping cough, 28; pneumonia and bronchial pneumonia, 142; cancer, 142; old age, 50; meningitis, 48; cancer, 147; violence, 155.

As compared with the month preceding, an increase is noted in the number of deaths from diphtheria and croup, scarlet fever, measles and whooping cough. A decrease is recorded in the number of deaths from tuberculosis, typhoid fever, pneumonia, meningitis, meningitis, infantile paralysis and violence. In addition to the above, there were two deaths reported from cholera and one from Asiatic cholera and the other from Plainfield.

The various state hospitals and asylums report deaths as follows: Traverse City, 17; Kalamazoo, 24; Pontiac, 13; Soldiers' home, 19; Lapeer, 2; Newberry, 4; Wayne county, 32.

Aviation Meet Sure of Success.

H. L. Connell, president of the Aeronautical society of the University of Michigan, assured David L. Hermann, president of the aviation committee of the aviation meet which will be held in Detroit next month, that the meet would be a success in a body on June 30. Commencement week Ann Arbor comes on June 29, and Detroit is expected to send students and alumni to come to Detroit the following day. Invitations will also be sent to the universities of Michigan Agricultural college, Ohio State University, Western Reserve university, Purdue, Notre Dame, Case School of Applied Science and others, he stated the meet.

Edward Thompson of Topinabee is heading a committee of business men of that city which is raising a purse of $8,000 for a flight from Detroit to Topinabee, Petoskey and Mackinaw. It is expected that about $25,000 will be offered in prizes, and trials will be made for altitude, endurance and passenger-carrying records.

New Corporations.

The following companies have filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state:

Schwanbeck Brothers, Detroit, to conduct a hotel business, with principal stockholder, George A. Schwanbeck; Cadillac Hotel company of Detroit, $100,000, principal stockholder, Power Wagon company, Detroit, increase from $50,000 to $1,000,000, principal stockholders, Frederick Lewis and Walter S. Heavenrich; C. E. Dyke Manufacturing company, $25,000, principal stockholders, C. E. Dyke; Detroit Life General agency, Detroit, increase from $100,000 to $20,000, principal stockholder, F. B. Walker.

Richards Heads State Homeopathists.

Dr. R. Milton Richards of Detroit was elected president at the state homeopathic forty-second annual meeting here Tuesday afternoon. Other officers: First vice-president, Dr. E. C. Kinsman, Saginaw; second vice-president, Dr. Fred Loth, Ann Arbor; first secretary, Dr. C. G. Jenkins, Lansing; treasurer, Dr. D. S. Sinclair, Grand Rapids; recording secretary, Dr. Julia Bailey, Detroit. The session will close with a clinic at the homeopathic hospital.

Michigan Pensions.

The following Michigan pensions have been granted: Theresa Bassett, $12; James H. Dush, $17; Hattie Dudley, $12; John Floyd, $15; Orson S. High, $12; Lucy A. Phelps, $12; Charles E. Rhoden, $15; Daniel R. Rowe, $20; William F. Smith, $20; Daniel Stanlinger, $17; Phineas J. Tucker, $15; Samuel G. Worring, $15; Clara E. Bearss, $12; Patrick H. Brady, $15; Samuel Cramer, $17; Lucy S. Davis, $12; Jacob Edmonds, $15; Daniel L. Hale, $15; George H. Jackson, $20; Anthony Slack, $20.

Elizabeth Voss, $12; Luther B. Wolcott, $20; Mary E. Erwins Allen, $12; Lewis Allinger, $15; George W. Cook, $20; Lewis J. Crawford, $15; Henry H. Field, $12; Charles O. Gregory, $15; Jasper E. Hall, $15; Harriet S. Houseman, $12; David S. Hull, $15; Samuel L. Jones, $20; Andrew Kitchen, $24; Clarence Lomison, $20; William Marquardt, $20; Hiram Murphy, $24; Dennis H. Roberts, $20; Benevolent H. Stevens $15; John W. Van Brooklin, $15; William Wallace, $15; Emory J. White, $15; Permelia Bender, $20; Willis W. Allen, $12; Martin V. Avery, $15.

Frances M. Broughton, $14; John W. Brown, $15; George B. Coston, $15; Grace Holden, $12; Orange McClure, $20; Henry B. Olmstead, $20; J. H. Plummer, $15; Anthony Strieblick, $20; Edwin L. Washburn, $15; Emma L. Berry, $12; Hiram Cody, $15; James W. Fox, $15; Lottie A. Fish, $12; Samuel S. French, $15; Jerome Hand, $20; John Higgins, $15; James Ingebart, $15; Hannah L. Jones, $12; Lucy E. Rossman, $12; Sarah E. Schelck, $12; Joseph J. Tuttle, $17; Mary S. Wheeler, $12; Jacob H. Webster, $20; Julius M. Welch, $17.

