THE BANANA IN COSTA RICO



A BANANA PLANTATION

ALL Costa Rica is divided into two parts, that which is the scene of the operations of the United Fruit company, and that which is not. The first is becoming Americanized; in the second, European nations now have the advantage in trade.

In the banana country the fruit company is everywhere and as a common carrier it has a powerful influence in the coffee country. It has developed the Atlantic coast of Costa Rica and probably has done more than any other single agent for the prosperity and commercial development of this small republic. Costa Rica is by far the most prosperous of all the Central American republics, and has not had a successful revolution in more than 30 years, the correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from San Jose, says. Americans living here and Costa Ricans are convinced that the absence of revolutions and the prosperity of the country are in the nature of cause and effect.

The bananas and coffee sent out of Costa Rica represent practically the entire export trade of this country. The value of the banana exportations average about $4,000,000 a year, and the coffee a little more than half as much. The fruit company either grows or buys and transports and sells all the bananas and carries all the coffee produced in Costa Rica. In doing these things it has developed a great number of side lines of activity, which make it the great power it is in Costa Rica. These other activities include railroads, stores, telegraph and telephone systems, light and power plants, hospital, schools and various forms of agriculture and stock raising. In addition it has its fleet of ships, carrying both passengers and freight.

Bananas Cost 40 Cents a Bunch.

The company owns over 200,000 acres of banana lands on the Atlantic seaboard of Costa Rica. On these lands it produces about 42 per cent. of all the bananas grown in the republic. It buys all the bananas that native growers can produce. The annual shipment is about 10,000,000 bunches, bought by the fruit company at a fixed price of 30 cents a bunch. For handling the bananas the company allows 10 cents a bunch, and the declared export value of a bunch of bananas is fixed at 40 cents.

The outlet for both the coffee and the bananas is Port Limon, on the Caribbean. When Secretary Knox and his party arrived there recently there were three steamers in port awaiting cargoes of bananas.

To tap the banana districts the main line of the railroad, leased and operated by the United Fruit company under the name of the Costa Rican Northern railroad, extends from Port Limon to San Jose, the capital, 103 miles distant and 5,000 feet above the sea. From the main line extend a number of branches and from these branches other spurs and tramways, the whole forming a system of veins and arteries for the transportation of bananas. Every effort is made to get the banana from the tree to the ship as soon as possible and with the minimum of handling.

The main line is a common carrier of both passengers and freight. Discrimination by the fruit company is impossible under the terms of its lease. At Port Limon the company has built a number of steel piers from which the ships are loaded with bananas and coffee by special machinery. The company has large offices at Port Limon, and has in addition a wireless station, a hospital, quarters for its employes, light and power plants and wholesale and retail stores.

The Costa Rican government has cooperated with the fruit company, has put in many public improvements and keeps the city clean. The government receives a direct, as well as an indirect, revenue from the fruit company through an export tax of 1 cent gold upon each bunch of bananas sent out of Costa Rica.

The big banana growing districts practically end in the foothills of the mountain range which divides Costa Rica, and where bananas stop coffee begins. The hills and mountains for more than 50 miles along the railroad from Port Limon to San Jose are covered with coffee plantations, many of them thousands of acres in extent. These are practically all owned by the Costa Ricans, many of them wealthy.

Costa Rican coffee is considered by many to be the finest in the world. England takes the entire product each year and pays a higher price for it than the United States pays for Brazilian coffee. Costa Rican coffee is strong and black as served here in San Jose, and to the writer it seems far superior to the average coffee provided in American homes and hotels. It is better without milk.

It cannot be doubted that if Americans were more familiar with the attractions of Costa Rica more would visit the country. The climate of San Jose is considered ideal. The city is 5,000 feet above the sea and the cool air of this altitude is a relief after the heat and sultriness of the Caribbean ports. Today the air is as clear, cool and bracing as a September day in the North Atlantic states. We are told that it never gets any cooler, though sometimes warmer, so that there is no necessity for artificial heating in the houses. The city is picturesque and interesting and surrounded on all sides by mountains, the tops of which have been lost in the clouds since the arrival of the Knok party.

Scenery Is Beautiful.

The trip from San Jose to Port Limon is the more attractive because of the beauty of the scenery after the first hour of the ride. The railroad follows the line of a torrential mountain river from Port Limon to Cartago, 14 miles below San Jose. Though there are many railroads in the United States through mountains of greater altitude than those of Costa Rica, none of them have the tropical vegetation which distinguishes this country. Mountains which in the states would be bare, bleak and desolate are here covered to their very peaks with the luxuriant growth that is found at Port Limon. The mountains are always green the year around.

Dry goods and a great number of household articles are bought from Europe. It is frequently declared by Americans in Costa Rica that if firms in the United States would study the Costa Rican market as carefully as the European merchants do and make the same efforts to please their customers they would have no difficulty in gaining a greater proportion of the trade of Costa Rica. The same applies to the trade situation in all Central American countries, according to opinions expressed here.

For example, tons of concrete is being used in Costa Rica in all sorts of construction. It is said that American firms would get all this business if they would pack the cement in iron cans rather than in barrels, the metal containers being necessary because of the dampness on the coast, which spoils about half of each barrel of cement that is not used as soon as received. Another criticism of Americans in Central America is that they are too anxious to get rich in one day.

As it is, the United States receives more than half of the total exports of Costa Rica and sells Costa Rica nearly half of her total imports. The general view is that the sales of American made goods in Costa Rica will continue to increase. It is stated by Americans here that as the opportunities afforded in Costa Rica for agricultural development on a large scale become better known in the states more American capital will enter the country. The opening of the Panama canal will also help toward this end.

Skill of Alaskan Dogs.

Some of the Alaskan dogs are better trail followers than others, and some better leaders, says a writer in the Detroit News. In a blizzard the best of these lose the trail, but invariably find it again.

When on the trail they eat but once a day, then at the end of the journey. After feeding, like weary children, they fall asleep and are never quarrelsome. It takes, on an average, 20 pounds of meat a day for a team of 11 dogs on a hard route.

The dogs of the mail teams consumed last year three tons of bacon and one of rice. The rice and bacon are cooked together with frozen fish and eaten hot. The dogs are permitted to eat all they want.

When too hot they let it cool in the snow. If near the sea or river they will cunningly pull the vessel out on the ice and test the temperature of the contents with their long tongues until the mess can be eaten without burning the mouth. Frozen fish is the staple food of all native dogs.

A Mood.

A quiet owl stole in the field below, and vanished into the heart of a tree. And suddenly, above the moor-line, I saw the large moon rising. Cinnamon-colored, it made all things swim, made me uncertain of my thoughts, vague with a mazy feeling. Shapes seemed but drifts of moon-dust, and true reality nothing save a sort of still listening to the wind. And for long I sat, just watching the moon creep up, and hearing the thin, dry rustle of the leaves along the holly hedge. And there came to me this thought: What is this Universe—that never had beginning and will never have an end—but a myriad striving to perfect pictures never the same, so blending and fading one into another, that all form one great perfected picture? And what are we—ripples on the tides of a birthless, deathless, equipoised Creative Purpose—but little works of Art?—Atlantic Monthly.

Apropos Inquiry.

Fond Daughter—Pa, I saw in the paper where you got a number of sealed proposals at your office.

Official Father—Yes, dear.

Fond Daughter—Pa, were any of them proposals for me?

HEROIC MEASURES FOR GRIP

Night on Porch, Plunge in Cold Lake and a Walk Worked the Cure.

There was no doubt I had a bad case of it. My nose was swollen and stopped; my head was full of flannel, and felt as big as a barrel; my ears were regular fire gongs; my eyes were little leaky lakes set in fiery, swollen rings. My body ached all over, and I experienced a constant nausea. And yet I was scheduled to spend the week's end at the home of a famous poet and his wife on Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

It was crisp April weather—very crisp. And I knew there would be no heat in the house save that thrown by the burning logs in the big open study fireplace; for this was supposed to be only their summer home.

I reasoned that if I remained at home alone the fight against my enemy would be intolerable, since he was already inside the barracks. So I decided to inflict myself upon my friends. I went.

After a lovely evening over Socrates, Shelly and the fourth dimension, I was even beyond blowing my nose. To my hostess' solicitous inquiries I replied: "No, nothing; only will you kindly let me sleep on the porch?"

She looked at me meditatively for a moment—probably thinking out a suitable obituary—then produced from the depths of a window seat an assortment of comforters.

After the family had retired, I undressed quickly and was soon warmly nestled under the covers on my cot in the open-air bedroom. I slept warm—almost too warm. When the April morning sun looked boldly into my face, I arose, donned a bathing suit, threw the poet's great coat about me, and raced down the hill to the lake. I shut my eyes tight and plunged in. Yes—it was cold. But after I had come out, and had plunged back again, I began to get warm. When this happened, I raced back to the house, stirred up the backlog and rubbed myself into a glow before the sputtering fire.

I dressed hastily, and before the family was astir I started on a walk as fast as I could go through the woods. The exhilaration crept through my entire body, and by the time I had returned to the poet's home I no longer whistled through my nose nor contemplated suicide, but felt altogether like a normal human being, and attacked my breakfast vigorously.

The "grip" was broken.—Los Angeles Times.

Force of Habit Strong.

At the informal gambol which was given by the Chicago members of the Lambs' club recently, John Drew told of an actor who had the misfortune to fall off a ferry boat at night. Of course there was great confusion on board. The searchlight was turned round and round in an effort to find the man. He came up for the third time just as the light struck him, and from force of habit the actor raised himself and delivered a most ceremonious bow. Then the rescuers grabbed him.

The Powdering Closet.

When capricious fashion ruled that ladies should wear only white hair—the color supplied by nature being of no importance—the operation of putting on the powder made special arrangements necessary.

These took the form of a special room or cabinet, and in every house of any pretention a small chamber was set aside for the exclusive use of powdering the hair. A curtain divided in the middle, a powdering stand to hold the bowl of powder, and possibly a stool, were all that the closet contained, and through this curtain the lady whose head was to be powdered protruded her head, the maid standing on the other side and "throwing" the powder at her head by means of a powder puff. To preserve the eyes and complexion a mask was held to the face.

Unfortunately, no illustration of a "powdering closet" seems to have been preserved.

Alleged Epigram.

"Will you please put in your paper an epigram I have just thought up?" asked a friend of ours who happened to be a minister of the Gospel.

"We will sure," we responded, not even imposing any of the usual conditions.

"Well, here it is. I have been around with a subscription paper for the benefit of a few widows and orphans and such. I won't bore you with an account of the way this paper was received by some of the pillars of the church and state; I just want to tell you what inspired this epigram."

"Shoot, it!" we challenged.

"This is it: Some folks are so busy being good themselves that they have no time to be good to others."

It is an epigram, ain't it?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New Booze.

"There are certain South American and African tribes that drink this snake venom," said the zoo keeper.

He held a huge rattlesnake carefully by the back of the head and one hand, and in the other hand was a tiny glass cup. The rattlesnake kept striking the cup furiously, leaving each time a drop of viscous, pale brown venom. The venom was for the use of homeopathic physicians, who prescribe it in cases of locomotor ataxia.

"Yes," said the keeper, "savages drink snake venom mixed with water for two reasons—first, because they say it immunizes them from snake bite, and, second, because they get a mild and pleasant jag from it.

"I understand the jag isn't violent. It's more like the stimulus of a cup of very strong, filtered coffee. It's a jag that makes you vigorous and happy."

Slipping the snake back in its glass cage, he departed, balancing the cup of pale brown venom carefully.

Appealing.

"Do you think women approve generally of the church alliance movement?"

"Certainly, if it is a movement up the aisle to the wedding march."

An Attempted Abduction

By MICHAEL J. PORTER

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"I'll hunt him down, if I have to put bloodhounds on his trail!"

"Now, major!" soothed the wife.

"Now, papa!" soothed the daughter.

"The scoundrel shall not escape!" roared the major as he paced the room. "I'll have the police after him within an hour—within a quarter of an hour!"

"But, major!"

"But, papa!"

Marjorie had been uptown to do some shopping. The major had been talking of buying an auto, and expected to close the deal that day. If the event came off the machine would be at the depot to meet her as she came home on the 7 o'clock train. She had only stepped off when a man touched her arm and raised his cap and said:

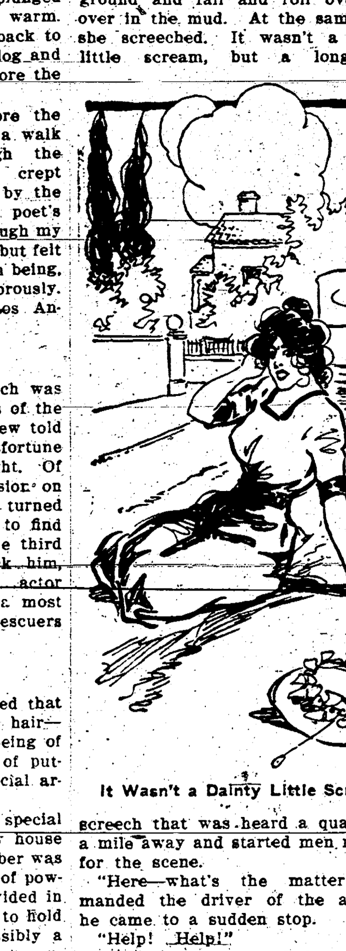
"This way to the auto, please."

So her father had closed the deal, and was probably sitting in the auto outside waiting her appearance! But he wasn't. The machine was tenantless, but the man gave her a hand to reach the tonneau, and as she seated herself it whizzed away. It didn't take the right direction, but she didn't notice this fact for a minute. When she did she called out:

"You are going wrong! You must turn around!"

"I'll get you there, all right," was the reply.

Then Miss Marjorie opened the door and leaped straight out, to lose her balance as her feet touched the ground and fall and roll over and over in the mud. At the same time she screeched. It wasn't a dainty little scream, but a long-drawn



It Wasn't a Dainty Little Scream.

screech that was heard a quarter of a mile away and started men running for the scene.

"Here—what's the matter!" demanded the driver of the auto as he came to a sudden stop.

"Help! Help!"

Speed was put on and the auto disappeared.

"By George, Miss Graves!" exclaimed a first comer, who at least knew the girl by sight, "but this is about the boldest thing I ever heard of around here!"

"Was—was he trying to carry me off?" was gasped.

"Sure thing! Yes, ma'am, it was a bold attempt at abduction, and the wonder is that he didn't have a confederate to choke you into silence and helplessness. By George, but this village is getting to be worse than New York city!"

The scoundrel had been noticed at the depot by men who thought he acted suspiciously. No one had taken the number of the auto, and it was considered useless to follow.

The major hadn't closed the deal for the auto, and he wasn't at the depot—either with or without it. Of course, Miss Marjorie had a story to tell when she got home, and it was the attempted crime that roused the father's ire. Was this the twentieth century? Was the police force of the village, consisting of two men, being paid enormous salaries to catch criminals red-handed or to play checkers and sleep? The major asked a great many other questions that neither his wife or daughter could answer, and wound up with the threat to have the state militia called out.

Meanwhile something had happened at a manor house two miles away. Ruth Forest was coming down that evening for a stay of two weeks with her old school chum, Mrs. Thurston, a bride of two years. Harry Thurston, brother of the husband, had already been there a week. It was for him to take the auto and meet Miss Ruth. She would surely be looking for somebody to meet her, and there could be no mistake.

With that spirit of carelessness so prevalent with young men, he selected a tall, willowy girl, instead of a short, stout one, and bore her away. He fully intended to introduce himself and do some talking after getting clear of the depot, and when he lost his passenger in the way he did he was too astonished and rattled to do the right thing. There came as instant suspicion that he had somehow picked up the wrong young lady, and in his flustration he put on speed and disappeared.

Arriving home, his explanation was that Miss Ruth was not among the passengers that got off. This passed all right for half an hour, and then the missing guest showed up to disprove it. Harry then owned up, and after a gasp of astonishment, his sister said:

"A rather tall, slim girl, eh?"

"Yes."

"And she knew you were headed wrong?"

"Yes."

"Then it must be some one living in or near the village. She didn't command you to stop? She didn't demand to know where you were taking her?"

"Not a command nor a demand," answered Harry. "She just opened the door and jumped, and as she jumped she screeched—Lord, how she screeched!"

"Well, young man, I think you have got yourself in trouble. I believe the girl you tried to abduct was Marjorie Graves, only daughter of Major Graves, one of the most peppery men in four counties."

"But it was a simple mistake."

"Yes, but the trouble will be to make him believe it. And the lamentable part of the whole thing is that I wanted you and that particular girl to fall in love with each other."

"Can't we do it just the same?"

"Why, Major Graves won't let you come within ten rods of his house! And if you were to meet the young lady elsewhere what could you say?"

"I guess you'll have to match me up with some one else. She ought to have had a placard hung about her neck stating who she was. All her fault."

The major's deal for the auto went through three days later, but he did not let the excitement of it turn him from the trail of the would-be abductor. He made many moves, but he got no clews. Ten days later he and Miss Marjorie were riding out. The major had taken three lessons in running the machine and felt that he knew all about it. He had done very well for an hour at a slow pace—so well that he decided to 'hit 'er up' to about thirty. The daughter protested, but the hitting took place, just the same. Half a mile had been covered when the machine swerved out of the highway into an unfenced meadow and began to cut up all kinds of circus tricks. It wiggled and wobbled. It ran in circles. It shaved the whiskers off of stumps.

Young Harry Thurston heard Miss Marjorie's screams, and the major's cuss-words and calls for help, from the brook where he was fishing, and he was soon on the scene. He dodged here and there and shouted instructions, but the major was repeating the Lord's Prayer and his daughter continuing her screams. The only way was to take a flying leap for the footboard as the machine came along. It needed courage and confidence, but the young man landed right, and soon discovered what was wrong and remedied it.

Miss Marjorie reached the ground to faint away, and the major fell out to gasp and swear and tell what he would do to the seller of the machine. It was for Harry to act as chauffeur to get them home, and when he had done so and been invited in he mustered up the courage to tell the story of the attempted abduction.

The result he told his sister-in-law and Miss Forest three hours later.

"The major called me a scoundrel," he said.

"And then said he owed me his life."

"And the daughter?"

"She said I must be an idiot to make such a mistake, and then added that she was glad I did."

"And—and——"

"Ask my wife and me to visit you about a year from now."

ONE OF MAN'S LIMITATIONS

He Can Work Wonders, but Finds Difficulty in Growing Hair on Bald Pate.

"We are all weak creatures," said Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principle.

"So we are," said the beadle.

Just think, for example, of the number of fabulously rich and powerful men, including John D. himself, who have to wear wigs. Bald heads stand as glaring emblems of mankind's limitations. We can slice continents in half with great canals or push towers higher into the heavens than the ancient Babel, but we all feel like weak creatures again the minute we hear a barber saying to a shiny-pated customer: "Try a little tonic, sir?"

A wonderful creative genius had Browning, but when this great man "experimentally" shaved off his beard one day, he must have felt as small and powerless as an ant to hear his wife order: "It must be grown again this minute."

And so it is with none of the uproarious levity of some of our contemporaries, but rather with a sympathetic appreciation of the stupendous nature of his task, that we begin to watch the year long "demonstration" of a Chicago hair tonic manufacturer who recently was instructed by a municipal Solomon to prove the merits of a specific by growing hair on a bald-headed policeman.—Collier's Weekly.

Wine Had the First Call.

The marquis of Wellesley, when lord lieutenant of Ireland, was at a table with a party of Irishmen who were chiefly Orangemen, and in the dining room hung a painting of the Battle of the Boyne, which in that country is usually called the Victory of Boyne Waters. The company wishing him to pronounce an opinion, invited him to change his seat.

"Surely, my lord!" said one, "you would not turn your back on Boyne Waters?"

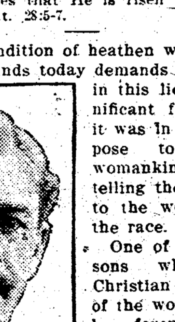
"Oh, I never look at water when can get wine," Lord Wellesley answered, pointing to a bottle of claret that stood before him.

THE NEED OF WOMEN MISSIONARIES

By Edward A. Marshall,

Director of Missionary Course of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—And the angel answered and said unto the women, go quickly and tell his disciples that He is risen from the dead.—Matt. 28:5-7.



The condition of heathen women in foreign lands today demands that the in this lies a significant fact that it was in his purpose to have womankind ever telling the Gospel to the women of the race.

One of the reasons why the Christian women of the world shall be foremost in their evangelization. Christ made a woman the first messenger of his resurrection and evangelization of the women of the world must be done by women who have accepted Christ is because they can be reached by women only. It is a common saying that men do not understand women. Evidences of this have been presented in the thousands of divorce cases and oft repeated family troubles which are commonly reported in these days. If this be true in civilized countries, where the grace of God modifies the harshness of human life, how much more must it be true among the heathen, who have no spiritual or moral standards such as we have, and no divine power to assist them in living righteous lives.

There are no women in foreign lands who will open their hearts to men. Being very shy and suspicious, they are often reluctant to do this even to the missionary women who visit them. In fact, such a network of suspicious fears has been woven around the lives of women in non-Christian lands that they shrink from every foreigner who would pry into the secrets of their inner life.

It would be entirely improper for a man to visit the home of any native woman in any non-Christian land, even should she be a member of the church. So rigid are the customs that often in case of illness, the male doctor is not permitted to see the female patient. A missionary doctor in China was once asked to visit a Chinese home to prescribe for a sick wife. When he insisted on seeing the patient, the husband remonstrated. However, when he found that no relief could be given without examination, such as the feeling of the pulse, he hastened to her room, tied a twined string around her wrist and passed the end out of the window to the doctor, telling him to take hold of it and see if she had fever. There are thousands of women in Asia who would rather die than let a man see their faces.

Over most of the territory from Japan through Korea, China, Siam, Burmah, India and on to Palestine and Turkey, women are shut apart in places called the "woman's apartment." In poor Indian homes this secluded portion of the house is made by hanging a sari of coarse piece of cloth across one part of the room, thus forming a retreat for the women when men come to visit their husbands.

The women of the Orient are guarded as though they were untrustworthy and as though they were unworthy of human privileges, or were in capable of exercising proper management of the family affairs.

Under such conditions as these, it can be easily seen to be impossible for the men of the mission stations to preach the gospel to the quarter of a billion women living in the Orient; it must be done by women.

In the first place, the women of these non-Christian lands need the gospel for their own sake. The soul of a Hindoo or Chinese woman is as truly precious in the sight of God as that of any other woman, for he does not look on the outward appearance; whether the person be black or white, or whether she be dressed in a calico sari or a sealskin cloak, whether she eats rice with her fingers off a banana leaf or dainty delicacies from cut-glass ware.

Another reason why the women of the Orient must be reached is because they support and maintain the religious systems of the countries in which they live.

It must be readily seen that the hundreds of millions of women in Asia must perish without the gospel if the women of Christian lands do not respond to the call of Christ and carry his message into their homes. The response which these women give to the missionary lady who asks for admission to their homes is a guarantee for untold usefulness for any Christian woman who can find it in her heart to take them the words of life. In the non-Christian lands women are often so anxious to hear the message concerning the "new way" that they will listen with intense eagerness for a longer period than the missionary is able to speak. With such an open door of blessing offered to the women of America who have come to know Christ can there be any trade or profession which would prevent one from entering the door with the true message of salvation?

Christ All and in All.

If Christ occupies his legitimate regnant position in our hearts, he is semi-consciously with us all the while, insomuch that all we say and do is modified by that fact. He abides with those that love him. They are under his influence constantly. He shapes their lives, he puts his mark upon them. They come to think his thoughts. As Paul puts it, they "become imitators" of him. They grow into his likeness. Kindness, beneficence, good cheer radiate from them.

Sleep.

Investigation by scientists of the nature of the sleep of persons in normal health shows that it varies according to the daily diet and the different hours at which sleep is begun. Altogether, the ideal hour for retiring is ten o'clock. The sleep of a person going to bed regularly at approximately this time gradually augments in intensity for the space of an hour. It then suddenly becomes very profound, reaching its maximum intensity at about eleven-thirty o'clock. Within five or six minutes from this time it has been found that the sleep begins to be less deep. In an hour the sleeper is again in the same condition of slumber as at about a quarter after eleven. From that time until after two o'clock the rest is steady and light; from two until four it augments and then it consistently diminishes until it ceases at the customary time of rising.

Filled Icehouse With Hose.

According to an account included in a letter received here from the northern part of the state, the farmers up there are not going to be bothered about ice prices this year. The letter was recounting the conditions of the exceptionally cold winter. "We filled our icehouse easier this winter than ever before," the letter said. "When the cold was at its height we attached the garden hose to the gasoline force pump, and turned the water into the icehouse, which had previously been lined with frozen cakes of sawdust. One night was sufficient. Next morning the icehouse was filled with a solid cake of ice, frozen to an unusual degree of hardness. We merely nailed up the door, and have ice enough to last all summer."—Indianapolis News.

His Cursory Glances.

Aunt Caroline and the partner of her woes evidently found connubial bliss a misnomer, for the sounds of war were often heard down in the little cabin in the hollow. Finally the pair were haled into court, and the dusky lady entered a charge of abusive language against her spouse. The judge, who had known them both all his life, endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters. "What did he say to you, Caroline?" he asked. "Why, jedge, I jes' cain't tell you all dat man do say to me." "Does he ever use hard language?" "Does yo' mean cussin'? Yas, suh; not wif his mouf, but he's always givin' me dem cussory glances."—Lippincott's.

Horse's Charge Scattered Soldiers.