April Death List Lower Than March.

There were 3,362 deaths reported for the month of April to the secretary of state. This is a decrease of 43 under the month of March. The number of births also reported showed a decrease of 440 under the previous month, there having been 4,754 births in April.

By ages, there were 505 deaths of infants under one year old, 216 deaths of children aged from one to four years, 135 deaths of persons sixty-five years old or over. The important causes of death were as follows: Tuberculosis of lungs, 220; other forms of tuberculosis, 44; typhoid fever, 44; diphtheria and croup, 35; scarlet fever, 25; measles, 31; whooping cough, 28; pneumonia and bronchial pneumonia, 142; cancer, 142; old age, 50; meningitis, 48; cancer, 147; violence, 155.

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The various state hospitals and asylums report deaths as follows: Traverse City, 17; Kalamazoo, 24; Pontiac, 13; Soldiers' home, 19; Lapeer, 2; Newberry, 4; Wayne county, 32.

Aviation Meet Sure of Success.

H. L. Connell, president of the Aeronautical society of the University of Michigan, assured David L. Hermann, president of the aviation committee of the aviation meet which will be held in Detroit next month, that the meet would be a success in a body on June 30. Commencement week Ann Arbor comes on June 29, and Detroit is expected to send students and alumni to come to Detroit the following day. Invitations will also be sent to the universities of Michigan Agricultural college, Ohio State University, Western Reserve university, Purdue, Notre Dame, Case School of Applied Science and others, he stated the meet.

Edward Thompson of Topinabee is heading a committee of business men of that city which is raising a purse of $8,000 for a flight from Detroit to Topinabee, Petoskey and Mackinaw. It is expected that about $25,000 will be offered in prizes, and trials will be made for altitude, endurance and passenger-carrying records.

New Corporations.

The following companies have filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state:

Schwanbeck Brothers, Detroit, to conduct a hotel business, with principal stockholder, George A. Schwanbeck; Cadillac Hotel company of Detroit, $100,000, principal stockholders, Power Wagon company, Detroit, increase from $50,000 to $1,000,000, principal stockholders, Frederick Lewis and Walter S. Heavenrich; C. E. Dyke Manufacturing company, $25,000, principal stockholders, C. E. Dyke; Detroit Life General agency, Detroit, increase from $100,000 to $20,000, principal stockholder, F. B. Walker.

Richards Heads State Homeopathists.

Dr. R. Milton Richards of Detroit was elected president at the state homeopathic forty-second annual meeting here Tuesday afternoon. Other officers: First vice-president, Dr. E. C. Kinsman, Saginaw; second vice-president, Dr. Fred Loth, Ann Arbor; first secretary, Dr. C. G. Jenkins, Lansing; treasurer, Dr. D. S. Sinclair, Grand Rapids; recording secretary, Dr. Julia Bailey, Detroit. The session will close with a clinic at the homeopathic hospital.

SEEK LORIMER QUIZ

DILLINGHAM INTRODUCES RESOLUTION FOR FULL INQUIRY INTO BRIBERY CHARGE.

BASED ON ILLINOIS REQUEST

La Follette in Address Reviews Case, Declares Delay of Accused Colleague in Defending Himself Brought Opprobrium on Senate.

Washington, May 22.—Senator Dillingham of Vermont, chairman of the committee on privileges and elections, offered a resolution in the senate to investigate the Lorimer case through the medium of his committee. The resolution is intended as a substitute for Senator La Follette's resolution.

The resolution was offered by Mr. Dillingham in recognition of the resolution adopted by the state senate of Illinois calling upon the federal senate to take action.

After quoting the request of the Illinois upper house in full the Dillingham resolution provides for a full investigation by the committee on privileges and elections of the charges, with special instructions to ascertain whether corrupt practices or methods were adopted by any person, firm or corporation with reference to the election.

La Follette Asks for Delay.

Senator Dillingham announced that he proposed to press his resolution as a substitute. Senator La Follette then said he would offer amendments to his own resolution. He then undertook a review of the Lorimer case which, he said, disclosed the following undisputed facts:

That Charles A. White confessed he was bribed to vote for Lorimer, receiving $1,000 therefor.

That grand juries investigated the confession and that during their work two other members of the legislature confessed receiving "Lorimer money," leaving no doubt as to their guilt.

That another member, since deceased, was proved present at distributions of "Lorimer money."

Defies Popular