A sensational incident attended the recent Australian military maneuvers at Oakleigh, Vic. Some drivers belonging to the field artillery were having lunch outside a tent, when a horse in the vicinity bolted. The animal made straight for the soldiers, who, being unprepared for attack, could not withstand the charge. Half a dozen men were knocked in confused fashion amongst dishes and miscellaneous articles, and most of them received some injury.

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MANCHESTER LODGE No. 148, F. & A. M. meets at Masonic Hall Monday Evening on or before full moon. Visiting brothers are invited. Frank G. Leeson, W. M. Ed. E. Root, Secretary.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER No. 48, R. & A. M., meets at Masonic Hall, Wednesday Evening on or before each full moon. Companions cordially welcome. E. E. Root, Sec. F. E. Spafard, H. P.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL No. 24, R. & S. M., assembles at Masonic Hall, Tuesday Evening after each full moon. All visiting companions invited. Mat D. Blosser, C. W. Case, Recorder. T. I. M.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER No. 161, O. E. S., meets at Masonic Hall, Friday Evening on or before full moon. Visiting members are invited. Mrs. Edith Lowery, W. M. Mrs. Blanche Lowery, Secretary.

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GLASGOW TO END FREIGHT DELAYS

RAILROAD COMMISSIONER HAS ASKED EVERY RAILOAD TO FILE AN ACCOUNT OF EQUIPMENT.

CLAIMS RAILROADS ARE COSTING MICHIGAN MILLIONS ANNUALLY.

Chairman Glasgow Will Call Meeting of R. R. Managers in an Effort to Provide Better Facilities.

Claiming that delays in handling freight by the various railroads is costing the people of Michigan millions of dollars annually, Chairman C. L. Glasgow, of the state railroad commission, has ordered that every railroad in the state file with his department on or before June 10 an inventory of the equipment, in order that the commission may determine whether proper facilities are being provided.

Chairman Glasgow has demanded that the road engines be classified as to efficiency. He also wants to know the number of cars, switch and road engines. The railroads are also requested to furnish information to the actual number of cars in service, the number to be put in service before Jan. 1, 1913, and the number to be added before that date. After this information has been filed with the commission, Chairman Glasgow will call a meeting of the general managers of all the roads and an effort will be made to compel all the delinquent members to provide better facilities.

Many complaints have been filed with the railroad commission by shippers.

Urges State to Help Prisoners.

About 20 inmates of Jackson prison are at present employed on the prison farm, and while none of the prisoners so trusted have caused any trouble Warden Simpson fears some may try to escape. They are placed on their honor when given outside work to do and with the knowledge that good behavior will shorten their terms of sentence.

"I believe legislation is needed that will afford a greater inducement to such men to be on their good behavior," says Warden Simpson.

By allowing more "good time" to the prisoners and shorten their terms of sentence by receiving from them a stronger effort to reforms, in the opinion of Warden Simpson, a step forward instead of backward in the problem of reformation.

There are over 100 lifters left in Jackson prison, and probably 35 per cent of them are eligible to parole under the 25-year law, providing they can show the board of pardons a good prison record.

$659,500 Voted for Michigan Harbors.

Some $659,500 for Michigan rivers and harbors was voted by the senate as follows:

Improving harbor of Ludington, $51,500; improving harbor of Manistee, $150,000; improving harbor of Arcadia, $15,000; harbor of refuge, Portage lake, for maintenance, $3,000; improving St. Joseph harbor and river, for maintenance, $15,500; improving harbor of Saugatuck, and Kalamazoo river, for maintenance, $9,000; improving harbor of South Haven, for maintenance, $3,000; improving Black river at Port Huron, for maintenance, $1,500; improving Clinton river, for maintenance, $2,000; improving St. Mary's river at the falls, by the construction of a fourth lock in accordance with the report submitted in house document No. 64, sixty-second congress, first session, $400,000; improving Menominee (Michigan and Wisconsin) harbor and river, for maintenance, $9,000.

13 Buried in U. P. Mine Cave-in.

The lives of 13 miners was crushed out by a fall of ground at the Norrie mine in Ironwood, the accident taking place at night. There were 14 men in the crew which was at work on the 28th level of No. 3 shaft, two thousand feet from the surface.

The men heard the timbers creaking and fearing an accident, walked along the level about 150 feet to a place which they considered safe. Here they stood, listening, when suddenly a mass of hundreds of tons of ore and rock came down upon them, burying all but one, who stood a few feet from the main party and escaped uninjured.

City Light Plant Clears $26,395.

The net earnings of the Escanaba municipal lighting plant during the year ending March 1, 1912, aggregate $26,395.32. These are the figures as presented to the city council in the report of City Auditor A. H. Rolph.

The total net earnings of the plant aggregate $52,545.12. This shows that the net profits are in round numbers 50 per cent of the net earnings.

Kimmel Is Himself Again.

That the identity of the mysterious "Kimmel" or "White" is gradually becoming more and more established is the belief of scores and scores of people who knew the real George Kimmel and who have visited the man in the Robert Burns hospital in Chicago.

Escanaba's municipal lighting plant was operated at a profit of $20,000 last year.

The new milk ordinance will soon be given a trial in Grand Rapids. The ordinance provides that the city shall make public the result of the tests which are made each month by the milk inspector. The standard as fixed by the ordinance provides that no milk sold in the city shall contain more than 200,000 bacteria to each cubic centimeter; it must contain not less than 2 per cent of butter fat and must be kept at a temperature of not more than 60 degrees.

MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF

Senator Michael Moriarty is at French Lick Springs.

Crystal Falls electors have authorized the issuance of bonds for $90,000 for the building of a 24-room school.

The Hancock school board is preparing to submit a proposition to raise $100,000 for a new high school.

The monthly crop report issued by the secrtary of state shows that the severe winter injured the peach crop.

Over 4,000 bushels of potatoes were destroyed in a fire which burned the $5,000 warehouse of Frank Proctor at Hersey.

William A. Foss will be president of the new First State and Savings bank of Gladstone, being organized with a capital stock of $30,000.

John W. Bailey, formerly mayor of Battle Creek, announced that under no circumstances would he be the Democratic candidate for governor.

Mrs. Agnes A. King, 82, of Grand Rapids, mother of Paul H. King, secretary of the Republican state central committee, is dead of heart disease.

Jacob Ehler, a wealthy shoe merchant of Hancock, will be placed on trial at the May term of the circuit court for shooting Ernest Hendrickson.

Eaton, Cass, Bay, Muskegon, Presque Isle, Tuscola, Jackson and Berrien counties elected uninstructed delegations to the Democratic state convention.

The members of the Grand Traverse grange have organized and will start a campaign for the betterment of the methods of growing and marketing fruit.

The body of Frank Okomski, 37, was found off a fishing pier in Grand Rapids. The man was lost, while fishing the night before. Foul play is suspected.

Although Frank Brown of South Haven just returned from Germany with a fortune of $20,000 left to his wife, he announces he will continue to sail on the lakes.

H. J. Kennon, Kalamazoo, aged 35, was instantly killed when he fell from a 40-foot tower at the Monarch paper mill. Kennon was employed in removing the tower.

The newly organized Michigan Association of Agriculture and Commerce held a directors meeting in Lansing and selected that city as permanent headquarters.

The D. S. S. & A. railway will build a steel bridge 100 feet long over the Sturgeon river, Hancock, to replace the wooden structure, where recent washouts occurred.

Reports from fruit growers of the vicinity of Traverse City indicate that the peach crop was not hurt as much as first thought. Nearly all of the fruit trees are in blossom.

The Hanoock mine is supposed to have struck the Pewabic lode. If it is not the Pewabic, it is said to be as rich as anything the Pewabic ever showed in the Quincy mine.

William Wallace has been chosen as president of the Eastern Michigan Fair association. Arrangements were completed for the erection of the necessary halls and a race track.

Forty-nine Port Huron young men have organized a company and will apply for admittance to the Michigan National Guard as a cavalry company. Homer W. Smith was elected captain.

The trustees of the state lodge of Elks has decided on the Bancroft house as the official headquarters of the state lodge officers and registration for the convention in Saginaw, June 4, 5 and 6.

Victor P. Vanpoppel, head of the Stafford factory, Ionia, was asphyxiated while taking a bath. A defective gas heater caused his death. His wife and children arrived in the city only a few days ago.

Acting on instructions from Labor Commissioner Powers, who wants salt mines protected as well as coal mines, State Mine Inspector Stevenson will start work in Wayne county and go over the entire salt district.

The nineteenth annual convention of the Michigan Spiritualists closed Sunday night in Battle Creek. Mrs. Emma Hoyt, of Battle Creek, was chosen as president. Dr. George B. Warne, of Chicago, was the principal speaker.

George Esson, aged 20, of Petrolia, Ont., was taken to Ionia, where he will serve from four to 15 years for his connection with the death of Thomas H. Major, whose body was found under the First Baptist church in Port Huron last February.

The charter commission of Saginaw will resume work this week and hold its fifty-eighth meeting. No material progress has been made because the commission was laboring under injunction proceedings, which were lifted by the supreme court last week.

George Lumley, proprietor of a Jackson hotel and who was convicted of violating the local option law was fined $230 and given 30 days in the county jail. An attack of turculosis is all that saved him from a term in the workhouse, according to Judge Parkinson.

A serious wreck was narrowly averted when John Sullivan, a farmer living five miles west of St. Louis found a broken rail in the Pere Marquette and running up the track flagged the Saginaw excursion train. The break was repaired by the train crew and the train proceeded on schedule time.

George Bacon, 17, of Boyne City was instantly killed while trying to get off a train near his home. He slipped and fell under the wheels.

The International Commercial question involving the right of entry of wood pulp and paper into the United States from all countries with which America is connected by treaties of commerce was appealed to the United States court of customs appeals. The privilege is claimed under "the favored nation" clause of the convention because free wood pulp and paper is granted to Canada by the only operative section of the Canadian reciprocity agreement.

BAD MEAT PASSED

FORMER BEEF INSPECTOR MAKES CHARGE AGAINST PACKERS IN THE EAST.

INFECTED WATER WAS USED

J. W. Buroughs Tells House Committee of Condemned Carcasses Made Into Sausage After Giving Order to Throw It Out.

Washington, May 14.—The standard of meat inspection has become lower by progressive steps each year since the present law went into effect, six years ago, according to J. W. Burroughs, a former inspector of meat, who testified before the committee on expenditures in the agriculture department. At the present time, according to the witness, conscientious inspectors regard their presence in packing houses as something merely perfunctory.

"Whenever we made an objection or protest we expected to be overruled by our superiors," said Burroughs. "Meat was passed as suitable for food as long as it would hang on a hook. There was a feeling of helplessness among us, and I may say a sort of contempt for those above us. That was the feeling of the rank and file of the service when I left it last March."

As he made the last statement Burroughs turned and looked directly at his former superior, George P. McCabe, solicitor of the department; Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry; Dr. R. P. Steddom of the inspection division, and Dr. A. J. Pistor, chief of the inspecting veterinarians.

Bad Meat Is Passed.

Burroughs said he was appointed September, 1903, and assigned to duty in Philadelphia under Dr. Charles Schauffer, inspector in charge of all packing establishments in that city.

"One day in the winter of 1907 or 1908 Dr. Ralph Clements, a veterinary inspector, came to the establishment of Charles Boesch & Sons," Burroughs told the committee. "We saw the carcasses of ten bulls that were to be ground into sausage. They were black and stringy and had a fearful odor.

"'I'm going to see just how bad they are,' I said to Clements. Then I pressed several fingers against a newly cut side. My hand sank into the meat almost to my wrist.

"We summoned Dr. Schauffer. He examined the meat and questioned our wisdom, as he expressed it, in condemning it. I protested it would be a menace to health to pass such carcasses. Finally he ordered us to let them be. When Schauffer left the building Clements looked at me, grinned and said: 'Oh, Burroughs, what's the use?'

"The next day that rotten beef became sausage. It was made palatable with spices and other convenient ingredients."

Burroughs told the committee that on several occasion he attempted to gain access to the pickling and drying departments of the William Moreland & Sons and John Michener's establishments in Philadelphia. Neither firm would permit him to see what was going on.

In Moreland's they showed him a letter from the department assuring them they would not be bothered by inspectors trying to enter their drying and pickling rooms.

Is Not Cross-Examined.

Not one in the committee room volunteered to cross-examine Burroughs.

"Old dairy cows, many of them tubercular, were killed for sausage meat in Philadelphia," Burroughs said. "The offal and hide piles was not more than five feet from the machine used to grind the sausage meat. The concrete floor was full of holes flush with old and decaying cattle blood. The stench about that sausage machine was terrible. Deodorants and disinfectants were scattered about every day to kill the smell. That was in place of scrubbing mops and hot water. That sausage machine will linger in my memory forever. The curing department was separated from the sausage department and the sewer basin by a swinging door."

Burroughs said he was promoted to inspector in charge in September, 1908, and ordered to the branch plants of Swift & Co. at Cumberland, Md. In August of that year a severe epidemic of typhoid fever occurred in Cumberland. The packing company was using water drawn from the Potomac river to wash and otherwise treat their meat.

"I was suspicious of that water and sent a sample to Dr. Melvin," said Burroughs.

The witness produced a letter from A. D. Melvin which said pollution could not be found in the water.

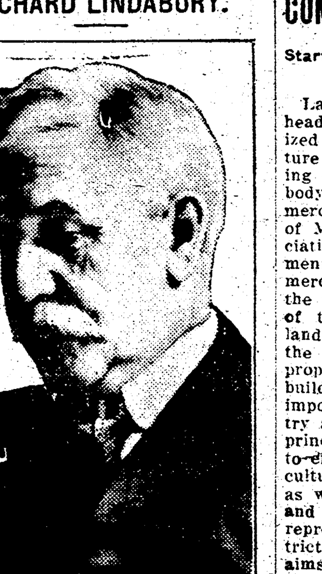
"Immediately afterwards state and municipal bacteriologists examined the water and announced that it was literally teeming with typhoid germs," said Burroughs. "All the typhoid in the town came from that water."

ATTACKS WOMAN WITH KNIFE

Crazed Michigan Man Slashes Wife and Then Cuts Own Throat Fatally.

Marquette, Mich., May 13.—Matt Korbu, a bartender, who had been in poor health for some time, went home shortly before midnight and procuring a butcher knife from the kitchen attempted to murder his wife by slashing her about the throat and face. He then turned the knife on himself and with a single gash across the throat ended his own life. Korba was thirty-three and his wife thirty.

RICHARD LINDABURY.



Mr. Lindabury is chief counsel for the United States Steel corporation whose dissolution the government is seeking to bring about.

FLOYD ALLEN SAYS GOAD FIRED FIRST AT HIM

Mountaineer Declares He Was Holding Paper in His Hands When Shooting Commenced.

Wytheville, Va., May 13.—Floyd Allen, central figure in the shooting up of the Carroll county courthouse on March 16, when three members of the court were shot to death and two other persons received mortal wounds, took the witness stand in his own behalf when his murder trial was resumed in the Wythe county circuit court. "If your honor please, we desire to introduce Mr. Floyd Allen," said Judge Hairstron of the defense. The prisoner gave his age as fifty-five years and said he has lived in Carroll county all his life. During this time he has been constable, supervisor, deputy sheriff for eight years and deputy treasurer.

Allen was pale and nervous when he took the stand. He testified that he and Judge Bolen had a conversation just before the shooting. "It concerned me going to jail," he said. "I had a paper and pocketbook in my hand. My right side was towards Mr. Goad. I saw him look at the sheriff and wink. Then Mr. Goad raised his pistol, and Mr. Webb raised his'n. I had heard Mr. Goad had been messing around."

The witness was interrupted at this point by the prosecution, who said he had no right to mention threats without proving them. The court would not allow Allen to continue.

"When you saw Goad with a pistol what happened?" he was asked.

"I kept eyeing him and wondering what he was going to do with that gun. Then I rose right up and put a paper in my pocket and I says: 'I ain't a-going anywhere with you, Mr. Goad,' and by that time he drew his pistol and just as he did the sheriff fired. He missed. I think he shot behind me. Mr. Goad fired, numbing my hip and lef and I fell. After I fell I saw him fire three or four more times. Webb fired a little the first and Mr. Goad kept shooting. I never saw Mr. Webb any more."

Floyd Allen entered positive denials to practically every charge made against him by witnesses for the prosecution.

He denied shooting at Juror Early on the outside of the court room and also that he wore a steelplate or armor.

TWO DIE IN INDIANA WRECK

Six Others Injured When C. & E. I. Dixie Flyer Sideswipes Freight Near Vincennes.

Vincennes, Ind., May 13.—W. L. Miller of Vicksburg and F. M. Hyatt of Shelburn were killed and six persons injured when the C. & E. I. Dixie flyer sideswiped a freight train at Smith's switch. Joseph Ramsey of Clinton, Pa., suffered a wrenched neck and is dying in a local hospital. Henry Belcher, colored, of Evansville, had his leg bruised. Fred. Martine and Rensello and Vyne, vaudeville actors, suffered bruises.

WAITERS CAUSE BIG PANIC

Strikers in New York Gather in Front of Hotels and Alarm the Guests.

New York, May 13.—Every guest in the Belmont and Grand Union hotels was aroused from his bed and thrown into a frenzy of excitement shortly after midnight when a mob of 1,000 men, comprising the waiters who recently struck at the Belmont and their sympathizers, gathered in front of that hostelry and set up a din of jeers and catcalls. Hundreds of amazed guests looked down from the windows of the sky-scraper hotels. It required the services of mounted police from two police stations to disperse the mob. Several arrests were made.

Recalls Soiled Bills.

Ottawa, Ont., May 13.—The minister of finance has asked all banks to turn in for cancellation all dominion notes that are soiled, the government having decided to do all in its power to get soiled money out of circulation.

COMMERCE BOARD IS BUSY

Starts Work to Enhance Industrial and Agricultural Conditions.

Lansing was chosen premanent headquarters for the recently organized Michigan Association of Agriculture and Commerce at the first meeting of the board of directors of that body, held at the chamber of commerce. Business men from all parts of Michigan compose the state association and its objects are improvement of general business and commercial and civic conditions. One of the features will be the improvement of the 4,000,000 acres of unproved land in the state. It is the aim of the association to secure for these properties, industries destined to build cities and greatly enhance the importance of Michigan in the industry and commerce of the world. The principles of the association will be to encourage, foster and develop agriculture and transportation facilities, as well as the interests of commerce and industry. Membership includes representatives of local, county, district and state organizations whose aims are similar.

A bridge across San Francisco bay via Yerba Buena islands was unanimously approved by the board of supervisors. Congress recently granted permission for such a bridge.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Cattle—Bulls steady; cow stuff, 35c to 50c lower; other grades, 15c to 25c lower than last week. We quote best steers and heifers, $7.60; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $6.75@7.50; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000 lbs., $6.50@7; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700 lbs., $4.50@5; choice fat cows, $5@5.50; good fat cows, $4@4.25; common cows, $3@3.25; canners, $2@3; choice heavy bulls, $5@6; fair to good bolognas, bulls, $4@4.75; stock bulls, $3.50@4; milkers, large, young, medium age, $40@60; common milkers, $25@35.

Veal calves—Market, 25c lower; best, $7@7.50; common, $5@6.

Sheep and lambs—Market steady; 50 to 75c lower than last week's close; common, very dull; best lambs, $7.75@8; fair to good lambs, $5.50@7; light to common lambs, $3.50@4.50; fair to good sheep, $4.50@6; culls and common, $2.50@3.

Hogs—Market, steady; good grades 15c higher than last week; pigs, 15c lower. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $7.75; pigs, $6.25@6.50; light yorkers, $7@7.50; stags, 1-3 off.

East Buffalo, N. Y.—Cattle—Steady; best 1,400 to 1,600 lb. steers, $8.35@8.60; good prime, 1,300 to 1,400 lb. steers, $7.75@8.10; good prime 1,200 to 1,300 lb. steers, $7@7.65; best 1,100 to 1,200 lb. shipping steers, $7@7.25; medium butcher steers 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., $6@6.50; light butcher steers, $5.75@6.25; best fat cows, $5.50@6; fair to good, do, $4.25@5; common to medium, do, $3.50@4; trimmers, $2.50@3; best fat heifers, $6.25@7; good fat heifers, $5.25@5.85; fair to good, do, $4.85@5.10; stock heifers, $4.25@4.50; best feeding steers, dehorned, $5.25@5.50; common feeding steers, $4@4.25; stockers all grades, $4@4.25; prime export bulls, $6.25@6.75; best butcher bulls, $5.25@5.75; bologna bulls, $4.50@5; stock bulls, $3.75@4.75; best milkers and springers, $50@65; common to good do, $25@40.

Hogs—Strong; heavy, $8.25; yorkers, $8.10; pigs, $7.

Sheep—Strong; top lambs, $9.25; yearlings, $6.75@7.50; wethers, $6.75@7; ewes, $5.75@6.25.

Calves—$5@9.

GRAIN, ETC.

Wheat—Cash and May No. 2 red, $1.20; July opened with an advance of 1-2c at $1.19 1-2, moved up to $1.20 and declined to $1.19 3-4; September opened at $1.19 1-2, advanced to $1.20 and declined to $1.19 1-2 asked; No. 1 white, $1.18.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 81c; No. 2 yellow, 85 1-2c; No. 3 yellow, 83c asked.

Oats—Standard, 2 cars at 62c, 2 at 61 3-4c; No. 3 white, 61 1-4c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 96c.

Beans—Immediate, prompt and May shipment, $2.60; June, $2.62; July, $2.65; October, $2.25.

Cloverseed—Prime spot, 20 bags at $12.50; October, 100 bags at $10.50; sample, 9 bags at $11.50; prime alsike, $11.50; sample alsike, 8 bags at $11.

Flour—In one-eighth paper sacks, per 196 pounds, jobbing lots: Best patent, $5; second patent, $4.75; straight, $4.40; spring patent, $5; rye, $5.20.

Feed—In jobbing lots in 100-lb sacks: Bran, $20; coarse middlings, $30; fine middlings, $32; corn and oat chop, $32; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $33 per ton.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Steadiness seems to be the principal feature in all departments of the market at present. The best that can be said for butter is that it is steady. Eggs are in liberal receipt, but the demand keeps the market cleaned up, and prices were advanced a half cent yesterday. Veal, calves and live poultry are in very moderate supply, and while the former take some pushing at times the market cleans up regularly at steady prices. Old potatoes are firm. Outside markets are showing a tendency upward, but prices here are called steady. Receipts of strawberries are increasing, but the quality is not yet of the best and street peddlers are the best buyers.

Butter—Extra creamery, 30c; first creamery, 29c; dairy, 22c; packing, 21c per lb. Eggs—Receipts, 17 1/2 cases; current receipts, cases included, 18 1-2c per doz.

Apples—Baldwin, $4@4.50; steel reds, $6@6.50; Ben Davis, $3@3.50 per bbl.

Strawberries—24-pint cases, $1.75@2; 24-quart cases, $3.50@3.75.

Potatoes—Car lots, bulk, $1.15; sacks, $1.20 per bu.

New cabbages—$2@2.50.

Dressed Calves—Ordinary, 8@9c; fancy, 10@11c per lb.

Honey—Choice fancy comb, 15@16c per lb; amber, 12@12c.

Live Poultry—Spring chickens, 15 1-2@16c; hens, 15 1-2@16c; ducks, 14c; young ducks, 15@16c; geese, 11@12c; turkeys, 16@18c.

Vegetables—Beets, 50c per bu; carrots, $1.40 per doz; cucumbers, hothouse, $1; celery, 50@60c per doz; Florida celery, $2; green onions, 12 1-2c per doz; turnips, 60c per bu; watercress 20@30c per doz; green beans, $3@3.50; rutabagas, 75@90c per bu; parsnips, $1.75 per bu; spinach, $1.25; wax beans, $3@3.50 per bu; green peas, $2@2.50 per bu.

Provisions—Family pork, $20@21; mess pork, $19.50; clear backs, $19.50@20.50; smoked hams, 14 1-2@15 1-2c; briskets, 11 1-2@12 1-2c; lard in tierces, 11 3-4c; kettle rendered lard, 12 1-2c per lb.

Hay—Carlot prices, track, Detroit: No. 1 timothy, $27@27.50; No. 2 timothy, $25@25.50; light mixed, $26@26.50; No. 1 mixed, $24@24.50; rye straw, $12.50@13; wheat and oat straw, $10.50@11 per ton.

Vincent Astor, who, by his father's will, becomes the head of the Astor family, will return to Harvard college in June to take his examinations.

Partly paralyzed and almost blind, Lieut.-Gen. Homer Lea, the American adventurer who realized boyhood plans by becoming one of the leading spirits of the Chinese revolution, arrived in San Francisco from China on the liner Shinyo Maru. He was accompanied by his wife and a personal representative of Dr. Sun Let Sen. Gen. Lea was carried from his stateroom to a carriage on a stretcher.

CLOSING IN ON FLEEING REBELS

MADERO'S FORCES PUSH REBELS NORTHWARD; MANY BODIES STREW THE HILLS.

GEN. OROZCO CONCENTRATING FOR LAST STAND.

Only Orozco's Generalship Saved Rebels From Complete Disaster in Recent Fighting.

Only Gen. Orozco's generalship has saved the rebels from complete disaster in the battle of Condios, the most severe engagement in the second rebellion, but they have suffered a crushing defeat. Nine hundred have been killed and wounded in the fighting, which started Sunday at daybreak with the insurgents in full base of operations, and with Gen. Huerta, commander of the federal army in pursuit.

The insurgent army, divided in three columns, numbering over 4,000 men, and every inch of lost ground was contested stubbornly. Bridges were burned by the retreating rear guard to delay the advance of Gen. Huerta's troops.

The federals, under Gen. Tellez, and the remnants of Gen. Aubert's shattered command slept on their arms and were in motion before dawn, pushing steadily northward. They had been ordered to hang to the rebel flanks under Gens. Gampa and Campos, which had deployed southwest and northeast of the central column to prevent a surrounding movement by the federals.

The federal army numbered several hundred less than 5,000 men when the operations were begun and they had the advantage in armament as well as having captured a practically all the artillery of the rebel batteries.

General Pension Bill Passed.

The house 173 to 57 accepted conference report on the dollar-a-day pension bill. The period of enlistment for beneficiaries under the new law was fixed at 90 days in both the civil and Mexican wars. The measure will cost the government about $27,000,000 annually.

The bill now goes to President Taft. His advisers think he will sign it. Under the constitution, the president has 10 days in which to act. If he does not sign it within that time it becomes a law.

Hibben Now Heads Princeton.

Before a brilliant assemblage of Princeton alumni, undergraduates, trustees and faculty and many thousand guests and representatives from other institutions throughout the country, John Grier Hibben, the fourteenth president of Princeton university, was formally inducted into office.

Gomez "Beat It" for San Antonio, Tex.

Emilio Vasquez Gomez, "provisional president" of Mexico, has quit his "capitol" in Juarez. Francisco Pradillo, who imported him, said that he was hiding in that city. Other rebel officials said Gomez had "beat it" for San Antonio. Pradillo admitted that Gomez had gone to Texas.

Township Refuses to Harbor Leper.

The Hampton township board has flatly refused to consider a proposition from the Bay City health authorities to permit 10 acres of the county poor farm in that township to be set aside for the use of Herman Herchfield, leper, who is now at Centerville, Iowa.

It was proposed to isolate Herchfield at this place.

Grant's Tomb Collapsing.

Reports that the foundations of Grant's tomb, on Riverside Drive, New York, have been undermined by water and that the magnificent mausoleum is in danger of collapse, are to be thoroughly investigated by an official commission, consisting of the chief engineer of the New York park department, Edward Miller and John H. Duncan, architect of the tomb.

Against Parole of Frank Ashley.

Leaders of Detroit thinking men, are apparently of one mind on the proposal to parole Frank Ashley, sentenced to prison for life for the murder of James Magee, in Detroit, 16 years ago. All those interviewed denounced the plan as a crime against society.

Mrs. Frances Dewey Convicted.

It took the jury just one hour in Ann Arbor to bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree in the trial of Mary Frances Dewey, known as Wildsmith, charged with the murder last February of her 11-months-old adopted child.

According to reports received by the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, Rome is practically free from smallpox.

A meeting has been called to arrange for the celebration of 100 years of peace between Canada and the United States. The meeting will take place in Ottawa June 4.

Incensed at a statement coming from certain ministers in Grand Rapids that there is vice in the county jail, Sheriff Hurley has placed the matter in the hands of an attorney, who has advised that suit be brought of it can be shown who is back of the information.

Although she has just received a check for $1,890,000 bequeathed to her by the late John S. Kennedy, the New York banker, Miss Charlotte S. Baker has no intention of giving up her position as teacher in a school for girls on East Fifty-Fifth street, New York. She intends to go on with her work exactly as in the past.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1912.

No girl is quite so eager to find the first freckle of the season as the first dandelion.

Sowing seeds of kindness is all right, and sowing grass seed is also good.

Polar exploration may be a pleasant pastime, but the average man prefers beef to dog meat.

Reports that the peach crop has been destroyed must have been delayed in transmission.

How time does fly! The Philadelphia Press has an editorial on "The Simple Graduation Gown."

Any householder can get his muscles ready for lawn mower operation by raking up around the place.

Almost time to dig up and polish the ancient jests about the highbinder who runs the summer hotel.

To a street car conductor the real progressive is the man who moves up in front when he is told to do so.

A New York woman found a chunk of dynamite in her coal, thus reducing her visible supply by one lump.

A liner has arrived in Boston with 8,200 tons of Irish potatoes, but think of the rejoicing if they had been beans.

A Yale student has deserted the forestry class to marry an actress. However she may yet send him back to the woods.

A New York court has ruled that it is libelous to call a man "a dead one." In other words, speak only good of the living dead.

Teachers in a Switzerland town are considered too old to teach at thirty. This age limit makes the Osler one quite antediluvian.

Still, if the hobble skirt should assist in ushering in the era of the low street car step it might rank as a blessing in disguise.

A New York woman says that mothers should teach their daughters to flirt. What a cheerless girlhood that woman must have had!

Someone puts forth the theory that the operation for appendicitis removes a man's temper. He certainly loses it when the bill comes in.

The feet of the Chinese women will never be bound again. This time they have put their feet down good and hard, once and for all.

The newly discovered deposit of iron ore in Pennsylvania is said to be a "mother lode." Father's load was discovered by him long ago.

The Cleveland youth who drew pay from one firm under thirty-five different names would be a valuable political asset in a close election.

A scientific experimenter is seeking a way of making aerial travel safe. There seems to be at present but one recipe for that fact: Don't go up.

A beautiful young actress has hidden herself because she received threatening letters. At the proper moment her press agent will proceed to find her.

Little boy, work hard, study well, be good, and you may grow up to be important enough to be selected to pitch the first ball at the opening game of the season.

Baseball results are as well worth worrying about as most other troubles.

The legislator who proposes to make it unnecessary for women to tell how old they are when they have business in the courts makes it appear that chivalry has not become obsolete.

Chicago now has an all night theater. It is being largely patronized by those who are afraid to go home either through fear of being held up on the way or being detected tiptoeing upstairs.

Marion, Ohio, reports that a baby weighing only one pound was born there the other day. Unfortunately it was a boy. Otherwise it might have grown up to lead some strong man around by the ear.

Des Moines policemen have been ordered to take inebriated citizens to their homes instead of to jail. No longer will they be able to fall back on the old excuse that they were afraid to go home in the dark.

In Los Angeles a course in manners has been made a part of the curriculum of the high school. We suppose Los Angeles boys and girls are being taught to give their seats in street cars to tired old people, even if they do not happen to wear jewelry.

Chinese officials of the new government have not only cut off their queues, but some of them have also taken to wearing high silk hats. Could the triumph of the Occident over the Orient be more fitly illustrated than by this capping of the climax?

Edison has completed an invention which makes it possible to have moving pictures at home. About the only thing that cannot be had at home now is home life.

A decision by a Yonkers judge has established the principle that a woodpecker has a natural and inalienable right to ply its regular vocation at 4 a. m., no matter how many people it rouses from their slumbers. But the judge may have been prejudiced against the irate millionaire who made the complaint.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

THE happiest thing,
The freest thing
That man may hope to see,
Is a sunbonnet mite,
Of a country child
In the top
Of an apple tree.
—Mary Dawson.

TIPS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

When washing lace curtains, put them to soak in cold water over night. Change the water several times in the morning, then put on to boil in clean cold water with borax, a teaspoonful to a quart; boil 15 minutes; then rinse in several waters until perfectly clean. Never wring curtains in the hands, as they are easily torn.

Rinse out silk stockings in soapsuds before wearing them, and after each wearing; they will last much longer. Cold water and naphtha soap should be used.

Dip cheese and plum pudding in paraffine and it will keep moist indefinitely.

Use a garden trowel for packing ice and salt in the ice cream freezer.

Instead of sewing up a stuffed fowl use tooth picks, and lace the string back and forth; the tooth picks and string may be easily removed without tearing the fowl.

Wet the edge of the lower crust of pastry when putting in fruit in a pie. It keeps the juices from escaping.

Beets dropped in cold water after boiling may be easily peeled; the skins slip off with a touch.

A tablespoonful of coffee to a gravy will add color when the sauce lacks the caramel color.

Put your azaleas, buried in the ground in their pots in the sun, watering every night all summer and in the winter you will be rewarded with plenty of blooms.

Rub soap into the nails when working in the garden and when the hands are washed there will be no stained nails.

Thread in a box or basket often causes much trouble by unwinding. Wrap the thread once around the spool and then under itself and it will not unroll, but can be used from the spool.

Thread to be used in making buttonholes should be 20 sizes coarser than that used in making the garment. For example, if 80 thread is used for the garment, 60 should be used for the buttonholes.

ONE deed may mar a life,
And one may make it;
Hold firm thy will for strife,
Lest a quick blow break it.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

LEFT-OVER WHITES OR YOLKS OF EGGS.

If eggs are washed in cold water before breaking, the shells are ready for clearing soup, jelly or coffee.

If out of salad dressing, take equal quantities of beaten egg yolks and mild vinegar; cook together until thick, fold in a beaten white or two and set away in a cool place for salad dressing. Add any desired seasoning to a portion, and with a little whipped cream an ideal salad dressing may always be had.

Little Gold Cakes.—Cream a tablespoonful of butter, add a half a cup of sugar and the beaten yolks of four eggs; beat hard. Dissolve an eighth of a teaspoonful of soda in a very little hot water; add a fourth of a cup of sour cream, a bit of salt and nutmeg. Bake in small tins. Frost when cold, and place a candied cherry on top of each.

Scrambled Eggs.—Prepare crisp dry toast. Beat the yolks of three eggs and a whole egg lightly; add two tablespoonfuls of bacon cut in bits and a half cup of milk. Melt a half tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, add the egg mixture and cook lightly. Dip toast in hot milk. Lay on a platter and pour over the scrambled eggs.

Apple and Ginger Fluff.—For a half cup of left-over whites use two-thirds of a cup of sifted apple, one-fourth of a cup of powdered sugar, a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of crystalized ginger cut fine. Take baked apples or apple sauce, put through a strainer. Beat eggs very stiff, add salt, ginger, sugar and a little apple at a time, beating very hard. Pile in a glass dish and put in a cool place until ready to serve.

HOW much there is in this world that I do not want.
—Socrates.

All that a man hath will he give for his life.

Oh, cheese it is a surly elf,
Digesting all things but itself.

WAYS OF SERVING TOMATOES.

There is no more delicious fruit-vegetable, if it may be so called, than the tomato. Sliced after peeling, the rich coral rounds may be dressed with any favored salad dressing, or to many cream and sugar vies in honor of place with peaches and cream.

Tomatoes are served with rice, macaroni, as escalloped dishes with crumbs they are delicious baked, stuffed or fried.

Fried Tomatoes.—Cut smooth, solid tomatoes in quarter inch slices. Dry each slice and roll in crumbs, dust with salt and pepper. Beat an egg, add to it a tablespoonful of boiling water. Have a hot frying pan with drippings; dip each slice in crumbs, then in egg, put into the hot fat and fry brown on each side.

Tomato Hash.—Chop cold meat fine, season with butter, salt and pepper; put in a baking dish and pour over cooked tomatoes that have been well seasoned. Add a little butter and sugar if liked, not omitting a flavoring of onion juice. Brown in the oven and serve hot.

Tomato Mayonnaise.—This sauce is delicious and goes well with broiled fish, cold meats and vegetables. Stew half a pint of tomatoes, soften one teaspoonful of gelatine in a teaspoonful of cold water, add to the hot tomato, stir well and rub through a sieve. Let cool, beating occasionally, then add a half pint of mayonnaise. It gives the sauce a beautiful pink color; heaped in cucumber cups or green pepper cups and served with fish or cutlets it decorates a dish effectively and is pleasing to the palate as well.

Tomato Farci.—Cut four tomatoes in halves, place in a frying pan in hot fat, the cut side down; cook until tender, then lift and carefully place in a baking dish. Pour over a little olive oil, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, one of parsley, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a dusting of cayenne. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes and serve in the same dish.

WHEN we shall build our house "Its walls shall be the quiet background for the loveliness of life, hung over with the few records of our own and other's growth made in the playtime of art; its furnishings the product of that art's more serious hours; its implements from kitchen ware to dressing table touched by the sane and hallowing hand of purpose and taste.
—William L. Price.

LEFT-OVER CAKE.

Ways of using left-over cake are well to keep in mind, as often a few pieces of cake combined with other things will make a most palatable dessert.

Peach canape is one pretty dessert. Cut rounds of stale sponge cake, lay on each a half of a peach, pour over a little of the juice and heap on a tablespoonful of sweetened whipped cream.

Trifle.—Cut stale cake in slices and spread preserves between them. Lay in a deep dish and heap whipped cream over the slices. Garnish with a few berries.

Sponge Cake Porcupine.—Cut large squares of stale sponge cake, place in a pudding dish, moistened with sweetened orange juice. Blanch a few almonds and press them, sharp end up, into the cake. Pour over a soft custard and chill before serving.

Mock Plum Pudding.—Soften two cups of stale cake crumbs in a quarter of a cup of hot milk. If the crumbs are dry they may need more. Add to the softened crumbs a well-beaten egg, a half cup of sugar, a fourth cup of molasses, a fourth cup of stewed, chopped prunes, three-fourths of a cup of raisins, two teaspoonfuls of mixed spices, a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, a half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and a fourth of a cup of flour. Bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve with an egg sauce. Separate the yolks from the whites of two eggs, beat well, add a fourth of a cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla to the yolks, then fold in the whites. Serve at once.

Berry Whip.—Fill a dish half full of stale sponge cake. Sugar a quart of berries, mash them slightly and pour over the cake. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat in enough berries to color and flavor.

Heap on the dish and serve with cream.

A delicious dessert may be prepared with sponge cake over which is poured a soft custard flavored strongly with coffee.

Blanc Mange.—Scald a pint of milk, add five tablespoonfuls of cornstarch blended with a little cold milk; cook for ten minutes. Add a tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and fold into the cornstarch mixture. Mold and serve cold with sugar and cream.

Nellie Maxwell.

Malvina's Pleasures.

"Look-a-here, Malvina!" cried the old man, shaking a horny finger at the bills the rural free-delivery carrier had left, "mustard plasters from Joslin's, 50c; six teeth pulled at Dr. Dr. Pollard's $3! There's $3.50 in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think, woman, I'm made of money?"—Hampton's Magazine.

Box Was Fastened.

Lieutenant John Corrigan had the sidewalk on the Washington street side of D. Sommers & Co.'s store roped off Sunday, because he feared the wind would blow a big, heavy box off a scaffold that had been left by painters Saturday evening three stories up the side of the structure. The box, evidently a tool chest, was more than half way over the edge of the scaffold, and the lieutenant thanked fortune he had seen it before the wind got a free sweep and sent it over. He put up ropes to keep pedestrians from under and ran for a telephone. "Naw that's all right," said a sleepy voice to the officer over the phone. "That box is nailed down to the scaffold. It won't fall—we made the scaffold fast last night." The lieutenant went back and removed his ropes.—Indianapolis News.

Its Nature.

"Some people seem to regard local option with a tigerish rage."

"Yes—blind-tigerish."

GOOD MANAGEMENT OF EWES IS OF GREATEST IMPORTANCE

Exposure to Cold and Lack of Milk Causes Estimated Loss of 35 to 40 Per Cent of Lambs—Shelter Must be Provided on High, Well Drained Land—Feeding Hastens Growth.



An Excellent Breeding Ewe.

(By J. M. BELL.)

The chief losses to the flock during the lambing season are from cold and exposure and from lack of milk. The first cause can be remedied by proper shelter and the latter by adequate and nutritious food for the ewes at this critical season.

It may safely be estimated that from 35 to 40 per cent. of the loss of lambs occurs from the above causes. To remedy them to a great extent is in the reach of the sheepman.

Regarding the question of proper shelter, the farmer must have his built on high, well-drained land; must have it well protected on the north east and west, and must be particular to give his flock sufficient room for a damp, over-crowded shelter is almost, or just as bad, as none at all, and the losses of lambs will be nearly as heavy as where the flock are not housed, but left to shift for themselves.

Where sheep are crowded in this way the ewes will drop their lambs outside of the shelter, and when this occurs in cold weather the little fellows die of cold and exposure before they are strong enough to suck.

Too many have the idea that the wool of the sheep provides all the protection needed. In reality, sheep are about the most tender of the various kinds of stock, and were it not for the liberal protection provided by Nature more protection would be necessary than for any other stock; hence the ewes should have comfortable quarters—warm, but not too close—and liberally supplied with clean, dry bedding to prevent dampness and to insure cleanliness.

Confine the sheep every night, especially if the weather is disagreeable, and when the lambs begin to arrive keep the ewes that have dropped lambs separate from the flock.

Build a dog-proof fence around the sheep yard, and under the shed partition off a place for the young lambs to go in. Have a trough for them and by the time they are two weeks old they will eat cracked corn and oats.

This feeding will hasten rapid growth and at the same time will make them more independent of their dams. Good feeding troughs should also be provided for the ewes.

This brings us to the all-important subject of what sort of a ration the ewes should have just before and after lambing time; in fact, until spring grass comes.

Just here let us take the case of a sheep owner whose loss of both lambs and ewes was very heavy during last winter and spring. The loss of ewes was 25 per cent.; that of lambs 37 per cent. Before lambing the flock was fed cut fodder and timothy hay; after lambing their ration was bran and cut fodder, no succulent food, or food that contained enough protein to produce the amount of milk necessary for the lamb after it was born.

The man said: "If I had had 500 bushels of turnips I should have saved my sheep and lambs also."

It is a great mistake to feed sheep merely timothy hay or corn fodder before and after lambing time. Many of the heaviest losses can be prevented if care is given to the ration, as it is an exceptional case where a ewe has not sufficient milk to at least keep her lamb alive if she has been properly fed a month before lambing.

The feed need not be expensive, nor necessarily succulent, although that is a great advantage; but it should be rich in protein, palatable, digestible and given in liberal amounts, and at regular intervals, twice a day.

Clover, cow peas or soy bean hay, corn silage, turnips, sugar beets, and some well cured (not moldy) corn fodder may constitute the greater portion of the bulky ration, together with a grain ration of corn, oats, bran, and a small percentage of linseed oil meal or cotton seed meal.

It is best to mix these grains together, but if any are to be fed alone let it be oats.

Corn alone will prove unsatisfactory, as it has a tendency to weaken the lambs and lessen the flow of milk.

Be sure to have sufficient feeding room, as the danger from crowding and pushing when ewes are heavy with lamb is very great and likely to cause some cases of abortion.

In conclusion it may be said that every dead lamb or ewe means a loss of about five dollars to the owner, and it behooves him to give the best attention to his flock during the lambing season.

DAIRY PLANS OF DANISH FARMER

Great Aim Is to Keep Largest Number of Efficient Cows Possible on a Given Area.

The aim of the Danish farmer is to keep the largest number of efficient cows possible on a given area, a cow to 2½ acres or less. Enough young stock is raised to keep the herd supplied with cows.

From their feeding of oil cake and meal and the stall feeding of green crops, an immense amount of manure of fine quality is made, and with their careful methods of husbanding the solids in a covered manure pit and the liquids in a cistern, and applying in small quantities at frequent intervals during the rotation, the producing power of their land is increasing from year to year.

The price of cows is from $80 to $90. Only the best heifers are raised and with the record of the dam and the quality of the sire known, their selection is comparatively simple.

The soiling crops used are rye, oats and peas, oats and vetch and clover and grass. These are hauled to the barn and fed green, or pastured off by tethering the cows along the edge.

In the cool European countries the soiling season of the crop is much longer. The cows are seldom turned to pasture in Denmark, but tethered by means of a halter on the head and a rope or chain twelve to twenty feet long, which is attached to a ten-inch pin driven into the ground.

Water is hauled twice a day to the tethered cows. Many small dairymen take the cows to the stable to be milked three times a day.

The cows are moved five times a day from three to six feet depending upon the amount of feed.

Thus the crops are grazed off even when two or three feet high without waste from tramping. This is the Dane's chief point of economy in the summer feed.

Practically no grain is fed while the cows are on grass. A few dairymen feed a little oil cake to their best milkers.

They are stabled all winter, fed all the straw they will eat and on the average of four pounds of hay, 40 to 100 pounds of roots and about six pounds of grain per day, consisting of oil cake, bran, barley and oats.

EXCELLENT USE FOR FRESH BONES

Best Plan Is to Run Them Through Cutter for the Poultry or Sell Them to the Local Dealer.

For fresh bones the best use is to run them through a bone cutter for the poultry or sell them to the local dealer for the same purpose. Sometimes there appears no market or use for old bones, and with these the following plans may be tried. The result will still be rather coarse, but good for vines and trees. Bones and fresh wood ashes are placed in alternate layers, making the first and last layer of ashes, until the barrel is full. The whole is kept slightly moist. After three or four months the mass may be turned over once a month for three months, when it will be ready for use. Another method is to mix them with a quarter of their weight of clay, keeping the whole moist with urine or stable liquor for three or four months.

A third method is to place the bones in the barrel with a layer of soil at the bottom, and drench them with a hot solution of lye, mixed in the proportion of one pound of potash lye to four pounds bones. This should be covered with soil and stirred occasionally for four or five weeks. The moisture may then be turned out to dry.

Grading Up a Herd.

If the milk of the entire herd is rather low in butter fat, a sire from a strain having a good record for butter-fat production should be secured. Careful breeding is the only effective method of raising the average richness of herd milk. The process is somewhat slow, but, if promptly begun, very encouraging results can be realized after the second year. Each successive year will add to the value of the herd and to the satisfaction of the owner.

Training Tomatoes.

To insure nice, smooth fruit, tomatoes must be grown on stakes.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR MAY 19.

THE OLD LAW AND THE NEW LIFE.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 5:17-26.

GOLDEN TEXT—"He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law."—Rom. 13:8.

If there is any one thing we as Americans delight in, it is in enacting laws. We seem to have an insane idea that all the ills of human life can be cured by legislation. There seems to be a correspondingly greater carelessness in the matter of law enforcement. Jesus did not found his kingdom upon a multiplied number of "Thou shalt not's," of merely negative enactments. He took the old Divine law and "fulfilled" i. e., filled it full with life. He put purpose, life and vitality into that law. He transformed it from an outward formal observance to an inward heart motive. At the outset of this lesson Jesus not only says that he will obey the law of Moses and the admonitions of the prophets, but that those same principles shall apply in the hearts of the citizens of his new kingdom. That moral order which is in accordance with the Divine standard is still to be observed. Christianity gives no license to its followers. The righteousness which is of Christ does not lessen our moral obligations. Jesus says that not the least "jot or tittle," the smallest part of a Hebrew letter, the "dotting of an I or the crossing of a T" shall be set aside. They must all be realized in the lives of his followers.

Responsible for Teachings.

In order to emphasize this still further, he tells those whom he calls and appoints to his service that they shall be held responsible for what they teach, as well as what they practice, with regards these commands. To teach men to break one of the very least is to become least in his new kingdom. To obey and to teach others to obey is to become great in this new kingdom. Such is the importance he places upon the Old Testament teachings and his statement as to its authors. Let us beware reading into his words any meaning that shall set aside this portion of Holy Writ, or that shall suggest any question as to their accepted authorship or authority. But Jesus was also aware of the danger of outward obedience or mere perfunctory fulfilment of that law together with the myriads of traditions that had grown up with it. Hence it is that he so specifically warns his followers that their righteousness, i. e., right relations, must exceed that of the Pharisees whose loyalty to the law and to tradition is so famous. His followers must keep not only the form but the spirit also, and so he goes on to illustrate. Beginning with an old commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," he shows us that the outward final act of murder is but an outgrowth of the spirit of a man's heart, hence he who hates his brother man is in danger of, i. e., already in the power of, those forces that in their culmination will bring him before the tribunal. Anger, contempt, condemnation ("thou fool") all of these are unrighteous, they are criminal, and the sentence of death already rests upon him who will not repent of these things. Nothing more clearly reveals the state of our hearts than the way we speak to or about others, whether our speech be full of love or hate, selfishness or generosity. The difference between the one who hates and he who kills is only accidental and not essential.

"In danger of hell." Jesus clearly indicates in all of his teaching a future state of punishment as well as one of bliss, and granting that these words are only symbolical, of which we are not convinced, we must pray to be delivered from the reality. These words are of the merest nonsense if they be not true, and certainly we cannot accuse Jesus of jesting nor suggest him to be a fool (lacking in knowledge) as he speaks upon so serious a subject. When we speak contemptuously or flippantly upon the subject of hell we are reflecting upon the wisdom and knowledge of Jesus.

Jesus' Philosophy Simple.

"Rememberest thy brother hath aught against thee." The philosophy of Jesus is perfectly simple. If anger is criminal then he who is guilty must of necessity become reconciled to that one whom he has offended. Not merely that we are to forgive those who have wronged us, for that is not such a hard matter. But we must get right with our brother who has aught against us before our gifts will be acceptable unto God. Some one has said, "it is far easier to give up a coin than to give up a quarrel. It is easier to lay down a generous offering than to lay down a grudge." This requires haste, we must agree with our adversary quickly or else he will turn upon us and presenting his righteous cause before the tribunal bring upon us a judgment for our anger, our censoriousness, or our condemnation. Once thus brought before the judge, be it an earthly, tribunal, public opinion, or a loving God, our opportunity is past and we shall be obliged to pay to the uttermost, even so small a part as a farthing—about two-fifths of a cent. Of course we know the difference between a man having a grudge against us and his having just cause or claim against us. We cannot control the hearts of others, but we can set all just causes or claims aright and then forgiving his grudge even seventy times seven we shall find our offering not only acceptable in God's sight, but a sweet smelling savour as well.

It is because of a lack of adjustment right here that so many of our prayers are not answered. We must settle these just claims sometime; let us do it "quickly."

Some people impress us as being too polite to get all that's coming to them.

Garfield Tea is unequalled either as an occasional or a daily laxative.

Innuendo.

"What's Cholly so angry about?"

"Oh, some rude girl asked him if he was a suffragette."

A Candid Man.

"Are you looking for work?"

"No, sir; I'm looking for money, but I'm willing to work because that's the only way I can get it."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

We Can and We Do.

"It has been demonstrated that we can have plays without words."

"Yes. Also that we can have plays without actors."

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile.

His Opportunity.

"Going to Wombat's wedding, over on the north side?"

"Not I. I was engaged to that girl. Wombat cut me out."

"Well, come to the wedding. You may get a chance to biff him in the jaw with an old shoe."

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Calculation.

"Going to make garden?"

"I dunno," replied the man who always looks discouraged. "I'm busy now figuring up how many tons of lettuce I'll have to raise to pay for the spade and the rake and the rest of the outfit."

Paxtine Antiseptic sprayed into the nasal passages is a surprisingly successful remedy for catarrh. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

The One Sure Thing.

"We can always be sure of one thing," said the wise man.

"What is that?" asked the foolish one.

"That we are never sure of anything."

Safer Plan.

"I let my house furnished, and they've had measles there. Of course, we've had the place disinfected, so I suppose it's quite safe. What do you think?"

"I fancy it would be all right, dear; but I think perhaps it would be safer to lend it to a friend first."—Punch.

Surgeon in Ancient Times.

High honorariums were paid surgeons in ancient times. When Darius, the son of Hystaspes, sprained his foot Damocedes was called in, another surgeon of renown having failed to effect a cure. Damocedes was successful, and the king took him to his harem and introduced the doctor to the ladies of the court. The ladies filled a vase of gold with money and precious pearls, which a eunuch was ordered to carry to the doctor. The eunuch let fall the vase, and the careful historian tells us that slaves gathered up the pearls.

They Saved His Life.

Does it pay to stop your motor car after an accident and go back to see what has happened? Two young motorists on the south side believe it does.

With a green chauffeur these two boys were trying out a new model touring car. They were sitting in the back seat when the greenhorn at the steering wheel gave it a twist and came within an ace of hitting an old man at a crossing. The victim was so shocked that he fell to the pavement, and a crowd gathered in an instant.

Looking back, the motorists decided that things looked bad, but that they had better go back and see whether the old party was killed. Finding him all right, but winded, they took him for a nice ride around the parks. So pleasant did they make it for him that when they took him home to his wife he introduced them as "The two young men who saved my life."

They are now thinking of applying for Carnegie medals.

KNOWS NOW

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case For a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day. (Tea contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee—and is just as harmful as coffee.)

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee, which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone.

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color.

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, in fact I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young





SYNOPSIS.

Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspoiled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland. James Armstrong, Maitland's protege, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"It was four years an' nine months exactly, Bob," drawled old Kirkby, who well knew what was coming.

"Yes, I dare say you are right. I was up at Evergreen at the time looking after timber interests, when a mule came wandering into the camp, saddle and pack still on his back."

"I knowed that there mule," said Kirkby, "I'd sold it to a feller named Newbold, that had come out yere an' married Louise Rosser, old man Rosser's daughter, an' him dead, an' bein' an' orphan an' this feller bein' a fine young man from the east, not a bit of a tenderfoot nuther, a minin' engineer he called hisself."



"Read the Letters," He Said.

"Well, I happened to be there, too, you remember," continued Maitland, "and they made up a party to go and hunt up the man, thinking something might have happened."

"You see," explained Kirkby, "we was all mighty fond of Louise Rosser. the hull camp was actin' like a father to her at the time, so long 's she hadn't nobody else; we was all at the weddin', too, some six months afore. The gal married him on her own hook, of course nobody makin' her, but somehow she didn't seem none too happy, although Newbold, who was a perfect gent, treated her white as far as we knowed."

The old man stopped again and resumed his pipe.

"Kirkby, you tell the story," said Maitland.

"Not me," said Kirkby. "I have seen men shot afore for takin' words out 'n other men's mouths an' I ain't never done that yit."

"You always were one of the most silent men I ever saw," laughed George. "Why, that day Pete yere got shot accidental an' had his whole breast tore out w'en we was lumbering over on Black mountain, all you said was, 'Wash him off, put some axle grease on him an' tie him up.'"

"That's so," answered Pete, "an' there must have been somethin' powerful soothin' in that axle grease, for here I am safe an' sound to this day."

"It takes an old man," assented Kirkby, "to know when to keep his mouth shet. I learned it at the muzzle of a gun."

"I never knew before," laughed Maitland, "how still a man you can be. Well, to resume the story, having nothing to do I went out with the posse the sheriff gathered up—"

"Him not thinkin' there had been any foul play," ejaculated the old man.

"No, certainly not."

"Well, what happened, Uncle Bob?" inquired Enid.

"Just you wait," said young Bob, who had heard the story. "This is an awful good story, Cousin Enid."

"I can't wait much longer," returned the girl. "Please go on."

"Two days after we left the camp, we came across an awful figure, ragged, blood stained, wasted to a skeleton, starved—"

"I have seed men in extreme cases afore," interposed Kirkby, "but never done like him."

"Nor I," continued Maitland.

"Was it Newbold?" asked Enid.

"Yes."

"And what had happened to him?"

"He and his wife had been prospecting in these very mountains; she had fallen over a cliff and broken herself so terribly that Newbold had to shoot her."

"What!" exclaimed Bradshaw. "You don't mean that he actually killed her?"

"That's what he done," answered old Kirkby.

"Poor man," murmured Enid.

"But why?" asked Philips.

"They were five days away from a settlement, there wasn't a human being within a hundred and fifty miles of them, not even an Indian," continued Maitland. "She was so frightfully broken and mangled that he couldn't carry her away."

"But why couldn't he leave her and go for help?" asked Bradshaw.

"The wolves, the bears, or the vultures would have got her. These woods and mountains were full of them then and there are some of them left now I guess."

The two little girls crept closer to their big cousin, each casting anxious glances beyond the fire light.

"Oh, you're all right, little gals," said Kirkby reassuringly, "they wouldn't come nigh us while this fire is burnin' an' they 've been pretty well hunted out I guess; 'sides there's men yere who'd like nothin' better'n drawin' a bead on a big b'ar."

"And so," continued Maitland, "when she begged him to shoot her, to put her out of her misery, he did so and then he started back to the settlement to tell his story and stumbled on us looking after him."

"What happened then?"

"I went back to the camp," said Maitland. "We loaded Newbold on a mule and took him with us; he was so crazy he didn't know what was happening; he went over the shooting again and again in his delirium. It was awful."

"Did he die?"

"I don't think so," was the answer, "but really I know nothing further about him. There were some good women in that camp; we put him in their hands and I left shortly afterwards."

"I kin tell the rest," said old Kirkby. "Knowin' more about the mountains than most people hereabouts I led the men that didn't go back with Bob an' Newbold to the place w'ere he said his woman fell, an' there we found her, her body leastways."

"But the wolves?" queried the girl.

"He'd drug her into a kind of a holler and piled rocks over her. He'd gone down into the canon, w'ich was something frightful, an' then climbed up to w'ere she'd lodged. We had plenty of rope, havin' brought it along a purpose, an' we let ourselves down to the shelf where she was a lyin'. We wrapped her body up in blankets an' roped it an' finally drug her up on the old Injun trail, leastways I suppose it was made afore there was any Injuns, an' brought her back to Evergreen camp, w'ich the only thing about it that was green was the swing doors on the saloon. We got a parson out from Denver an' give her a Christian burial."

"Is that all?" asked Enid as the old man paused again.

"Nope."

"Oh, the man?" exclaimed the woman with quick intuition.

"He recovered his senses so they told us, an' we'en we got back he'd gone."

"Where?" was the instant question.

Old Kirkby stretched out his hands.

"Don't ax me," he said, "he'd jest gone. I ain't never seed or heerd of him sence. Poor little Louise Rosser, she did have a hard time."

"Yes," said Enid, "but I think the man had a harder time than she. He loved her?"

"It looked like it," answered Kirkby.

"If you had seen him, his remorse, his anguish, his horror," said Maitland, "you wouldn't have had any doubt about it. But it is getting late. In the mountains everybody gets up at daybreak. Your sleeping bags are in the tents, ladies; time to go to bed."

As the party broke up, old Kirkby rose slowly to his feet; he looked meaningly toward the young woman, upon whom the spell of the tragedy still lingered, he nodded toward the young brook, and then repeated his speaking glance at her. His meaning was patent, although no one else had seen the covert invitation.

"Come Kirkby," said the girl in quick response, "you shall be my escort. I want a drink before I turn in. No, never mind," she said, as Bradshaw and Philips both volunteered, "not this time."

The old frontiersman and the young girl strolled off together. They stopped by the brink of the rushing torrent a few yards away. The noise that it made drowned the low tones of their voices and kept the others, busy preparing to retire, from hearing what they said.

"That ain't quite all the story, Miss Enid," said the old trapper meaningly. "There was another man."

"What!" exclaimed the girl.

"Oh, there wasn't nothin' wrong with Louise Rosser, w'ich she was Louise Newbold; but there was another man; I suspected it afore, that's why she was sad. W'en we found her body I knowed it."

"I don't understand."

"These'll explain," said Kirkby. He drew out from his rough hunting coat a package of soiled letters; they were carefully enclosed in an oil skin and tied with a faded ribbon. "You see," he continued, holding them in his hand yet carefully concealing them from the people at the fire. "W'en she fell off the cliff—somehow the mule lost his footin', nobody never knowed how, leastways the mule was dead an' couldn't tell—she struck on a spur or shelf about a hundred feet below the brink; evidently she was carryin' the letters in her dress. Her bosom was frightfully tore open an' the letters was lyin' there. Newbold didn't see 'em, because he went down into the canon an' came up to the shelf, or butte head, w'ere the body was lyin', but we dropped down. I was the first man down an' I got 'em. Nobody else seein' me, an' there ain't no human eyes, not even my wife's, that's ever looked on them letters, except mine and now yourn."

"You are going to give them to me?"

"I am," said Kirkby.

"But why?"

"I want you to know the hull story."

"But why, again?"

"I rather guess them letters'll tell," answered the old man evasively, "an' I like you, and I don't want to see you throwed away."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl curiously, thrilling to the solemnity of the moment, the seriousness, the kind affection of the old frontiersman, the weird scene, the fire light, the tents gleaming ghostlike, the black wall of the canon and the tops of the mountain range broadening out beneath the stars in the clear sky where they twinkled above her head, the strange and terrible story, and now the letters in her hand, which somehow seemed to be imbued with human feeling. Kirkby patted her on the shoulder.

"Read the letters," he said; "they'll tell the story. Good night."

CHAPTER IV.

The Pool and the Water Sprite.

Long after the others in the camp had sunk into the profound slumber of weary bodies and good consciences, a solitary candle in the small tent occupied by Enid Maitland alone gave evidence that she was busy over the letters which Kirkby had handed to her.

It was a very thoughtful girl indeed who confronted the old frontiersman the next morning. At the first convenient opportunity when they were alone together she handed him the packet of letters.

"Have you read 'em?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Wall, you keep 'em," said the old man gravely. "Mebbe you'll want to read 'em agin."

"But I don't understand why you want me to have them."

"Wall, I'm not quite sure myself why, but leastways I do an'—"

"I shall be very glad to keep them," said the girl still more gravely, slipping them into one of the pockets of her hunting shirt as she spoke.

The packet was not bulky, the letters were not many nor were they of any great length. She could easily carry them on her person and in some strange and unexplicable way she was rather glad to have them. She could not, as she had said, see any personal application to herself in them, and yet in some way she did feel that the solution of the mystery would be hers some day. Especially did she think this on account of the strange but quiet open emphasis of the old hunter.

There was much to do about the camp in the morning. Horses and burros to be looked after, fire wood to be cut, plans for the day arranged, excursions laid out, mountain climbs projected. Later on unwonted hands must be taught to cast the fly for the mountain trout which filled the brook and pool, and all the varied duties, details and fascinating possibilities of camp life must be explained to the newcomers.

The first few days were days of learning and preparation, days of mishap and misadventure, of joyous laughter over blunders in getting settled, or learning the mysteries of rod and line, or becoming hardened and acclimated. The weather proved perfect; it was late October and the nights were very cold, but there was no rain and the bright sunny days were invigorating and exhilarating to the last degree. They had huge fires and plenty of blankets and the colder it was in the night the better they slept.

It was an intensely new experience for the girl from Philadelphia, but she showed a marked interest and adaptability, and entered with the keenest zest into all the opportunities of the charming days. She was a good sportswoman and she soon learned to throw a fly with the best of them. Old Kirkby took her under his especial protection and as he was one of the best rods in the mountains, she had every advantage.

She had always lived in the midst of life. Except in the privacy of her own chamber she had rarely ever been alone before—not twenty feet from a man, she thought whimsically, but here the charm of solitude attracted her, she liked to take her rod and wander off alone. She actually enjoyed it.

The main stream that flowed down the canon was fed by many affluents from the mountain sides, and in each of them voracious trout appeared. She explored them as she had opportunity, sometimes with the others, but more often by herself. She discovered charming and exquisite nooks, little stretches of grass, the size perhaps of a small room, flower decked, ferny bordered, overshadowed by tall giant pine trees, the sunlight filtering through their thin foliage, checkering the verdant carpet beneath. Huge moss covered boulders, wet with the everdashing spray of the roaring brooks, lay in midstream and with other natural stepping stones hardby invited her to cross to either shore. Waterfalls laughed musically in her ears, deep still pools tempted her skill and address.

Sometimes leaving rod and basket by the waterside, she climbed some particularly steep acclivity of the canon wall and stood poised, wind blown, a nymph of the woods, upon some pinnacle of rock rising needlelike at the canon's edge above the sea of verdure which the wind waved to and fro beneath her feet. There in the bright light, with the breeze blowing her golden hair, she looked like some Norse goddess, blue eyed, exhilirated, triumphant.

She was a perfectly formed woman on the ancient noble lines of Milo rather than the degenerate softness of Medici. She grew stronger of limb and fuller of breath, quicker and steadier of eye and hand, cooler of nerve, in these demanding, compelling adventures among the rocks in this mountain air. She was not a tall woman, indeed slightly under rather than over the medium size, but she was so perfectly proportioned, she carried herself with the fearlessness of a young chamois, that she looked taller than she was. There was not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon her, yet she had the grace of Hebe, the strength of Pallas Athene, and the swiftness of motion of Atalanta. Had she but carried bow and spear, had she worn tunic and sandals, she might have stood for Diana and she would have had no cause to blush by comparison with the finest model of Praxiteles' chisel or the most splendid and glowing example of Appelles' brush.

Uncle Robert was delighted with her; his contribution to her western outfit was a small Winchester. She displayed astonishing aptitude under his instructions and soon became wonderfully proficient with that deadly weapon and with a revolver also. There was little danger to be apprehended in the daytime among the mountains, the more experienced men thought, still it was wise for the girl always to have a weapon in readiness, so in her journeyings, either the Winchester was slung from her shoulder or carried in her hand, or else the Colt dangled at her hip. At first she took both, but finally it was with reluctance that she could be persuaded to take either. Nothing had ever happened. Save for a few birds now and then she had seemed the only tenant of the wilderness of her choice.

One night after a camping experience of nearly two weeks in the mountains and just before the time for breaking up and going back to civilization, she announced that early the next morning she was going down the canon for a day's fishing excursion.

None of the party had ever followed the little river very far, but it was known that some ten miles below the stream merged in a lovely gem-like lake in a sort of crater in the mountains. From thence by a series of water falls it descended through the foothills to the distant plains beyond. The others had arranged to climb one especially dangerous and ambition provoking peak which towered above them and which had never before been surmounted so far as they knew. Enid enjoyed mountain climbing. She liked the uplift in feeling that came from going higher and higher till some crest was gained, but on this occasion they urged her to accompany them in vain.

When the fixity of her decision was established she had a number of offers to accompany her, but declined them all, bidding the others go their way. Mrs. Maitland, who was not feeling very well, old Kirkby, who had climbed too many mountains to feel much interest in that game, and Pete the horse wrangler, who had to look after the stock, remained in camp; the others with the exception of Enid started at daybreak for their long ascent. She waited until the sun was about an hour high and then bade good-bye to the three and began the descent of the canon. Traveling light, for she was going far—farther, indeed, than she knew—she left her Winchester at home, but carried the revolver with the fishing tackle and substantial luncheon.

Now the river—a river by courtesy only—and the canon turned sharply back on themselves just beyond the little meadow where the camp was pitched. Past the tents that had been their home for this joyous period the river ran due east for a few hundred feet, after which it curved sharply, doubled back and flowed westward for several miles before it gradually swung around to the east on its proper course again.

It had been Enid's purpose to cut across the hills and strike the river where it turned eastward once more, avoiding the long detour back. In fact, she had declared her intention of doing that to Kirkby and he had given her careful directions so that she should not get lost in the mountains.

But she had plenty of time and no excuse or reason for saving it, she never tired of the charm of the canon; therefore, instead of plunging directly over the spur of the range, she followed the familiar trail and after she had passed westward far beyond the limits of the camp to the turning, she decided, in accordance with that utterly irresponsible thing, a woman's will, that she would not go down the canon that day after all, but that she would cross back over the range and strike the river a few miles above the camp and go up the canon.

She had been up in that direction a few times, but only for a short distance, as the ascent above the camp was very sharp, in fact for a little more than a mile the brook was only a succession of water fall; the best fishing was below the camp and the finest woods were deeper in the canon. She suddenly concluded that she would like to see what was up in that unexplored section of the country and so, with scarcely a momentary hesitation, she abandoned her former plan and began the ascent of the range.

Upon decisions so lightly taken what momentous consequences depend? Whether she should go up the stream or down the stream, whether she should follow the rivulet to its source or descend it to its mouth, was apparently a matter of little moment, yet her whole life turned absolutely upon that decision. The idle and unconsidered choice of the hour was fraught with gravest possibilities. Had that election been made with any suspicion, with any foreknowledge, had it come as the result of careful reasoning or far-seeing of probabilities, it might have been understandable, but an impulse, a whim, the vagrant idea of an idle hour, the careless chance of a moment, and behold! a life is changed. On one side were youth and innocence, freedom and happiness, a happy day, a good rest by the cheerful fire at night; on the other, peril of life, struggle, love, jealousy, self sacrifice, devotion, suffering, knowledge—scarcely Eve herself when she stood apple in hand with ignorance and pleasure around her and enlightenment and sorrow before her, had greater choice to make.

How fortunate we are that the future is veiled, that the psalmist's prayer that he might know his end and be certified how long he had to live is one that will not and cannot be granted; that it has been given to but One to foresee his own future, for no power apparently could enable us to stand up against what might be, because we are only human beings not sufficiently slight with the spark divine. We wait for the end because we must, but thank God we know it not until it comes.

Nothing of this appeared to the girl that bright sunny morning. Fate hid in those mountains under the guise of fancy. Lighthearted, carefree, fitted with buoyant joy over every fact of life, she left the flowing water and scaled the cliff beyond which in the wilderness she was to find after all, the world.

The ascent was longer and more difficult and dangerous than she had imagined when she first confronted it, perhaps it was typical and foretold her progress. More than once she had to stop and carefully examine the face of the canon wall for a practicable trail; more than once she had to exercise extremest care in her climb, but she was a bold and fearless mountaineer by this time and at last surmounting every difficulty she stood panting slightly, a little tired, but triumphant upon the summit.

The ground was rocky and broken, the timber line was close above her and she judged that she must be several miles from the camp. The canon was very crooked, she could see only a few hundred yards of it in any direction. She scanned her circumscribed limited horizon eagerly for the smoke from the great fire that they always kept burning in the camp, but not a sign of it was visible. She was evidently a thousand feet above the river whence she had come. Her standing ground was a rocky ridge which fell away more gently on the other side for perhaps two hundred feet toward the same brook. She could see through vistas in the trees the uptossed peaks of the main range, bare, chaotic, snow crowned, lonely, majestic, terrible.

The awe of the everlasting hills is greater than that of heaving seas. Save in the infrequent periods of calm, the latter always moves; the mountains are the same for all time. The ocean is quick, noisy, living; the mountains are calm, still—dead!

The girl stood as it were on the roof of the world, a solitary human being, so far as she knew, in the eye of God above her. Ah, but the eyes divine look long and see far; things beyond the human ken are all revealed. None of the party had ever come this far from the camp in this direction she knew. And she was glad to be the first, as she fatuously believed, to observe that majestic solitude.



The Girl Stood as It Were on the Roof of the World.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AID IS SOUGHT FOR INDIANS

Catawbas of South Carolina Have Always Been Friendly to the Whites.

In South Carolina is the earliest civilized tribe of Indians in the United States, and they are not the wards of the government. These are the Catawbas, and they number approximately 100.

State Senator W. H. Stewart, of South Carolina, is in Washington to confer with the congressional delegation of that state with the view of having these Indians placed on the same basis as all other red men, and it is probable that a bill will shortly be introduced to this end.

"It is strange, perhaps, that the Catawba Indians, who have been wards of the state of South Carolina for many years should never have received any recognition from the national government," said Senator Stewart, "but it is a fact, nevertheless. The Catawbas are the only American Indians, so far as my knowledge goes, that have always been friends of the white man. They never took the blood of a white man, and during all the early struggles of the whites against the Indians the Catawbas remained true. They were in what is now South Carolina when the first whites reached that territory, and they have remained there.

"For a long time the Cherokees occupied the same territory, and there was continual strife between the two tribes, for the Cherokees were among the most bloodthirsty tribes on this continent. In all the struggles the Catawbas took sides with the settlers against the Cherokees. The latter Indians massacred many of the settlers in South Carolina.

"The state government, after having taken care of these Indians for so many years, now is seeking to have the national government make provision for them, so that they can, in common with other Indians, have lands allotted to them and become American citizens, which is only just and fair."—Washington Post.

Rather Disinterested.

"Let me take your sister apart."

"Don't. She is all broken up, as it is."

German Trade Advancement.

At one time the county of Lancashire, in England, produced practically all the sulphuric acid in the world. The commercial development in Germany and other foreign countries of a special process of manufacture, originally invented by an Englishman, has lost this trade to England. Similarly, the working out by Germans of a method of making artificial indigo has already revolutionized the indigo business and bids fair also to revolutionize the cotton dyeing industry. Four fifths of all the dyes used in the world are made in Germany.

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Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER

For nearly 44 years the news giver 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 advertisement, your job printing and order for stationery.

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We want to do your probate advertising. Ask Judge Leland 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 16, 1912

Yes, let's have just one six year term for the president and then all this nonsense will be cut out.

To elect U. S. senators by popular vote now looks like a possibility as the senate consented by a vote of 237 to 29.

T. M. Joslin of Adrian in his attempt to wrest the office of U. S. Senator from Alden Smith will have to reckon with that umbrella.

Our story on "Good Mannagement of Ewes," by J. M. Bell, which may be a little late for our farmers, but it is well worth reading.

Michigan democrats are not going to the national convention pledged for Wilson, Clark may be their choice and again it may be Bryan.

Judge Hanford of the U. S. district court of Washington annulled the citizenship of Leonard Olsson because he admitted that he is a socialist.

Again there seems to be ground for hope that the electric line between Toledo and Jackson, by way of Wampler's lake and Brooklyn will be built, if talk will build it.

The democratic state convention at Bay City, Wednesday was the largest and most enthusiastic the party has held. The delegates chosen for the national convention were uninstructed.

The ENTERPRISE has received notice from paper houses and manufactures that the price of all kinds of paper has advanced 10 per cent. The cost of raw materials they say have been materially increased.

On the sixth page of the ENTERPRISE this week is a special article on the pesky house fly which we wish everybody to read. The fly season is not here yet but everybody should be prepared to swat the first arrival.

Mr. Dearborn, biologist of the U. S. agricultural department at Washington says the way to get rid of the English sparrow is to eat it. When boned, broiled, buttered and served on toast, he says they are as fine as quail.

The State Fire Protection association is about to make a war on socalled "parlor matches" It claims they are a menace to the safety of the user and should be put on the expurgatorious list. The association will try to have a law passed prohibiting their manufacture or at least their sale in Michigan.

The new story, The Chalice of Courage, which was begun in the ENTERPRISE on May 2nd, is attracting considerable attention. It is by Cyrus Townsend Brady an author of good fiction. We have a few back numbers of the paper so if you are not a subscriber and want to read the story, send on your subscription at once.

A special committee has been looking over New York's school system and urges some changes. The mischievous boy is not neglected in the report of the investigators. Intimate contact of a hard wood ruler with the person of the evilly disposed may be recommended by the investigators as a solution of this particular problem, which is like returning to the old methods.

Emanuel Wiedman of the firm of Schaible & Wiedman county agents for the Ford automobile informs the ENTERPRISE that he made a record run with a Ford runabout last week Tuesday. Leaving Ypsilanti at about 4 a. m. he made the run to Chicago, or rather Garey, Ind., a distance of 240 miles in ten hours without stopping. That beats the run they made to Grand Rapids last year.

No matter where man travels, no matter how small a speck he may become on life's sea, he is never forgotten back home by the old town paper. The editor whom he may have forgotten to pay—or upon whom he unloaded subscription wood, may never have forgiven him, and may have taken oath never to mention his name again, but he is bound to print one more and the last announcement, for in his eargerness to land the printing of the council proceedings and become the official paper, he has contracted to run the annual report of the village grave digger.—Detroit Times.

Personal Items.

W. L. Watkins of Ann Arbor was in town last Saturday.

Miss Esther Riedel of Adrian spend Sunday with her parents.

Mr. Erwin Koch of Ann Arbor is visiting relatives here this week.

Miss Minnie Grossman visited friends in Ann Arbor from Friday until Tuesday.

Mesdames Douglas Baldwin and H. L. Root went to Clinton Wednesday to visit friends.

We received a pleasant call from our valued friend David Woodward of Clinton on Tuesday.

Mr. & Mrs. Rank of Francisco drove over here Saturday to visit Mrs. Rank's sister Mrs. Moehn.

Alfred Jaynes who is working in the Clinton woolen mills was at home last Saturday and Sunday.

G. H. Putman is much better this week and it is hoped that he will soon be able to be about as usual.

Mrs. F. M. Schneider who has been getting the ENTERPRISE at Venice, Cal., has moved to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Sophia Walz of Francisco came here last Saturday to visit Mrs. C. Vogelbacher and daughters.

Henry L. Renau and A. D. English went to Bay City Tuesday to attend the democratic state convention.

Miss Sophia Voegelbacker who had peritonitis and jaundice is recovering and was able to set up some Wednesday.

The many friends will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Carl Wuerthner is improving nicely at the sanitarium at Marian, Ohio.

Mr. & Mrs. G. Jedele were called to Elyria, Ohio, on Monday morning on account of the severe sickness of their son George.

Eugene Kirchgessner left Saturday night for Detroit where he has bought a confectionery store. Mrs. Kirchgessner left Wednesday.

Misses Edith, Marguerite and Hazel Bollinger of Jackson visited their uncle and aunt Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Briegel and family over Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Warren Hoxsie of Wamplers Lake have been in town this week cleaning house for Mrs. Hoxsie's parents, Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Teeter.

Will Payne came splashing home from Toledo Saturday night through the mud in his new Maxwell 25. He is doing all his traveling by car now.

Charles Lewis was over from Ann Arbor again Wednesday looking after the sugar beet growers. He has about 500 acres to keep watch of.

Mrs. Horace Case, Misses Julia Conklin and Bessie Torrey went to Ann Arbor today and Miss Alice Case goes tomorrow to attend the May festival.

Miss Tillie Faulhaber went to Ann Arbor, Saturday to accompany a friend to Mt. Clemens on Sunday and attended a cousin's funeral in Detroit on Monday.

Mrs. D. B. Reed who has been spending the winter with her son, Dr. W. D. Reed at Tecumseh, returned home last Friday to remain here during the summer.

George Pardee of Hillsdale and his sister Mrs. Smith who has been living in California the past three years, are visiting their sister Mrs. Wallace and husband.

Martin Henzie superintendent of the Napoleon schools visited his parents here Saturday and Sunday. He has been employed to remain another year at an increase of salary.

Miss Clara Wolpert who has been at home for some time left for Chicago Saturday where she will spend the summer. Her sister Amanda accompanied her as far as Jackson.

Mr. & Mrs. Carl Lehr of Detroit came here Saturday night to visit their parents. Mr. Lehr returned Monday but Mrs. Lehr will visit her parents Mr. & Mrs. Warren Kimble for a few days.

W. C. Ruckman of Seattle, who attended he big Shrine meet at Los Angeles, Cal., has kindly sent us copies of Los Angeles papers containing pictures of the big floral parade, etc., for which he has our thanks.

It may interest some of the old friends of the late Mae Hunt—Engeler to know that her son Robinson Engeler of Bluffton Ind., is a student in Purdue university where Dr. Thomas Moran a former Manchester boy is prominent in the faculty.

Mrs. Viola Gordon—Dibble of Grand Rapids visited old friends here last week. Mrs. Dibble lived here when a girl and her husband was a carpenter and builder. They moved to the valley city where her husband continued his work until his death several years ago. Mrs. Dibble expects to go west.

Misses Olga Wiedman, Lillie and Ida Kuhlenkamp, Lillie Traub and Bertha Neyer and Rev. Wulfman and Louis Schlicht went to Grand Rapids Saturday to attend the convention of the young people's society of the Evangelical lutheran's church of the Ann Arbor district. Julius Wuerthner of the U. of M. was also in attendance.

From the Morning Oregonian published at Portland, we learn that M. J. McMahon was chosen presidential elector at the republican primary by a vote of 42,453. Four other delegates received from 200 down to 184 votes. Mr. McMahon was a graduate from our high school in 1871 in the class with C. F. Field, W. G. Doty, W. L. Watkins, Emma and George Dawes, and is practicing law in Portland.

House and lot for sale. Enquire of E. H. Gosmer.

Local liners pay well when inserted in the ENTERPRISE.

For Sale, House and three lots. Enquire of Louis Lonier.

Lost a Black Fur Overcoat. Finder please notify Ambrose Kirk.

For Sale—One 3 year old Colt. WM. LOGAN.

For Sale or Rent, Five Room House. D. BALDWIN.

Pure bred Langshan Eggs, $1 a setting Good winter Layers. THOMAS HEIM.

Some late and dainty patterns of Japanese Napkins at the ENTERPRISE office.

The star chapter will have a special meeting for conferring degrees on Wednesday evening the 22nd.

Lost, an almost new Brown Horse Blanket with blue stripes. Please leave at the ENTERPRISE office.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Mrs. H. A. Matthews, 120 North Elm St., Jackson, Mich. Bell Phone 1525.

For Sale.
A full blooded Holstine Bull Calf. FRED MAUER.

I will pay the top price for chickens brought in early in the week. J. E. BOWLER.

Live poultry wanted every Wednesday at the Central Market. A. M. KIEBLER.

Wanted—A girl for general house work. Family of three. Inquire of Mrs James A. Parkinson, Jr., 122 Third St., Jackson, Michigan. Bell phone 1362.

Insure Your Automobile.
The Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Co. one of the best in the country, is insuring Automobiles against loss or damage by fire arising from any cause whatsoever, including explosion, selfignition and lighting. Call on C. W. CASE, Agent.

Saturday Evening Post.
No other periodical has such an enormous circulation. It is brimfull of the best kind of magazine reading matter You will be surprised at the vast amount of real information between its covers Delivered at your door. Phone 100. ALFRED A. SNOWMAN, Special Agent.



Sheep Thieves

There are robbers in your pastures and they are stealing your profits. If your sheep are infested with worms, you should stop the loss. Worms make poor wool, few lambs, less weight of mutton. They starve your stock, make them sick and finally kill.

SAL-VET
A Guaranteed Medicated Salt
Will Kill Worms

Sold under a guarantee to kill and expel all free stomach and intestinal worms. Will put sheep, hogs and all stock in prime condition. Tones up the system, sharpens the appetite, helps to put on fat quickly. Different from all other worm remedies. Safe, sure and costs little—1-12 cent a day per hog or sheep. Use Sal-Vet and your stock will doctor themselves.

For Sale by

Lonier & Hoffer

We have on hand

Seed Barley, Fertilizer, Rex Lime and Sulphur

for spraying fruit trees, also

Beet Pulp and Salvage Barley

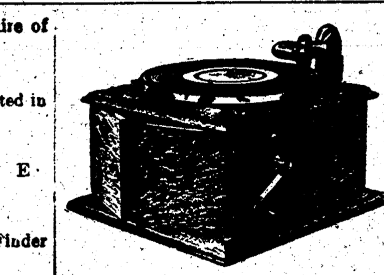
for feeding sheep and cows

RECIPES, BOOK AND CAREFUL DIAGNOSIS AND OPINIONS OF ALL FORMS OF DISEASES OF MEN. WORTH $10.00. FREE

By an eminent physician of 52 years' experience, forty years of nothing but Chronic Diseases. If you are suffering from Sexual Weakness, Liver, Kidney, Bladder, or Stomach Trouble, or Nervous Disease of any form, in fact, it matters not what ails you, write, enclosing two stamps, and you will get my careful opinion of your case, Book and Receipes free. Address Andrew B. Spinney, 4 Adams Avenue, West, Detroit, Mich.

ENVELOPES! ALL SIZES

Thousands of them, sold by box or package printed or plain, at the... Enterprise Office



Victor Victrola $15.00

The new Victor Victrola has a cabinet 13½ long, 12½ wide and 8 inches high. By means of the two doors the volume of music can be regulated from a soft sweet tone to a loud heavy one.

Phone us and we'll put one in your home for demonstration.

Haeussler & Son

We Are Proud of Our School

and we are also proud of the girl or boy who stays in school and graduates. As a token of your esteem select some useful or attractive article as

A Commencement Present

and you will be sure to find something appropriate in the JEWELRY LIME, a Locket, Broach, Cuff Buttons, Bracelet, Fin, Chain, Watch, Spoon or—or come in and see what you can find at

ROOT'S Jewelry Store

GARDEN SEEDS!

Yes you will want them soon and I want to furnish you. I have all kinds in

Bulk and Package

Also onion sets. If you want early Potatoes tell us so we can get them for you early. At the same time you are talking over our

Phone 180

order whatever you want in Groceries, Provisions, Bread, etc.

J. H. Delker

East Side Store.

Don't go out of Town

to buy anything in line of Furniture, Crockery, Lamps, shades or floor coverings until you see me

I Can Show You

a better class of goods for the money than city dealers paying big rents can.

E. C. Jenter

Undertaker.

One Week of

BARGAINS

Every Day a Special Sales Day

Commencing Saturday, May 11th, and ending Saturday, May 17th

We purpose to make this one of the best six days of Money Saving Bargains ever offered in Manchester. Every line of goods we carry will be reduced to make this a

Real, Live Bargain Week

We will only tell you a few of the many bargains to be had:

8 bars of Lennox Soap for 25c
7 bars of Bob White Soap for 25c
3 Water Glasses for 5c
1000 yds. of Val Laces at 4c per yd.
800 yds. of All Silk Ribbon, Nos. 16, 22, 40 and 60 for 9c per yd.
500 yds. of Hamburg Embroidery at 8c and 9c per yd.
5 doz. Garden Rakes and Hoes at 10c each
Table Oilcloth, best quality, plain white and colored at 18c per yd.
Shelf Oilcloth, white and colored, 6c per yd.
Ladies' Hose, all black and black with white feet at 10c per pr.
Men's Everyday and Fine Hose, 3 prs. for 25c
Curtain Rods, white wood, brass ends, at 9c
Table Napkins, plain white and decorated crepe, 4c per doz.
School Tablets for 4c and 6c
Gauze Vests, from 9c up, both ladies' & children's
Men's and Boys' Work Shirts for 25c and 39c
Fresh Candies for 10c per lb.
Salted Peanuts for 10c per lb.

THE FAIR.

Pay Your Bills with checks on our Bank



EVERY WOMAN in this community will find it a great CONVENIENCE to have a bank account and pay her bills regularly with checks. We return all checks to you and they are LEGAL RECEIPTS for your bills.

Tell your husband that you will SPEND LESS if you have a bank account, as you will then be his BUSINESS PARTNER. You'll also enjoy the independence of having money deposited in your own name.

We pay 3 per cent interest.

Union Savings Bank

Spring is Here

And I have all kinds of goods suitable to the season in Dress Goods, Underwear, Shoes, Curtains, Shades, Rugs, etc. for your house.

Garden and Flower Seeds, Etc.

Give me your grocery order.

G. H. Breitenwischer

We have added a line of

PAINTS

for House and Barn and

Can Save You Money.

ask about it

E. H. Gosmer

Zemo and Dandruff.

You Will Be Surprised to See How Quickly it Disappears.

No more dirty coats from dandruff heads. Zemo stops dandruff. Apply it any time with tips of fingers. No smell, no smear. Zemo sinks into the pores, makes the hair fine and glossy.

Zemo is prepared by E. W. Rose Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo., and is regularly sold by all druggists at $1 per bottle. But to enable you to make a test and prove what it will do for you, get a 25 cent trial bottle fully guaranteed or your money back at

Haeussler & Son's. Drug Store.

To All Persons Liable to Assessment for Taxes.

IN THE VILLAGE OF MANCHESTER, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, for the year 1912. Notice is hereby given that the Assessment Roll for the said Village of Manchester for the year 1912 has been completed and that the Board of Review of said Village will be in session at the Council Room in said Village, on Tuesday, and Wednesday May 21 and 22, A. D. 1912 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 the aforesaid Assessment Roll will be subject to review and correction, and all persons who may consider themselves aggrieved by any valuation of property as now set forth in said Assessment Roll, or who may have knowledge of any error contained in said Roll or omissions from the same, or who may have reasons to suppose that such errors exist, will then and there be heard by said Board of Review, and all errors found to exist within said Assessment Roll will be duly corrected, and all property subject to taxation within said Village found to have been omitted from said Assessment Roll, will be placed thereon by said Board of Review. And such Assessment Roll, as corrected and approved by said Board of Review, and finally approved by the Village Council shall be the Assessment Roll of said Village for the year 1912.

Given under my hand at my office in said Village this 8th day of May A. D. 1912.
NATHANIEL SCHMID,
Assessor of the Village of Manchester, Mich.

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 15th day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

Present, EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of John Betsche, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Henry J. Landwehr, administrator of said estate, praying that he may be licensed to sell certain real estate described therein at private sale for the purpose of paying debts.

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 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 circulating in said County of Washtenaw.

EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate
(A true copy)
DORCAS C. DONEGAN, 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 9th day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Theodore F. Davidter, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Emilie B. Davidter widow, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Emilie B. Davidter or some other suitable person and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered, That the 7th day of June next, at ten 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. DONEGAN, Register.

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 13th day of May A. D., 1912 four months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Michael Coleman late of said County, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 13th day of September next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court on the 13th day of July and on the 13th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, May 13th, A. D. 1912.
EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

Commissioner's Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of William Burtless late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that four months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the Peoples Bank in the Village of Manchester in said County, on the 3rd day of July and on the 3rd day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims. Dated Ann Arbor, Mich, May 3rd 1912.

ADAM SCHAIBLE
D. O. STRINGHAM
Commissioners

JAPANESE NAPKINS! ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Manchester Enterprise

Published weekly at Manchester, Mich

By MAT D. BLOSSER

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1912.

Local Items.

New Advertisements.
Peoples Bank
Dr. A. B. Spinney
Union Savings Bank
Cream Separator—A. Frye, Agent.

Lee Conklin has bought an automobile.

Early gardens have to be protected, that is, flower gardens.

We call the attention of our readers to Dr. Spinney's advertisement this week.

There has been nothing said about celebrating the Fourth of July in Manchester.

No, we don't want to make garden yet, we're too busy holding up an umbrella.

Some of our local sir knights will attend the grand commondery meeting in Detroit in June.

A post office inspector was here Monday morning and examined Postmaster Bailey's books, etc.

Those who took down stoves when they cleaned house wish they had them up again this weather.

Howard Clark has five residences to build in this village this summer and a lot of barns in the country.

Bids on the waterworks job are coming in and tomorrow at noon they will be opened at the council rooms.

The G. A. R. were so well pleased with Mr. Newkirk's address last year that they want him to speak to them this year.

The editor of the ENTERPRISE acknowledges the gift of a box of wedding cake and other goodies from Mrs. J. H. Delker.

The village treasurer has received the money for the waterworks bonds, over $28 000 and the bonds have been delivered.

From expressions in letters received there is a general surprise and disgust on account of the light sentence Judge Kinne gave Wm. Lewis.

We learn that that sheep of Frank Logan's that sheared 40 pounds of wool, was raised by Robert Wellwood who lives in the south part of town.

Farmers had been wishing for rain for some time and on Saturday morning it came and mother earth got a good soaking as it kept up coming gently until Monday and then some.

People were surprised Monday morning to find the ground covered with snow and a good many made a note of the fact for the 13th of May is pretty late for snow in this section.

Dan Bivins who recently bought Mrs. Kiebler's place south east of town on the middle road, moved in last week. He still owns the Haag place in this village, which he has rented to Elmer Stark.

Committees have been appointed to make all arrangements for the proper observation of decoration day in Manchester and it is hoped that their work will be completed so that the ENTERPRISE can give full particulars next week.

Theodore Morshheuser and Sam Husted make a good working firm. Both understand blacksmithing thoroughly and are not afraid to tackle a job whether early or late. Their shop has been cleaned and whitewashed and they are busy as can be.

At the council meeting last night President Lonier recommended that they build a women's retiring room on the east side of the Servis building for the accommodation of visitors to the village. The matter was thought lightly of at first but finally it began to soak in that such a building is really a necessity and they gave it more attention.

The social given by the star chapter last Friday evening was well attended and they cleared about $10. Mrs. Arthur Tracy of Jackson sang two solos which were given hearty applause. She has a very sweet voice. Mrs. Robert Merithew, Prof. McCallum, Bennett Root of this village also sang, and then there were songs by the ladies' and men's quartetts, but the women's band was the feature of the evening.

To make that big hill near "Fellows' bridge" in Sharon on high gear has been the desire of many auto drivers, but until last week we do not belive it had ever been accomplished. Levi Hayden's six cylinder Mitchell driven by Mr. Marsh of Tecumseh made it last Friday afternoon we understand. The hill is not only long and steep but it is also widding and at the foot there is a bridge and then a curve so it is a hard matter to get a start, but Marsh succeeded, reckless as was the attempt.

Wm. H. Rehfuss crated a hog and put it into his wagon and started for his east farm in Bridgewater last Thursday afternoon. All went merrily for a time but when approaching Wilbur Snort's his horse began acting up and he discovered that a trace was unfastened The horse kicked so that William decided it best to get out of the wagon and in jumping his foot caught in the lines and he was thrown striking on his head and shoulders rendering him unconscious for a few moments. He was seen by some men who rendered assistance and he was taken home where he was confined to his bed for a few days.

Mrs. Harriet Martin was an Ypsilanti visitor this week.

Miss Edith Diele attended the May party at Tecumseh last evening.

Mrs. G. H. Putman entertained the historical club at her home last Friday.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Lindbert left Wednesday night for Elgin, Ill., and other places to visit relatives and friends about two weeks.

The weather was bad Sunday morning so the mother's meeting at the Methodist church was not attended by many. Rev. Hill gave a splendid talk on mothers.

Frank Leeson, master of Manchester lodge F. & A. M. will attend grand lodge at Detroit on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 28 and 29. Other members may attend.

We learn that two officers of the star chapter, Mrs. Hendershott and Mrs. Emmett Lowery have been invited to assist in conferring degrees at the county association meeting at Saline on Friday the 22nd.

Dr. Klopfenstein and Louis Lonier arrived home from Anderson, Ind., last Thursday afternoon with new Lambert automobiles. Mr. Lonier's car was not finished when he arrived at the shops and it had never been tested, yet he made the run home with it without any trouble whatever and made the big sand hills in Hillsdale county at 20 miles an hour.

A pleasant home wedding was solemnized on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. & Mrs. John H. Delker in this village when their daughter Mabel was married to William Lindbert also of this village. Both the young people are well and favorably known and the best wishes of a host of friends will be given them. After a short honeymoon they will be at home to their friends at the above place.

TOLEDO WHOLESALERS COMING.

To Visit the Merchants and Business Men of Manchester Early in June.

Toledo wholesale merchants and manufacturers are planing for an extended trade excursion in Pulman cars and a special train, visiting towns in southern Michigan to get acquainted with tradesmen and dealers. They will visit Manchester and our merchants should prepare to receive them at their places of business and make their stay pleasant. It is a rule that no orders shall be taken on the trip as it only intended as a means of meeting merchants in the home towns and getting acquainted with them.

A number of years ago Detroit merchants made a similar trip and visited Manchester en route.

JUMPPED THE TRACK.

Extra Frieght on the Ypsi. Branch, Saturday afternoon. Fireman sprained ankle.

Saturday afternoon an extra frieght train was backing down to Bridgewater Station after some live stock when it ran off the track near the Columbia lake bridge, and part of the equippage went down the bank. The engineer and fireman jumpped and the fireman sprained his ankle.

The wrecker was sent from Elkhart, to lift the engine and cars back on the track but that was not accomplished until near midnight. Passengers and baggage on the passenger train east in the afternoon and the night train west, had to be transferred which caused considerable delay.

The section men were called out to assist in putting things to right and traffic was resumed as usual.

School Notes.

The Brooklyn high school team did not come here Tuesday to play our boys.

Last Friday Allean Kensler missed her first day of school for the year 1911—12

Miss Marie Kirchhofer entertains the class of 1912 and teachers at her home Thursday evening.

The high school ball team defeated the town boys by a score of 8 to 6 in a game on the school grounds Monday afternoon.

The eighth grade examination is being held in the high school and grammar rooms today and tomorrow. A large number of foreign pupils as well as the town pupils are taking it.

The 22 volumes of the Americana encyclopedia have arrived and it is a fine "Alpha Sigma memorial." A bookcase will be purchased and in a few weeks will be placed in the high school room where ex-members and friends may see the same.

Last Friday afternoon the little people of the ward school were given a pleasant surprise in honor of Arnold Kirchgessner's birthday. It was also a farewell party as Arnold left Monday for St. Joseph. The little ones were treated to ice-cream and cake.

Walter C. Mack of Ann Arbor sent over 200 small trees, elms and catalpas, to the school last week to be distributed among the school children. Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the various grades marched out on the school lawn where appropriate exercises were held. The grades sang songs, Supt. McCallum spoke on the "conservation of trees" and Mr. Dennison read a few selections on trees. Two trees were planted on the school lawn after which each child was given a tree with printed instructions in regard to planting the same. The generosity of Mr. Mack is greatly appreciated.

You Will Like Manchester

And We Want You To Come Here.
IT'S A BUSINESS TOWN WITH A FUTURE.

NAPOLEON.

Mrs. Inez Foster was a Jackson visitor Monday.

Lydia Smith was up from Clinton over Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Murry were Brooklyn callers Tuesday.

The infant daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Parker is seriously ill.

Mrs. Bessie Anderson and daughter, Dorothy, of Portland, Oregon, are visiting relatives in Jackson.

Chas. Ansborn was down from Jackson Thursday installing new telephones and repairing those in need of it

Rev. L. S. Slaybaugh, of Ypsilanti will fill the pulpit at the Baptist church next Sunday. He and Mrs. Slaybaugh are visiting friends in Grass Lake.

H. Hess attended his daughter, Lucile's recital at Albion Monday night. Little Lois Frear and Mrs. Bessie Anderson and daughter accompanied him.

SHARON.

Sharon, May 15—Jefferson Lemm died at his home in this township last Saturday afternoon, May 11, aged 84 years. He leaves nine children, all grown, and a widow. Funeral at the family home Tuesday afternoon, interment in the Raymond cemetery. The deceased was highly respected and greatly esteemed by a wide circle of acquaintances. He was a successful farmer and leaves a goodly estate.

The mite box opening which was to be held at Rowe's Corners church was postponed on account of the bad weather until Sunday evening, May 19th.

A portion of the schools met at district No. 1 for the spelling contest Friday, May 17.

Miss Addie Tirb has been ill for some time.

IRON CREEK

Iron Creek, May 15—Miss Anna Dresselhouse who teaches in the Van Winkle district and lives in the village walks from her home to school every morning and home again at night. The distance is about 5½ miles each way and she says that she enjoys the walk when the weather is good.

The church society talk of raising the church and putting a basement under for Sunday school and other meetings.

Teachers are applying for the schools in this vicinity and contracts will be closed in a few days

Charles Stringham and family of Clinton visited at A. A. Stringham's over Sunday

BRIDGEWATER.

Fred Allen of Owsoso visited his parents Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Allen, Tuesday.

Mrs. Hugh Ager has been suffering from a sever attack of tonsilitus this week.

Mrs. Wm. Gadd was lucky enough to win a Ford automobile in a newspaper contest.

FREEDOM.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Danner of Whitmore lake spent Sunday at Lewis Koebbe's.

For Sale—Farm of 173 acres in Livingston Co. two miles from R. R. station. Good productive soil, wire fences, nine-room house, two large new barns, plenty of out-buildings, windmill and tanks. Possession at once Reasonable terms. Address, Box 425, Manchester, Mich.

Boy Wanted.

A bright boy can earn some money selling The Saturday Evening Post, and the Ladies Home Journal. I am Special Agent for Manchester. If you want the job "speak lively."
SNOWMAN, Druggist.

Wanted—A girl for general house work Family of three. Inquire of Mrs James A. Parkinson, Jr, 122 Third St. Jackson, Michigan. Bell phone 1362

Really the finest line of Souvenir Post Cards, suitable for Birthdays, etc., is found at the ENTERPRISE office.

For Sale, 50 Bushels of Potatoes. Mrs. C. Braun, Route 3, Manchester, Michigan.

Fine writing Paper sold by the pound at the ENTERPRISE office.

NORVELL.

D. Beckwith spent last week with friends in Napoleon.

Miss Alice Harper was a Jackson passenger Saturday.

Geo. Hurlbutt of Jackson was here on business Saturday.

C. C. Hitchcock is treating his friends to a ride in his new auto.

Ray Thrasher of Michigan Center spent Sunday with John Kimball.

Miss Lydia Linde of Jackson was the guest of her parents Sunday.

Earl Beckwith and family were in Jackson on business last Tuesday.

Mrs. E. Smith of Manchester spent Wednesday as a guest of Mrs. Carr.

C. J. Harper is improving his barn by the addition of a new hip roof.

Mrs. Eva Greene and Mrs. H. F. Schofield were Jackson shoppers Thursday.

Chas. Cameron of Concord spent two days of last week with his family here.

Henry Linde of Webberville was a week end visitor at the home of his parents.

Mrs. Babcock entertained Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Lowery of Manchester last Thursday.

Mrs. Chas. Hickman and daughter of Grass Lake spent Saturday with relatives here.

Mrs. Lloyd Lazelle of Napoleon was the guest of her sister Mrs. Josephine Beckwith over Sunday.

Jas. O'Neil returned last week from Toledo where he had been to attend the funeral of his sister.

Mr. & Mrs. W. O. Silvers of Onaway are now located on the C. Hitchcock farm in Sharon on the county line.

C. C. Hitchcock has rented the Foor house and expects to occupy it as soon as some repairing is finished.

Mrs. A. J. Waters of Manchester spent part of last week with her parents Mr. & Mrs. T. B. Halladay.

Mrs. Ralph Glew and Miss Florence Hildebrand of Jackson came Friday to visit Mrs. M. Hildebrand.

Mr. & Mrs. C. P. Bancroft and Wm. Bancroft of Ann Arbor called on friends and relatives here Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Livingstone of Jackson visited the latter's grandmother from Wednesday until Friday.

Kenneth Aten who has been working in Rockwood came home for a few days and went to Dundee Tuesday.

A representative of the Michigan anti saloon league of Ann Arbor will speak at the Baptist church Sunday evening the 19th.

Miss Amy Harper who is attending school at Ann Arbor, was a guest at the home of her parents Saturday and Sunday.

John Maurer and Messrs. Hilgerink and Gresbem of Chicago called on friends here last week and spent a few days at Wamplers Lake.

Miss Anna Bauer returned from Greenville, Saturday after a week's visit and was accompanied home by her sister Mrs. Butler and children.

The Norvell Farmers Club will meet Saturday, May 25 at 1:30 o'clock at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Dan'l Fuller, with the following program: roll call, quotations; music, Miss Sylvia Roberts; paper, Mrs Jas. Pierce; music duet, Mrs. C. H. Heaton and Clyde Beckwith; select reading, Mrs. Cleon First; discussion, How shall we raise good corn, and is the corn crop one half the feed toward successful stock farming, opened by Mr. Halladay; music, God be with you till we meet again, club.

Two competent girls wanted for general housework in separate families. Mrs Robert Davey, 601 First St., Jackson.

For Sale—A quantity of Hay. WM. LOGAN

Attention Ladies!

I have been appointed special agent in Manchester for the Ladies Home Journal. If you are not a regular subscriber, would like to put your name down for the Journal each month. Under this arrangement you can discontinue it at any time. You also save money by doing so, as the subscription price is now $200 per year, while the retail price (15c or $1.80 per year) remains the same. This is an advantage you cannot afford to overlook. ALFRED A. SNOWMAN.

Married.

LINDBERT—DELKER—At the residence of the bride's parents in this village on Wednesday, May 15, 1912, by Rev. Geo. Koehler, Mr. Wm. Lindbert and Miss Mabel Delker all of this village.

Home Market.

APPLES.—65c@75c ℔ bu.
BUTTER.—Steady, 18c@22c ℔ pound.
BEEF.—Best steers, $5.25 @ $7.50; common, $4.00@$6.00; heifers, $4.00@$5.50; cows, $2.50@$5.00; canners, $1.50@2.50; calves, $5.50@$6.50
CORN—40c ℔ bu.
EGGS.—17c ℔ doz.
HAY.—No. 1 Timothy $19.00@$20.00 No. 1 mixed, $16.00@$17.00; clover $15.00@$16.00; Marsh hay, $6.00@$7.00 ℔ ton.
HOGS—$5.50@$7.25.
OATS.—Good demand. 50c@52c ℔ bu.
ONIONS—75c@$1.00 ℔ bu.
POTATOES.—$1.10 ℔ bu.
POULTRY—Live weight. Old rooster; 5c; old hens, 12c; spring chickens, 11c@12½c ducks, 11c@12c; geese, 10c@11c; turkeys; 10c@12c.
RYE—85c@90c per bu.
RYE STRAW—$6.00 ℔ ton.
SHEEP—Wethers, $4.50@$5.50; yearlings, $5.50@$6.50; clipped lambs, $5.50@$7.00; ewes, $2.00@$4.00.
WHEAT—Good demand. Red $1.12 white, $1.10.
WOOL—17c@21c ℔ pound.

Dennison's

IMPERIAL CREPE

SHELF PAPER

10 feet long, 11 inches wide
Plain or figured, at the

Enterprise Office

Today's Enjoyment

It is foolish to purchase today's enjoyments with tomorrow's sorrow. But that is just what a great many persons do when they spend all of their income, above necessary expenses, for luxuries you have come to think are necessities than it is to give way to the manifold temptations toward extravagance today and pay for it with

Tomorrow's Sorrow

It takes some backbone, some genuine courage, to withstand the temptation to spend more money than you can really afford, but you'll feel better to keep out of debt. You won't have palpitation of the heart when the postman blows his whistle, and you want tremble every time the boss asks you to come into the front office.

Because you'll be working today for tomorrow's satisfaction, and not to make good on account of yesterday's extravagance.

This strong bank will help you to save and get ahead. 3 per cent. compound interest.

The Peoples Bank
Manchester, Michigan

Pay 12 full months in Advance for the

Manchester Enterprise

and save 25 cents.

NO FISHING

Sign Cards as well as "No Hunting" Cards for sale at 8 cents each at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Dr. A. B. SPINNEY

of Detroit, a Specialist of 53 years' experience in treating chronic diseases, will give free consultation and be at the

Hotel Green, Saturday, May 25th.

from 11 a. m. to 9 p. m.

SICK PEOPLE SHOULD INVESTIGATE

In Fact, My Entire Life Has Been Devoted to Curing Where Others Have Failed. I Have Changed Hundreds Upon Hundreds of Nervous Wrecks Into Fine, Strong Men and Women. I Accept No Case I Cannot Cure.

FIFTY YEARS OF PRACTICE OF MEDICINE IN THIS STATE.

I CURE NERVOUS TROUBLES from overwork, etc. I promptly and positively Cure, no matter of how long standing.

I CURE FITS—Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Paralysis, etc., by striking direct at the cause, restoring the diseased nerves to perfect health.

I CURE PILES in 30 days to stay cured and to never return.

I CURE CONSUMPTION, the great White Plague, in the first and second stages. Have made a special study of this disease for 50 years. Have cured hundreds given up by home doctors. Those I cannot treat at home by seeing or my mail, I will take to my Sanitarium, where best of medical skill, nursing and private rooms are given for $10 a week.

I GUARANTEE TO CURE, to stay cured, liquor, morphine, cocaine, nicotine or cigarette habits. Most cases treated at home.

Any unfortunate girl given best of care. May work out fees.

Call and see me or write to either Sanitarium as below. No matter what disease you are suffering from, write me fully today. I will answer at once, and my advice which costs you nothing, may be worth hundreds of dollars—life itself—to you. If I cannot cure you I will tell you so. WRITE TODAY.

ANDREW B. SPINNEY, M. D.

Belding Sanitarium & Retreat, Belding, Mich., or Smyrna Sanitarium, Smyrna, Mich.

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have formed a co-partnership and are both at

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ready and willing to do your

BLACKSMITHING

Give Us a Trial

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

More Than 1,375,000 Now In Use

Those Who KNOW Buy De Laval Separators

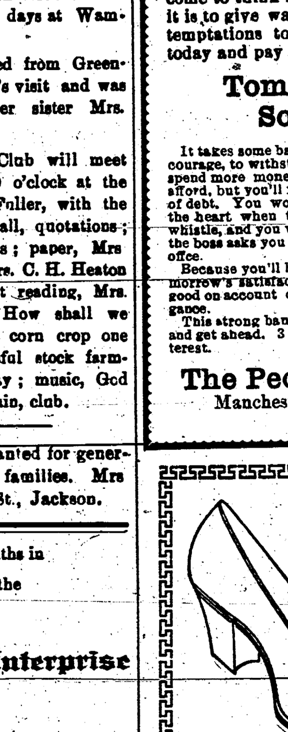
Creamerymen—Because they are experts in the handling of cream and know by long experience that the De Laval skims cleanest and wears longest. That is why 98% of the World's creameries use the De Laval exclusively.

Experienced Dairymen—The De Laval is the universal favorite among big dairymen. They know that no other separator will give them such satisfactory service.

Old De Laval Users—Whenever a man who has used an old model De Laval decides to purchase a later style machine he invariably buys another De Laval.

Men Who Investigate — If anyone takes the time to investigate the merits of the various cream separators, either by finding out from other users what kind of service their machines have given or by testing other machines out against the De Laval, the chances are a hundred to one that his choice will be the De Laval.

More De Laval machines are in use than any other make. There is a reason. Come in and we will tell you why.



Easiest to turn, easiest to wash, skims the cleanest, lasts the longest.

SOONER OR LATER YOU WILL BUY A DE LAVAL

A. FRYE, Special Selling Agent

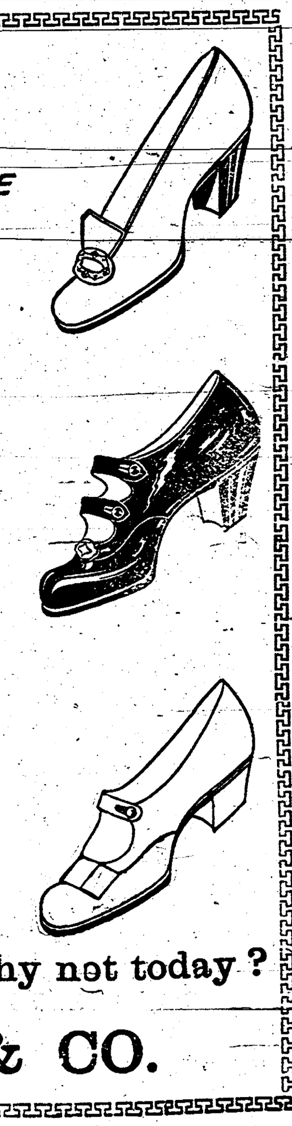


Queen Quality SHOE

New distinctive "Queen Quality" designs that anticipate fashion's latest whims and fancies.

Attractive Colonial, Pump and Oxford

patterns here in great variety. All the staple models—also many novelty effects not to be duplicated elsewhere.



We want you to see them at once, why not today?

YOCUM, MARX & CO.

DEATH TO THE HOUSE FLY!



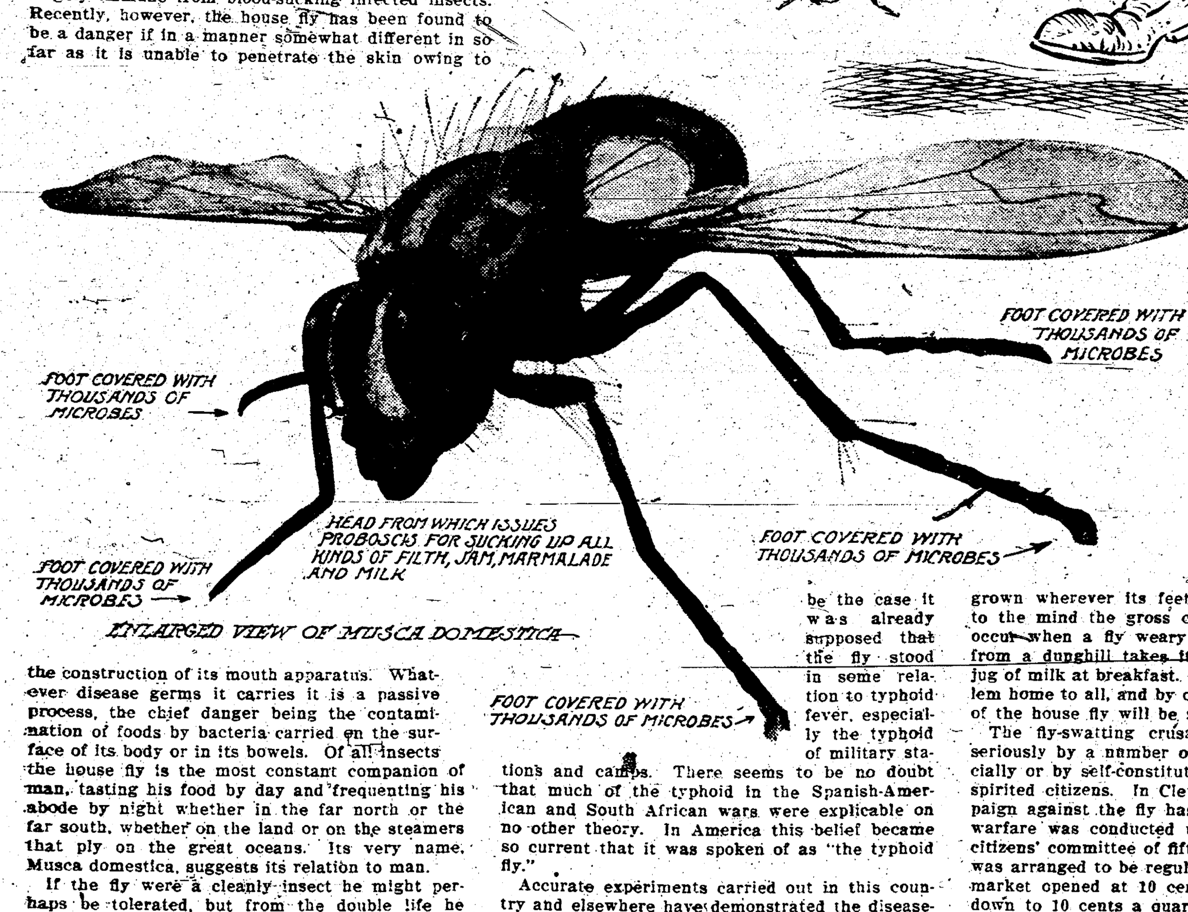
FLITTING from dish to dish, taking his morning bath in baby's milk, regaling himself in the butter and preening himself on the sugar bowl, the house fly again is with us. His feet covered with millions of disease germs, he goes on his way leaving death in many forms in his trail. Scientific experiments have shown that musca domestica, the ordinary house fly, is the most industrious and persistent spreader of contagion in the world. Countless thousands have been numbered among his victims and his toll of death among infants is appalling.

War to the death must be waged against this death-dealing insect. No other duty is so important to the housewife as the extermination of the fly. And the task is much easier now than it will be later when the breeding process has multiplied his numbers.

Swat the fly!

One of the most remarkable advances in modern medicine and sanitary science has come from the knowledge of the fact that many of the most murderous diseases of man and animals are caused by the bites of infected blood-sucking insects. The pioneers in this discovery were Theobald Smith and Kilborne, who showed a quarter of a century ago that the deadly Texas fever of cattle was caused by the bite of a fly—the Boophilus bovis, which had become infected by sucking the blood of affected cattle. This great discovery was soon followed by that of the relation of the mosquito to malaria and yellow fever, the relation of the tsetse fly to sleeping sickness and other forms of trypanosomiasis, the relation of the tick to tick fever, of the bug to relapsing fever, of numerous ticks to anaemic diseases in cattle causing vast economic losses.

In temperate climates it would appear that man is largely immune from blood-sucking infected insects. Recently, however, the house fly has been found to be a danger if in a manner somewhat different in so far as it is unable to penetrate the skin owing to



ENLARGED VIEW OF MUSCA DOMESTICA

the construction of its mouth apparatus. Whatever disease germs it carries it is a passive process, the chief danger being the contamination of foods by bacteria carried on the surface of its body or in its bowels. Of all insects the house fly is the most constant companion of man, tasting his food by day and frequenting his abode by night whether in the far north or the far south, whether on the land or on the steamers that ply on the great oceans. Its very name, Musca domestica, suggests its relation to man.

If the fly were a cleanly insect he might perhaps be tolerated, but from the double life he leads there is no question that he should be exterminated hip and thigh, for he spends half his day in the latrine or manure heap amid the most foul putridity that it is possible to imagine, amid dead, decaying, and diseased matter, from which at intervals he comes to bathe in your milk jug or to poise himself on your pat of butter or your meat. Many of his habits have until recently been a riddle but are now becoming understood, and in consequence his presence is as much feared as many of his congeners who have forsaken the dunghill for a meal of good human or animal blood.

All modern experiments concur to show that the principal breeding place of the house fly is the moist, warm manure heap, cesspool, or latrine, although perhaps it must be admitted that some flies are more fastidious. If collections of filth were destroyed the fly plague would be kept largely in abeyance. As things are he can breed in countless numbers and at a great rate.

The evolution of the house fly is complex, for from the moment that the female deposits her eggs in warm putrefying manure the young goes through various stages of development. Within a matter of hours the egg splits and a minute grub creeps out. At the end of twenty-four hours it moults and passes into the second larval stage, which in a day or two moults again and finally becomes a sort of chrysalis. At the end of three or four days of chrysalis life the case opens and the fly emerges to commence its life work. Within ten days or a fortnight it may be sexually mature and commence to lay great batches of eggs. As a rule breeding goes on rapidly between June and October, although under certain circumstances it may go on all the year round. It is a common observation that flies seem to disappear in winter. This must be explained by their ability to hibernate, the first warm day waking them from their slumbers.

It is a fortunate circumstance that they are liable to various forms of destruction, for apart from the magnificent work carried out by the bird, by the spider, and other insects, the fly is subject to devastating diseases: particularly an infective condition set up by a fungus, the Empusa muscae. This plant, in the form of a spore, lights on the surface of the fly and begins to grow, throwing out a slender process which makes its way between the fly's scales, and thus gains entrance to its body. In the course of a few days the fungus has invaded all its organs and tissues, and now sick unto death the fly may be easily caught or may drop dead where it has alighted.

As was said above the chief danger of the fly is that it may be a carrier of foul putrefactive or disease germs to articles of diet consumed by man. This is not a figment of the brain of the medical scientist; it is a proved fact. Indeed, long before accurate experiments proved this to be the case it was already supposed that the fly stood in some relation to typhoid fever, especially the typhoid of military stations and camps. There seems to be no doubt that much of the typhoid in the Spanish-American and South African wars were explicable on no other theory. In America this belief became so current that it was spoken of as "the typhoid fly."

Accurate experiments carried out in this country and elsewhere have demonstrated the disease-carrying propensities of the Musca domestica. Typhoid germs have been recovered from its body days after it was infected. In the case of some germs it has actually been found that where the larva is infected the infection may persist throughout the moultings and be present in the adult or imago stage as late as nineteen days. Not only as a typhoid-carrier the fly is also believed to carry the disease germs of tuberculosis, cholera, dysentery, and summer diarrhoea of children, a disease which sweeps away vast numbers of bottle-fed children in every civilized community at the present day.

The necessity of removing or destroying all putrid organic matter and filth comes home to us when we remember that the fly is capable of long and rapid flights. In actual experiments marked flies were released and were captured half a mile away within forty-five minutes. That flies carry filth on their bodies can be readily shown by taking one from any place and allowing it to walk over the surface of a sterile nutrient jelly. Within a day or two masses of bacteria will have grown wherever its feet have touched. Picture to the mind the gross contamination which will occur when a fly weary with its half-mile flight from a dunghill takes its morning bath in your jug of milk at breakfast. This will bring the problem home to all, and by concerted effort the doom of the house fly will be sealed.

The fly-swatting crusade has been taken up seriously by a number of large cities, either officially or by self-constituted committees of public-spirited citizens. In Cleveland a two-weeks campaign against the fly has just been closed. The warfare was conducted under the direction of a citizens' committee of fifty-five. A scale of prices was arranged to be regulated by the supply. The market opened at 10 cents a hundred and went down to 10 cents a quart when the swatters got to going right.

The artistic fly swatter was guaranteed a profitable market under this scale of prices, while 10 cents a hundred as the top limit made it impossible for a Napoleon of fly finances to fill the cold storage warehouses with flies and ever after have champagne for breakfast. As it takes 10,000 flies to make a quart, the price per quart ranged from 10 cents to $10. A similar range in price in stocks within two weeks would set the country by the ears. The Cleveland plan gives the gambler chance enough, and the rights of the consumer and producer are safeguarded.

Ten cents a quart was the price established in Washington two years ago, but that was a September price. One female crawling out of a warm corner in the month of April will start a family tree which, without casualties, would have a September membership of about three trillions.

A decrease in the price of flies from $10 a quart, the May figure, to ten cents, the September figure, may seem great, but we must remember that the supply may have increased three trillion times.

FOUGHT HIS WAY TO FREEDOM

The Emperor of Rome Admired the Courage and Pluck of Caractacus.

One of the most unique captives ever brought home to Rome by Julius Caesar was Caractacus of the early Britons. This great chief lost everything in fighting to drove out the Romans and was taken prisoner with his wife and children. When brought before the Roman emperor the proud ruler of the primitive people never showed the least fear. His arms were chained, and the emperor roared to try to frighten Caractacus, but the brave chief never so much as quaked. Instead he looked the monarch in the eye and said:

"You fight to gain the whole world and to make everybody your slaves. I fought to keep my own land and for freedom."

The great courage the chief showed finally touched the heart of the emperor, and the ruler of the Romans resolved to see if Caractacus would be as brave when facing warriors. On one of the great holidays in Rome Caractacus was taken to the great open-air amphitheater where the populace gathered. He was told that if he could defeat the bold knight that would be sent against him he could go back to his home. Caractacus fought as he never had before; for something sweeter than his life was at stake—that of his wife and children. Justice seemed to have tempered the metal of his weapons, and when he struck the strong armor of his antagonist gave way before his fearful blows. The result was that Caractacus and his family returned to Britain and to happiness.

A Kind-Hearted Man.

"Mr. Wombat!"

"Couple of suffragettes out here throwing stones at your window," bawled the policeman.

"How long have they been doing that?"

"Oh, several hours."

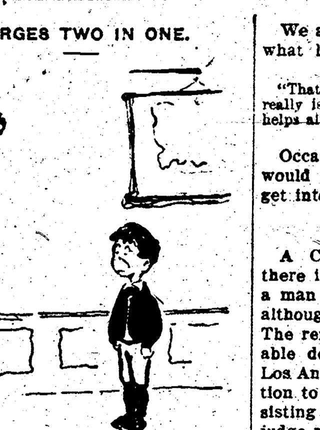
"Let 'em alone. It amuses the girls and I don't believe they'll hit the window."

Cure for Insomnia.

"Dibbie says he can't sleep."

"He ought to read the war news from Mexico."

MERGES TWO IN ONE.



Teacher—What is a "merger," Johnny?

Johnny—A minister.

Impolite.

"Why wouldn't you put out your tongue for the doctor this morning, Karl?"

"Oh, Emmy, I couldn't. I don't know him well enough."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Do those people who moved into the flat across the hall seem to be desirable neighbors?" asked the man.

"No," replied the woman. "I watched everything that came out of the moving van. They haven't a thing that we would care to borrow."

New York Journalists.

"Here's a man who claims to understand birds."

"Well?"

"Can we feature it?"

"We might," replied the editor of the New York paper, "if it were played up properly. Send him out to get an interview with the first robin, and let's see what he makes of it."

Competition.

"Royalty has its difficulties," remarked the lord high keeper of the buttonhook.

"Yes," replied the uneasy monarch. "It has gotten so that a court function finds it hard to compete with the scenery and costumes of a big musical show."

The man who wears a silk hat shouldn't butt in.

We all admire a man who says just what he thinks—about other people.

"That horrible weather"—how pleasant it really is when you are well! Garfield Tea helps always.

Occasionally we meet a man who would rather work for a living than get into politics.

Oh, Learned Judge.

A California judge decided that there is no judicial authority to keep a man from making love to his wife, although it could stop his beating her. The remarkable cause of this remarkable decision was that a woman in Los Angeles had applied for an injunction to restrain her husband from insisting on being attentive to her. This judge was not a Solomon, but he realized that only a Solomon could be trusted to rule upon the whims and inconsistencies of womankind.

Milky Way Causes Glaciers.

Another suggested cause of glacial periods is that they have been due to the shifting of the milky way, such as is known to have occurred. Assuming that much of the earth's heat comes from the stars, Dr. Rudolf Spitaler finds that the change of position in relation to the milky way might have given a different distribution of temperature from that existing at the present time. The stars are not only crowded in the region of the milky way, but many of them are of the hottest type.

The Largest Bells.

"Great Paul," the bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, weighs nearly 17 tons and is nearly 30 feet around. The first "Big Ben" of Westminster was cast more than 50 years ago and weighed more than 14 tons. But "Big Ben" had a crack and was cast over, losing some weight, and the clapper was made smaller, now being about 600 pounds instead of a ton. The great bell, "Peter of York," cost $10,000, weighs about 13 tons and is 22 feet in diameter.

The largest hanging bell in the world is in the great Buddhist monastery near Canton. It is 18 feet in height and 40 feet in circumference, being cast of solid bronze. This is one of the eight monster bells that were cast by command of Emperor Yung Lo about A. D. 1400. It cost the lives of eight men, who were killed in the process of casting.

If You Like a Little Quiet Fun

Ask some pompous person if **Grape-Nuts Food helps build the brain.**

Chances are you get a withering sneer and a hiss of denunciation.

Then—sweetly play with the learned toad.

Ask him to tell you the analysis of brain material and the analysis of Grape-Nuts.

"Don't know? Why, I supposed you based your opinions on exact knowledge instead of pushing out a conclusion like you would a sneeze."

"Well, now your tire is punctured, let's sit down like good friends and repair it."

The bulky materials of brain are water and albumin, but these things cannot blend without a little worker known as Phosphate of Potash, defined as a "mineral salt."

One authority, Geohegan, shows in his analysis of brain, 5.33 per cent total of mineral salts, over one-half being Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined, (Phosphate of Potash) 2.91 per cent.

Beaunis, another authority, shows Phosphoric Acid and Potash (Phosphate of Potash) more than one-half the total mineral salts, being 73.44 per cent in a total of 101.07.

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

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumin and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumin and water.

Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

Every day's use of brain wears away a little.

Suppose your kind of food does not contain Phosphate of Potash.

How are you going to rebuild today the worn-out parts of yesterday?

And if you don't, why shouldn't nervous prostration and brain-fag result?

Remember, Mind does not work well on a brain that is even partly broken down from lack of nourishment.

It is true that other food besides Grape-Nuts contains varying quantities of Brain food. Plain wheat and barley do. But in Grape-Nuts there is a certainty.

And if the elements demanded by Nature, are eaten, the life forces have the needed material to build from.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LIMITED, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

FROM THE EDITOR.

He Forgot That He Had a Stomach

Talking of food, there is probably no professional man subjected to a greater, more wearing mental strain than the responsible editor of a modern newspaper.

To keep his mental faculties constantly in good working order, the editor must keep his physical powers up to the highest rate of efficiency. Nothing will so quickly upset the whole system as badly selected food and a disordered stomach. It therefore follows that he should have right food, which can be readily assimilated, and which furnishes true brain nourishment.

"My personal experience in the use of Grape-Nuts and Postum," writes a Philadelphia editor, "so exactly agrees with your advertised claim as to their merits that any further exposition in that direction would seem to be superfluous. They have benefited me so much, however, during the five years that I have used them that I do not feel justified in withholding my testimony.

"General 'high living,' with all that the expression implies as to a generous table, brought about indigestion, in my case, with restlessness at night and lassitude in the morning, accompanied by various pains and distressing sensations during working hours.

"The doctor diagnosed the condition as 'catarrh of the stomach,' and prescribed various medicines, which did me no good. I finally 'threw physics to the dogs,' gave up tea and coffee and heavy meat dishes, and adopted Grape-Nuts and Postum as the chief articles of my diet.

"I can conscientiously say, and I wish to say it with all the emphasis possible to the English language, that they have benefited me as medicines never did, and more than any other food that ever came on my table.

"My experience is that the Grape-Nuts food has steadied and strengthened both brain and nerves to a most positive degree. How it does it I cannot say, but I know that after breakfasting on Grape-Nuts food one actually forgets he has a stomach, let alone 'stomach trouble.' It is, in my opinion, the most beneficial as well as the most economical food on the market, and has absolutely no rival." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

WHEN JEWELS ARE ILL

Pearls, Rubies, Opals, and Other Stones Suffer from Sickness

Are your jewels fading away? Then they are "sick," and you should see that they are properly looked after, London Answers says.

All jewels are liable to become "ill" and a proper jewel nurse should be called in to attend the patient. What this "illness" really is has not yet been definitely settled. Certain people, however, have a mysterious power which enables them to "cure" pearls that have lost their brilliance.

One of the most remarkable pearl "curers" is Senorita Valencia, a Spanish dancing girl. She discovered her mysterious power quite by accident. One day she bought some pearls very cheaply owing to their dullness. She wore them for a few weeks, and they gradually regained their original beauty.

So successful has she been in this work that she is now more famous as a curer of sick pearls than as a dancer. She has been commissioned by the czar to go to St. Petersburg in order to "cure" the famous pearl necklace which belonged to the Empress Catherine.

Another dodge for curing sick pearls besides nursing them is to place them in the sea again. But it must be the open sea itself. They are generally placed in a perforated casket and left at the bottom of the ocean for months—sometimes years—before the cure is completed.

Rubies, like pearls, often lose their brilliancy, and the "doctor" has to be called in. The precious stone is first thoroughly cleaned and then carefully dyed. Then in a day or two the ruby is given another dose of the dye. The "patient" is afterward thoroughly massaged, and under this vigorous treatment it slowly recovers its normal health, and becomes as brilliant as ever.

Opals, turquoises, topazes, sapphires and emeralds all suffer from sickness, but the reason is quite unknown.

The Material.

He—Women have no sense of humor, but then they were not intended by nature to be humorous and I can prove it.

She—How so?

He—If nature had intended it the other way, woman would not have been made from man's rib, but from his funny bone.

Their Location.

"I have a number of acres in the suburbs."

"Mine are in my mouth."

Reason for Haste.

There's an old story about an Irishman who was painting a fence, and who worked fast so that he might get the job finished before the paint gave out. Our grandfathers laughed at that joke, before our grandfathers bought razors.

The new version came in yesterday; the setting is up to date, but the old point still sticks out. Our correspondent says:

"I have a touring car and I have a chauffeur. The latter is a bright Italian boy, and an invaluable servant. The other night, ten miles from home, but inside the city limits, I observed that he was putting on a burst of speed.

"'Slow down a bit, Giuseppe,' I warned him; 'we'll be arrested if we keep on at this speed.'

"'Scusa me, mister Boss,' he answered; 'we're ten mila from home, an' only got enough gas for t'ree mila. Eef we no hurry, we never mak' eet!'"

Close Observer Baffled.

In order to provide a touch of realism a militia bugler was engaged to blow army bugle calls in front of a motion picture heater. Inside a stirring war drama was being flashed on the screen.

"Have you noticed," said the street corner philosopher, "how that bugle enables one to pick out men of military training?"

His friend had not.

"Wait until the bugler blows 'attention' again. A half dozen men will square their shoulders unconsciously. There, look at that fellow! He jerks his shoulders that way at every bugle call. He's been a soldier."

But the friend scoffed.

"Soldier!" he said. "I know that fellow. He has the Saint Vitus dance."

Time to Move On.

"My chorus girl client requests a change of venue, your honor."

"She can get a fair trial right here."

"No doubt; but the people in this town have seen all her gowns."

Get This FREE Book Before You Decorate

It shows 20 pretty rooms in modern homes and how to get the very latest designs for your home. We will send you FREE color plans made by expert designers for any rooms you want to decorate.

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

is more fashionable than wall paper or paint and costs far less. It is too refined and exquisite in color to compare with any kind of kalsomine. Goes further on the walls, does not chip, peel or rub off, lasts far longer. 16 Beautiful Tints. Comes all ready to mix with cold water and put on. Easiest to use—full directions on every package. Full 5-lb. pkg., White 50c; Regular Tints, 55c.

Get the FREE Book of 20 Beautiful Rooms

Write today.

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You Spend Two-Thirds of Your Life in Shoes. Why not have them Comfortable, Pleasing in Appearance and Serviceable?



Rouge Rex Elkskin Shoes

are made of the best leather by skilled workmen over full, roomy lasts, insuring durability, comfort and satisfaction.

"Get Into a Pair and See How They Wear"

The quality, style and fit of *"Rouge Rex"* Elkskin Shoes make them the most popular summer footwear on the market for the man who works. Ask your dealer for "ROUGE REX," made from Wolverine Leather, well put together. Look for the Indian Head Trademark on the sole of the shoes and in colors on the box.

HIRTH-KRAUSE CO.

Hide to Shoe Tanners and Shoe Manufacturers

Grand Rapids Michigan

Splendid Crops in Saskatchewan (Western Canada)

800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thresher's return from a Lloydminster farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

LARGE PROFITS are thus derived from the FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS of Western Canada.

This excellent showing causes prices to advance. Land values should double in two years' time. Grain growing, mixed farming, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable. Free Homesteads of 160 acres are to be had in the very best districts; 160 acre pre-emptions at $3.00 per acre within certain areas. Schools and churches in every settlement, climate unexcelled, soil the richest; wood, water and building material plentiful.

For particulars as to location, low settlers' railway rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, "Last Best West," and other information, write to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Government Agent.

M. V. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit; or C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Michigan

Please write to the agent nearest you

CANCERS, TUMORS READ THIS PROOF
SCROFULA AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES CURED BY PURIFICO

Mrs. S. H. Karson, Camden, N. J., writes: "I have great faith in Purifico. I was cured of cancer after my physician and specialist said that nothing on earth could help me. I am now entirely well and have had no return of the disease." For further proof and particulars address THE PURIFICO CO., Prospect Street, Forestville, N. Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., Ltd., BUFFALO, N.Y.

DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANYWHERE, ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. 15 cts. each at dealers or 6 sent prepaid for $1.00. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EYE ACHES Pettit's Eye Salve

THE QUIET HOUR

Power in Using Kind Words

THERE is power in using kind words that does not belong to using harsh words; for "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

How much more good we can do by talking kindly to each other than we can by talking harshly.

It is by using gentle language that we persuade folk to our way of thinking and compel them to turn their thoughts into other directions.

How those who make it a practice to use harsh language lower themselves in the estimation of others, and how weak they become in influencing others. There is no power in a person who permits his tongue to control his judgment or gets into a passion over mere differences of opinion. Such people are subjected to the indifference of others who did not want to get into communication with them.

To those who are in the habit of not using kind words silence is golden and the less they say the better they are off.

To some folk the perpetual temper in which they are found is very disagreeable and hard to be put up with, and the more they are let alone the better for all concerned. They are a source of annoyance to all those who come in contact with them.

Train the Children.

There is nothing more disagreeable than to find in children a disposition to get easily excited, children who are loud in their talk and demonstrative in their actions. Such children should be carefully dealt with and taught better manners.

There are many ways to cure them of such a bad habit, which can easily be found out by experimenting with them. Be patient with them and work with them until they show improvement. It will be hard work at the beginning, but time will tell if proper methods are used.

How much it adds to one's usefulness to use kind words in all conversation. It looks so Christianlike to hear kind words coming from the lips of those with whom you are in conversation. To be sweet in talking to others stamps you as a lady or gentleman. Uncouth expressions give to others the impression that you are deficient in good manners as well as lacking in intellectual force.

Be of a cheerful disposition to all with whom you come in contact and show them how well you can behave yourself even in debate.

You ought to hold firmly to your opinions, but never lose your tempers while debating subjects. Give strong arguments, but express them in the choicest language.

Solace in Time of Trouble.

How sweetly kind words are felt in times of trouble; how they heal the sorrows of some and what a glorious effect they have on the nerves of those who are afflicted with sickness or trouble. They act upon their hearers better than medicine and help the ones who hear them over many difficulties.

Kind words can never die, but have the power of making the lives of some people sweeter and the passage through this life more easily traveled. Better to use kind words to all with whom you hold conversations than to give offense by loud and boisterous talk that sounds harsh and unfeeling.

Blessed are the men and women who know exactly the time when harsh words are in place and when they can do some good by uttering them. The judgment of such people is worth possessing.

How pleasing are the ones who know when to say words that are encouraging to others, and who have the gift of saying the right words at the right time. Such people are worth associating with at all times.

Keep free henceforth from all harsh talking and let your conversation be in language that will win the affections of all who hear you talk.—Sabbath Reading.

SORROW THAT BROUGHT JOY

God's Lesson Necessarily Severe on Those Who Will Not Hear His Voice.

Certain parents had very adverse views concerning the education of their children. The mother was quiet and God-fearing, the father, however, was light-hearted and inaccessible to any serious consideration. "Children," he would say, "beware lest you become like mother." But the oldest son became ill and soon the evidences pointed toward his end. The patient wanted only his mother to be around him, who knew how to fill his heart with consolation and readiness for his approaching death. The father was all broken down and when he once happened to stand at the bed of the hopelessly sick son the young man said to him: "Father, I know that I will soon die; now, now, do you want me to die in your or in mother's faith?" At first the father could not say anything, but after a while he said: "Rather in the faith of mother." From that time on there was a different spirit in the house. This loss had brought gain. Oh, how often must God deal severely with men before they hear his voice.—The Lutheran World.

Moral Satisfaction.

Nothing in this world is any good to us only as it supplies a need in our lives—it must satisfy our physical hunger, our social desire, our intellectual curiosity, our spiritual longings or we relegate it to the scrap heap. To the extent that anything thus feeds us and fills a felt want in our lives is it of value to us. This is where the preaching of the Gospel and Heaven comes in. It feeds the moral sentiment and supplies the spiritual longings of our nature. Wealth, fame and perishable things are of no value to the soul because an eternal spirit can only be fed on eternally enduring entities.

CHINAMAN IRONS AN ITALIAN AND MONKEY

Animal Had Trespassed on a Finished Shirt Front Without Wiping His Feet.

Pittsburg.—It may or may not have had an international significance, but when a Chinese laundryman and an Italian organ-grinder "started things" in Frankstown avenue, near Meadow street, the other day, the greater part of the cosmopolitan population of that district was too frightened to call the police.

Business in Frankstown avenue was progressing with its usual bustle when pedestrians were startled by a howl from the direction of Carver



Started to Iron Carlo's Tail.

street, a wail of mingled terror and anguish. Down the sidewalk, apparently hitting only the high places, rushed a yelling Italian. Behind was a howling Chinaman, his face contorted with rage. In one hand the Oriental held a huge flatiron. The other gripped a washboard.

At Meadow street the Chinaman caught the Italian. His first action was to bring the flatiron into play and iron the Italian's right ear to his head. When he attempted to crease the Italian's scalp the victim yelled, the Chinaman whooped—and the bystanders interfered.

It all happened because Vincent Battaglia owned a hand-organ and a "monk"—"oh, sucha da monk." And Carlo, the "Monk," who was not versed in diplomacy, had trespassed upon the premises of Charlie Wong, proprietor of a laundry. Carlo, with true apelike carelessness forgot to wipe his hands and feet when he entered the laundry. He started to take a short stroll on a clean shirt front which Charlie Wong had just ironed. At this moment the Chinaman came into the room. Through the other door came Battaglia looking for his "monk." The Chinaman, quick as a cat, started to iron Carlo's tail to the board. The Italian remonstrated and the furore in Frankstown avenue followed.

BIG BEAR CHASES HUNTER

Bruin Makes Attack on an Unsuspecting Nimrod From Behind and Routs Him.

Estacada, Ore.—Bruin came off first in a brush with Max Klaetsch, a mighty bear hunter, and a pack of hounds, near Government Camp. The hunter, bearing scratches and abrasions, can only tell of the sudden appearance of the big black bear.

To add to his ignominy, the bear attacked him while he was seated, resting on a big windfall. Klaetsch, his



Sent Him Rolling.

brother, Otto, and a homesteader were beating the brush hoping to find the bear, whose footprints were plainly discernible at various points in the woods around Government Camp, 18 miles southeast of here.

When near the summit of the Cascades, Max Klaetsch became tired of the monotony of the chase and seated himself on an inviting log, however holding his rifle all ready to shoot. Suddenly there was a crash just behind him and the big bear rushed out on the very log on which the hunter was seated.

Before he could make a move to shoot bruin struck him and sent him rolling into the brush several yards away. The pursuing hounds passed over the prostrate hunter, and by the time he could regain his feet and his rifle, bear and hounds were far out of sight.

WAR REMINISCENCES

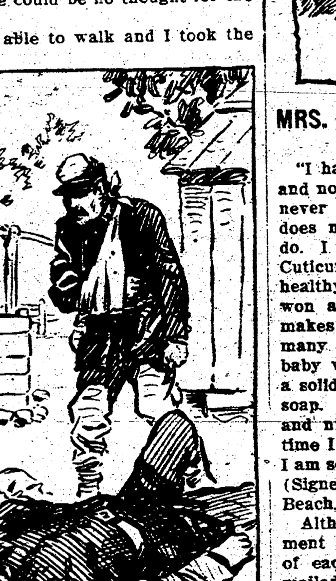
WOUNDED MAN SAVES FRIEND

Graphic Account of Incident After Battle of Williamsburg—Injured Soldier Rescues Another.

This is the story of a wounded man who, despite the physical pain of the injury, the mental woes he had suffered and the horror of the sight that met his eyes after a night of agony, still had courage to save from distress and possible death another man more seriously injured than he. The rescuer was Charles M. Morton, a member of the Second Michigan regiment, and the man he saved was Capt. (later colonel) William B. McCreery, whose own account of the incident after the battle of Williamsburg in May, 1862, gives more credit to Mr. Morton than the latter assumes for himself.

"Our regiment went into action a little after noon," said Mr. Morton, "and at about 5 o'clock I was wounded. My right arm fell helpless and I began to wonder what I should do with myself. The battle had been raging all day and the ambulances had for hours been overworked carrying away the wounded; at such a time there could be no thought for the dead.

"I was able to walk and I took the



"I Looked Down."

road that the passage of the ambulances had made. Two miles I tramped and then came to the yard of a large plantation. The mansion was already filled with wounded and there was no room for me. At one side there were many negro cabins and to these I applied for admission, only to find them crowded. At last at the end of the row I came to one where there was room in the corner for one more man to lie down. There I lay all night. We were packed on the floor like sardines. The air was foul. We had neither food nor water. A number of the men died in the night.

"As soon as the morning began to steal in through the door I made an effort and rose to my feet. I picked my way over the bodies, living and dead, and looked out through the door. The broad yard through which I had come the evening before lay under the dawn as full of wounded and dead men as were the houses.

"I walked among them, looking into the faces to see if I could recognize any one. As I passed along there came a voice:

"'For God's sake, Charley, is that you?'

"I looked down. The face that was looking at me was incrusted with blood and mud and was unrecognizable.

"'Who are you?' I asked.

"'I'm "Cap,"' he gasped.

"It was Captain McCreery of company G, of which I was a member, and afterward colonel of the Twenty-first Michigan regiment. He had been wounded in three places, in the thigh, arm and body. I don't know how I got an ambulance for him, but I did. Since that day I have not seen my watch, and probably I gave it to the driver of the ambulance so that he would take the captain and me to the river. At least, the ambulance did take us over miles of corduroy road to the York river, where the steamer Vanderbilt was waiting as a hospital boat, and we were sent to Fortress Monroe and eventually to Baltimore and the hospitals."

A Dutchman.

After the fall of Richmond an Irishman got a northern paper and read to his chum Barney: "Gineral Jubilation at Washington." He looked up and added: "Haven't we enough generals a'ready?"

"Don't show yer ignorance," said Barney. "Sure an' that's one o' thim Dutch rebel ginerals Sherman caught."

Appreciation.

A dusty, thirsty, tired and hungry squad of soldiers stopped at a secluded farm house, where the ladies set out a feast for them. When it was over one of them, to show her appreciation, said:

"Oi'd roide here from New York on a cowcatcher fur jist one shmaile from such gintlemonly ladies."

After Dark.

"Don't you know, madam, that the price of candles has gone up on account of the war?" said the storekeeper to a lady customer.

"Land sakes, I didn't know the sogers fit by candle light."

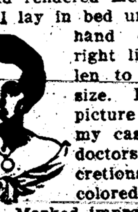
More Room.

The Massachusetts boys passing through Philadelphia were stuffed with good things to eat, and when a lady asked a drummer boy if he couldn't eat just one more dumpling he said:

"I guess I can, mum, if I stand up."

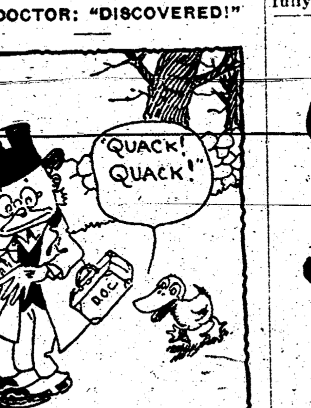
A MARVELOUS RECOVERY.

Mrs. Ray Trusner, 30 W. 3rd St., New Albany, Ind., says: "Kidney disease had rendered me a chronic invalid. I lay in bed unable to move hand or foot. My right limb was swollen to twice normal size. I looked the picture of death and my case puzzled the doctors. Kidney secretions were highly colored and scalded terribly. Marked improvement followed the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and in six weeks I was a well woman. My friends and relatives marvel at my recovery."



"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE DOCTOR: "DISCOVERED!"



MRS. SELBY AND PRIZE BABY

"I have always used Cuticura Soap and no other for my baby and he has never had a sore of any kind. He does not even chafe as most babies do. I feel sure that it is all owing to Cuticura Soap, for he is fine and healthy, and when five months old, won a prize in a baby contest. It makes my heart ache to go into so many homes and see a sweet-faced baby with the whole top of its head a solid mass of scurf, caused by poor soap. I always recommend Cuticura, and nine times out of ten the next time I see the mother she says: 'Oh! I am so glad you told me of Cuticura.'" (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redondo Beach, California, Jan. 15, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

Inhuman Fellow.

"Upon what grounds do you seek a divorce?" asked the lawyer whom she had just retained. "Non-support, cruelty or—"

"Both," she cried, tearfully. "He would not support my passionate longing for a diamond necklace, and if that isn't cruelty I'd like to know!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Time.

"How long have you been a widow, Mrs. Weed?"

"It will be a year the 4th of next month."

"Dear me! Is it as long as that? How time flies!"

"Oh, do you think so? Well, if you ever have to wait a year to look pleasant when men offer you attentions you'll give up the idea that time is much of a flyer."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Something Just as Good.

Barber—Getting pretty thin on top, sir. Ever use our Miracle Hairgrowine?

The Chair—Oh, no! It wasn't that that did it.—Judge.

Garfield Tea keeps the liver in condition, insuring a clear head and good general health. Drink before retiring.

A Lady Humorist.

"Who says there are no women humorists?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"My typewriter spells as funny as Josh Billings in his palmiest days."

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other.

Many a man loses time trying to explain a mistake that he might utilize in making others.

Unsightly eruptions disappear after a course of Garfield Tea.

Even the absent-minded man may have a good presence.

All He Wanted Was Just Plain Eggs.

A youth entered one of the "ham-and-row" cafes on Grand avenue and ordered eggs. "Up or over?" asked the man behind the counter. "I just want eggs," replied the prospective diner. "But do you want them up or over?" repeated the waiter, and again the guest asserted that he desired "only eggs." The third time the party of the second part insisted on his query, whereupon the patron, with a sigh of despair, said "I guess I'll take a steak."—Kansas City Star.

Appropriate.

Willis—Why do you call your machine a "she"?

Gillis—It is said to be the "last word" in an automobile construction.—Judge.

The dyspeptic should choose carefully what he chews carefully.

ONE BOX MAKES 5 GALLONS

HIRES' HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT FOR MAKING OLD FASHIONED HOME-MADE ROOTBEER.

Every home should make rootbeer in springtime for its deliciousness and its fine tonic properties.

One package makes 5 gallons. If your grocer isn't supplied, we will mail you a package on receipt of 25c. Please give his name.

Write for premium puzzle.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., 255 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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THOMPSON'S EYE WATER Quickly relieves eye irritation caused by dust, sun or wind. Booklet free. JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO., Troy, N. Y.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 20-1912.

Before Allowing an Operation

Please Read These Two Letters.

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. **She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.** Then after all that suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored her health.

HERE IS HER OWN STATEMENT.



Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement—I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for several months without much relief, and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. To-day I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise every woman who is afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Mich.

"THERE NEVER WAS A WORSE CASE."

Rockport, Ind.—"There never was a worse case of women's ills than mine, and I cannot begin to tell you what I suffered. For over two years I was not able to do anything. I was in bed for a month and the doctor said nothing but an operation would cure me. My father suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so to please him I took it, and I improved wonderfully, so I am able to travel, ride horseback, take long rides and never feel any ill effects from it. I can only ask other suffering women to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation."—Mrs. MARGARET MEREDITH, R. F. D. No. 3, Rockport, Ind.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

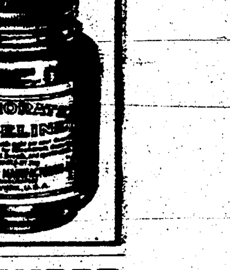
For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine, made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.


LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Use

Camphorated **Vaseline**



Camphorated Vaseline gets right to the seat of the trouble.

Gives quick and grateful relief from rheumatic and similar pains.

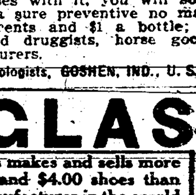
Put up in neat, metal-capped glass bottles.

Every mother should know all about the different "Vaseline" preparations. They are just what she needs for the minor family ailments and accidents.

Send a postal to-day for 32 pp. illustrated booklet—free prepaid. Address Dept. B.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company

17 State Street (Consolidated) New York



HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know what you sell or buy through the sales has about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers.

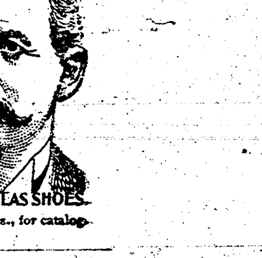
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world

$2.50 $3.00 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 & $5.00

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND BOYS



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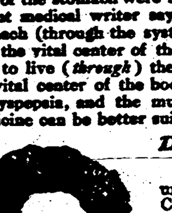
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NO ONE STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy of London was firmly of the opinion that disorders of the stomach were the most prolific source of human ailments in general. A recent medical writer says: "every feeling, emotion and affection reports at the stomach (through the system of nerves) and the stomach is affected accordingly. It is the vital center of the body * * * *." He continues, "so we may be said to live (*through*) the stomach." He goes on to show that the stomach is the vital center of the body. For weak stomachs and the consequent indigestion or dyspepsia, and the multitude of various diseases which result therefrom, no medicine can be better suited as a curative agent than

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.


MRS. MURKEN.

"Several months ago I suffered from a severe pain right under the breast-bone," writes MRS. G. M. MURKEN, of Corona, Calif. "Had suffered from it, off and on, for several years. I also suffered from heart-burn, did not know what was the matter with me. I tried several medicines but they did me no good. Finally, I was told it was my liver. I did not dare to eat as it made me worse. Whenever I swallowed anything it seemed that I would faint—it hurt so. I grew very thin and weak from not eating. Was told to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took five bottles of it, and could feel myself getting better from the first dose. I could eat a little without pain and grew strong fast. To-day I am strong and well and can do a big day's work with ease. Can eat everything and have put on flesh wonderfully. I will say to all sufferers write to Dr. Pierce. He has my undying gratitude."

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Guardians of Forest



FIRE IN BLACK HILLS NATIONAL FOREST

THE latest word in the protection of the forest from fires comes from the Black Hills, where by means of a lookout on a high peak, who locates incipient fires by means of a map and telephones their exact location to various ranger stations, hundreds of thousands of acres of fine timber lands are made immune from the scourge that threatens the nation's lumber resources, says a writer in the New York Tribune.

The national forests of the Black Hills have been the scene of many disastrous fires in recent years. The country is sparsely settled, and it is difficult to get sufficient help to fight a fire that has gained any headway. On that account the forest service has been bending every energy to catch fires in their incipiency.

The first step toward solving the fire problem was the selection of a lookout station. A station was established on Harney peak, the highest point in Harney National forest, at an altitude of 7,242 feet above the sea level. The peak itself is a barren rock, from which a clear view can be had on every side. The approximate forest area which can be seen from the lookout station is 400,000 acres, and it is estimated that the amount of standing timber in this area is 1,200,000,000 feet. The radius of a circle which can be covered from any lookout station depends entirely upon the topography of the surrounding country, the weather conditions and the condition of the atmosphere. Fires have been definitely located from the Harney lookout station twenty-five miles distant. Some of the area thus covered is in the Black hills forest and some is outside national forest boundaries.

Useful Maps and Phone System.

Telephone connection is maintained between the lookout station and various ranger stations in the national forests. In fact, without an adequate system of telephone lines the lookout station would be of little value. But after sighting the smoke of a distant fire the lookout steps to the telephone box on top of the barren peak and is soon in communication with the nearest ranger station.

To describe the exact location of a fire, even when it is sighted from the peak, afforded a pretty problem. In most cases the smoke from the fire would not be visible to the rangers. The rolling hills, covered with the heavy growth of timber, effectually shut off all signs of distant fires. It would not do to depend entirely on general instructions, as there are few trails through the forest. The exact location must be described if an effective fight was to be made against the fire.

The solution was worked out by providing the forest officials with maps. On sighting a fire the man at the lookout station figures out its exact location on the map of the forest. He then telephones the location to the chief ranger, who is familiar with all the roads and trails in the forest and knows instantly how he can best reach the fire.

On receiving a fire warning from the man at the lookout station, with the map location of the blaze, the fire fighting force departs for the scene of the fire, armed with shovels, axes and other fire fighting paraphernalia. The effectiveness of this plan was shown last summer in a unique way. The lookout descried a column of smoke arising from a certain part of the forest and called up headquarters, describing the location on the map. The fire fighters were rushed to the scene of the fire in wagons and found it in a gully only a few hundred yards from a ranch house. Yet so well screened was the smoke from those at the ranch house that it had not been seen there, and the farmers were amazed when a fire fighting crew descended on the ranch with the information that a fire threatened destruction almost at the very door of the farmhouse.

Great Saving at Small Cost.

Besides being connected with the office of the former supervisor and with the various ranger stations in the forest, the Tarney forest lookout is also connected with the ranger stations on the Black hills forest. A shelter is constructed at the top of the peak for the use of the lookout. The guardian of this immense forest area lives a lonely life, but his wants are well provided for. He has a tent at the base of the spire of rock which forms the top of the peak. All his supplies and water have to be carried to him. He gets a salary of $75 a month, but is required to pay for his own supplies and the transportation of the same. Transportation of forest service equipment to and from the station is furnished, but that expense for a season does not exceed $25. It is difficult to estimate the amount of money saved by the establishment of this permanent lookout, but the sum is very great. The only other feasible method of patrol would be to select a number of less important peaks and establish lookout stations on them.

This would multiply the expense by at least four, but would result in no better service. To increase the number of guards would mean a heavy expense, and probably would not give as good results, for the reason that the heavy forests on the lower hills act as a screen, which makes it practically impossible to descry fires at a distance.

Between July 12, 1911, when the station was ready for use, and September 30, 28 forest fires occurred in the Harney forest. Seventeen of those were reported by the guard at the lookout station, and in only two cases where the lookout reported fires had a previous report been received. Six fires were reported from the lookout station which were within the Black hills forest, and one fire was outside forest boundaries. In every case the rangers were able to get to the scene promptly and to extinguish the fire before any appreciable damage had been done.

It is probable that the success of the Harney lookout will result in the establishment of similar stations in other forests. The old adage that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure seems particularly applicable to Uncle Sam's fire threatened timber reserves.

Always Leap Year in New Guinea.

So far as proposals of marriage are concerned in New Guinea it is always leap year, for in that island the men consider it beneath their dignity to notice women, much less to make overtures of marriage. Consequently the proposing is left to the women to do. When the ebony belle falls in love with a man she sends a piece of string to his sister, or, if he has no sister, to his mother, or another of his lady relatives. Then the lady who receives the string tells the dusky Adonis that the particular damsel is in love with him. No courting follows, however, for it is considered bad form to waste time in such a pursuit. If the man thinks he would like to wed the lady, he meets her alone, and they decide straight away whether to marry or drop the idea. In the former case the betrothal is announced. The man is then branded on the back with charcoal, while a mark is cut into the woman's skin. No breach of promise actions are possible in New Guinea, though if the lady is jilted her friends may hunt her lover up and "go" for him.

Question of Grammar.

The ready wit of the late Eugene V. Ware, author of "The Washerwoman's Song" and other poems, is shown in the following story:

He was giving a dinner, says Lippincott's, at his home in Kansas City, Kan., the place to which he had retired after he resigned from the office of pension commissioner at Washington under Roosevelt.

The guests were equally divided between Missourians from the twin city across the line and Kansans. All present had imbibed the spirit of their genial, humorous host.

Said a Missourian: "You Kansans always have your brass bands going and your flags flying. We from Missouri get tired of your cocksureness. Tell me, what have you decided about the hen, for instance; does she sit or does she set?"

"We don't bother about things like that," flashed Ware. "What concerns us, when she cackles, is has she laid or has she lied?"

For a Rainy Afternoon.

On wet days children are apt to find time hanging heavily, but this difficulty is overcome if games are provided.

Bubbles always find favor with young folks, but some little preparation beforehand needs to be made when bubbles are the attraction, otherwise the children are likely not only to make their dresses wet, but the tablecloth and carpet also.

The table on which the bubble bowl is to stand should be covered with sheets of newspapers, and an old blanket or something of the kind, and the carpet near by should also be spread with newspapers.

To make the necessary suds, dissolve finely shaved white soap in a very hot water, adding a little glycerine to make the bubbles tenacious. Clay pipes are, of course the other implements needed.

Retribution.

J. Henry Peck emerged from the voting booth with a triumphant smile.

"This equal rights stunt is a great business," he remarked to a friend.

Then, glancing around carefully and drawing nearer, he whispered: "I voted against my wife."

Sisterly.

Nell—Here is the engagement ring George gave me. Lovely, isn't it? I wonder what it's worth?

May—I know just what it's worth, dear. When George gave it to me I went down and asked the price. It's $47 on installments of a dollar a week!

WHEN MUIR REJOICED

NATURALIST WRITES ABOUT A "NOBLE EARTHQUAKE."

Impressive Description of Shocks in Yosemite Valley Which Gave Birth to a New Mountain Avalanche Talus While He Looked.

"A noble earthquake! A noble earthquake!" exclaimed John Muir, when he was awakened at half-past two o'clock of a moonlit morning in the Yosemite valley. For years he had believed that the many great avalanche talluses leaning against the walls of the valley at intervals of a mile or two, had been caused by an earthquake at least three centuries before, and here was his chance to make some observations. Never before had he enjoyed a storm of this sort, but the strange, thrilling motion could not be mistaken, and so he ran out of his cabin, both glad and frightened as he made his exclamation.

"The shocks were so violent and varied, and succeeded on another so closely," he writes in the Century, "that I had to balance myself carefully in walking, as if on the deck of a ship among waves, and it seemed impossible that the high cliffs of the valley could escape being shattered. In particular I feared that the sheer-fronted Sentinel rock, towering above my cabin, would be shaken down, and I took shelter back of a large yellow pine, hoping that it might protect me from at least the smaller outbounding boulders."

The most impressive part of his description is of the sounds. "It was a calm, moonlight night," he says, "and no sound was heard for the first minute or so save low, muffled, bubbling underground rumblings, and the whispering and rustling of the agitated trees, as if Nature were holding her breath. Then suddenly out of the strange silence and strange motion there came a tremendous roar. The Eagle rock, on the south wall about half a mile up the valley, gave way, and I saw it falling in thousands of the great boulders I had so long been studying, pouring to the valley floor in a free curve luminous from friction, making a terribly sublime spectacle—an arc of glowing, passionate fire, fifteen hundred feet span, as true in form and as serene in beauty as a rainbow in the midst of the stupendous rock storm. The sound was so tremendously deep and broad and earnest that the whole earth, like a living creature, seemed at last to have found voice, and to be calling to her sister planets. In trying to tell something of the size of this awful sound, it seems to me that if all the thunder of all the storms I had ever heard were condensed into one roar, it would not equal the rock roar at the birth of a mountain talus. Think, then, of the roar that arose to heaven at the simultaneous birth of the ancient canyon taluses throughout the length and breadth of the range!"

The Indians and many of the white men left the valley in terror of this earthquake, the final rumblings of which were not over for two months, but Muir remained to study its effects. Among other things, he kept a bucket of water on his cabin table to learn what he could of the movements.

Pedigree Was Fine, But—.

Though nepotism has been known to get good railroad jobs for young men, there is one passenger official in Kansas City with whom family connections do not go very far.

A few days ago the official in question was in quest of an additional man for his office.

A friend, learning of his desire, took occasion to write a letter indorsing a young man of his acquaintance.

The letter contained some glowing testimonials of some of the things accomplished by the young man's ancestors and relatives. But it didn't get very far with the passenger official, when sent the following laconic deply to the young man's indorser:

"Judging from your letter, the young man you recommend must have a good pedigree. However, I merely desire a clerk now, but if I conclude to start a stock farm later, I will let you know and will be glad to give the young man a chance."—Kansas City Journal.

Planting the Poppies.

When the daffodils are in flower the garden begins to regain the attractions which it lost in winter, and the tasks which the spring imposes are entered on with zest. Among the most important is the sowing of annuals. Two very common mistakes should be avoided. One is sowing too thickly and the other sowing too deeply. An annual such as a Shirley poppy, when well grown, will occupy a square foot of ground at least, yet in that space dozens, if not scores, of seeds are often sown. The result is a tremendous waste, not only of seeds, but also of plants, for all that do grow must be spoilt, unless they are thinned quickly and severely.

Bridget Nonplussed.

Mrs. Jenkins had retired to her room to try to sleep off a headache. She had a particularly devoted maid, Bridget. Bridget now annoyed Mrs. Jenkins greatly by tiptoeing to her door every little while and peeping in at her.

Finally Mrs. Jenkins called to Bridget and asked her not to do it as it was disturbing her, to which Bridget replied:

"Shure, Mrs. Jenkins, phat am I to do? When yez makes a noise I think yez wants me, an' whin yez is quiet I gits to thinkin' maybe yez is dead."

Paradoxical Display.

Miss Mary Garden, at a dinner at Sherry's in New York, said of a beautiful girl who was wearing one of the ultra-decollete dinner gowns of the 1912 season:

"When you see a pretty girl in such a low cut gown as that you have a remarkable paradox before you—the paradox of a person who displays simultaneously very bad taste and very good form."

LESSER LIGHTS



If, from the starry heavens' mystic height,
The stateliest orbs which now with pinions slow
Through all the hours their way pursue, till low
Within the west they drift down from our sight,
And pearly dawn o'ertakes their waning light,—
If these should ne'er return, the steady glow
Of countless fainter lights, full well I know,
Would lend their soft effulgence to the night.

So, if Earth's mightiest ones were swept away,
If conqueror and conquest were forgot,
And humble folk—accounted little worth—
Alone were left, the burdens (as today)
Would yet be borne; and loving hearts, I wot,
Would still find peace and gladness in the Earth.

Convalescents

By Donald Allen

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

If anybody had suggested to Miss May Forbes, of Forbes Manor, that she wring the neck of the parrot she had had for a pet for the last three years, she would have given that person a glance so awful that a congestive chill must have followed. That parrot had a scream that could be heard half a mile away against the wind. She could say that Polly wanted a cracker. She could hang head downwards from her perch. When a stranger called, especially a subscription book agent with a large family to support, she could inquire in aggressive tones what in the devil he wanted.

That parrot had a score or more of cute and cunning tricks, and there was a bit of sentiment connected with her besides. A sea captain had brought her back from a far-off land, presented her to Miss May with his love, and had then sailed away again with a shipload of kerosene in blue-painted barrels and had never been heard of since. Not a barrel had come ashore. Not one of the crew had turned up on South street to explain over his beer that the captain was or was not doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Miss Forbes was not one to crush out sentiment by wringing a parrot's neck.

One day, while hurrying home for fear Polly might be lonesome, the young lady stumbled over a barrel that some boy had left on the sidewalk. She was carried home and the doctor called. He could find no broken bones, but after long and serious thought he decided that she had wrenched herself and must take the tenderest care of herself for many days to come. And now, while propped up in an easy-chair and tired of reading, how the girl did bless the memory of the man that had given her the parrot! She could watch the bird's tricks and talk to her by the hour.



Could Watch the Bird by the Hour.

About the time that barrel had brought about the wrench the Smythes had moved out from next door and the Islingtons had moved in. Miss May had been told that there were a father and mother and son, the latter about 22 years old. He had been brought to the house in a carriage. A few days before, while trying to beat the record of the high jump, he had twisted his ankle and would be disabled for weeks. One accident was a wrench and the other a twist.

Young Mr. Hugh Islington did not own a pet parrot. Had he been presented with one he would have brained her with an ax within the hour. His pet, outside of high jumping, was the violin. He could make one talk. He could also make people talk for three blocks around. Scarcely had he been carried into the house when that violin began to wail out its musical notes. It wailed high and it wailed low, and as Miss May Forbes' wrenched ears caught the sounds she started and exclaimed:

"Gracious, mother, but what's happening now!"

"Only the young man next door playing on the fiddle, dear."

"Only playing on the fiddle! Only! Only! And I must be wrenched again—wrench upon wrench! Mother, waken up Polly!"

Polly was given a poke and she opened her eyes and ears and screamed out. She had a rival at last. The idea that something had come into the neighborhood to compete with her voice maddened her, and she set out to do justice to the occasion.

"Great snakes, mother, but what is that!" gasped young Islington as he ceased to draw the bow to turn pale.

"It's nothing, dear—nothing 'tall," soothed the mother. "I think the folks next door have a parrot—just a parrot."

"Think! Think! Why, of course they have, and I am housed up here with this twist and may be for a month to come! By the high jumpers of Jericho, but I won't stand it!"

"But, Hugh dear——"

And he fiddled and fiddled and fiddled, and the parrot yelled and yelled and yelled, and the minister writing his next Sunday's sermon in the house across the street mopped his brow and walked the floor and didn't say anything—not aloud.

From the first wail of the violin and the first yell of the parrot it was rivalry. It was violin vs. parrot—parrot vs. violin. Oh, the sadness of it—for the neighbors!

From morning 'till night, day after day! If the best Polly could do was to yell out that she wanted a cracker, the best the fiddler could do was to play "Old Black Joe" over and over again. The advantage rather rested with the violin. It didn't have to sleep o' nights, while Polly did. She did her very best to realize that honor was at stake, and that she must triumph or perish, but two hours after lamplight would find her nodding and played out, while the violin was still wide awake at 11 p. m.

"Mother, that wretch shall never conquer me—never!" Miss May would exclaim half a dozen times a day; and like an echo young Mr. Islington would call out:

"I'll bring her to her knees, mother—to her knees!"

For a long month the battle raged. When a doctor who knows his business catches a patient with a wrench or a twist he is not going to surrender his inestimable privilege a day short of four weeks. Even at the end of that time he is going to pay an extra visit—fee $2—to warn him not to try to climb a thorn tree without pulling on stove-pipe trousers.

But the day came when Miss May was permitted to walk out. Also Mr. Islington! There was a grove a quarter of a mile away. Miss May naturally headed for the grove. Mr. Islington naturally headed for the same place.

Miss May naturally carried Polly along to reward her for her heroic efforts to preserve the family honor, and Mr. Islington carried his violin along that he might once more hear the sweet strains of "Old Black Joe" in the sunshine. The girl reached the grove first and was softly meditating when a step aroused her. That young man! That violin! They stood before her, and as she shuddered the parrot screamed.

"You—you—you!" gasped the "wrenchess."

"The girl with the parrot!" exclaimed the "twister."

Could aught save the day? Could anything avert the impending tragedy? Had it been two old men or two old women—good-bye! But it was a good-looking girl and a not at all bad-looking young fellow, and they had had a square fight and were a bit ashamed of their petulance, and after a gasp or two a bit of a smile came to their faces. Then the smiles broadened. Then grins succeeded. Then Polly stood on her head and there were two hearty laughs and Mr. Islington said:

"You are Miss Forbes, I believe, and I congratulate you on getting out again."

"And you are Mr. Islington, I believe, and I also congratulate you."

"I hope my violin was not disagreeable to you."

"And I trust that Polly's chatter did not make you nervous."

He sat down beside her and he told her about that high jump, and she told him about the barrel, and it's on record at the county clerk's office that she even said that of all musical instruments she preferred the fiddle, and that he replied that no nightingale was in it compared with a parrot. And they went home to tell their mothers a lot of good things about each other.

COLOMBIA EMERALD IS BEST

World's Supply of Those Precious Stones Now Comes from South American Republic.

For its supply of the precious stone of beryl variety, known as the emerald, the world relies upon the mines of the republic of Colombia. From these mines the most valuable single emerald of modern times was obtained, now forming one of the gems of the collection of the duke of Devonshire. It is a perfect hexagonal crystal, weighing eight ounces and eighteen pennyweights. Another fine specimen, in the Hope cabinet, weighs six ounces, while larger but less valuable gems are in various royal caskets.

The true emeralds of the ancients are said to have been obtained from the workings of Mount Zabarah, in Upper Egypt, although the reopening of the mines in the nineteenth century by Mehemet Ali did not prove commercially profitable. In this district was probably mined the jewel adorning the breastplate of Aaron, described in Mosaic writings and forming part, possibly, of the spoils carried from Egypt by the departing Israelites.

The huge emerald used by Emperor Nero as a corrective for his poor vision; the engraved emeralds set in gold, presented by Ptolemy to Lucullus on his landing at Alexandria; the robes worn by Cleopatra and other famous beauties of the past, whose embroideries were interspersed with emeralds, and the exquisitely graven seals of antique workmanship on view in museums and private collections all prove the esteem in which the emerald was held. Ornaments of emeralds have been unearthed in Theban tombs and excavated from Pompeii and Herculaneum, and in all ages the stone has been classed among the rarest of gems.

British Like Cuban Cigars.

Cuba's best customer for cigars is Great Britain, which takes sixty million every year.

Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

By Rev. Parley E. Zartmann, D.D.,

Secretary of Extension Department Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Wilt thou be made whole?—John 5:6.

What else would be the deepest desire of a man who had been sick for 38 years and who had been waiting daily for a long time to have some friend put him into the pool at the time of the moving of the waters? but the question is an arousing one which Jesus asks for the purpose of making the man conscious of his condition, arousing his desire, calling forth the confession of need, and assuring him of the possibility of healing. Thus the Great Physician constantly deals with souls, to convince sinners of their need of healing and to teach Christians that theer are still defects in their own lives. In the one case failure of faith prevents healing; in the other, lack of submission prevents wholeness.



The study of the impotent man is interesting from every point of view; and the place at which the healing occurred is significant—Bethesda, meaning house of mercy. The waters of the pool had certain curative properties, but the man of the story was in such a plight that he had no friends to put him into the pool when the water was troubled. It requires no strength of the imagination to suppose that his reply to Jesus not only was full of pathos, but also full of a great longing, for notice the quick response and the great result: "Jesus saith unto him rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked."

The main point of the story is in v. 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." This is really the gospel in a sentence, for the supreme purpose of Jesus was to give life and to heal us from all infirmities.

We need not describe eternal life; but it is desirable, glorious and necessary. You cannot take a sin-sick, ruined soul out of this world and inhabit heaven with it in the next. You cannot. There is no such thing after death as a spiritual revolution. God would have to shut you in. The glories of heaven would mean nothing to you, the songs of heaven would be torture to you, and heaven itself a perpetual torment. So, because eternal life is so desirable and is the free gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, the question is pertinent, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

The conditions upon which you are made whole, of passing from death unto life, are knowledge, repentance, belief, obedience. They are so easy that we make them hard and miss the blessing because we do not accept them in their simplicity. Eternal life in such a case is not a gift that we cannot have but that we will not have.

Let us never forget two outstanding things about sin: 1. It defiles. Sin is not manly, and ever since the day when the devil beguiled Adam and Eve the trail of the serpent has wound its way through human nature and through human history, leaving defilement in its wake. 2. Sin destroys. This is an old-fashioned doctrine but as true as it is old. In spite of all that men may say, or hope, or do, the wages of sin is death. Therefore, again the question is pertinent, Wilt thou be made whole?

This old-time story is a parable and a promise, for Jesus Christ still waits to be gracious.

Every place of need may be a Bethesda, and just where you are Jesus stands opposite your need saying, "Wilt thou be made whole?" By every possible way he is pleading, "O Israel, thou has destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." Thousands of people of every age and clime have found relief, healing and salvation just as the man at the pool found it that day by simple trust.

"Wilt thou be made whole?" That is the question. How often Jesus has had to say, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." What a tragedy when a soul turns away from him and goes out into darkness, despair and death.

Let the story teach us three things: The need of prompt response to Christ's words, no thought of failure in the future, and continuous use of the strength which Christ gives. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near; let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon."

"The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus."

"Man of Sorrows, what a name
For the Son of God who came.
Ruined sinners to reclaim.
Hallelujah! What a Savior!"

How to Overcome.

God never lost a battle that was intrusted completely to him; and he is always ready to accept the entire responsibility for the conduct and the winning of any fight that ought to be won. The only reason we ever lose our battles against temptation is because we try to win them without giving God quite his own way as he fights with us. It takes only a hair's breadth diversion from God's plan to turn any victory into defeat. And it takes only unconditional surrender to God to assure us victory before a struggle is ever begun

Sea Takes Toll of English Land.

With a noise like the booming of heavy guns, hundreds of thousands of tons of cliff fell into the sea between Dover and Folkestone (England) recently. The fall, which occurred at Abbots Cliff, was the most extensive which has taken place on that part of the coast for many years. An examination showed the chalk extending like a causeway some 400 yards to the sea. It was about 200 yards wide, and at some places 30 feet deep. The displacement of water caused by this immense mass entering the sea set up conditions similar to a tidal wave at Folkestone. The water rose several feet, colliers broke their cables and got adrift, and fishing smacks danced like corks. The noise of the approaching wave was heard a mile away.

The Cabman and the Bishop.

It is not often that a cabman has any chance of influencing ecclesiastical appointments, but Dr. Browne points to such an occasion. When he was Bishop of Stepney he was once dismissing a hansom at Amen Court when the driver said: "That's an uncommon nice young man you've sent to take charge of the church in —— square. If ever you have the chance to put him in a bigger job he'll do it well." A little later the Bishop did find and did use an opportunity to put the clergyman into a better job, and the cabman's words were justified, for he did it very well indeed. Moreover, Dr. Browne has been known to remark, "There is no doubt what the cabman said did really influence me."—London Tit-Bits.

Woman's Act of Fanaticism.

At the recent unveiling of a monument to a local lawyer in the church at Valentano, Italy, a number of people who do not approve of the erection of the monument collected about, shouting and whistling. One old woman, with a knife in her hand, attempted to cut down the cloth, covering the monument, but she was dragged away and disarmed by a man in the crowd. Another woman, with a bundle of lighted straw, tried to set fire to the boarding which provisionally surrounded the monument. Fortunately she did not succeed, or the crowd would have been roasted to death, as the church has only one door which would have been blocked in the resulting panic and stampede.

Dog's Vigil Over Master's Body.

For nearly two weeks a dog has stood guard over a camp on the Shaw ranch, northwest of here, near Butte creek, although no person has been seen about the place. Attracted by the loneliness of the animal's vigil, passersby attempted to investigate the camp, but were repulsed by the four footed guardian. Crossing the creek they came down close to the camp and saw the body of a man floating in the water on the camp side of the stream. The dog, gaunt from lack of food, stood on the banks above it, defying them to cross. The body is believed to be that of the dog's master.—Butte Miner.

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Manchester Enterprise-Supplement

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Lenawee County

The jury for the circuit court does not meet at Adrian until next Monday.

Congressman W. W. Wedemeyer will speak to the graduating class of Brown's university at Adrian Sunday afternoon

The Clinton City fathers will not allow anyone to skate on the sidewalks, neither will they allow any person to coast with a wagon or cart on the sidewalks of the village.

Washtenaw County.

Deputy Game Warden Rohn is picking up the fellows who disregard the law relative to fish.

HAD MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE

Miss Fannie's Visit to the City Full of Business of One Sort or Another.

"I suppose, Miss Fannie," said Mrs. Harris to her newly arrived guest from the country, "that you have a good many errands to do here in the city? Some shopping, perhaps?"

"Well, I'd like to look round the stores some, and see if things are much handsomer than the things we have at the Waybridge stores, but I don't know as I'll do much buying. I've always traded in Waybridge, and I guess I always will. But I've got some errands that I'm quite set on doing. For one thing, I want to visit the art institute, and look at the Venus with the broken arm and the Victory without a head that the lady who stayed at my house last summer talked about, when she gave what she called an art evening in the town hall.

"It didn't seem to me that those mutilated images would be worth looking at, but she said they were wonderful, so I just want to see for myself. And then I'm planning to go to the public library and get out the magazine with the end of a story I never finished. Some folks who were staying with me a good many summers ago left quite a lot of that story in some magazines, and I've always been wishing to find out what became of the poor misguided girl in it."

"And is that the extent of your business in town?" smilingly inquired Mrs. Harris.

"There's one more thing I'd like to do, and that is to go to the place where father bought my sewing-machine. He gave it to me the day I was eighteen. I want to tell the head man there that I never was able to use the tucker attachment. It used to just about vex the life out of me. Of course I wouldn't use it now, even if it did work, for I haven't done any fancy sewing for more than fifteen years, but I think the manager of that machine company ought to know that that tucker was dreadfully unsatisfactory."—Youth's Companion.

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